

Famous English Statesmen

FAMOUS LIVES SERIES

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

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Sarah Knowles Bolton

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Famous Lives Series

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Famous English Statesmen

of Queen Victoria's Reign

By Sarah Knowles Bolton

Preface

The history of these men is largely the history of Great Britain during the last half of the nineteenth century. With Peel begins the relief of Ireland through Catholic Emancipation; with Gladstone, better land laws, and perchance self-government for Ireland. With Palmerston is told the story of the Crimean War; with John Bright, the struggle for free trade, and his noble defence of America in our Civil War; with Forster, the great gift to England of elementary education; with Shaftesbury, the elevation of labor through legislative enactments and the most generous sympathy; with Beaconsfield and with Fawcett, victory over obstacles almost insurmountable, the race question, and blindness. If, as Froude says, "those whom the world agrees to call great are those who have done or produced something of permanent value to humanity," then the statesmen sketched in this volume may well be called great. They loved and served their country, and have helped her to reach an exalted position among the nations.

S. K. B.

CHAPTER I
Sir Robert Peel

Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister of England, was born near Bury, in Lancashire, February 5, 1788.

His grandfather, Robert, at first supported his family by farming, eked out by hand-loom weaving. He had married Elizabeth Haworth, whose social position was somewhat superior to his own, as her father was styled "gentleman." Her brother was engaged in calico printing, and asked Mr. Peel to join him in business.

Heretofore the use of calicoes had been restricted by imposing a penalty of five pounds upon the weaver, and twenty pounds upon the seller, of a piece of calico, because such use would interfere with the makers of linen and woollen stuffs! In 1736 calicoes were allowed to be worn if the warp was entirely of linen. In 1744 a statute was passed allowing printed goods wholly made of cotton to be used.

The need of the new firm of Haworth & Peel was money. Mr. Peel had mortgaged his small property, and combined the amount obtained with that of Mr. Haworth, but the capital was insufficient. Finally a Mr. Yates, the keeper of a small inn, agreed to furnish money for the enterprise.

The firm — now Haworth, Peel, & Yates — made and printed its own cloth, and opened a warehouse for its sale in Manchester. Mr. Peel, especially, was inventive, but kept his improvements carefully secreted from other firms. Sir Lawrence Peel, the cousin of the Prime Minister, tells this story of the elder Peel: —

"He was in his kitchen making some experiments in printing on handkerchiefs, and other small pieces, when his

only daughter, then a girl, afterwards Mrs. Willock, the mother of the postmaster of Manchester, brought him in from their garden of herbs a sprig of parsley…. She pointed out and praised the beauty — exquisite beauty — of the leaf, and looking by habit of imitation, naturally, to the useful side, she said that she thought it would make a very pretty pattern.

"He took it out of her hand, looked at it attentively, praised it for its beauty, and her for her taste, and said that he would make a trial of it. She, pleased not to be pooh-poohed as discoverers amongst juniors often are, lent her aid with all the alacrity of fourteen.

"A pewter dinner-plate, for such was then the common dinner-plate in families of that degree, was taken down from the shelf, and on it was sketched, say rather scratched, a figure of the leaf, and from this impressions were taken. It was called in the family Nancy's pattern, after his daughter. It became a favorite; in the trade it was known as the parsley-leaf pattern; and apt alliteration, lending its artful aid, gave its inventor the nickname of Parsley Peel."

He was industrious, frugal, reserved, and plain in manner. When he walked the streets, with his head down, engaged in thought, his neighbors called him "the philosopher."

He did not stand upon ceremony. "It chanced one day," says Sir Lawrence Peel, "that the Earl of Uxbridge, from whom he rented his mills, called upon him on some business, on the conclusion of which his lordship was invited by Mr. Peel to his house, an invitation which was cordially accepted. They walked together to the house, which was at no great distance.

"As they approached it, Mr. Peel saw that the front door was closed; and being always impatient of form, and also a valuer of time, he led his honored guest into the house by the back way on a washing-day, and whilst piloting him through a northwest passage, not without its obstructions of tubs, pails, and other household utensils, was observed by the

reproachful eyes of his wife, who failed not, with a due observance, however, of time and place, to make continual claim in the name of decorum against an entry scarcely less lawless in her eyes than a disseisin.

"This dame was quite able to guide the helm herself.... There was a panic; some great house had fallen. Mr. Peel was from home when the news arrived, which came on a Saturday night. Rumor immediately puffed out her livid cheeks, and began to throw out ugly hints; and she did not spare the Peels, who were at this time connected with a bank on which a run was apprehended. The next morning Mrs. Peel came downstairs to breakfast, dressed in her very best suit, and seeing her daughter less handsomely attired than she in her politic brain judged expedient, she desired her to go up-stairs and put on her very best clothes.

"She counselled her also as to her looks. 'Look as blithe as you can,' said she, 'for depend upon it, if the folks see us looking glum to-day, they will be all at the Bank to-morrow.' So out they sallied to church; and straight on in their ample garments they sailed, slowly, serene, wearing no false colors, saluted and saluting in return, holding their own, making no tacks, neither porting nor starboarding their helms, but proceeding as though they could sweep over any ugly-looking craft which might cross them.

"And we may fancy some of their humbler female neighbors mentally pricing their gowns as they passed, with an 'Oh, bless you, they are as safe as the Church;' for people will estimate solvency, rather illogically, by what has been already expended."

After a time the hand-loom weavers began to fear that the introduction of machinery would deprive them of their living. A mob gathered, and demolished the spinning-jennies and every machine turned by water or horses.

Mr. Peel, incensed at such conduct, at once removed his works from Blackburn to Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire,

and built three mills, his fortune having so increased that he was able to cut a canal costing nine thousand pounds to supply one of these mills with water.

He used to say that, barring accidents, a man might be what he chose; so, never disheartened, he faced calmly all difficulties, and overcame them.

Late in life Mr. Peel moved with his family to Ardwick Green, near Manchester, where the young lad, Robert, used to visit his grandparents. A little time before the elder Peel died, his wife said to him, "Robert, I hope that I may live a few months after thee." — "Why?" he asked. "Robert," was the reply, "thou hast been always a kind, good husband to me, thou hast been a man well thought of, and I should like to stay by thee to the last, and keep thee all right." He died at the age of seventy-two, and his wife survived him about nine months, dying at the age of seventy-three. His motto was "Industry," which well described his busy life.

His third son, Robert, the father of the Prime Minister, inherited not only his name, but his energy, devotion to business, and his ability. When he was fourteen he declared that he would be the founder of a family, and that he would acquire great wealth. He was ridiculed for this by his elder brothers, but his words proved true. When he was eighteen he told his father that they were "too thick upon the ground," and he would go elsewhere if he could receive five hundred pounds to begin life with. This proposition was not acceded to, but the young man was made a partner in the cotton trade by his maternal uncle, Mr. Haworth. He was not afraid of work. "For many a day," says Sir Lawrence Peel, "his life was one of hard, incessant labor. He would rise at night from his bed when there was a likelihood of bad weather, to visit the bleaching grounds; and one night in each week he used to sit up all night, attended by his pattern-drawer, to receive any new patterns which the London coach, arriving at midnight, might bring down, for at first they were followers and

imitators of the London work. But they soon aspired to lead their masters, and it was soon apparent to the Londoners themselves that their trade would desert them, and flow into these new channels."

Mr. Haworth retired from business, and Mr. Yates became senior partner. When the new plans of young Peel met with remonstrance from the older employees, Mr. Yates would say, "The will of our Robert is law here."

He boarded in the house of Mr. Yates, paying a very moderate sum for his board. He found the home additionally pleasant from the presence of a child, Ellen, whom, while yet a schoolgirl, he resolved sometime to win for his wife. At eighteen, pretty, vivacious, and sweet in disposition, she married the man of thirty-six, who had waited for her, and had by this time become wealthy. Though naturally fond of society, she accepted her husband's quiet, domestic habits, and made a most excellent wife, and mother of the future Prime Minister.

Of their six sons and five daughters, Robert was their eldest son and third child. When his father was told of the birth of his son, he fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to God for the blessing, and then and there consecrated his boy to his country. From that time on, while his fortune doubled and trebled into many millions, his one hope and thought was that Robert might be great. Though not a scholar himself, he desired to make his boy a model of scholarship. He would lift him upon the small round table beside the breakfast-table, and encourage him to recite, that he might become an orator. At twelve years of age he would desire him to repeat all he could remember of the sermon each Sunday; to ask questions, that he might understand any obscure passages in the words of the preacher.

As the father had become a member of the House of Commons in 1790, he talked daily with his son about matters of finance, the condition of Ireland, and everything pertaining

to the national welfare. He held before him the example of Pitt, whose fairness, candor, and abilities were the theme of never-ending praise. "No minister," he said in a speech in the House of Commons, "ever understood so well the commercial interests of the country. He knew that the true sources of its greatness lay in its productive industry. The late minister had been the benefactor of his country, and had neglected no interest but his own." He took his child to the House to hear the eloquent speeches of Fox and Pitt.

In 1800 he had been given a baronetcy as a reward for his support of his Majesty's advisers, and because his firm had subscribed ten thousand pounds towards the war with France,

The boy idolized his father, and imbibed his Tory sentiments and prejudices, many of which he had to give up later in life. As a result of all this, as Mr. F. C. Montague says in his brief Life of Peel, the boy "had no childhood, he never possessed the unlabored charm of those who have once been downright children. He was good and gentle, docile and studious, observant and thoughtful; but he was morbidly sensitive, shrank from the rough ways of his equals in years, and preferred the society of his elders. He thus acquired a certain formality and stiffness, as of a self-conscious child, which remained with him all his life, and led those who did not know him to think that he had no heart."

"He would walk a mile round," says his cousin. Sir Lawrence, "rather than encounter the rude jests of the Bury lads, which his young companions bore with more philosophy,"

He adds that m spite of some disadvantages of this early training, Robert "received an early aim, one great advantage. He was stimulated to exertion by the thought that great things were expected from him."

The lad was sent to Harrow to school, where he was quiet and studious, preferring long walks by himself to games, and was pains-taking in his work. Lord Byron, who was his

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

From Harrow, Robert, at eighteen, went to Christ Church, Oxford. Here, besides giving attention to regular work, he found recreation in boating, cricket, and riding. He became a close friend of his tutor, Rev. Charles Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

When he was twenty, he received a double first class in classics and mathematics, standing alone in the mathematical first class. The honor was so gratifying to his father that for a long time Sir Robert could not speak of it without shedding tears.

The following year, 1809, Sir Robert obtained for his son a seat in Parliament, from the ancient Irish city of Cashel. At twenty-one, he was indeed the favored child of fortune; very rich, of fine physique, tall and strong, cultivated in mind, with one goal before him, the highest political position in England, — that of Prime Minister.

The father made no secret of his ambition for his son, so that young Peel was regarded as a candidate for the office of Prime Minister from the first. One of the witty journals of the day published as a satire, "the last will and testament of a patriot: … I give and bequeath my patience to Mr. Robert Peel; he will want it all before he becomes Prime Minister of England; but in the event of such a contingency, my patience

is to revert to the people of England, who will stand sadly in need of it."

"It was still the fashion," says Sir Lawrence, "to wear powder in the hair at a dinner or evening party; and this fashion, which concealed the sandy color of his hair, and suited his complexion, became him well with good features, a sweet smile, a well-formed head, high and ample forehead, and a countenance, which, when animated, was not wanting in expression or fire, he was generally thought a very good-looking young man…. His appearance and manners were those of a gentleman. In any society where he was intimate he was an amusing, intelligent, and instructive companion. He had much humor, was a keen observer, with a sharp eye to detect the ridiculous, and a propensity to expose it, which he did slyly, with a quiet relish of absurdity. Still this was a propensity which he kept in check, and feared to indulge.

"He conversed well, and when any subject interested him his face lighted up, and you saw by the animation of his manner and the glow of his countenance, his enthusiastic admiration of genius, nobleness, or any greatness…. He had always that same smooth outside and softness of speech, which have been quizzed as a 'bland suavity.' Under this smooth, and to strangers too cold, outside, beat, however, a warm English heart, which prosperity never chilled nor hardened."

During Peel's first session of Parliament he made no speech. When he spoke in seconding the Address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne in January, 1810, it was with modest assurance and excellent voice. Peel's first connection with office was as the private secretary of Lord Liverpool. A letter written by him fell under the eye of George III., who praised it as a "good business-like letter," which fact greatly pleased Sir Robert Peel, the father.

When Mr. Spencer Perceval became Prime Minister, Peel was made Under Colonial Secretary. This administration

came to an end suddenly in May, 1812, by the murder of Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons. Bellingham, a Liverpool broker, having some claims on the Russian government, appealed to England to intercede for him. No notice being taken of this request, he decided to kill the first member of the government whom he met. Meeting Mr. Perceval first, he fired at him with a pistol, and the Prime Minister fell dead. The assassin was executed. Lord Liverpool then became Prime Minister, and Peel accepted the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

He was only twenty-four, and called to a most difficult position. The country, as usual, was unsettled through contending factions. O'Connell, the great agitator, was opposed to the appointment of so young a man, and said the English had sent to Ireland "a raw youth squeezed but of the workings of I know not what factory in England…, sent over here before he got rid of the foppery of perfumed handkerchiefs and thin shoes."

There is no doubt that Peel intended to be fair and just; but as many thought he was favorable to the Orangemen, he was nicknamed "Orange Peel" by the followers of O'Connell.

He held the position for six years, and did some good work for Ireland. He established an efficient police — called to this day in Ireland, "Peelers." He viewed with dismay the lack of education, and with intense interest the efforts of the poor to procure schools for their children. He said in the House of Commons: "It was a thing quite frequent for working people to deprive themselves of all advantage from the labor of their children, in order that they might have their whole time devoted to literary acquirements; and he knew one parish in which there were no fewer than eleven evening schools, where adults used to repair after the toils of the day, in order to procure that culture which had been denied in their earlier years."

He urged that the "only rational plan of education in

Ireland was one which should be extended impartially to children of all religious persuasions; one which did not profess to make converts; one which, while it imparted general religious instruction, left those who were its objects to obtain their particular religious discipline elsewhere."

Peel and O'Connell were always at enmity. As the disgraceful fashion of duelling was still somewhat in vogue, Peel sent to O'Connell that he was ready to accept a challenge, if O'Connell thought he had been ill treated in language. Later a duel was arranged, but was prevented by the authorities.

Weary of his secretaryship. Peel resigned in the summer of 1818 and went to the Highlands for a holiday. He had been returned to Parliament from his own university, Oxford — a great honor, and one much desired by the eloquent Canning; but the latter was too much of a Liberal, and was also in favor of Catholic Emancipation, to which Peel was heartily opposed.

Peel was now to make a name for himself as a financier. During the war with France, the paper money of England had depreciated twenty-five per cent. Honorable gentlemen met and "pledged themselves to believe that bank-notes still are, as they always have been, equivalent to legal coin for the internal purposes of the country."

Lord Brougham justly observed that "there was but one further step for such a body to take, and that was to declare that two and two are equal to six, and to imprison any one who reckoned differently."

The resumption of cash payments seemed a necessity for the stability of the business of the country; but it was opposed by many, among them Sir Robert Peel, the father, who presented a petition against it. Inasmuch as he was a great employer of labor — fifteen thousand men worked for him — and he paid so large an amount into the treasury — forty thousand pounds to the excise on printed goods alone — his name carried great weight. A committee of the House,

composed of such men as Canning and Sir James Mackintosh, was appointed to consider this question of resumption; and young Robert Peel, scarcely more than thirty years of age, was made chairman. In bringing forward the report. Peel made one of the great speeches of his life in advocacy of a gradual return to cash payments. He declared himself in favor of "the old, the vulgar doctrine, as some people have called it, — that the true standard of value consisted in a definite quantity of gold bullion."

He regretted that he was compelled to differ from one to whose authority he had always bowed with reverence; meaning, of course, his beloved father.

The next day the resolutions were carried without a dissenting voice. Of course some persons suffered, as those who had contracted debts in the depreciated currency were obliged to pay more than the original debt; but confidence was restored, and prosperity followed in time.

A year later, June 8, 1820, Peel, at thirty-two, was married to Julia, the youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, who had distinguished himself in India. The home-life of the Peels seemed all that anybody could ask or wish; they were devoted to each other, congenial in taste, with every wish gratified through their wealth, though they gave generously.

Extremely fond of art. Peel gathered into his home a collection of English portraits: Pope, by Richardson; Samuel Johnson, by Reynolds; Southey, by Lawrence; Byron, by Phillips; Wordsworth, by Pickersgill. Next to George IV., Peel was the best patron of Lawrence. Wilkie painted for him his John Knox Preaching. His collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings was celebrated. Into his home Peel brought the treasures of ancient and modern literature. He loved the great authors of Greece and Rome, and always insisted upon the value of classical studies.

"His reading," says his cousin, "was at all times various and extensive. Far from limiting his reading to the works on

the side which he advocated, he seemed to read as much, or more, of those which most ably impugned his opinions. To this practice, allied to that of questioning himself as to the grounds of his opinions, may be attributed his great readiness in anticipating and encountering objections. He was well versed in the light literature of the day, with which his conversation showed his familiarity. This appears also in his speeches; but the quotations in them are generally from an earlier school. He quoted more largely from Dryden than from any other English poet."

Just before Peel's marriage, the worst of the Georges, George IV., came to the throne. He had married at thirty-three, Caroline of Brunswick, to please his father, George III., who therefore raised his income from £60,000 per year to £125,000, of which £25,000 was to be set aside annually towards the payment of his debts, which now amounted to £636,000. Besides this the profligate young man was to receive £27,000 in preparation for marriage, £28,000 for jewelry and plate, £26,000 for the completion of Carlton House, and £50,000 as a jointure to her Royal Highness Caroline, of which she would accept only £35,000.

George IV. quarrelled with her from the first, and separated from her after the birth of their lovely daughter Charlotte, whose death in early womanhood brought grief to the whole English nation.

When George IV. became king, on the death of his father, he desired a divorce from the Queen, and the government of Lord Liverpool brought in a bill of pains and penalties against her on a charge of immoral conduct. That a man so notorious should require such purity of life in another, caused the most open contempt for him. He was shot at one night in going to the theatre, and the glass in the carriage windows was broken. Canning eloquently pleaded the cause of the Queen, and Brougham threw his whole heart into the matter. Public opinion became so violent that the bill had to be dropped,

and great rejoicing followed.

George IV. never forgave those who had befriended the Queen. At the coronation in Westminster Abbey, July 29, 1821, she was refused admittance, and the next day at Drury Lane Theatre was taken ill, and died August 7. She desired to be buried beside her father at Brunswick. The malignant King declared that her body should not be carried through the city. The people declared that it should, and it was, though a bloody encounter took place with the Life Guards at Hyde Park Corner. The coffin arrived at its destination August 26.

Thackeray says, "I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing."

Of Queen Caroline he says, "As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict, but as one reads her story the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great hearty people of England loved and protected and pitied her. 'God bless you! we will bring your husband back to you,' said a mechanic one day, as she told Lady Charlotte Bury, with tears streaming down her cheeks. They could not bring her husband back; they could not cleanse that selfish heart."

Peel was glad to have been out of office during this disgraceful contest. He did not approve of excluding the name of the Queen from the Liturgy, as George IV. wished, and as the government conceded; but he spoke against the motion to censure the ministers, as that would have transferred the government to their opponents.

After twelve years of Parliamentary life, Mr. Peel became a member of the Cabinet in 1822, as Home Secretary. Here

he carried out great reforms in criminal law, and in law relating to juries.

The noble Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh had labored in this field before him. Romilly had secured in 1812 the repeal of a statute which made it a capital offence for a soldier or a mariner to beg without a pass from a magistrate or commanding officer. For stealing in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings, or in a dwelling-house, or on board a vessel in a navigable river, property of the value of forty shillings, the penalty was death. Romilly showed in his book on the criminal laws, that for shoplifting and other offences of the same nature, from 1749 to 1771, one hundred and nine persons had been executed at the Old Bailey. Men were put to death for maliciously cutting hop-vines in plantations, or wantonly injuring the works of the Bedford Level, or personating Greenwich pensioners.

Queen Elizabeth made it a capital offence for any person above fourteen to be found associating for a month with persons calling themselves Egyptians. This, "the most barbarous statute, perhaps," says Romilly, "that ever disgraced our criminal code, was executed down to the reign of King Charles the First. Lord Hale mentions thirteen persons having in his time been executed upon it at our assizes."

In 1816 George, Bennet, a boy of ten, for shoplifting, lay in the Old Bailey under penalty of death. A few months later a boy of sixteen, for highway robbery, was to be hanged, but he was respited the night before the execution.

Romilly showed that these lads were trained to steal, and; did these acts at the bidding of men who profited by' them, while the boys were put to death. Stealing fish from any pond was punished by transportation for seven years.

Peel knew that society could never be reformed by such brutal measures; that education and Christianity must do what the gallows could never do. He was in a position of power, and would use that power for the public welfare.

Speaking in the House of Commons, he said: "As the statute stood, a man who stole his neighbor's prayer-book as they sat in the same pew at chapel together, would be liable to suffer death for it."

He showed that in the seven years ending in December, 1816, there were committed to the prisons of England and Wales, 47,522 persons. For the seven years ending in December, 1825, the number doubled! During the first seven years, 4,126 persons were sentenced to death; during the second seven years, 7,770 persons. The death penalty did not deter the people from crimes.

Peel brought in five bills by which nearly one hundred felonies were removed from the list of capital offences. These bills were passed. Indignities formerly practised upon the bodies of those who had committed suicide were abolished.

In the year 1825 Peel carried a bill consolidating no less than sixty-six acts relating to juries. Many injustices were thus done away. Before this, a juryman, who took bribes or gave improper verdicts, forfeited his goods, was driven out of doors with his wife and children, and was made infamous for life. During Peel's first tenure of the Home Office, two hundred and seventy-eight Acts relating to criminal law were repealed.

Peel had become the acknowledged leader of the House of Commons. The brilliant and eloquent George Canning had reached the goal of his ambition, the position of Prime Minister, in April, 1827, and had died the same year, August 8. Though George IV. hated him because he had befriended Queen Caroline, and because he favored Reform and Catholic Emancipation, the people of both England and Ireland looked to him for great measures in the future.

He had won his way to renown largely through his genius. His father, the eldest son of Stratford Canning, had been disinherited, on account of an attachment disapproved by his family. He became a lawyer, married Mary Anne Costello, a beautiful girl with no money, and sinking under the burden of

supporting himself and a family, died broken-hearted, April 11, 1771, three years after marriage. His wife went upon the stage, but left it, after thirty years, in 1801, when her son George transferred his pension of five hundred pounds to her and his sister.

George was adopted by his father's brother, who was a banker; was educated at Oxford, and at the age of thirty married Joan, daughter of Major-General John Scott, who brought him a fortune of £100,000. After this, like Disraeli, he became independent financially, with time to work in matters of state, and in all that cultivates the mind.

After Canning's death, the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister — Lord Goderich held the office for a very brief period — and Peel retained his place as Home Secretary.

The year 1829 was an eventful year for England as well as for Peel. Catholic Emancipation had now to be met; for the country was on the verge of civil war. He had been told that through his political life, "Ireland would be his principal difficulty," and certainly this was true in the early part of it.

The story of Ireland is full of interest — painful interest for the most part: the battle-ground of Danes and Celts in the early centuries; converted from Paganism, by St. Patrick it is said, in the fourth century; noted in the sixth for its monasteries and institutions of learning; overrun, for three hundred years, by the Norsemen, who burned the cathedrals, and slaughtered the monks, the famous round towers being used probably in defence against these invaders; the Norsemen overcome at last in the great battle of Clontarf, near Dublin, in 1014, by Brian, the Irish monarch, though he was killed with the battle-axe of a Viking; conquered by Henry II. of England, 1169-72, who obtained a Bull from Pope Adrian IV., favoring the conquest, and desiring Henry to execute in the island "whatever shall pertain to the honor of God, and the welfare of the land."

After the Norman conquest there were of course constant

feuds between the Norman adventurers and the native chiefs. Matters grew worse when Henry VIII., by the Act of Supremacy, in 1535, became "Supreme Head of the Church of England," suppressed the Roman Catholic churches, and confiscated their property. From this time on, there were constant revolts against English rule.

One by one, like the Earl of Desmond, the leaders were conquered, and their vast estates divided among English settlers. "Munster," says the Hon. Emily Lawless in "The Story of Ireland," "which at the beginning of the Desmond rising had been accounted the most fertile province in Ireland, was now little better than a desert. Not once or twice, but many times, the harvest had been burnt and destroyed; and great as had been the slaughter, numerous as were the executions, they had been far eclipsed by the multitude of those who had died of sheer famine….

"To replace this older population thus starved, slaughtered, made away with by sword and pestilence, with new colonists, was the scheme of the hour. Desmond's vast estate, covering nearly six hundred thousand Irish acres, not counting waste land, had all been declared forfeit to the Crown. This and a considerable portion of territory also forfeit in Leinster, was now offered to English colonists upon the most advantageous terms. No rent was to be paid at first, and for ten years the undertakers were to be allowed to send their exports duty free."

The colonization scheme proved a failure, as English laborers did not desire to go to Ireland, and riots usually ensued if they went. The Earls Tirone and Tirconnell, fearful for their lives, went into exile in Rome, the former dying blind and broken-hearted. Their entire estates of six counties went to the Crown, regardless of all sub-proprietors who had had no share in rebellion, James I. parcelled out this land to English and Scottish settlers, and it became known as the "Plantation of Ulster."

Other lands, on one pretext or another, were confiscated. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, had been made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under Charles I., and by various methods he had obtained more lands and money for the King.

Great Britain, as well as Ireland, was in a state of ferment. Strafford was impeached on twenty-eight counts, the chief being that he had incensed his Majesty against the members of the late Parliament, telling him "they had denied to supply him, and that his Majesty having tried the affections of his people, and been refused, he was absolved from all rules of government, and that he had an army in Ireland which he might employ to reduce the kingdom." Strafford was executed May 12, 1641.

Ireland was ripe for rebellion. The army which Strafford had collected in Ireland, and which Charles, against his will, had been obliged to disband, had stored its arms in Dublin Castle. The plan was to seize these arms, distribute them to the troops, turn out the Protestant settlers, and free Ireland from English rule. The plan failed, but not until the slaughter on both sides had been terrible. Men, women, and infants were massacred, so that Ireland lost one-third of her population. The Catholics demanded the restoration of the Catholic Church, with all its original privileges, and an independent Irish Parliament. These Charles did not dare to grant.

Ireland remained in a state of anarchy till in August, 1649, Cromwell went over with twelve thousand troops to subdue the island. He took the garrisons at Drogheda and Wexford, giving no quarter, sending word back to Parliament: "I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty escaped…. I wish all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone."

The loss of life during the eight years of civil war has been estimated at six hundred thousand. Those who had participated in the rebellion were driven into exile, and vast tracts

of land were parcelled out among Cromwell's soldiers.

Under Charles II, Ireland still suffered. In 1663 Irish ships were excluded from the privileges of English ships under the Navigation Act. In 1665 and 1680 Irish live-stock or meat and butter were forbidden to be exported from Ireland into England. Later it was declared that no goods should be imported from the colonies to Ireland, and the exportation of Irish manufactured wool to all countries was prohibited in 1699. Smuggling resulted; but Irish industries were soon either crippled or destroyed. The hatred towards England was, if possible, intensified by all this.

After William and Mary came to the throne in 1689, and James II. was defeated by William, on the banks of the Boyne, July 1, 1690, matters grew worse for Ireland. William gave as rewards for military or civil service, one hundred and thirty thousand acres of land in Ireland to Bentinck, afterwards Lord Portland; one hundred thousand acres to Keppel, afterwards Lord Albemarle; and to other friends in like manner. Severe penal laws were passed against the Catholics. A reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the conviction of any priest who exercised his religious functions, with the penalty, imprisonment for life.

"The Penal Laws," says Justin Huntly McCarthy in his "Ireland since the Union," "did their best to insure that no such person should exist as an Irish Catholic…. A Catholic could not sit upon the benches of the Lords or Commons of the Irish Parliament. He could not record his vote for the election of a member of Parliament; he could not serve in the army or the navy; he could not plead at the bar, or give judgment from the bench; he could not become a magistrate, or a member of a corporation, or serve on grand juries, or in vestries; he could not be a sheriff, gamekeeper, or a constable; he could not give education; he could not receive education; he could not send his children abroad to be educated….

"Every Catholic was liable to a fine of sixty pounds a

month for not attending a place of Protestant worship, and at any time any two justices of the peace could call a Catholic over sixteen years before them, and bestow what property he possessed upon his next of kin if he refused to turn from his faith…. A Protestant might at any time compel a Catholic to sell him his horse, however valuable, for five pounds, and the horses of Catholics could always be seized without payment, for the use of the militia….

"The eldest son of a Catholic, upon apostatizing, became heir-at-law to the whole estate of his father, and reduced his father to the position of a mere life-tenant. An apostate wife was immediately freed from her husband's control, and assigned a certain proportion of her husband's property. Any child, however young, who professed the Protestant faith, was immediately removed from its parent's care, and a portion of the parental property assigned to it. Furthermore, no marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant was recognized by the law."

While these laws after a time were not usually enforced, the greatest bitterness was engendered by them. The condition of the people was pitiable. Dr. W. K. Sullivan, president of Queen's College, Cork, says, "The destruction of manufacturing industry, the restriction of trade, the falling of the land out of cultivation, the conversion of arable land into pasture, the drain from absentee rents and pensions, and the cost of imported luxuries, had gradually impoverished the kingdom to an alarming extent….

"The peasants were always on the brink of starvation, and were now entering upon a period of famines — five or six in the course of twenty years — culminating in the dire famine and its accompanying pestilence, or hunger-fever, of 1741, in which four hundred thousand persons perished."

All this injustice helped to bring about the insurrection of 1798.

The United Irishmen, an association of men who led the

revolt, consisted of both Protestants and Catholics. The rebellion was suppressed, and a union with Great Britain was effected in 1800; not a union of willing people, but a union obtained in part by conquest, and in part by corrupt use of money.

To effect this union, says Mr. George Sigerson, Fellow of the Royal University, Dublin, in "Two Centuries of Irish History," "compensations were to be granted, not only to borough proprietors, and for primary and secondary interests in counties, and purchasers, but to barristers and private individuals. Lord Castlereagh considered that £1,500,000 would be required to effect all these compensations.

"The flesh-pots were open, and the fumes intoxicating. They attracted all appetites if they did not satisfy all hunger… Other gallant hearts were tempted in vain. Cornwallis went on with the evil work, groaning over its filthiness, fully conscious of his own iniquity. It was the wish of his life to 'avoid all this dirty business,' but he carried it on. His was 'the most cursed of all situations,' but he did not resign it. He declared he longed to kick those whom he courted; but he preferred to play the hypocrite…. He persisted in terrorizing and in tainting, and, while corrupting, he moaned over the corruptness of the Union proselytes: 'My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature — negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven, I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work.'"

There was an uprising against the Union three years later, July 23, 1803, when Robert Emmet, young and gifted, attempted to free his country through a forlorn hope. He could have escaped to France, but desiring to see once more the young lady to whom he was engaged, Sarah, the daughter of the eloquent Curran, he remained, was arrested, and hanged September 20, writing, just before his death, that touching letter to her brother Richard, so often quoted: "I never did tell you how I idolized her. It was not with a wild or

unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind, and respect for her talents…. My love, Sarah! It was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I had hoped to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave!"

From this time onward, Ireland, under the leadership of a young barrister, Daniel O'Connell, fought for Catholic Emancipation — relief from the civil and political disabilities under which Roman Catholics still suffered. William Pitt, before the Act of Union was passed, had encouraged the people of Ireland to feel that emancipation would follow. George III. was, however, unalterably opposed to it, believing that Protestant ascendency was a necessity for the control of Ireland.

Pitt proposed a measure for the relief of the Catholics in 1801, but the King opposed it, and Pitt and his friends resigned. When he again became Prime Minister in 1804, he promised the obstinate George III. not to bring up the Catholic question again. Pitt died January 23, 1806. Fox, who had labored for Catholic Emancipation, died in September of the same year.

Another great man was giving his heart and voice to Catholic Emancipation — the eloquent and noble Henry Grattan. He, a Protestant, had obtained for Ireland a few years of comparative peace and prosperity. In 1782, at an opportune moment, after England had lost the American Colonies, he had won for his country an independent Parliament. Ireland, in gratitude, made him a gift of fifty thousand pounds. Measures of relief were passed by this Parliament. Public buildings were constructed, and the people seemed happier than for centuries before. Yet there were still many causes of discontent. The disabilities against Catholics had not been removed, nor the commercial restrictions. In

1785 Pitt had favored the importation of goods through Great Britain into Ireland or vice versa, without increase of duty; but a number of English towns remonstrated so vigorously — the Lancashire manufacturers sending a petition against the proposal with eighty thousand signatures — that the measure was dropped.

There were various factions also in Ireland. "First of all," says Mr. Gladstone, reviewing the condition of Ireland under Grattan's Parliament, "there was a small section of the population who conducted the Government mainly with a view to jobbing, and to personal interests — a very important section, on account of the power which they not uniformly, but frequently, exercised upon the English Government with regard to its policy in Ireland.

"Then there was the Presbyterian party; though they were not less Protestant than the other, they had little or nothing to do with the government. They, on the contrary, had at that period a strong inclination to republicanism. Then there was the executive government and the British interest concentrated in Dublin Castle, which has ever since, and certainly recently, become a proverbial expression, conveying but little to the minds of Englishmen, but conveying a great deal to the minds of Irishmen. It exercised a great and powerful influence.

"Then I look at the Roman Catholic majority, but I cannot treat the Roman Catholic majority of that period as being entirely one. It is quite clear that both the Roman Catholic aristocracy and prelates stood in a position distinct from the mass of the Roman Catholic people, and were liable to act on inducements held out to them from this side of the water. Then there was the great interest of the landlords."

After saying that the Irish Parliament "made great and beneficial changes in the laws of Ireland," Gladstone adds: "Whatever vices it had, and whatever defects it had, it had a true and genuine sentiment of nationality; and, gentlemen,

the loss of the spirit of nationality is the heaviest and the most deplorable and the most degrading loss that any country can undergo. In the Irish Parliament, with all its faults, the spirit of nationality subsisted; and I say it with grief and shame that it is my own conclusion and my own conviction that the main object of the Irish Legislative Union on the part of those who planned it and brought it about, was to depress and weaken, and, if possible, to extinguish, that spirit of Irish nationality."

In 1793 Catholics were allowed to vote, though not to sit in Parliament. They were also allowed to hold any commission in the army up to the rank of colonel, in Ireland, but not in Great Britain.

In 1795 Grattan brought a bill for the relief of Catholics again before Parliament, but it was defeated, and the discontent soon developed into the rebellion of 1798. Grattan opposed the Union in an eloquent speech. "Yet I do not give up the country," he said. "I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty." Grattan died in 1820, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with distinguished honors.

Sydney Smith said of him: "The highest attainments of human genius were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free, and in that straight line he kept for fifty years, without one side-look, one yielding thought, one motive in his heart which might not have laid open to the view of God or man."

Daniel O'Connell took up Catholic Emancipation long before Grattan had finished his work. In 1823 a new Catholic association was organized, and O'Connell became its leading spirit. Two years later, England, becoming alarmed at the rapidity of its growth, passed an Act of Parliament for its suppression. It might be suppressed in name, but could not be in spirit.

O'Connell determined to stand for Clare, and be elected to Parliament even though Catholics were excluded. The "suppressed" association at once raised fourteen thousand pounds to pay his election expenses. Immense meetings were held, and Ireland was at white heat.

Peel all this time was strongly opposed to Catholic Emancipation. He had been taught from his boyhood that Protestant ascendency was necessary to the peace of Ireland, and perhaps more necessary still to the peace of England. He had been elected from Oxford University, instead of Canning, on account of his well-known opposition. He believed that the Union would be endangered, and that the Established Church in Ireland would be overthrown, if the Catholics were admitted to power; the disestablishment of the Church was to take place later under Gladstone.

Peel said in one of his most powerful speeches: "If you give them that fair proportion of political power to which their numbers, wealth, talents, and education will entitle them, can you believe that they will or can remain contented with the limits which you assign to them? Do you think, that when they constitute, as they must do (not this year or next, but in the natural and therefore certain order of things), by far the most powerful body in Ireland — the body most controlling and directing the government of it — do you think, I say, that they will view with satisfaction the state of your Church, or their own?

"Do you think that if they are constituted like other men; if they have organs, senses, affections, passions, like yourselves; if they are — as no doubt they are — sincere and zealous professors of that religious faith to which they belong; if they believe your *intrusive Church* to have usurped the temporalities which it possesses — do you think that they will not aspire to the re-establishment of their own Church, in all its ancient splendor?"

Again Peel said, "For a space of eighteen years, I have

pursued one undeviating course of conduct, offering, during the whole of that time, an uncompromising, but a temperate and fair, and, as I believe, a constitutional resistance, to the making of any further concessions towards the Roman Catholics."

O'Connell was elected to Parliament. If he were not allowed to take his seat, another rebellion was probable. The Irish people were only waiting for his bidding. "He had," says Justin McCarthy, "all the impulsiveness, the quick-changing emotions, the passionate, exaggerated loves and hatreds, the heedlessness of statement, the tendency to confound impressions with facts, the ebullient humor — all the other qualities that are especially characteristic of the Celt…. He had a herculean frame, a stately presence, a face capable of expressing easily and effectively the most rapid alternations of mood, and a voice which all hearers admit to have been almost unrivalled for strength and sweetness. . . . He spoke without studied preparation, and of course had all the defects of such a style…. He always spoke right to the hearts of his hearers."

The Duke of Wellington was at this time Prime Minister. He too was opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Peel wrote to the Duke that the time had come to act on the Catholic question. He wished to resign, but the Duke would not consent. What was to be done? George IV., the Bishops, and the House of Lords were all heartily opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Peel resigned for Oxford, but stood for re-election, and was defeated, because they knew the course he would take. It required courage to propose and introduce a measure against which he had fought for eighteen years. But he had resolved to do it.

Peel and the Duke had an audience with George IV. for five hours. The monarch was furious, and the Cabinet resigned. Soon he grew sorry for what he had done, and requested them to continue in office.

March 5, 1829, the eventful day came. "Crowds began to assemble in the avenues leading to the House of Commons," says Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, in his Life and Times of Sir Robert Peel, "so early as ten o'clock, though it was known that the doors would not be open until past six in the evening. At noon an immense multitude had collected, and the pressure was so severe that many persons were slightly injured…. A little after six, the gallery was opened, and the rush was tremendous: coats were torn, hats were lost, and sides were bruised; it seemed a miracle that no lives, were lost, and no bones broken….

"On Mr. Peel, every eye was fixed: he sat with folded arms and compressed lips, as one who had formed his resolution with pain, but was resolved to maintain it with inflexible determination. A pin might have been heard to fall as he rose, and with a voice which once or twice faltered, moved that the clerk should read the part of the royal speech relating to Catholic disabilities."

Peel spoke for four hours, making one of the great speeches of his life. He reviewed the history of Ireland, and told the imperative need of concession to Ireland's demands. The cheering was so loud and prolonged that it was heard in Palace Yard.

Peel frankly said in his speech: "The credit belongs to others, and not to me. It belongs to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grattan, to Mr. Plunkett, to the gentleman opposite, and to an illustrious and right honorable friend of mine who is now no more [Canning].

"I am well aware that the fate of this measure cannot now be altered; if it succeeds, the credit will belong to others; if it fail, the responsibility will devolve upon me and upon those with whom I have acted. These chances, with the loss of private friendship and the alienation of public confidence, I must have foreseen and calculated upon before I ventured to recommend these measures…. I am convinced that the time

will come, though I may not live to see it, when full justice will be done by men of all parties to the motives on which I have acted."

Peel was vilified on every hand. He was denounced as a traitor to his party, and as an apostate from his church. A man of great sensitiveness of nature, he must have felt all this deeply. Yet he knew what was in store for him. Twenty years later he wrote that he foresaw "the penalties to which the course I resolved to take would expose me: the rage of party, the rejection by the University of Oxford, the alienation of private friends, the interruption of family affections."

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer says in his sketch of Peel: "There can be little doubt that he prevented a civil war, in which many of the most eminent statesmen of foreign countries would have considered that the Irish Catholics were in the right."

Peel's father, the first Sir Robert, died the following year, May 3, 1830, leaving each of his six sons about £135,000, each of his five daughters £53,000, and his. son Robert his title to the baronetcy, the mansion of Dray- ton Manor, and an immense fortune. The personal property of the first Sir Robert exceeded £900,000. The probate stamp was £15,000. He lived to see his son Robert all that he could wish, and several of his other children in important offices.

George IV. died June 26 of the same year, 1830, and the citizens of London made the day of his funeral a holiday. The accession of his successor, William IV., was hailed with delight.

Peel was now called to face another great question, the extension of the franchise. Lord John Russell and some others had taken an active part in reform. The Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, was opposed, and said, "I am not prepared with any measure of parliamentary reform, nor shall any measure of the kind be proposed by the government, as long as I hold my present position."

The result was that the Duke did not long hold his position; the government was overthrown, and the Reformers came into power.

Parliamentary Reform had been agitated for years. In 1822 Lord John Russell's motion, "that the present state of representation requires serious consideration," was rejected by 105. Meetings were held, and petitions presented. Finally, March 1, 1831, Lord John brought in his Reform Bill. It was greeted with loud peals of laughter. The debate lasted seven nights. Peel speaking against the bill.

Bulwer thus describes Peel at this time: "He was tall and powerfully built. His body somewhat bulky for his limbs, his head small and well formed, his features regular. His countenance was not what would be generally called expressive, but it was capable of taking the expression he wished to give it, humor, sarcasm, persuasion, and command being its alternative characteristics.

"The character of the man was seen more, however, in the whole person than in the face. He did not stoop, but he bent forwards…. The step showed no doubt or apprehension; it could hardly be called stealthy, but it glided on firmly and cautiously, without haste or swagger or unevenness; and as he quietly walked from the bar to his seat, he looked round him, as if scanning the assembly, and when anything particular was expected, sat down with an air of preparation for the coming contest.

"The oftener you heard him speak, the more his speaking gained upon you…. He never seemed occupied with himself. His effort was evidently directed to convince you, not that he was eloquent, but that he was right…. Though there was nothing like assumption or pretension in his manner, there was a tone of superiority, which he justified by a great store of knowledge, a clear and impressive style, and a constant readiness to discuss any question that arose."

The Reformers determined to appeal to the country.

Great excitement ensued. One member declared that the Reform Bill would tear the crown from the head of the sovereign. Peel forgot his usual calmness and self-possession, and in the midst of cheers and groans and cries of order, said, "I will tell you what you are about to establish by a reformed Parliament. If the bill proposed by ministers be carried, it will introduce the very worst and vilest species of despotism — the despotism of demagogues, the despotism of journalism — that despotism which has brought neighboring countries, once happy and flourishing, to the very brink of ruin and despair."

William IV. dissolved Parliament in person. Both parties were active, those for and against reform. Before the general elections, in fifteen days, Peel spoke forty-eight times, Sir Charles Wetherell fifty-eight times, and others as many, but the Reformers won a majority.

Lord John Russell introduced his new bill June 24. On the third meeting the battle was vehement. "Peel," says Greville in his Memoirs, "closed the debate on Thursday night with a very fine speech, the best (one of his opponents told me, and it is no use asking the opinion of friends if a candid opponent is to be found) he had ever made, not only on that subject, but on any other: he cut Macaulay to ribbons. Macaulay is very brilliant, but his speeches are harangues, and never replies; whereas Peel's long experience and real talent for debate give him a great advantage in the power of reply, which he eminently possesses." The bill passed the House of Commons by 109, but was rejected by the House of Lords by 41.

At once the country seemed on the verge of revolution. Riots took place in Nottingham, Bristol, and other towns. In Bristol, the mob burned the Mansion House, in which Sir Charles Wetherell had taken refuge, beat down the doors of the prisons and released the prisoners, and at one time had forty-two dwellings and warehouses all in flames. The

windows of the Duke of Wellington were broken, and the cry everywhere was, "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." In Nottingham, the ancient castle, once a royal residence, but at this time owned by the Duke of Newcastle, was sacked and burned.

In the midst of all this turmoil, cholera broke out. Some of the clergy opposed to reform declared that "this mysterious visitation was a judgment of Providence on the nation for meddling with institutions consecrated by religious associations and convictions."

The rioters were arrested, and twenty-one were capitally convicted, for this "meddling with institutions consecrated by religious associations."

Parliament met again in December, 1831, and the bill passed the House of Commons in the following March, But the House of Lords stood out against the measure.

Great meetings were held at Birmingham and elsewhere, with 150,000 persons in attendance. These meetings declared that if the Lords threw out the bill, there was reason to expect "that the ultimate consequence might be the utter extinction of the privileged orders." It seemed necessary for King William to create enough new peers to carry the bill. This Lord Grey, then Prime Minister, and Lord Brougham urged him to do. He refused, and the ministers resigned. William's carriage was now mobbed in the streets whenever it appeared.

Peel saw, as he had seen in the time of Catholic Emancipation, that reform must come, or civil war would be the result, but Wellington did not see it. Macaulay twitted Peel with his forced conversions; but Peel was man enough to do what was best for his country, even if not in accordance with his own wishes. He ceased to oppose the measure, and said that reform was inevitable. "I have been uniformly opposed to reform on principle," he once said to Brougham, "because I was unwilling to open a door which I saw no prospect of being able to close." The door was opened wider

still by Disraeli in the Reform Bill of 1867, and by Gladstone in the Reform Bill of 1885, and will probably never be closed again.

William IV. reluctantly consented to the creation of new peers; this was finally avoided, through the King's request of the opposition to oppose no more. The bill passed the House of Lords by 106 to 22.

The Reform Bill of 1832 disfranchised fifty-six nomination boroughs, and took away one member from many others, leaving vacant one hundred and forty-three seats. It enfranchised many counties, nineteen large towns — such as Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, including the metropolitan districts. Tenants-at-will paying fifty pounds a year were enfranchised, and in the towns a ten-pound household franchise was established.

Feel accepted the situation, but with the Duke determined to watch the lengths to which the Reformed Parliament might go. Wellington said to Greville: "I mean to support the government — support them in every way. The first thing I have to look to is to keep my house over my head, and the alternative is between this government and none at all." No disturbances resulted from the reform in the franchise, which proved an eminently wise measure. During the next two years Parliament spent its time in passing coercion bills for Ireland, reforming the Irish church, abolishing slavery in the colonies, and passing the Poor Law Amendment Act. Peel spoke against the motion of Grote, the historian, on voting by ballot, by which each voter might deposit his paper in a box with the names of the candidates unseen; a measure not carried till nearly forty years later, by William Edward Forster.

Mr. Peel said, "If we are to admit vote by ballot, it will only be the prelude to further demands; and there is nothing to hinder any member from coming forward the following day to ask us to adopt universal suffrage, or any other plan which

may be popular. There is no system which has not plausible arguments in favor of its adoption, and certainly the theoretical arguments in favor of universal suffrage are at least as strong as those in favor of the ballot.

"There are arguments in favor of extending the franchise to women, to which it would be no easy matter to find any logical answer. Other and more important duties are intrusted to women; women are allowed to hold property, to vote on many occasions in right of that property — nay, a woman may inherit the throne, and perform all the functions of the first office of the state; why should they not vote for a member of Parliament?"

In the autumn of 1834, Peel took his wife and daughter Julia to Italy for the winter. But he was summoned home by the King to become Prime Minister. Sir Robert and Lady Peel left Rome November 26, and reached Dover December 8, having travelled from Rome to Calais by carriage. The Duke of Wellington became Foreign Secretary in the Peel ministry, and William Ewart Gladstone Under Secretary for the colonies.

Peel was now forty-six years of age. He held office for only a few months. William IV. died June 20, 1837, and his niece Victoria came to the throne at the age of eighteen. England rejoiced, and has had occasion to rejoice ever since that a good woman rules the nation. The darkness of the Georgian era has helped to make the Victorian era even more luminous.

In 1839 the Queen asked Peel to be Prime Minister. The ladies of her Majesty's household were all Whigs. Peel felt that they might have undue influence upon his administration, and asked, as a condition of his acceptance, that the more prominent of them be replaced by ladies on the Tory side. To this the Queen would not consent. The matter was brought before Parliament.

O'Connell, as usual on the side opposed to Peel, took the

part of "the young creature — that creature of only nineteen, as pure as she is exalted…. Those excellent women, who had been so long attached to her, who had nursed and tended to her wants in her childhood, who had watched over her in her sickness, whose eyes beamed with delight as they saw her increasing daily in beauty and in loveliness — when they were threatened to be forced away from her, her heart told her that she could as well part with that heart itself as with those whom it held so dear." Peel could not be moved from the position he had taken, and did not become Prime Minister.

In 1840 the Queen announced her approaching marriage to Prince Albert. The ministers proposed to settle upon him £50,000 a year, as had been given in other cases. It was a time of great commercial depression, and Peel seconded a motion to reduce the amount to £30,000. This did not mar the good feeling between the Queen and Sir Robert, for three years later she and Prince Albert visited Peel at Drayton Manor. The Prince and Sir Robert became close friends, because both were cultivated, and both devoted to their country.

Peel again became Prime Minister in 1841. As had been previously arranged, three Whig ladies, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Normandy, resigned. Peel had many important matters at hand. The Irish question was ever at the front. Several measures in aid of Ireland were passed by the Commons and defeated by the Lords. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in his "Peel and O'Connell," says: "The House of Lords has been leavened and prejudiced on Irish questions by a number of peers from Ireland, representing only one and the smallest section of the people; and only one interest, that of landlords — a body without any popular sympathies, and the determined opponent of every measure of justice to their country."

With all industries crippled, famine swept the country again and again. Tithes had long been a subject of constant dissension, and, indeed, of bloodshed. Both Catholics and

Presbyterians hated them, because collected for the Established Church; the tax being levied on corn, potatoes, flax, and meadow.

In "Two Centuries of Irish History," Dr. Sullivan says: "When the tenant, from one cause or another, was unable to pay the tithe, the tithe-farmer gave him credit often at high interest, and if he failed to pay the interest it was added to the principal; and ultimately his goods were perhaps distrained, even to his miserable furniture. If a cottier or farmer, or his half-naked wife or children, should inadvertently dig two or three beds of their early potatoes without leaving the tithe or tenth spade undug, the tithe-farmers immediately threatened to sue him for subtraction of tithe, to avoid which they were frequently obliged to take their tithes at his valuation."

Finally societies were formed to resist the payment of tithes. O'Connell was the brilliant leader. Riots ensued; men were arrested, but it was impossible to convict. Sydney Smith thought about one million lives had been sacrificed in Ireland on account of the tithe system.

In 1833 the arrears of tithes amounted to over a million pounds. This year alone it cost England £26,000 to collect £12,000 worth of tithes. In 1838 the "Irish Tithes' Commutation Act" was passed, and a land tax substituted. A million pounds were given to the tithe-owners for arrears.

O'Connell had been working for years in Ireland to bring about a repeal of the union. He had announced that 1843 should be known henceforward as the year of Repeal. He had secured seats in Parliament for his sons, and many other friends pledged to repeal. He held immense meetings all over Ireland, at which people gathered to listen to the words of the great Liberator, as he was called. At Tara, when over a quarter of a million people were assembled, O'Connell said: "Before twelve months more, the Parliament will be in College Green…. If, at the present moment, the Irish Parliament was in existence, even as it stood in 1800, is there

a coward amongst you — is there a wretch amongst you so despicable, that he would not die rather than allow the union to pass? … The Irish Parliament will then assemble, and I defy all the generals, old and young, and all the old women in pantaloons — nay, I defy all the chivalry of the earth, to take away that Parliament from us again. Give me three million of repealers, and I will soon have them…. Remember, I pronounce the union to be null, to be obeyed as an injustice; must be obeyed where it is supported by law, until we have the royal authority to set the matter right, and substitute our own Parliament."

A mass meeting was arranged at Clontarf, near Dublin, on Sunday, October 8. On the very morning of that day, government issued a proclamation, forbidding the people to assemble. The "Young Ireland" party hoped O'Connell would resort to arms. Thousands were ready to fight. England feared that O'Connell meant rebellion, but he had hoped to gain the Repeal just as Catholic Emancipation had been gained, by constitutional methods only. He therefore prevailed upon the people not to attend the meeting, against the will of the government; and showed to the world that much as he loved Ireland, he loved peace even more. O'Connell was arrested, sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and to pay two thousand pounds. This sentence was reversed by the House of Lords on a technical error.

O'Connell became melancholy, after the failure of his plans; his dejection increased, it is said, by his hopeless love for a young girl who would not consent to become his wife. He desired to die at Rome, and hurried to Italy. His strength failed when he reached Genoa, where he died May 15, 1847.

Peel did much for education. The annual grant for elementary education in England was increased from thirty thousand pounds to one hundred thousand pounds annually. He raised the annual grant to Maynooth College, a Roman Catholic institution in Ireland, at which most of the priests

were educated, from nine thousand to twenty-six thousand pounds, and proposed to give thirty thousand pounds for the erection of new buildings.

This gift to the Romanists raised a storm in England. Great meetings were held in opposition; but the quiet yet strong-willed Peel carried out the measure which he considered fair and just. This grant was repealed when Gladstone's government disestablished the Irish Church, and Romanists were left free to support their own institutions.

Another measure of Peel's called forth great censure. He used £100,000 to aid in founding undenominational colleges in Belfast, Cork, and Galway, affiliated to a new university, to be called the "Queen's University in Ireland." Here instruction was given in secular knowledge. The Pope and the Irish bishops condemned the colleges as "godless."

Peel passed his Bank Charter Act in 1845, a measure devised largely by Lord Overstone. "The amount of security upon which the bank may issue notes is to be £14,000,000. Above that sum the notes must correspond to the amount of bullion, and a full statement of the accounts of the bank is to be given week by week to the government for publication."

Peel and Lord Aberdeen, his Foreign Secretary, settled the unfortunate disputes between England and the United States over boundary lines. Lord Ashburton, formerly Mr. Baring, who had married an American lady, was sent to Washington, and by his tact and intelligence helped to settle the disagreement between Canada and Maine as to boundary.

In 1846 the Oregon Treaty settled the question of the ownership of the mouth of the Columbia River, for a time at least, thus happily averting a war between the two nations. The question was decided in 1871 by the Emperor of Germany, to whom it was referred for arbitration.

While Peel was steering the ship of state steadily and successfully, great matters were coming up for decision, as must always be the case among a thinking people. Lord

Ashley, afterwards Shaftesbury, was pushing earnestly his measures for the factory operatives. Peel believed that a limitation of the day to ten hours' labor would prevent manufacturers from competing with those of other countries, and in the end work harm to the operatives themselves by lowering wages. He did not live to see how labor was blessed later on by such decrease of toil; he perhaps knew less about the lives of workingmen than his father, who had earned his millions for him.

John Bright and Cobden were stirring England by their eloquent speeches on Free Trade. Disraeli was talking Protection with all his satire and brilliancy. Former prohibitions of corn or grain had caused riots, and burnings, and consequent hangings. The Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, a member of the aristocracy, a gifted and true man, had moved annually, for years, the abolition of the Corn Laws.

In 1842 Peel had carried his sliding-scale with a duty of twenty shillings when the price of corn was worth fifty-one shillings, decreasing to twelve shillings duty when corn or wheat was worth sixty shillings, and one shilling duty when grain was worth seventy-three shillings. The tariff battle was fought for years; some persons favoring absolute repeal, some a fixed duty, and others a sliding-scale.

"In the mean time," says Dr. Taylor, "the increasing distress and discontent of the agricultural laborers, for whose benefit the Corn Laws were said to have been established, practically refuted one of the strongest arguments on which the Protectionists relied. At a meeting of laborers, this favorite excuse for the maintenance of monopoly was forever overthrown by a poor peasant whose jaded form, hollow cheeks, and attenuated limbs were irrefutable proofs of the extremity of his sufferings: in a hollow, piercing voice he exclaimed, *'I be protected, and I be starving!'*"

Men with seven and eight children could earn at farm labor but seven shillings per week. One of the laborers said,

"The children would jump across the house if they saw a couple of potatoes, and quarrel which should have them…. When he came home at night, and found them crying for food, and he had none to give them, it almost drove him mad."

In Ireland, the potato rot, from the wet weather, had brought on a famine. Of her eight million population, about one-half depended upon the potatoes for food. "In the southern and western provinces," says McCarthy, "a large proportion of the peasantry actually lived on the potato, and the potato alone. In these districts whole generations grew up, lived, married, and passed away, without having ever tasted flesh-meat."

The census reports for 1841 showed that in the rural districts above forty-three per cent, and in the urban districts above thirty-six per cent, of the families lived in mud cabins having only one room.

When the potatoes were destroyed, famine came into these hovels. "The people," says Mr. Stuart Trench, in his "Realities of Irish Life," "died on the roads, and they died on the fields; they died on the mountains, and they died in the glens; they died at the relief works, and they died in their houses, so that little streets or villages were left almost without an inhabitant; and at last some few, despairing of help in the country, crawled into the town, and died at the doors of residents and outside the Union walls. Some were buried underground, and some were left unburied on the mountains where they died, there being no one able to bury them."

In a few years the population of Ireland fell from eight millions to five. The famine and its consequent fevers carried off a million and a half. Food was too dear for the poor, and a cry went up from the desolate homes that the protective duties be removed, that bread might be cheap.

Sir Robert had come into power in 1841, pledged to protection, but he could not see the condition of affairs and

remain unmoved. John Bright was saying before the crowded and enthusiastic audiences that gathered all over England: "Sir Robert Peel knows well enough what is wanted…. He knows our principles, and what would result from the practice, just as well as we know. He has not been for nearly forty years in public life — hearing everything, reading everything, and seeing almost everything — without having come to a conclusion, that in this country of 27,000,000 people, and with an increase of 1,500,000 since he came into power in 1841, that a law that shuts out the supply of food which the world would give to this population, cannot be maintained; and that, were his government ten times as strong as it is, it must yield before the imperious and irresistible necessity which is every day gaining upon it…. His position gives enormous power. No minister in this country ever had a greater power than he has; and where there is enormous power, there must always be a corresponding responsibility."

Macaulay spoke eloquently in favor of the repeal of the Corn Laws. Lord John Russell, who succeeded Peel as prime minister, was also strongly in favor of repeal.

Sir Robert had the farsightedness and judgment to know that the hour had come. He told his Cabinet that the Corn Laws must be modified or suspended. They could not agree with him; and Peel, knowing now that for the ministry to oppose repeal, would bring strife and disorder to England, tendered his resignation to the Queen.

Lord John Russell tried to form a Cabinet, and failed, and the Queen sent for Peel to come to Windsor. She said: "So far from taking leave of you, Sir Robert, I must require you to withdraw your resignation, and to remain in my service."

The Queen opened the new session of Parliament in person, Jan. 22, 1846. She commended the ministry for its "repeal of prohibitory and its relaxation of protecting duties… I recommend you," she said, "to take into early consideration, whether the principles on which you have acted may not with

advantage be yet more extensively applied, and whether it may not be in your power, after a careful review of the existing duties upon many articles, the produce or manufacture of other countries, to make such further reductions and remissions as may tend to insure the continuance of the great benefits to which I have adverted, and, by enlarging our commercial intercourse, to strengthen the bonds of amity with foreign powers."

Sir Robert then stated, in an able speech, his plan for the gradual repeal of the Corn Laws. With a courage worthy of the man, he said, "I will not stand at the helm during such tempestuous nights as I have seen, if this vessel be not allowed to pursue fairly the course which I think she ought to take. I will not, sir, undertake to direct the course of this vessel by the observations which have been taken in 1842. I will reserve to myself the marking out of that course; and I must, for the public interest, claim for myself the unfettered power of judging of those measures which I conceive will be better for the country to propose. Sir, I do not wish to be the minister of England; but while I have the high honor of holding that office, I am determined to hold it by no servile tenure."

The Protectionists, led by Disraeli, were angered beyond measure. Disraeli outdid himself in sarcasm and reprobation. "Well," he said, "do we remember on this side of the House — perhaps not without a blush — well do we remember the efforts which we made to raise him to the bench on which he now sits. Who does not remember the 'sacred cause of protection' — the cause for which sovereigns were thwarted, parliaments dissolved, and a nation taken in! … I care not what may be the position of a man who never originates an idea, a watcher of the atmosphere, a man who, as he says, takes his observations, and when he finds the wind in a certain quarter, trims to suit it. Such a person may be a powerful minister, but he is no more a great statesman, than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip."

The fury of debate and invective went on night after night. Finally, May 15, the bill came to its third reading. "The beaten side," says Mr. Montague, "gave loose to all their passion. They made the roof ring with cheers when Disraeli reminded the House how the right honorable gentleman had ever traded on the ideas of others, described him as a burglar of others' intellect, and termed his life one great appropriation clause. When Peel rose to speak, they hooted and screamed with fury. When he vindicated himself, and spoke of honor and conscience, they replied with shouts of derision, and gestures of contempt. For a minute or more Peel had to stop, and for the first time in his life seemed to lose his self-possession. It seemed as though he were about to burst into tears; but he rallied and went on. Alas for the proud, sensitive man!"

The bill passed the House at four o'clock on the morning of May 16, by a majority of ninety-eight, and went up to the Lords, where Wellington secured its passage. The old hero bluntly said, "My only object in public life is to support Sir Robert Peel's administration of the government for the Queen. A good government for the country is more important than Corn Laws or any other consideration; and as long as Sir Robert Peel possesses the confidence of the Queen, and of the public, and he has the strength to perform his duties, his administration of the government must be supported."

Sir Robert Peel's government fell a few weeks later, on a Coercion Bill for Ireland. The peasants in that country seemed to have become desperate through want and disease, and saw no hope for the future. Crime had so increased, that a Bill for the Protection of Life seemed a necessity. The Protectionists joined with the Whigs in revenge on Peel, and his policy was defeated.

On Peel's resignation, June 29, 1846, he spoke eloquently, reviewing his ministerial career. Concerning the repeal of the Corn Laws, he said: "The name which ought to be, and will

be, associated with the success of those measures, is the name of one, who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned. The name which ought to be chiefly associated with the success of these measures is the name of Richard Cobden."

Peel closed with these manly yet pathetic words: "In relinquishing power, I shall leave a name severely censured, I fear, by many who, on public grounds, deeply regret the severance of party ties — deeply regret that severance, not from interested or personal motives, but from the firm conviction that fidelity to party engagements — the existence and maintenance of a great party — constitutes a powerful instrument of government.

"I shall surrender power, severely censured, also, by others who, from no interested motives, adhere to the principle of protection, considering the maintenance of it to be essential to the welfare and interests of the country. I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist, who, from less honorable motives, clamors for protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name, sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will, in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food — the sweeter, because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

In the bitterest party strife. Peel had the approval of his conscience, and was therefore not disquieted. When blamed because, with his great power, he had not "educated his party" up to the great principles of Free Trade, as Disraeli said, years later, that he had done on Reform, Peel replied that he had not wished to broach the subject to the House of Commons, because some would have protested, and some would have

organized opposition. "I should have appeared to be flying in the face of a whole party, and contumaciously disregarding their opinion and advice, after I had professed to consult them; but (what is of infinitely more importance) *I should have failed in carrying the repeal of the Corn Laws*. Now, I was resolved *not to fail.* I did not fail; and if I had to fight the battle over again, I would fight it in the same way."

Peel knew, and was teaching a broader constituency than that in England merely, a lesson that the New World is learning, that there is something above party: principle, and the permanent good of one's country.

For the next four years, Peel enjoyed some measure of rest and repose. He wrote to a friend that he and Lady Peel, "in the loveliest weather, were feasting on solitude and repose, and I have every disposition to forgive my enemies for having conferred upon me the blessing of the loss of power."

He visited Scotland, and received the freedom of the city of Aberdeen. He had been chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University some years before this. When Guizot took refuge in England after the revolution of 1848, Peel entertained him at Drayton Manor, as he did also Louis Philippe. Peel still took the deepest interest in affairs of state. June 29, 1850, he made his last speech in the House of Commons, on the Don Pacifico matter, which gave Palmerston his first prominence. The next day he attended a meeting of the Commissioners, who were arranging for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851.

A little before five o'clock he went for a ride on horseback, and going up Constitution Hill, stopped for a moment to speak with Miss Ellis, daughter of Lady Dover, also on horseback. Peel's horse suddenly shied, threw off his rider, and fell upon him, his knees on Peel's shoulders. Two men saw the accident, and rushed to his aid. Peel, when asked if he was hurt, replied, "Very much," and became unconscious. He was taken home, and laid on a sofa in his dining-room,

from which it was found impossible to remove him.

For three days he lingered in dreadful pain. Great crowds were constantly about the house, the poor and the rich, all anxious to learn the probable results. On Tuesday afternoon, the third day, when the wife and children came in. Peel recognized thein, and, holding out his hand, murmured, "God bless you." His wife broke down, and had to be carried out. At eleven o'clock death came.

It was desired to bury the great statesman with public honors in Westminster Abbey, but he had directed in his will that he should be buried without ostentation, in Drayton Church, beside his parents.

The Queen desired to bestow upon Lady Peel the rank of viscountess, but she was unwilling to accept the honor. Peel had expressed in his will the hope that no one of his family would accept any title or reward for services which he might have rendered to his country.

A monument was erected to Peel in Westminster Abbey, and others in various cities all over the kingdom, given by the rich, and by the penny subscriptions of working-men.

Of Peel's seven children, five sons and two daughters, Robert, the eldest, succeeded to the baronetcy, and the representation of the borough of Tamworth, held by his father. Frederick was member for Leominster; William entered the navy; John Floyd, the army; Arthur Wellesley was elected to the speakership of the House of Commons in 1884; Julia married Lord Villiers; Eliza, the Hon. Francis Stonor. Lady Peel survived her husband nine years, and was buried beside him. Of Peel's home life, Sir Lawrence Peel says, "English domestic life never showed itself elsewhere in a calmer or a purer form."

Of his public life, the Duke of Wellington said in the House of Lords, "I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the

whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which lie did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact."

Peel was by nature a conservative, but he was brave enough and broad-minded enough to change his opinions and methods when reason convinced, or justice demanded it. He gave Catholic Emancipation; he accepted Parliamentary Reform; he proposed the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Country was to him above any man or any party. He was calm, fair, earnest, honest, and self-governed.

CHAPTER II
Lord Palmerston

His society was infinitely agreeable to me," wrote Lord Shaftesbury after his father-in-law, Lord Palmerston, died; "and I admired every day more his patriotism, his simplicity of purpose, his indefatigable spirit of labor, his unfailing good humor, his kindness of heart, and his prompt, tender, and active consideration for others in the midst of his heaviest toils and anxieties."

There was a great contrast between the two great men, Shaftesbury and Palmerston. One lived to serve humanity; the other lived to serve England. One lived to make the world more humane, more tender, more Christian; the other lived to make England the leader in commerce and in constitutional government, powerful in peace and unconquerable in war. Palmerston did not live for himself; he lived for his country. And this cannot be said of all statesmen.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, was born October 20, 1784, at Broadlands, Hants, his father's English seat. An ancestor. Sir William Temple, had settled in Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth. His son, John Temple, was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and an author. Of his children, William became a statesman and man of letters, and John, the great-great-grandfather of Lord Palmerston, became attorney-general and speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Lord Palmerston's father, the second viscount, sat for several years in the English Parliament. His first wife had no children. His second wife, Mary Mee, was the mother of four, two sons and two daughters; Henry John, Lord Palmerston, being the eldest.

The father was a man of literary and artistic tastes, and very fond of society; the mother, an unselfish, even-tempered woman, with strong common-sense. The boy seems to have inherited his father's buoyant nature and passion for social life, with his mother's sterling sense and strength of character.

The family made several visits to Italy, taking Henry John, or Harry as he was 'called, with them. Here he learned the Italian language, which became most useful to him in after life. When Harry Temple was an old man and had become the renowned Lord Palmerston, Victor Emmanuel II. was made a Knight of the Garter at Windsor Castle by the Queen. She wished to have the King of Italy understand the oath he was about to take, so Palmerston made a translation into Italian and handed it to the King. The great Italian statesman, Cavour, was so interested in the incident that he asked for the paper written by Palmerston, and always preserved it as an historical relic. In Bologna, Harry became the friend of Francis George Hare, called later, from his great knowledge, "a monster of learning." He wrote to Harry when the latter was at Harrow at school: "I hope you take no part in those vices which are common to a public school, such as I suppose Harrow, as swearing and getting drunk; but I imagine the son of a gentleman so well taught cannot partake in things like these…. I still persist in my opinion of never marrying, and I suppose you think the same, as you must have read as well as myself of the many faults and vices of women."

The lad of fourteen, Harry Temple, wrote back that he was just recovering from the measles; that he had begun to read Homer's Iliad; that he was "doing Caesar, Terence, Ovid, Greek Testament, and a collection of Greek epigrams;" that "I am perfectly of your opinion concerning drinking and swearing, which, though fashionable at present, I think extremely ungentlemanlike. I have begun to learn Spanish, and have also begun to read 'Don Quixote' in the original, which I can assure you gave me no small pleasure…. I cannot

agree with you about marriage, though I *should be by no means precipitate about my choice.*"

As Lord Palmerston did not marry until he was fifty-five, he was "by no means precipitate about his choice."

Young Hare waited till he was past forty, and married "Anne, eldest daughter of Sir John Dean Paul, and had with her twenty thousand pounds." He died in Sicily, twelve years later. Walter Savage Landor speaks of him as one

> "Who held mute the joyous and the wise
> With wit and eloquence; whose tomb, afar
> From all his friends and all his countrymen,
> Saddens the light Palermo."

When Harry was sixteen he left Harrow, and went to Edinburgh University, where for three years he boarded with the famous Dugald Stewart, and attended his lectures on political economy and moral philosophy, his parents paying four hundred pounds a year for these privileges.

"In these three years," said Lord Palmerston in later life, "I laid the foundation for whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess."

Professor Dugald Stewart was evidently fond of his pupil, for he wrote to a friend: "In point of temper and conduct he is everything his friends could wish. Indeed, I cannot say that I have ever seen a more faultless char- acter at his time of life, or one possessed of more amiable dispositions. His talents are uncommonly good, and he does them all possible justice by assiduous application."

Lord Minto wrote to Harry's mother: "Harry is as charming and perfect as he ought to be; I do declare I never saw anything more delightful. On this subject I do not speak on my own judgment alone. I have sought opportunities of conversing with Mr. and also with Mrs. Stewart on the subject, and they have made to me the report which you have already heard from others, that he is the only young man they ever

knew in whom it is impossible to find any fault. Diligence, capacity, total freedom from vice of every sort, gentle and kind disposition, cheerfulness, pleasantness, and perfect sweetness, are in the catalogue of properties by which we may advertise him if he should be lost."

Evidently riches, and the fact that he was a lord, had not spoiled young Harry Temple. His good sense kept him from feeling above others, and his true manhood kept him from extravagance and bad companions.

When Harry was nineteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Here his scholarship was so excellent and his conduct so exemplary that his private tutor, Dr. Outram, advised him to attempt to enter Parliament for Cambridge whenever there was a vacancy.

Before leaving Edinburgh, in 1802, Viscount Palmerston had died, leaving his eldest son, Harry, the titles and estates. This death was a severe blow to Harry, and Lord Minto wrote his wife that young Temple had become "entirely silent." Three years later, in 1805, a still heavier sorrow came, in the death of his mother.

Harry, now Lord Palmerston, wrote to his friend, the Eight Hon. Lawrence Sullivan, who afterwards married his second sister, Elizabeth: "Consolation is impossible; there are losses which nothing can repair; and griefs which time ma}' fix and mellow, but never can obliterate. After the example, however, of fortitude and resignation set us by a being who was the model of every human excellence, it would be criminal in us not to imitate the resignation as well as every other perfection of her character.

"She was conscious, it is true, that she was but passing to that happiness which her virtues had secured her; and beheld with calmness and composure an event which, to the generality of mankind, comes clad with all the terrors of doubt."

A noble tribute to a mother from a noble son!

The following year, in January, 1 806, Lord Palmerston,

just twenty-one, and not yet a graduate, stood for Cambridge University, the death of the younger Pitt having made a vacancy. He was defeated, though he said, truly, "It was an honor, however, to have been supported at all, and I was well satisfied with my fight."

The same year he and Lord Fitz Harris were elected for Horsham, but were unseated on petition, and thought themselves lucky, he says in his brief autobiography, "as in a short time came the change of government, and the dissolution in May, 1807; and we rejoiced in our good fortune at not having paid five thousand pounds (which would have been its price) for a three-months seat."

He stood again for Cambridge, and failed, but later entered the House of Commons from Newport, in the Isle of Wight. For sixty years, till his death, he remained a member of Parliament.

He had just before this been nominated a Lord of the Admiralty, through the influence of his guardian, Lord Malmesbury, who was an intimate friend of the Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Palmerston did not make a speech for some months in the House of Commons, and then it was upon the taking of Copenhagen by the English, to prevent its union with the French under Napoleon Bonaparte. He spoke for a half-hour, following a brilliant speech of Canning's, three hours long. The speech was composed with care, and portions of it committed to memory. It was evident that young Palmerston was considered a rising man on the Tory side.

He was surprised, however, when in October of the following year, 1809, Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister, offered him successively the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, a Lordship of the Treasury, and the Secretaryship at War. He chose the latter, because he thought the other positions too hazardous for "so young and inexperienced a man," as he said of himself.

He wrote to Lord Malmesbury: "Of course one's vanity and ambition would lead one to accept the brilliant offer first proposed; but it is throwing for a great stake, and where much is to be gained, very much also may be lost. I have always thought it unfortunate for any one, and particularly a young man, to be put above his proper level, as he only rises to fall the lower." His good sense had triumphed, as it did again and again through his long life.

He remained Secretary at War, dealing with the accounts of the War Department (not Secretary for War, who was, properly speaking, the War Minister), for nearly twenty years. People began to wonder why he was not taking a more prominent part in affairs, as his youth gave promise. His intimate friends knew that he had ability, but the world thought of him usually as a polished man of society, rich and cultivated. "Cupid" he was called, from his dainty dress, and agreeable manners.

"He passed," says Lord Shaftesbury, "so far as I could then judge, for a handy, clever man, who moved his estimates very well, appeared to care but little about public affairs in general, went a good deal into society, and never attracted any other remark than one of wonder, which I often heard, that he had been so long in the same office.

"I doubt whether, at that time, he had much personal ambition…. His light and jaunty manner did him great disservice in his earlier years; and I recollect perfectly well that, on our first acquaintance, I could see nothing in him of the statesman, but a good deal of the dandy.

"This manner attended him throughout life in all the intercourse of society, even when engaged, heart and soul, in the most arduous and important matters. It was not assumed; it was perfectly natural and easy; for, whether at home or abroad, he seemed to be always disposed to take a light-humored view of all and everything that came under his notice.

"But this was simply the efflorescence of certain great principles fermenting within. I do not hesitate to say that the two great objects of his heart — one, the institution of a true and vigorous foreign policy, suited to the honor and position of the kingdom of England; the other, the extinction of the slave-trade — were founded, not only on his personal love of freedom (which was intense), but on his deep and unalterable conviction that civil liberty all over the world would be good for the human race, and specially so for the British people."

Lord Palmerston had been offered the secretaryship for Ireland in 1812, but he declined it. When Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister, he offered Palmerston the governor-generalship of India, or the post-office, with a seat in the House of Lords; but both positions were also declined. Canning made him the offer of India, but Palmerston told him that he "happened not to have a family for whom he should be desirous of providing, and his health would not stand the climate of India." He also refused Canning's offer that he should be governor of Jamaica.

Although Lord Brougham said, "Palmerston seldom troubles the House with his observations," yet he spoke well on some matters which deeply interested him. When Mr. Grattan, in 1813, brought forward the question of Catholic emancipation, Palmerston spoke eloquently upon it. The bill, however, by which "Roman Catholics are admitted by a new oath to Parliament, and almost all civil and political offices except those of Regent, Lord Chancellor, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland are opened to them," was not passed till 1829, sixteen years later.

Palmerston said in his speech before the House of Commons, "If it had unfortunately happened that by the circumstances of birth and education, a Nelson, a Wellington, a Burke, a Fox, or a Pitt had belonged to this class of the community, of what honors and what glory might not the page of British history have been deprived? To what perils and

calamities might not this country have been exposed? The question is not whether we would have so large a part of the population Catholic or not. There they are, and we must deal with them as we can.

"It is in vain to think that by any human pressure we can stop the spring which gushes from the earth. But it is for us to consider whether we will force it to spend its strength in secret and hidden courses, undermining our fences and corrupting our soil, or whether we shall at once turn the current into the open and spacious channel of honorable and constitutional ambition, converting it into the means of national prosperity and public wealth."

He wrote to his brother, Hon. William Temple, of the British Legation at Berlin: "It is strange that in this enlightened age and enlightened country, people should be still debating whether it is wise to convert four or five millions of men from enemies to friends, and whether it is *safe* to give peace to Ireland."

As a rule, Palmerston did not make long speeches, "unless when he purposely chose to be vague or unintelligible," says one of the English journals; "he always went straight to the mark, and talked in homely, vigorous, Saxon English…. He never, by any chance, wearied his audience…. He brought to bear upon every debate an unsurpassed tact, and a memory hardly rivalled. He could reply with telling effect, and point by point, to a lengthened attack from an enemy, without the use of a note or memorandum of any kind. When argument failed, he employed broad, rough, English satire. He was never dull, he was never ineffective."

In 1818, on April 8, Lord Palmerston, as he was going up the stairs to the War Office, was shot at and slightly wounded by an insane lieutenant. On the trial the assailant was defended at Lord Palmerston's expense, and sent to an asylum. Jan. 1, 1829, Palmerston made an eloquent speech on the independence of Greece and the usurpations of Dom Miguel

in Portugal. Greece had long been under the hated rule of the Turks, but in 1821 the war for independence broke out.

Mavrocordatos was appointed president. The aspirants for honors were numberless, and a civil war ensued in 1823 and 1824. Meantime the Greek fleet did great damage to the Turks. The Sultan sought the aid of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and his stepson Ibrahim landed on the Peloponnesus with a band of Arabs in 1824. Ibrahim conquered all before him, even Missolonghi, after a year's siege.

The Greeks fought heroically, and their bravery filled Europe with praise. Lord Byron gave his life to their cause. The monarchs of Europe feared that the democratic spirit of the French Revolution was spreading, and that crowns would give place to republics. The people, however, rejoiced in the desire of the Greeks to be self-governing.

The ravages of the Turks had been so great on the islands, as well as the mainland, that the three powers, England, France, and Russia, were compelled to send ships to cruise along the coasts of the Peloponnesus. As winter came on, the admirals of the fleets decided to anchor in the Bay of Navarino. This excited the hostility of the Turks, who fired upon them. A general engagement resulted, and the Turkish fleet was annihilated October 20, 1827.

The Duke of Wellington, "always a hard man," as his friend Lord Shaftesbury said, desired to leave the Greeks to themselves, but Palmerston urged that England might have saved much of bloodshed by taking a decided stand with Turkey and Egypt.

The following year, 1828, Greece practically became independent under Capodistrias, but he was unpopular, and was assassinated in 1831. The next year Otho of Bavaria was made king, and the present limits of the kingdom were definitely settled by the protecting powers. Otho, unpopular, was obliged finally to leave his throne, and George, brother of the Princess of Wales, was made king.

Portugal, also, was passing through stormy times. In 1826 John VI. of Portugal had died, leaving by his will, his daughter, the Infanta Isabel Maria, as regent, to the great disappointment of his son Dom Miguel, who had hoped for that honor. The brother of Dom Miguel, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, had abdicated all rights to the throne of Portugal in favor of his little daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria, only seven years old, on condition that she should marry her ambitious uncle, Dom Miguel, who had promised to accept a moderate parliamentary government.

Dom Pedro, with too much faith in human nature, appointed Dom Miguel regent, who quickly declared himself king. His reign soon became a terror to all liberalists. The girl queen fled to England, where public opinion was in her favor, though Wellington and his Tory ministry seemed to approve of Dom Miguel.

Palmerston, in his speech before the House of Commons, spoke earnestly of England's professed non-interference in the civil war of Portugal, while in reality she had favored the absolutism of Dom Miguel. The latter had sworn, in the presence of the British ambassador at Vienna, to maintain the liberal institutions granted by Dom Pedro to Portugal, and then had broken his word, with utter disregard of Great Britain. He had thrown British subjects into prison, English naval officers were beaten in the streets of Lisbon, and he had treated all remonstrances of England with contempt,

"I was under the gallery," says Bulwer, "when the speech on Portuguese affairs, which also touched toward the conclusion on foreign affairs generally, was spoken: it was not only composed with great care, both as to style and argument, but singularly well delivered, and in a tone which happily combined conversation with declamation. Lord Palmerston, in fact, never stood so high as an orator, until his famous Don Pacifico speech, as he stood at that moment. He was spoken of as the rival of Peel, and the preference was generally given

to his style of eloquence."

In 1831 Dom Pedro resigned the imperial crown of Brazil to his infant son, and went to London to join his daughter. Donna Maria da Gloria, and fight his brother, the usurper, Dom Miguel. The Liberal Government under Earl Grey was friendly — he had made Palmerston Foreign Secretary — and Dom Pedro raised a large loan. He arrived at Oporto in July, 1832, with seventy-five hundred men.

Dom Miguel instantly laid siege to the city, and sickness without and want within made it a memorable event. Finally Dom Pedro conquered by the help of England and France, and Dom Miguel was banished from Portugal, never to return, under penalty of death. Queen Maria da Gloria died in 1853, and her husband, the king-consort, Dom Ferdinand II., assumed the regency until his eldest son, Dom Pedro V., came of age.

With Dom Miguel was banished Don Carlos, of Spain, the brother of Ferdinand VII., who tried to take the crown from his little niece, Isabella. By the quadruple treaty signed April 22, 1834, by England, France, Spain, and Portugal, the four powers bound themselves to compel Carlos and Miguel to withdraw from the peninsula.

Palmerston wrote his brother, Hon. William Temple, then at Naples, concerning the treaty: "I carried it through the Cabinet by a *coup de main,* taking them by surprise, and not leaving them time to make objection…. It has ended a war which might otherwise have lasted months. Miguel, when he surrendered, had with him from twelve to sixteen thousand men, with whom he could have marched into Spain, forty-five pieces of artillery, and twelve hundred cavalry…. But the moral effect of the treaty cowed them all — generals, officers, men; and that army surrendered without firing a shot."

After Canning died, Lord Palmerston was called to the position of Foreign Secretary, that place of all others for

which he was most eminently fitted. His hour had come, and thereafter, as Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders says in his concise Life of Palmerston, "under his auspices England entered upon a period of diplomatic activity which for its extent, duration, and success, has but few parallels in our history."

Palmerston had been reading all these years, as his journals, published by Lord Dalling, Henry Lytton Bulwer, show. He had travelled much, could speak several languages fluently — he corresponded admirably in French and Italian — had watched carefully the progress and defeat of Napoleon I., longed for Italian unity, and, most of all, wished, as Bulwer says, "to make and to keep England at the head of the world, and to cherish in the minds of others the notion that she was so."

He said, "As long as England sympathizes with right and justice, she will never find herself alone. She is sure to find some other state of sufficient power, influence, and weight to support and aid her in the course she may think fit to pursue. Therefore, I say that it is a narrow policy to suppose that this country or that is marked out as the eternal ally or the perpetual enemy of England. We have no eternal allies, and we have no perpetual enemies.

"Our interests are eternal and perpetual, and those interests it is our duty to follow. And if I might be allowed to express in one sentence the principle which I think ought to guide an English minister, I would adopt the expression of Canning and say, that with every British minister the interests of England ought to be the shibboleth of policy."

He brought to this position of Foreign Secretary, three essentials, knowledge, decision, and courage. He decided quickly when he knew the facts, and had the courage to go forward even if England were plunged in war as a consequence.

Macaulay thought Palmerston "a daring, indefatigable, high-spirited man, but too fond of conflict, and too ready to

sacrifice everything to victory, when once he was in the ring."

"From war, as war," says Lord Shaftesbury, "I believe he shrank with horror, but he was inflexibly of opinion til at the best way to avoid it was to speak out boldly and even be prepared to meet the emergency…. On matters where he fully believed that he was master of the subject, his conclusions were very decided and positively unchangeable. This was the case, for example, as to his foreign policy; and yet no one will say that, either in public debate or private conversation, he maintained his opinions offensively; and, in truth, on these points he was too well satisfied with himself to be angry. Those who then differed from him, he regarded with something like compassion; and I am sure that the sentiment, though he did not utter it, was often in his mind, 'Poor things! they know no better.'"

Bulwer having come into Parliament, made Palmerston's acquaintance at a party given by Lady Cowper, whom Palmerston afterwards married. He describes Palmerston as "a man in the full vigor of middle age, very well dressed, very good-looking, with the large thick whiskers worn at the time. His air was more that of a man of the drawing-room than of the senate; but he had a clear, short, decisive way of speaking on business, which struck me at once. All the questions he put to me went straight to the point; and one could see that he was gathering information for the purpose of fortifying opinions."

Palmerston's first great work as Foreign Secretary was in securing the independence of Belgium. It had been agreed by the Allied Powers in 1814, as a consequence of the Treaty of Paris, that Holland and Belgium should be united under the King of Holland, thus making the Netherlands a powerful kingdom against any future attacks of the French. A line of fortresses had been constructed along the frontier, under the superintendence of Wellington. The king had promised to rule impartially, but he soon curbed the press, forced the

Belgians, who had always used the French language, to speak Dutch in the public courts, and made them pay an undue proportion of the taxes.

After the July Revolution of 1830 in France, Belgium revolted. The king of Holland asked the aid of England to maintain the united kingdom she had helped to form. France was inclined to aid Belgium, destroy the fortresses on the frontier, and perhaps annex Belgium to herself.

A strong man was needed at the helm of state to prevent a war between France and England, and Palmerston was the man. He felt that to keep Belgium from becoming a French province, she must have a separate existence.

It was finally arranged that Belgium should be independent, and that the powers should seek no augmentation of territory, a thing to which Talleyrand, the French minister in London, was loath to consent. He wished the Duchy of Luxemburg, which belonged to the German Confederation, to be handed over to France, as the French frontier was weak in that direction, or, if this were impossible, that France should at least receive the towns of Marienburg and Philippeville.

Palmerston stood firm. He wrote to Lord Granville, British ambassador at Paris: "I do not like all this; it looks as if France was unchanged in her system of encroachment, and it diminishes the confidence in her sincerity and good faith which her conduct up to this time had inspired. It may not be amiss for you to hint, upon any fitting occasion, that though we are anxious to cultivate the best understanding with France, and to be on the terms of the most intimate friendship with her, yet that it is only on the supposition that she contents herself with the finest territory in Europe, and does not mean to open a new chapter of encroachment and conquest." He wrote later to Granville that Talleyrand "fought like a dragon "for territorial acquisition. The Belgians wished to choose for their sovereign the Due de Nemours, second son

of Louis Philippe. Palmerston at once informed Talleyrand that such a union between France and Belgium would be made at the risk of a war with England. Immediately France began military preparations on a large scale, and England did the same. Talleyrand asked Palmerston about "the naval armaments going on in England." Palmerston said "the best reply he could make to that question was by asking another, namely, 'What was the nature and object of the naval armament in the French ports?'"

The Belgians finally chose Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, as their king, who agreed to marry a French princess, and good feeling was restored. Prince Leopold seemed the wisest possible choice. He was at this time about forty years of age, a scholar, a soldier, and a statesman. When a youth he had travelled extensively, speaking several languages. He had served in the Russian army. At Lutzen, at Gersdorf, and other battlefields, he had been so brave that he had received the orders of Maria Theresa, St. George, Black Eagle, and St. Andrew. At the battle of Leipsic he held a most dangerous post. He re-enforced Blucher, took part in the battle of Brienne, and, March 31, entered Paris with the allied armies.

After this he visited England, and was received with great delight. He was twenty-three, handsome, and talented. Charlotte, only daughter of George IV., then Prince of Wales, was the idol of the English nation, and the heir to the throne. She was twenty-one, lovely and attractive in face, and of unusual mental attainments. She had become especially endeared to the nation by her devotion to her mother, Caroline of Brunswick, separated from her husband; and through the hope that England would, in her, have a reign of peace and virtue after the corrupt and extravagant Georges.

She had many offers of marriage, but she preferred and accepted Prince Leopold. They were married May 2, 1816, and England gave him a pension of fifty thousand pounds, with the rank of general. He took his bride to Claremont,

where, in the autumn of the following year, she died at the birth of her child, also dead.

England perhaps never before nor since so mourned a human being. At the funeral, when she was buried in the royal vaults at Windsor, more than two hundred thousand persons, all dressed in black, came to pay reverence to their dead. Thousands, since that time, have stood by that beautiful monument in St. George's Chapel, and felt their hearts grow tender as they looked upon the marble figure of the mother and her babe.

Leopold resolved never to leave Claremont, and built in his garden a little temple to the memory of Charlotte, placing her bust within it. England made him Prince Royal, Field Marshal, and Privy Councillor.

Fifteen years later he accepted the throne of Belgium, and married, for reasons of state, the daughter of Louis Philippe, August 9, 1832. She died in October of 1850, greatly regretted by the nation to whom she had endeared herself.

When Leopold ascended the throne, he said, "My whole ambition is to contribute to the happiness of my fellow creatures…. I have no desire for it but to enable me to do good — a good which will be permanent."

Leopold I. proved himself a noble ruler. When, in 1848, all Europe seemed in convulsion, and the people of Belgium began to feel the spirit of revolution, he said, "Have a republic if you like, but do not have a violent revolution. I am ready to resign it whenever you choose…. I will depart without putting you to the trouble of barricades." He died at Laeken, near Brussels, December, 1865, and was succeeded by his able and scholarly son, Leopold II.

Palmerston had had much to combat in winning independence for Belgium; indeed, success is never an easy matter. He said that "he had been ridiculed on all hands, and held up to the derision of that House, and that of the country." Some laughed at his endeavors to "preserve peace

by protocols;" some were angry that at the last, England and France united to compel, by force of arms, the King of Holland to recognize the kingdom of Belgium; but posterity has seen that a peaceable and prosperous existence for Belgium was the result of Palmerston's force and foresight. Lord Granville said that "contempt for clamor and abuse was one of Palmerston's finest characteristics," and, but for this and his courage, he could never have accomplished what he did. He used often to say, "One must take men as one finds them, and make the best of what is, shut one's eyes to failings and faults, and dwell, as much as one can, upon good points."

Palmerston, so absorbed in matters of state that he took no time for society while Parliament was in session, did not forget the cause of human freedom in the colonies. He wrote to his brother in 1833: "Both West Indians and saints are moderately *dis*satisfied with our plans for the abolition of slavery. To be sure, we give the West Indians a tolerably good compensation. I really believe that the twenty millions which are to be voted for them are about the whole value of all the estates at the present market price; so that they will receive nearly the value of their estates, and keep those estates into the bargain. I must say it is a splendid instance of generosity and justice, unexampled in the history of the world, to see a nation (for it is the national will, and not merely the resolve of the Government or the Parliament) emancipate seven hundred and fifty thousand slaves, and pay twenty millions sterling to their owners as compensation for the loss they will sustain. People sometimes are greatly generous at the expense of others, but it is not often that men are found to pay so high a price for the luxury of doing a noble action." Slavery in the West Indies was abolished August 1, 1834, with a compensation to the owners of twenty million pounds.

During these years, Turkey, as usual, was disturbing the peace of Europe. Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, had risen in revolt against the Sultan Mahmoud. The latter appealed to

England for aid, which the Cabinet refused. Then he asked Russia to help, and immediately an army was despatched to the mouth of the Bosphorus, and Constantinople was saved. But Turkey put herself, by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi signed between Turkey and Russia, July 8, 1833, under the control of the Tsar Nicholas, and promised "to close the Strait of the Dardanelles, that is to say, not to allow any foreign vessels of war to enter therein under any pretext whatever."

Both England and France were indignant at this treaty. Mehemet Ali, though conquered for the time, was not to remain subject. In 1839 the Sultan declared war against his irrepressible vassal. The Sultan died soon after, and the Lord High Admiral of the Ottoman fleet treacherously handed over his fleet to Mehemet Ali.

Palmerston at once determined the part he was to act. France was willing that Mehemet Ali should govern not only Egypt, but Syria and Arabia, and so make for herself an open door to India. "Remusat," wrote Palmerston to Granville, "has let the cat out of the bag, by declaring that France, in protecting Mehemet Ali, meant to establish a new second-rate maritime power in the Mediterranean, *whose fleet might unite with that of France for the purpose of serving as a counterpoise to that of England.* That is plain-spoken, at all events."

Palmerston at once caused the Quadrilateral Alliance to be formed, July 15, 1840, whereby Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Turkey bound themselves in aid of the latter, and to conquer the Pasha of Egypt. But all was not peace among these allies. Metternich of Austria wished to give only moral support, not to use arms. Prussia was weak, and followed the lead of Austria. The English Court was against Palmerston. The Cabinet feared an open rupture with France, as Thiers the Prime Minister, was eager for war. Lord Melbourne, then Premier of England, only gave his consent to the alliance, because Palmerston threatened to resign if he did not.

Palmerston held steadily but firmly to his position. He

seemed to rule England — England certainly did not rule him. He wrote to Bulwer, *chargé d'affaires* at Paris: "If Thiers should again hold out to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out…, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that, if France throws down the gauntlet of war, we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war, she will, to a certainty, lose her ships, colonies, and commerce, before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile." The war minister, Thiers, was dismissed by Louis Philippe, and Guizot called to power. Evidently Palmerston's strong words were taking effect.

The Allied fleet bombarded Beyrout, September 16; Commodore Charles Napier took Sidon, September 26; and Acre surrendered November 3. Prance now desired to assist in the final settlement, but Palmerston wrote Granville that such a thing could not be allowed. "If France had joined us in July, and had been party to the coercive measures we undertook, we should have been delighted to have had her assistance, and she would have come in as an ally and protector of the Sultan."

Palmerston obtained, by a convention concluded at London, July 13, 1841, such terms as made Egypt submissive to the Sultan, and Turkey saved from the dominion of Russia. The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus were closed to the ships of war of all the Powers.

Palmerston had by such courage, wisdom, and diplomacy, "raised," says Sanders, "the prestige of England throughout Europe to a height which it had not occupied since Waterloo. He had created Belgium, saved Portugal and Spain from absolutism, rescued Turkey from Russia, and the highway to India from France. He had, in fact, reached the zenith of his career as foreign minister, and Canning, though far greater in his conceptions, had been completely outdone by his disciple

in performances."

The Greville Memoirs state that "Madame de Flahault had a letter written by Talleyrand soon after his first arrival in England, in which he talked with great contempt of the ministers generally, Lord Grey included, and said that there was but one statesman among them, and that was Palmerston. His ordinary conversation exhibits no such superiority; but when he takes his pen in his hand, his intellect seems to have full play, and probably when engaged exclusively in business."

A great leader among great men, wealthy, happy-tempered, and much sought after, Palmerston seemed to need but one thing to make life complete — a union with the lady whom he, as well as all England, had long admired. This was Lady Cowper, a brilliant leader in, society, especially remarkable for her knowledge of politics and literature, her charm of manner, her enthusiasm, her tact, and her good sense. She was a sister of Lord Melbourne, the Premier, and the mother of three sons and two daughters, Emily, wife of Lord Shaftesbury, being one of them. Greville says: "Lady Cowper and her daughters inspect personally the cottages and conditions of the poor. They visit, inquire, and give; they distribute flannel, medicines, money, and they talk to and are kind to them; so that the result is a perpetual stream flowing from a real fountain of benevolence, which waters all the country round, and gladdens the hearts of the peasantry, and attaches them to those from whom it emanates. Lord Cowper, to whom Lady Cowper was married at eighteen, had died in 1837, and she and Palmerston were married December 16, 1839 when she was fifty-two, and he fifty-five.

It was thoroughly a love union. Lord Shaftesbury said: "His attentions to Lady Palmerston, when they both of them were well stricken in years, were those of a perpetual courtship. The sentiment was reciprocal; and I have frequently seen them go out on a morning to plant some trees, almost believing that they would live to eat the fruit, or sit together

under their shade." Shaftesbury rejoiced that she outlived her husband by four years, as he thought Palmerston could not have lived had she been taken first, so devoted was he to her. When past eighty, and near his own death, "the most touching and characteristic feature of his bearing," says Hon. Evelyn Ashley, the son of Shaftesbury, "was his solicitude to avoid adding to Lady Palmerston's anxiety, and the cheerfulness which he assumed in her presence."

Like his wife, Palmerston was thoughtful and kind to his tenants. Ashley says: "One day Lady Palmerston brought him home word that during her drive she had heard of one of his tenants having met with a serious accident. Although it was late, and the hour for his daily work in his library, he instantly ordered his horse, and within half an hour was by the side of what proved to be a dying man."

After Lady Palmerston's death, Shaftesbury wrote in his journal: "To my dying hour I shall remember her perpetual sunshine of expression and affectionate grace the outward sign of inward sincerity, of kindness, generosity, and love. Her pleasure was to see others pleased; and without art or effort, or even intention, she fascinated every one who came within her influence.

Forty years have I been her son-in-law, and during all that long time she has been to me a well-spring of tender friendship and affectionate service….

"Few great men, and no women except those who have sat upon thrones, have received after death such abundant and sincere testimonies of admiration, respect, and affection. The press has teemed with articles descriptive of her life and character, all radiant with feeling and expressive of real sorrow. None surpassed the *Times* in delineation and eulogy."

The *Times* said, "To place her husband and keep him in what she thought his proper position; to make people see him as she saw him; to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated enemies, within the genial atmosphere of his

conversation; to tone down opposition, and conciliate support — this was henceforth the fixed purpose and master passion of her life….

"The attraction of Lady Palmerston's salon at its commencement was the mixed, yet select and refined, character of the assemblage, the result of that exquisite tact and high-breeding which secured her the full benefits of exclusiveness without its drawbacks. The diplomatic corps eagerly congergated at the house of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. So did the politicians. The leading members of the fine world were her habitual associates, and the grand difficulty of her self-appointed task lay in recruiting from among the rising celebrities of public life, fashion, or literature….

"The services of the great lady to the great statesman extended far beyond this creation of a *salon.* What superficial observers mistook for indiscretion was eminently useful to him. She always understood full well what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, when and where it should be repeated, and whether the repetition would do harm or good. Instead of the secret that was betrayed, it was the feeler that was put forth; and no one ever knew from or through Lady Palmerston what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known."

What Palmerston's married life would have been with a woman who knew little of the great questions of the day, of politics, and still less of books, it is not difficult to see. Pretty women gave him homage, but he had the good sense to seek for companionship, and found it. Many women are not averse to marrying prominent statesmen, but do not always ask themselves if they are intellectually fitted to hold the admiration they may have won, or to help the leader in his work. To win affection is one thing, to hold it as long as life lasts is quite another thing.

When Sir Robert Peel became Premier, in 1841, Lord Aberdeen was appointed Foreign Secretary instead of Palmerston, though the latter was still a member of Parliament. He

again became Foreign Secretary under Lord John Russell in 1847. Through these six years occurred the unfortunate Chinese War, concluded in 1842, when Hong Kong was ceded to England, five ports were thrown open to British traders, and four millions and a half sterling paid as indemnity. Palmerston on the whole favored the war, which many of his countrymen have heartily condemned. He also favored, though he did not assume the responsibility for, the Afghan War, which proved in the end most disastrous to England.

Afghanistan lies between Persia and India, and has always been the great highway from Western to Eastern Asia. The founder of the Afghan empire, Ahmed Shah, died in 1773. After the death of his son Timur Shah, dissensions arose, and a rival, Dost Mahomed Khan, became the head of Cabul, then one of the three independent principalities of Afghanistan. Persia, the friend of Russia, made war upon Herat, one of the three principalities, and it was declared by the ministers of the Shah that Persia intended after the capture of Herat to conquer the remainder of Afghanistan.

England, always sensitive about Russian interference with her Indian possessions, felt that Afghanistan must be ruled by men friendly to her interests. While Dost Mahomed professed friendship for England, his professions were distrusted — England had declined to aid him, and he had sided with Russia — and Lord Auckland, Governor-general- of India, resolved to drive him from Cabul, and restore a relative of Timur Shah to the throne — Sujah Shah, whom Dost Mahomed had overthrown.

The British army had to force its way through Scinde, a peaceful country; it waded through rivers, and hewed paths through jungles, the murderous Beluchees hovering on its flanks. Ghuzni, defended by one of Dost Mahomed's sons, was stormed and taken. Jellalabad, defended by Akbar Khan, another of Dost Mahomed's sons, was captured. Dost Mahomed was driven from Cabul, and Sujah Shah, escorted

by British troops, was made the ruler.

England had conquered, and there was rejoicing in Great Britain. She left eight thousand men to defend the new ruler, and felt that peace was assured.

Sujah Shah was incompetent, and Dost Mahomed was able and beloved by his people. The latter did not long remain inactive. He fought bravely, but could not contend forever against so great a power as England, and finally went to India, where England gave him a residence and a revenue.

On November 2, 1841, an insurrection broke out in Cabul. The daring Akbar Khan was called to lead the enemy. He defeated the English, killing many of the officers, some of whose mangled bodies were exhibited in triumph in the streets and bazaars of Cabul. He was urged by the frantic Afghans to kill all the English, and it was difficult to save them from the natives. The English were at once told to leave the country, release Dost Mahomed and his family, and hand over as hostages six officers until these matters were accomplished.

The departure of the English from Cabul was terrible. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," thus describes this never-to-be-forgotten march: "It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful Pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the centre dashed a precipitous mountain torrent so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travellers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood.

"Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had

to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men, of whom Europeans formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children….

"The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach….

"The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. Men, women, and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies."

"The massacre," says Sir J. W. Kaye in his "Afghanistan War," "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls rode English ladies on horseback or in camel paniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Akbar Khan, who accompanied the army, but who could not prevent, he said, the murdering of the English, now arranged that the women and children, and later it was agreed the husbands of these women also, should be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur.

"Then," says McCarthy, "the march of the army without

a general went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before very long there was neither general nor army. The straggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass — a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap: the British were taken in it.

"A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally, one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march.

"The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylae of pain and shame."

Sir Robert Sale defended Jellalabad, and defeated Akbar Khan who besieged it. The women and children, after enduring the greatest privations, were rescued. Finally, in April, 1842, General Pollock came to the relief of Jellalabad. At the Jugdulluk Pass he met and defeated the enemy in September. Here, where eight months before the English army had been entrapped, writes Philip F. Walker in his "Afghanistan," "the skeletons lay so thick that they had to be cleared away to allow the guns to pass. The savage grandeur of the scene rendered it a fitting place for the deed of blood which had been enacted under its horrid shade, never yet pierced in some places by sunlight. The road was strewn for two miles

with mouldering skeletons like a charnel-house."

General Pollock entered Cabul, September 15, and destroyed the great bazaar, where the mutilated bodies of the British officers had been displayed.

Meantime, the Sujah Shah had been assassinated, and his son also. Dost Mahomed returned to Cabul, and ruled until his death, in 1863 — he conquered Herat a few days before his death — when he was succeeded by his son Shere Ali.

During these years, 1841-1847, Palmerston and Daniel Webster had a spirited war of words over the burning by the British of the Caroline, an American vessel which had carried stores to Canada during her rebellion; and over the boundary line between Canada and the United States, finally settled by the Ashburton Treaty, under the more peaceful administration of Lord Aberdeen.

In 1847, when Palmerston was back in power as the Foreign Secretary, it was not without strong fears on the part of the Queen and his own party that he would lead England into war by his boldness. He wrote to Sir Stratford Canning in December, 1850: "I believe weakness and irresolution are, on the whole, the worst faults that statesmen can have. A man of energy may make a wrong decision, but, like a strong horse that carries you rashly into a quagmire, he brings you by his sturdiness out on the other side."

At the outbreak of the Franco-Austrian War in 1859, Monsieur Drouyn de Lhuys said: "I sigh for one hour of Palmerston. No one knows better than I do his faults. I have often suffered by them, and so has England, and so has Europe. But his merits, his sagacity, his courage, his trustworthiness, are invaluable when you want

'A daring pilot in extremity,'

with whom one feels as if one was mounted on a first-rate hunter, who pulls indeed, and rears and kicks, but never swerves, never starts, and carries you over everything as long

as you give him his head."

Palmerston had, says Ashley, "great pluck, combined with remarkable tact; unfailing good temper, associated with firmness amounting almost to obstinacy. He was a strict disciplinarian, and yet ready above most men to make allowance for the weakness and shortcomings of others. He loved hard work in all its details, and yet took a keen delight in many kinds of sport and amusement.

"He believed in England as the best and greatest country in the world, while he had not confined his observation to her affairs, but knew and cared more about foreign nations than any other public man. He had little or no vanity in his composition, and, as is seen in several of his letters to his brother, he claimed but a modest value for his own abilities; yet no man had a better opinion of his own judgment, or was more full of self-confidence."

No sooner was Palmerston back in office than trouble began with France over the Spanish marriages. Portugal was in a manner dependent upon England. Guizot said that France wished the same close bond between herself and Spain. The Regent of Spain, Christina, wished her daughter, Queen Isabella, to marry the Due d' Aumale, the son of Louis Philippe. This the French king refused, as he knew England would object to such a union of the Powers; but he arranged for the marriage of the sister of I sabella _with his youngest son, the Due de Moutpensier, promising Queen Victoria that the marriage should not take place till Isabella was married and had children, so that a French prince should not come to the throne.

Isabella, after the unholy fashion of state alliances, married her cousin Francisco, Duke of Cadiz, whom both she and her mother hated; the latter saying he was "not a man," and Palmerston called him "an absolute and absolutist fool." On the same day, October 10, 1846, the double marriage took place in direct opposition to the promise of Louis Philippe. At

once England and France became enemies. Metternich was angered and said: "One does not with impunity play little tricks with great countries…. The English Government have done their best to establish Louis Philippe in public opinion. They can withdraw what they gave, and I have always said, the moment he loses that, he is on the verge of war, and his is not a dynasty that can stand war." In less than two years the Orleans dynasty fell, in February, 1848, and Louis Philippe was an exile in England. In December of the same year Louis Napoleon was declared president-elect of the French Republic. Queen Isabella of Spain bore children, and the wife of the Due de Montpensier never came to the throne as her father had fondly hoped.

1848 was a year of revolutions in Europe. Italy had long been eager for independence. Since the day when Napoleon I. conquered her by arms and honeyed speech: "People of Italy, the French come to break your chains; the French people is the friend of every people — come and welcome them. Your property, your customs, your religion, shall be respected; we make war like generous enemies — only against the tyrants who hold you enslaved:" since that day in 1796, she had been torn by dissensions. Napoleon told Prince Metternich: "Never will I give Italians a liberal system; I have only granted them the semblance of it."

When the Congress of Vienna parcelled Italy among the nations, Austria took Lombardy and Venice; Ferdinand II. ruled the Two Sicilies with a rod of iron. The King of Piedmont kept that country, with Savoy and Genoa. Of course there was dissatisfaction. Secret societies flourished, prominent among them the Carbonari, all working for liberty. In the Two Sicilies there were said to be eight hundred thousand Carbonari as early as 1820.

Again and again the different provinces revolted, and demanded constitutions from their sovereigns. Joseph Mazzini, the head of "young Italy," wished a free, united

republic.

In 1848, quickened by the French Revolution, Italy was in commotion. Pope Pius IX., ruler of the Papal States, had granted many reforms. Others were promised by Ferdinand II. of Naples, Charles Albert of Piedmont, and Leopold II. of Tuscany. Austria seemed about to interfere. Palmerston, always a friend to Italy, and a most careful student of her affairs, wrote to Lord Ponsonby, English minister at Vienna, asking him to tell Prince Metternich, "If he takes upon himself the task of regulating by force of arms the internal affairs of the Italian States, there will infallibly be war, and it will be a war of principles, which, beginning in Italy, will spread over all Europe, and out of which the Austrian Empire will certainly not issue unchanged. In that war England and Austria will certainly not be on the same side."

He begged of Italy to keep in the constitutional line she had begun; urged other nations to recognize the French Republic, and thus preserve peace; entreated the Prussian Government not to begin hostilities against Denmark. When Austria, driven out of Venice and Milan, asked for the "good offices" of England, Palmerston replied that "matters had gone too far." "The real fact," said Palmerston, "is that the Austrians have no business in Italy at all, and have no real right to be there, … The Treaty of Vienna they themselves set at naught when they took possession of Cracow, and they have never fulfilled their engagement to give national institutions and a national representation to their Polish subjects…. Her rule has always been hateful. It is the part of a friend to tell the truth, and the truth is that Austria *cannot* and *must not* retain Lombardy."

Austria was, of course, indignant, and Palmerston was berated by Schwarzenberg, who had succeeded Metternich.

When Milan and Venice revolted, Charles Albert threw himself into the national movement, to free Italy from Austria. The hated Ferdinand of Naples was obliged to issue

a proclamation to "his beloved people" that he would join in the common cause.

So much did he profess to love the cause, that, though he refused to adopt the Italian tricolor, he said he "preferred the red cockade, as it was the color of the heart!"

On March 25, 1848, Charles Albert crossed the Ticino with his enthusiastic army, and attacked the Austrians with success at Gaeta. Five days later, a battle was fought at Pastrengo, between the Mincio and the Adige, and Charles Albert was again victorious. The Austrians were commanded by Marshal Radetzky, an aged man, but an able leader. After several weeks of almost constant fighting, Charles Albert was defeated, though brave, and ably seconded by his sons, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa. The Duke of Savoy was afterwards Victor Emmanuel II., the hero of United Italy.

Charles Albert returned to Milan with the remainder of his army, thirty thousand men, but was soon obliged to capitulate, and Radetzky took possession of the city. Ferdinand had treacherously recalled his army of sixteen thousand men from Charles Albert, or the tide might have turned for Italy.

Pius IX., while holding temporal power, did not wish to make war upon his spiritual subjects, the Austrians. So bitter became the hostility of his own people that he fled to Gaeta. Later, Louis Napoleon helped to reinstate him at Rome.

On March 12, 1849, the heroic Charles Albert decided to fight Austria again. The struggle was brief. He was defeated, March 23, at Novaro, and with him the hopes of United Italy for many years. He courted death on the battle-field. So decisive was his defeat that he abdicated in favor of the Duke of Savoy, hoping thereby to secure better terms for his stricken country. He went to Oporto, the place he selected for his exile, and died a few months after.

"Little, indeed," writes John Webb Probyn in his "Italy," "did either victors or vanquished imagine that he [Victor Emmanuel] who had thus begun his reign on the disastrous

field of Novaro, would end it at Rome, recognized by every European government as the king of a free and united Italy, with the Eternal City as its capital."

Austrian victories continued. The Venetian Republic, with the noble Daniel Manin at its head, resolved to resist Austria "at all costs." They determined "that the silver of the churches, the bronze of the bells, the gold and jewels of the wealthy, the copper vessels of the kitchen, the very bullets and balls of the enemy, must serve in the defence of the city." Three million francs were raised at once. The batteries of the lagoons close to Venice, with the gunboats in the canals, and the fortifications, were made as efficient as possible. Once the Austrians made an attack on the fortress of Malghera and were defeated.

Palmerston wrote a letter full of sympathy to Manin, but could do nothing more to aid the republic. Again the Austrians attacked Malghera, with one hundred and fifty heavy pieces, at a distance of five hundred meters. The fort was soon in ruins. Finally provisions and money grew scarce in Venice. Cholera and other diseases were doing their fatal work. People had left their houses, demolished by shells, and had taken refuge in the Doge's palace. At last the city submitted. On the 27th of August, 1849, the Austrian soldiers defiled past the closed doors and along the deserted streets of Venice, and Manin and his devoted leaders went into exile, Manin died eight years later, a noble patriot and a brave statesman.

Austria conquered Tuscany, and Duke Leopold, who had fled to the king of Naples, was restored to his throne, and kept upon it by Austrian bayonets. General Haynau, called the "Austrian butcher," stormed and took Brescia with brutal cruelty. King Ferdinand of Naples used his sixteen thousand soldiers to put an end to liberty in Sicily. He conquered Messina and Palermo.

The English minister at Naples wrote home that "The

barbarities inflicted on Messina so disgusted the French and English admirals that they could not remain passive spectators of such scenes." Mr. Gladstone wrote some remarkable letters to Lord Aberdeen on the terrible condition of the prisons, filled with political prisoners, and the injustice and cruelty of the state trials under "Bomba's" government, a nickname which Ferdinand had gained by his wickedness.

Palmerston was so fully in sympathy with Italy that he allowed arms to be supplied to the Sicilian insurgents from the Ordnance, and had to apologize to Ferdinand. Without doubt, if Palmerston had not been fettered by a Court in favor of Austria, and a Conservative party opposed to war, England would have aided Italy by arms, or spoken so plainly to Austria that she would have hesitated in her unholy attempts at subjugation.

While Italy was in revolution, Hungary had also revolted against Austria. Hungary had long had its separate constitution, parliament, and laws, and the Emperor of Austria was also King of Hungary. Austria wished to destroy the constitution, and incorporate Hungary with the Empire. She called in the aid of Russia. Emperor Nicholas quickly responded with one hundred and fifty thousand men, and Hungary lay prostrate.

Palmerston had vainly attempted to mediate, and prevent the assistance of Russia, but it was impossible. When Hungary had been subdued, both Russia and Austria demanded that Turkey give up those who had fled thither for safety, among them Kossuth and Bern, a crippled Pole, who had led the Hungarians with great success. The Sultan resisted, and Russia and Austria seemed about to declare war.

Lord Palmerston determined to support the Sultan, who applied to England and France for aid, in his act of humanity to the refugees. The Russian minister in London, Baron Brünnow, was informed that the British fleet was to be sent to the Dardanelles, to strengthen the courage of the Sultan,

"just as one holds a bottle of salts to the nose of a lady who has been frightened," said Palmerston. No doubt the presence of the fleet was invigorating, and the Sultan refused to deliver up the patriots to their conquerors.

The Turkish Government feared at first to let the refugees depart, till Palmerston wrote to Sir Stratford Canning that England was viewing with "contemptuous disgust" the conduct of "the Sultan and his white-livered ministers," and that they might be told the same. Kossuth and his friends were liberated, and came to England, where they were everywhere received with ovations, as Garibaldi had been.

Palmerston now had to turn his busy mind in another direction. It was like a game of chess, and no doubt he enjoyed it. "In his day," writes Lord Shaftesbury, "he was oftentimes twitted with love of office. He never denied his predilection for it. He even maintained that the pursuit of it was to some persons almost a duty. He did not think himself single in this view; for he said to me one day, 'I have never known any public man, who after a certain tenure of office did not pray to be quit of it; nor any who having been turned out of office did not wish, after a very short time, to get back again.'

"Unquestionably he was born for a bureau; the thing and its whole surroundings were a part of his existence. It amounted to a complete absorption of the man in his devotion to the special duties; he then scarcely gave a thought to other matters. And I could adduce some remarkable instances, during times when the pressure of foreign affairs was urgent and heavy, of his almost absolute ignorance of what was passing in the world, the House of Commons, and even in the Cabinet."

The matter which Palmerston had now in hand concerned Greece. When Otho had been put upon the throne of Greece by England, France, and Russia, it had been as a constitutional monarch. He was in reality an absolutist, and cared nothing for the constitution. Several acts of lawlessness

had occurred against Turkish subjects. The house of Don Pacifico, of Gibraltar, had been broken into and pillaged in open day by a mob headed by the sons of the Minister of War. Palmerston demanded redress, and, failing to receive it, sent the British fleet to Athens. Terms were quickly agreed upon, but the Russian and French ministers were indignant that Palmerston should have acted alone.

There was an attempt to censure Palmerston in the House of Lords. In the House of Commons four nights were spent on the debate; Sir Robert Peel making his last speech, and Gladstone speaking eloquently. On the second night Palmerston spoke for four hours and a half, from quarter before ten to twenty minutes past two o'clock, reviewing his whole foreign policy. He said: "While we have seen the political earthquake rocking Europe from side to side; while we have seen thrones shaken, shattered, levelled; institutions overthrown and destroyed; while in almost every country of Europe the conflict of civil war has deluged the land with blood, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, this country has presented a spectacle honorable to the people of England, and worthy of the admiration of mankind. We have shown that liberty is compatible with order; that individual freedom is reconcilable with obedience to the law."

When Lord Palmerston sat down, the House greeted him with prolonged cheers. The nation rejoiced, and heartily agreed with Peel when he declared, "It has made us all proud of him."

Soon after this remarkable speech, one hundred and twenty members of the House of Commons presented to Lady Palmerston a portrait of her husband, with a written address expressive of "their high sense of his public and private character, and of the independent policy by which he maintained the honor and interests of his country."

Sir George Lewis said that by this speech, "he defeated the

whole Conservative party, Protectionists and Peelites, supported by the extreme Radicals, and backed by the *Times* and all the organized forces of foreign diplomacy."

On December 2, 1851, the famous *coup d'etat* of the President of the French Republic took place. The Queen wished England to be neutral with respect to the event, but Palmerston, believing that the Orleans princes were about to attempt to regain the throne, had told the French ambassador, Count Walensky, that he approved of Napoleon's conduct. These views were repeated in Paris, showing at once that the Queen and the Foreign Secretary did not think alike. The Queen had already censured Palmerston for acting on his own judgment too frequently, and the result was that he was dismissed from office by the Premier, Lord John Russell.

"Palmerston evidently thought he had been ill-treated," says Bulwer, "but I never heard him make an unfair or irritable remark, nor did he seem in any wise stunned by the blow he had received, or dismayed by the isolated position in which he stood."

"Both in private and in public life," says Shaftesbury, "Palmerston was of a very placable spirit…. Of public resentments he had no memory at all…. On one occasion he had decided to name a certain clergyman to a vacant bishopric. A day or two afterwards he wrote to me to say that since he had made up his mind for Dr. ——, he had received a letter from Lord Russell, with a request that a friend of his might be appointed to the see. 'If,' he continued, 'Russell's man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know Russell once treated me in a very rough way, and I desire to show him that I have quite forgotten it.'" A good lesson to many both in and out of politics, who take revenge whenever opportunity offers.

Palmerston was glad of a Tittle leisure "after five years and a half of galley-slave labor," as he said. The Russell ministry was soon defeated, and in the latter part of the same year,

1852, Palmerston became Home Secretary under Lord Aberdeen as Premier. He chose this department, as he wrote his brother William: "It does not do for a man to pass his whole life in one department, and the Home Office deals with the concerns of the country internally, and brings one in contact with one's fellow-countrymen, besides which, it gives one more influence in regard to the militia, and the defences of the country."

Palmerston filled his position with the greatest care and faithfulness. He visited prisons and looked after the ventilation of the cells; he interested himself in the Factory Acts for children. Shaftesbury said: "I never knew any Home Secretary equal to Palmerston for readiness to undertake every good work of kindness, humanity, and social good, especially to the child and the working-class. No fear of wealth, capital, or election terrors; prepared at all times to run a tilt if he could do good by it. Has already done more good than ten of his predecessors."

He paid attention to the health of London by abating the smoke nuisance, somewhat; and by closing graveyards within the metropolitan area. He said: "England is, I believe, the only country in which, in these days, people accumulate putrefying dead bodies amid the dwellings of the living; and as to burying bodies under thronged churches, you might as well put them under libraries, drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms."

Meantime trouble was arising over the unending Eastern question. A dispute had begun between the Roman Catholics in Turkey and the Greek Christians, over the "Holy Places." France protected the holy places in Palestine — the tomb of the Virgin, the Church in Bethlehem, and the like — while Russia protected the Greek Church. Bitter feeling was engendered between France and Russia.

Palmerston tried to persuade France, through the English minister, to modify her demands about the Latin or Roman Catholic Church in Turkey. This dispute finally seemed

settled, but Turkey refused to allow Russia to "protect" all the millions of Greeks in her country. Emperor Nicholas at once sent two divisions of his army across the Pruth, and took possession of the Danubian principalities. Whether Russia had a right to the protectorate or not, England would not see Turkey humiliated by Russia, because, in the end, it would mean more power for an already powerful nation.

On October 5, 1853, Turkey demanded that the Emperor leave the principalities within fifteen days. On October 14, at the request of the Sultan, the English and French fleets passed up to Constantinople. There was, at first, much opposition in England to war. Lord Aberdeen hesitated, and hoped that at the last war might be averted.

Palmerston said, with his usual daring: "I am desirous that England should be well with Russia as long as the Emperor allows us to be so; but if he is determined to break a lance with us, why, then have at him, say I, and perhaps he may have enough of it before we have done with him….

"We passed the Rubicon when we first took part with Turkey and sent our squadrons to support her; and when England and France have once taken a third power by the hand, that third power must be carried in safety through the difficulties in which it may be involved."

The Turks and Russians were already in conflict. On November 30, 1853, the Turkish squadron, consisting of seven frigates, a sloop, and a steamer, were lying at Sinope, on the southern shore of the Black Sea. The Russian fleet, greatly outnumbering the Turks, bore down upon them, and a terrible fight ensued. The whole Turkish squadron, except the steamer, was destroyed, over four thousand Turks were killed, and of the remaining four hundred, it was declared that every man was wounded.

England was thrown into a frenzy by this "massacre of Sinope." The French emperor sent a letter to Nicholas suggesting a scheme for peace, or the Western Powers must

declare war. The haughty Tsar replied: "Russia will prove herself in 1854 what she was in 1812," Then she burned Moscow to prevent the French from succeeding. The results were different in 1854.

Very soon France and England demanded the evacuation of the principalities. No answer was returned, and the allied troops were immediately despatched to the East; Lord Raglan, who had lost his right arm under Wellington at Waterloo, commanding the English forces, and Marshal St. Arnaud, the French.

The troops landed at Varna. Austria now demanded — she had fifty thousand troops — that the Tsar should withdraw from the principalities. After he had done so, it was decided to carry the war into the heart of Russia, that is, where she would be soonest crippled.

This was believed to be the Crimea, with its great harbor, docks, and fortifications. September 7, the Allies, with their war-ships and their transports, were ready to sail from Varna for the Crimea. Cholera had broken out in the French ships on their way from Marseilles, and it soon destroyed or disabled, in three French divisions, ten thousand men. Some ships were reduced almost to helplessness.

General Sir Edward Hamley in his "War in the Crimea," thus describes the ghastly journey: "The troops moved down slowly from their camps; the poison in the air caused a general sickliness, and the men were so enfeebled that their knapsacks were borne for them on packhorses…. The mysterious scourge still pursued them on board ship, and added a horrible feature to the period of detention, for the corpses, sunk with shot at their feet, after a time rose to the surface, and floated upright, breast high, among the ships, the swollen features pressing out the blankets or hammocks which enwrapped them."

Through these dead comrades, the living sailed away, to die in trenches, or freeze and starve in the Crimea.

September 18, the British infantry, twenty-six thousand men, and the Light Brigade of cavalry, the French infantry, twenty-eight thousand men, and seven thousand Turks, landed in Kalamita Bay, and began their inarch south toward Sevastopol.

Two days later a battle was fought on the banks of the Alma River, the Russian forces, about thirty-seven thousand men, on the south of it, nearer to Sevastopol. Both sides fought bravely, the Allies winning the battle. The Allies lost over three thousand men in killed and Wounded. The Russians stated their losses as 5,709.

The Russians were not pursued, as Lord Raglan wished, because Marshal St. Arnaud said his men had divested themselves of their knapsacks before scaling the heights, and must return for them before advancing. The Light Brigade was not engaged in the battle. "I will keep my cavalry in a bandbox," Lord Raglan remarked, of the thousand whom he so highly prized. Their sad fate afterwards is a matter of history.

For the two days following, the Allies buried the dead of both armies, and established hospitals in some empty houses. The cholera went on with its deadly work. Kinglake says that when the Tsar heard of the defeat at Alma, a burst of rage was followed by days of dejection, when he lay on his bed silent and without food.

As soon as the result of the battle of Alma was known at Sevastopol, seven ships of war were sunk by the Russians, across the entrance of the harbor, in line with the forts. It was then necessarily decided by the Allies to make a flank movement on Sevastopol, by way of Balaklava. The Allies having occupied the heights above Balaklava, the Russians attacked them October 25. The attack was bold and brilliant; the repulse brilliant and successful. During the engagement Lord Raglan sent a written order to Lord Lucan at the head of the Light Brigade: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying

away the guns."

This order was carried by the Quartermaster-General's *aide-de-camp,* Captain Nolan. Lucan read the order "with much consideration — perhaps consternation would be the better word — at once seeing its impracticability for any useful purpose whatever, and the consequent great unnecessary risk and loss to be incurred."

The enemy were on several fronts. Lucan objected. Nolan said: "Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry should attack immediately."

"Attack, sir! Attack what? What guns?" said Lord Lucan.

The reply of Nolan was: "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns," as he pointed down the valley. It was all too clear that "some one had blundered," when they rode into the valley of death, as Tennyson writes in his thrilling poem.

The order was given to advance. "The lines," says Hamley, "continued to advance at a steady trot, and in a minute or two entered the zone of fire, where the air was filled with the rush of shot, the bursting of shells, and the moan of bullets, while amidst the infernal din the work of destruction went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to the ground….

"A deadlier fire awaited them from the twelve guns in front, which could scarcely fail to strike somewhere on a line a hundred yards wide. It was when the brigade had been advancing for about five minutes that it came within range of this battery, and the effect was manifest at once in the increased number of men and horses that strewed the plain. With the natural wish to shorten this ordeal, the pace was increased; when the brigade neared the battery, more than half its numbers were on the grass of the valley, dead or struggling to their feet; but, still unwavering, not a man failing who was not yet disabled, the remnant rode straight into the smoke of the guns, and was lost to view." Out of six hundred and seven men, only one hundred and ninety-eight came

back from that futile and fearless charge. Captain Nolan was killed at the first fire.

On November 5, ten days after Balaklava, the battle of Inkerman was fought, the fiercest battle of the war. "Men lay in swaths, as if mown down, insomuch that it was impossible to ride through the lines and mounds of the slain." The Russians lost twelve thousand men; the Allies, something less than half that number.

Winter was close at hand, and Sevastopol had not fallen, though severely attacked. November 14 a great storm in the Crimea carried away hospital tents, dashed to pieces twenty-one vessels in or near the harbor of Balaklava, and disabled eight others, all full of stores for the army; clothing, food, surgical instruments, and ammunition.

"At the close of the storm," writes Hamley, "the evening had brought snow, and henceforth the soil of the devastated camps afforded in no respect better lodging than the rest of the surrounding wood. The sick, the wounded, and the weary, lay down in the mud. The trenches were often deep in water, and when night put an end to the rifle fire on both sides, the soldiers sat there, cramped, with their backs against the cold wet earth.

"A still worse evil was that men seldom pulled off their wet boots, fearing they might not be able to draw them on again; their feet swelled in them, the circulation was impeded, and on cold nights frost-bite ensued, ending at best in mutilation." They had no fuel, and ate their salt pork uncooked. Fuel and food were at Balaklava, seven or eight miles away from the camps, but there was almost no means of transport. "In rear of each division, a scanty group of miserable ponies and mules, whose backs never knew what it was to be quit of the saddle, shivered, and starved, and daily died…. The sufferings of the animals were frightful. They were dying all round the camps, and all along the route to Balaklava, of cold, hunger, and fatigue, and as labor could not be bestowed in

burying them, their carcasses formed a dismal feature in the desolate scenery…. Before the end of November the neighboring artillery camps were invaded by ravenous cavalry horses, galloping madly in at the sound of the feeding-trumpet, and snatching, undeterred by stick or stones, the hay and barley from the very muzzles of the right owners. Painful it was to see the frenzy of the creatures in their first pangs of hunger, more painful to see their quiet misery in the exhaustion that succeeded…. The labor of toiling through the slough to Balaklava to fetch their own forage was so great that many horses sank and died in each journey."

At the end of November there were eight thousand men in the hospital at Scutari. "The journey thither was an ordeal fatal to many. Lifted from the mud of the hospital tent, and wrapped in their wet blankets, the sick were placed on horses, a dismal troop; some with closed eyes and livid cheeks, little other than mounted corpses; some moaning as they went, and almost ready in their weariness to relax their hold of the pommel, and bury their troubles in the mire beneath…. Bound for the great hospital of Scutari, the ghastly train would toil on, wading and slipping past the dying horses, the half-buried bullocks, the skeletons, and carcasses in various stages of decay."

At Scutari they were dying like sheep. "But the sick flocked in faster than the dead were carried out, and still the dismal stream augmented till the hospitals overflowed, while still faster poured the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea, feeding as they went the fishes with their dead."

In January and February nearly fourteen thousand men were in the hospitals. All these things were told at home, and England was convulsed with anger and grief. Lord Aberdeen's ministry was charged with great mismanagement of the war. Somebody had mismanaged; that was evident to the whole world. Lord John Russell, who had turned the War Minister, Palmerston, out, now wrote to the Prime Minister urging the

"necessity of having in the War Department a man, who, from experience of military details, from inherent vigor of mind, and from weight with the House of Commons, can be expected to guide the great operations of war with authority and success. There is only one person belonging to the government who combines these advantages." And that was Palmerston. The nation knew it. The Aberdeen ministry fell, and Lord Palmerston at seventy-one became the Prime Minister of England.

He wrote his brother William: "A month ago, if any man had asked me to say what was one of the most improbable events, I should have said my being Prime Minister. Aberdeen was there, Derby was head of one great party, John Russell of the other, and yet in about ten days' time they all gave way like straws before the wind, and so here am I, writing to you from Downing Street, as First Lord of the Treasury…. It is curious that the same man who summarily dismissed me three years ago, as unfit to be Minister for Foreign Affairs, should now have broken up a government because I was not placed in what he conceived to be the most important post in the present state of things…. I am backed by the general opinion of the whole country."

England was satisfied. She knew she had a strong man at the head, one who did not get excited; whose judgment was remarkable; who had tact and cheer and courage; who knew how to control others because he controlled himself. "This calmness of spirit," says Shaftesbury, "was a grand ingredient of his mental and moral composition. It enabled him to endure much labor and face many responsibilities… His nervous system was singularly well balanced; his digestive organs never seemed at fault; and at whatsoever hour he retired to bed, he could fall asleep at once, and take, what he invariably insisted on, eight hours of repose."

"He had a wonderful faculty," says Ashley, "of dismissing from his mind any matter, however anxious, when, for the

time, it was disposed of; and his disposition allowed him to feel perfect confidence in his subordinates as long as they had done nothing to forfeit it. These two qualities were mighty aids to him in his work, as they not only assisted his power of concentration, which was already naturally strong, but freed him from that perpetual head-worry which has worn out so many busy men."

Lord Brougham said: "I never knew a man whom it was more agreeable to act with."

England at once sent quantities of stores of all kinds to the suffering soldiers in the Crimea. Florence Nightingale, thanks to Mr. Sidney Herbert, Secretary at War, had been induced to go with her band of thirty-eight nurses to the hospitals in Scutari. The daughter of a rich country gentleman, she had devoted her leisure to sanitary questions, having studied in Continental institutions, especially in Pastor Fliedner's great Lutheran hospital at Kaiserwerth.

The work done by Miss Nightingale was marvellous. Calm and unobtrusive, she soon won the respect and reverence of officers and privates. She was well called the "Angel of the Crimea." She restored order, arranged for the proper cooking of food, reduced the death rate by her wonderful management and skill, and became, as she deserved, the idol of the English nation, and an example to the women of all nations.

Palmerston at once sent out a sanitary commission to the Crimea, and a superintendent of the commissariat, established a board to superintend the transport service, paid little attention to the disaffected in the House of Commons, and by his energy, vigor, and strength, put new life into the campaign.

The great Cavour, perhaps remembering Palmerston's love for Italy, and probably wishing the aid of England in the future, had sent an army from Sardinia to help the Allies. It is said that his niece suggested the plan, and it proved important for Italy. The war went on. The dreadful winter

with its sickness and death had passed. The Allies, even in their bitterest trials, had not been idle in the siege. Their lines had been drawn nearer and nearer to Sevastopol.

On March 2, 1855, Emperor Nicholas died suddenly, of paralysis of the lungs — it was said, and probably with truth, of a broken heart. Up to the time of his death, the Russians had lost (so said Lord Lansdowne, obtaining it from authentic sources) 240,000 men.

The great general on the Russian side, Todleben, had been seriously wounded; Field-Marshal Lord Raglan died June 28. The fearless and stubborn leader of the French, after St. Arnaud died, Pelissier, "stood by the bedside for over an hour, crying like a child."

Among the most important works to be stormed in front of Sevastopol were the Malakoff, the Redan, and the Mamelon. The Malakoff was a tower, semi-circular, five feet thick, fifty feet in diameter, and twenty-eight feet high, with five guns on the top. On the Mamelon Hill and the Redan were powerful batteries. These were again and again the scene of bloodiest conflict. So numerous and so violent were the assaults, that in the six months between the death of the Emperor in March, to August inclusive, 81,000 men had been killed in and around Sevastopol. There was a cemetery on the north, well called "The Grave of the Hundred Thousand."

There was no lack of bravery and heroism among the Allies or the Russians. On June 7, 1855, the quarries in front of the Redan were taken by the English, and the Mamelon by the French. June 18 a desperate but unsuccessful assault was made on the Malakoff and the Redan. At the burial truce, a young Russian officer said to one of the Allies' staff, with voice choked with emotion: "Losses! you don't know what the word means; you should see our batteries; the dead lie there in heaps and heaps."

September 8, a simultaneous attack was made upon the Malakoff and the Redan. The French took the former. The

English stormed the parapets of the Redan, but were not able to hold the place, and it was decided to postpone the attack till the next day. During the night the Russians abandoned the city and burned it, like Moscow, also two line-of-battle ships in the harbor, where most of the rest were at the same time sunk.

The siege of a year in length was over. The final sacrifice was a costly one. The French lost 7,567 men, the English 2,271, and the Russians 12,913. On September 10 the Russian ship Vladimir came under flag of truce to ask for the wounded in the hospital. Two thousand desperately wounded men had lain there in their blood for two days and two nights without aid or nourishment, surrounded by the exploding forts and the burning buildings. Five hundred were still alive, and were conveyed to their ship. Thus horrible is war!

Austria now interceded for peace, and the Treaty of Paris was signed March 30, 1856, by which Sevastopol and other places taken by the Allies were returned to Russia, and it was guaranteed that the Black Sea should be open to the mercantile marine of every nation, but closed to ships of war. The last condition of the treaty was abrogated by Prince Gortschakoff in 1870. The Queen offered Lord Palmerston the Garter in recognition of his services in carrying forward the war, and the country heartily indorsed the honor.

Through the dreadful mutiny in India, 1857, Palmerston acted with energy and foresight, putting the right men in the right place, refusing all offers of aid from Prussia and Belgium, appreciating the soldiers who fought so heroically, saying, "There never was an instance in the history of the world of such splendid examples of bravery, of intrepidity, of resource, and self-reliance accomplishing such results as those which we have lately witnessed."

Of the noble women who suffered in India at that time, he said, "Henceforth the bravest soldier may think it no disparagement to be told that his courage and his power of

endurance are equal to those of an Englishwoman."

The story of the treachery and cruelty of Nana Sahib, told in Colonel G. B. Malleson's "Indian Mutiny," where the garrison at Cawnpore were allowed to depart for Allahabad, and as soon as they were in the thatch-covered boats, the boats were set fire to, and the occupants burned or shot, save about two hundred and fifty women and children who were imprisoned; the arrival of the noble General Havelock at the gates of Cawnpore, who said to his soldiers, "With God's help, men, we shall save them, or every man of us die in the attempt;" the massacre by the sword of these two hundred and fifty women and children, and their bodies thrown one upon another into a deep well, some still alive, until death came in kindness to end the horror — this story has been often told, and can never be forgotten. When Havelock's men entered this wretched prison, and found the walls covered with the blood of the wives of English army officers, and the floor strewn with bits of clothes and tresses of hair of women and children, fury was mingled with their sadness, and though Nana Sahib escaped and was never heard of, India paid dearly for her brutality.

The well was filled up, and a memorial chapel surrounded by a garden is now on the spot of the massacre.

In the autumn of 1858 Palmerston visited the Emperor of the French, and joined with horse and gun in the sports of the French Court. He wrote his brother-in-law: "The visits of the English to the Emperor serve as links to maintain and strengthen English alliance."

For a few months Palmerston was out of office, but soon returned. At his request nine millions were spent in fortifying the dockyards and arsenals, especially in the forts and lines around Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, and Cork, though this measure was strongly opposed by Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Richard Cobden, and others.

He replied to Mr. Cobden: "It would be very delightful if

your Utopia could be realized, and if the nations of the earth would think of nothing but peace and commerce, and would give up quarrelling and fighting altogether…. But so long as other nations are animated by these human passions, a country like England, wealthy and exposed to attack, must, by necessity, be provided with the means of defence, and however dear these means may be, they are infinitely cheaper than the war which they tend to keep off."

"If your dockyards are destroyed," he said, "your navy is cut up by the roots…. If ever we lose the command of the sea, what becomes of this country? . . . Our wealth depends on the exportation of the products, of our industry, which we exchange for those things which are necessary for our social position."

In 1861 the Queen appointed Palmerston to the ancient and dignified office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, on the death of Lord Dalhousie.

The Civil War in America began this year. For the American people, Ashley says Palmerston had "admiration and regard," though he thought some of her men in political life "deficient in honesty and offensive in tone."

When Napoleon III. more than ever urged England to recognize the Southern States, he was always met with refusal. When it was urged that England should attempt to mediate, Palmerston judged rightly that such mediation "might be resented on both sides; and that jealousy of European, especially of English interference, in their internal affairs, might make them still more prone to reject our offer as impertinent…. *We* could not well mix ourselves up with the acknowledgment of slavery, and the principle that a slave escaping to a free-soil State should be followed, claimed, and recovered, like a horse or an ox."

When the French minister at Washington suggested that England and France "compel the Northern States to let the cotton come to Europe from the South," because there was

dire distress among the operatives in the cotton-factories, Palmerston replied that "this would almost be tantamount to a war with the North," and suggested to the Board of Trade that cotton could be obtained from Africa, India, Australia, the Fiji Islands, Syria, Egypt, and China.

He said constantly, "Our best and true policy seems to be to go on as we have begun, and to keep quite clear of the conflict between North and South."

In 1861 the Confederates, Messrs. Slidell and Mason, started for Europe, sent by Jefferson Davis to represent the South at Paris and London. On their way to Southampton, England, in the English mail-steamer Trent, they were overtaken by the United States war-steamer San Jacinto, Captain Wilkes commanding, seized, and carried prisoners to Boston.

President Lincoln at once declared that the act of Captain Wilkes could not be sustained. He said, "This is the very thing the British captains used to do. They claimed the right of searching American ships and carrying men out of them. That was the cause of the war of 1812. Now, we cannot abandon our principles. We shall have to give these men up, and apologize for what we have done."

Palmerston, through his Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell, demanded the liberation of the envoys within seven days; his letter was toned down by the advice of the noble Prince Albert, who was then dying. The Confederate envoys were liberated January 1, 1862.

English troops were at once sent to Canada, and when Cobden justly asked Palmerston why eight or ten thousand men had been sent, after the American minister, Mr. Adams, had told the English that the act of Wilkes was not sanctioned by the Washington Government, Palmerston replied that the best way to keep peace was to show that one was not afraid of war.

It was a doubtful measure, for it produced bitter feeling on both sides, which showed itself when the Alabama claims

were settled years after Palmerston was in his grave. Mr. Sanders well says, "The management of the Alabama affair by the Palmerston Government was a blunder." It came near involving in war two nations, the English and American, which, for a thousand reasons, ought to go forward helpfully and peacefully in the world's progress.

Another unfortunate matter was the joint expedition to Mexico, by France, England, and Spain, in 1861, to demand from Mexico payment of debts long neglected, and proper protection of Europeans. Spain sent six thousand men, France twenty-five hundred, with large re-enforcements soon after, and England one ship, two frigates, and seven hundred marines.

Napoleon III. had pledged himself, like the two other Powers, not to interfere in the form of government established in Mexico. Palmerston had ceased to trust the Emperor, and frankly said so; and as soon as it was found that the latter had already persuaded the Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, to accept the crown of monarchy which Napoleon should impose upon the Mexicans, England and Spain withdrew from the expedition.

America protested against this infringement of the Monroe doctrine, which forbids any European power to establish a monarchy on her soil. Napoleon expected that the South would triumph, and he should be at hand to make her his ally. The South did not triumph, and Napoleon was obliged to withdraw his soldiers from Mexico.

The Mexican Empire lasted only a few weeks. The cultivated and brave Maximilian, in raising an army to defend himself from the existing government of Juarez, persuaded, it is said, by a French officer, issued a decree that all who resisted his authority in arms should be shot. Many Mexican officers, of course, resisted a foreign ruler, and were shot.

When Juarez conquered, Maximilian, left to his fate, was arrested, condemned, and shot, in spite of the protest of the

world. Poor Carlotta, the beautiful and lovely wife of Maximilian, was already a maniac in consequence of this ill-fated Napoleonic scheme.

All this imbittered the North towards England and France, as it was felt, with truth, that the expedition was ungenerously undertaken at a critical hour in the life of the American Republic.

Lord Palmerston was now an old man, past eighty. When he was seventy-nine, he went to Scotland to be installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. As he sailed down the Clyde, thousands of working-men gathered on the banks to see the man who "lived to make England great."

Palmerston did not forget to visit Peggie Forbes, who was a servant at Professor Dugald Stewart's when he was studying there sixty-two years before. She showed him an old box of tools which she had preserved all those years, because they belonged to "young Maister Henry."

When suffering from rheumatism, so that he could not open a letter. Lord Palmerston still attended to his duties in the House of Commons. He exercised daily on horseback, saying, "Every other abstinence will not make up for abstinence from exercise."

He took cold while out driving in the fall of 1865, and died at Brocket, in Hertfordshire — the place which Lady Palmerston had inherited from her brother, Lord Melbourne — at eleven o'clock, on the morning of October 18. Had he lived two days longer, he would have been eighty-one. He was buried October 27, in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, amid a great concourse of sorrowing people.

Four years later his grave was opened, and his wife, Emily Mary, Viscountess Palmerston, was laid beside the man whose brilliant record in English politics she helped to make for twenty-six years.

"No man," says Justin McCarthy, "since the death of the

Duke of Wellington, had filled so conspicuous a place in the public mind. No man had enjoyed anything like the same amount of popularity. He died at the moment when that popularity had reached its very zenith."

Lord Palmerston ruled England in troublous times. He made mistakes, and who does not? but he was honest, brave, appreciative of other men, even-tempered, without hypocrisy, and sincere.

CHAPTER III
Earl of Shaftesbury

"We have, in my judgment, lost the first man of the age. I do not know whom I should place second on the list; but there is no question as to whom I should place first of all. He was a man who, all round, was faithful to his Lord and Master, and his Master's work, in every respect. This is an especial and notable loss at the time when many men seem not to know the difference between truth and error. He has lived for the nation, and still more for his God."

Thus spoke the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon from his London pulpit, in the autumn of 1885, after the death of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Lord Beaconsfield said in 1877, "The name of Lord Shaftesbury will descend to posterity as one who has, in his generation, worked more than any other individual to elevate the condition, and to raise the character, of his countrymen."

The London *Times* said, "The death of Lord Shaftesbury, which all the English race is to-day deploring, removes one of the most honored figures of our contemporary history. He is the most conspicuous recent instance of a man, who, born to great station and ample fortune, has deliberately devoted a long life neither to pleasure, nor to personal advancement, nor to political power, but to furthering the material, moral, and religious well-being of his countrymen."

Antony Ashley Cooper, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, born in Grosvenor Square, London, April 28, 1801, came of royal lineage. His mother, Lady Anne, was the daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough; his father, Cropley Ashley Cooper, the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury. The Ashley

family have held an important place in English history since the time of Henry the Second.

The first Earl, Antony Ashley Cooper, was a member of the Parliament assembled by Oliver Cromwell, but after his death, aided in the restoration of Charles II., and belonged to the famous secret Cabinet of that monarch, called Cabal, from the initials of its members: Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. In 1679 Ashley drew up and carried what was then known as "Lord Shaftesbury's Act," now called the "Habeas Corpus Act," which gives any one committed to prison the right to be brought before the Court of Queen's Bench or Common Pleas, to ascertain whether sent there justly or not.

This important act is said, in the "Lives of Lord Chancellors," to have been carried by accident, after great opposition. Bishop Burnet says, "Lords Grey and Norris were named to be tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapors, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing. So, a very fat lord coming in. Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first; but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his misreckoning of ten. So it was reported to the House, and decided that they who were for the bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side."

For his efforts to exclude the Duke of York, afterwards James II., from the throne, the Lord High Chancellor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, was seized at his residence, and committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason. He was acquitted, to the great joy of the people, went to Holland, and died there in 1683.

The first Earl of Shaftesbury married for his second wife. Lady Frances Cecil, a direct descendant from Thomas of Woodstock, fifth son of Edward III., and on her mother's side related to John of Gaunt. Her son became the second Earl of Shaftesbury. Thus the family are of the lineage of William the Conqueror.

The second earl married, at the age of seventeen, the daughter of the first Duke of Rutland. The third earl, educated by John Locke, became an eloquent speaker in the House of Lords, and the author of "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times."

The fourth earl was the intimate friend of Handel, who bequeathed to him a complete set of his oratorios in manuscript. The earl built at St. Giles's House, the family seat in Dorsetshire, a grotto of shells, stones, and ores brought from all parts of the world, costing at least ten thousand pounds.

The fifth earl died without children, and his only brother, Cropley Ashley Cooper, became the sixth earl. For forty years he was "chairman of committees" in the House of Lords: an able man, but stern and unsympathetic.

Of his ten children, the eldest son, Antony Ashley Cooper, became the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

The childhood of the latter was extremely unhappy. His father was absorbed in matters of state; his mother in fashion and pleasure. His only confidant was an old servant, Maria Millis, who had been his mother's maid at Blenheim when she was a girl. She told him Bible stories as she held him on her knees.

"She taught him a prayer," says Mr. Edwin Hodder in his intensely interesting Life of Shaftesbury, "the first prayer he ever learned; a prayer which he never omitted to use through all the trying days that were soon to come upon him. And in his old age, especially in times of sickness, he very frequently found himself in his prayers repeating those simple words."

At seven years of age young Ashley was sent to school at the Manor House, Chiswick. Here he was more unhappy even than at home. He said in his old age, "The memory of that place makes me shudder; it is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

Here the lad's first great sorrow came to him in the death of Maria Millis. She left him her watch, a handsome gold one, and he never wore any other. He used often to say, "That was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world…. She entered into rest when I was about seven years old; but the recollection of what she said, and did, and taught, even to a prayer that I now constantly use, is as vivid as in the days that I heard her.

"The impression was, and is still, very deep, that she made upon me; and I must trace under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my later life, to her precepts and her prayers.

"I know not where she was buried. She died, I know, in London, and I may safely say that I have ever cherished her memory with the deepest gratitude and affection. She was a 'special Providence' to me."

Often, when his name had become a household word all over England, his eyes would fill with tears as he said, "God be praised for her, and for her loving faithfulness; we shall meet by and by in the house where there are many mansions." Noble Maria Millis! her work as a servant was better than that of many a queen.

The years between the ages of seven and twelve were pitiful to remember. Ashley feared his parents as much as he feared the school authorities. "There was no sympathy of any kind between them, no exhibition in any way, of affection. His heart sank within him when the day came for him to go home for the holidays, and it sank within him when he had to return to school."

At twelve he was removed from the Manor House School to Harrow, and placed in the house of Dr. Butler, the head master. Here, although there were some unique experiences — one of the masters, being a bad sleeper, used to call up his boys to recite at four o'clock on a winter's morning — the youth was happy.

The sixth earl had meantime come into possession of the Shaftesbury estates, and Ashley spent his vacations at St. Giles's House, which in after years became his own.

St. Giles is a few hours from London, reached by the Exeter line of the South-western Railway. The mansion, built in the Elizabethan style, with Italian towers, is in the midst of a wooded park of four hundred and twenty-three acres. An avenue of trees leads from the east front to one of the entrance lodges, a distance of a mile. A stream winds through the park, forming a lake of seven acres in extent, on the border of which is a summer-house, adorned with memorials of the poet Thomson, author of the "Seasons," a friend of the fourth earl.

The boy, loving nature, found great delight in this country home. He explored every nook of Cranborne Chase, two miles from St. Giles, covering an area of eighteen square miles. As late as 1828 it contained twelve thousand deer. The old town of Cranborne, with its manor-house belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, the churches of Cranborne and St. Giles, the people in the little villages — all interested the hitherto lonely and sad young lord.

The great mansion, too, was full of interest. The library, between sixty and seventy feet long, one of the most beautiful rooms in the house, had books on every side, from floor to ceiling; the dining-room would accommodate forty guests; the great hall, covered over, and lighted by an oval lantern, a gallery on three sides, with organ and grand piano, was elegant with works of art. Who could have foreseen that this hall would be used, in the years to come, for Gospel services on Sunday evenings, where the family, the visitors, the servants, and the village folk would sing and pray together?

When Lord Ashley was between fourteen and fifteen years of age an incident occurred at Harrow which decided his life work. He heard great shouting and singing of vulgar songs, on a side street, when presently four or five drunken

men appeared, bearing the coffin of a comrade, which in their staggering they let fall. The picture was a terrible one. From that moment he determined to devote his life to the poor and the friendless. And he never changed that decision, amid all the allurements of fame or position,

Ashley left Harrow soon after he became fifteen. He says: "At about sixteen I went to reside with a clergyman in Derbyshire who had married my first cousin. I was sent there, in fact, to be got out of the way, for the clergyman never professed that he was able to teach me anything, nor, indeed, did my father require of him any such services. I had a horse, and there were dogs belonging to the house, that constituted my great amusement, and a family in the neighborhood showed me abundant hospitality.

"I remained there about two years, and perhaps no two years were ever so misspent. I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing; nevertheless, there were constantly floating in my mind all sorts of aspirations, though I never took a step to make their fulfilment possible.

"My father had resolved to put me in the army, but he was dissuaded from that purpose by the influence, I believe, of a friend, of whose kind act I shall always think with the deepest gratitude."

Ashley went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1819, and in 1822 took a first-class in classics. He was diligent, persevering, ambitious, and made for himself a worthy record.

When he was twenty-five, on November 16, 1826, he entered Parliament, as member for Woodstock. The following month he heard Canning speak; "the finest historical recollection of my life," he said. "Except the loftier flights of the Bible, I have never heard nor read such rousing eloquence, such sentiments, such language — such a moment! they almost maddened me with delight and enthusiasm — could not sleep for agitation — feverishly and indistinctly

recollecting what I had heard."

When Canning became Premier, he offered Lord Ashley a place in the Administration. Though very ambitious, and always regretting in his diary that he was not accomplishing more, he declined the offer, largely on account of his warm friendship for the Duke of Wellington, who had retired from the Cabinet when Canning came into power. Canning died in less than four months, and the Duke of Wellington soon after became Prime Minister.

Lord Ashley was now made a Commissioner of the India Board of Control, which office he held for two years, till Earl Grey became Premier. At once he began to work earnestly for India, and this interest and labor continued while he lived. He urged improvements in horticulture and husbandry. "Take the article potato," he said; "it will give to Hindostan a second article of food; it will furnish them with a cheap and agreeable sustenance, to relieve the monotonous insipidity of their rice; and it will become a resource in calamitous times, when the season may have proved unfavorable to the staple subsistence of India."

When sutteeism, the burning of widows at the death of their husbands, was brought before the India Board in 1828, Ashley thought it "most outrageous cruelty and wrong." "On saying so," says Lord Ashley, "I was put down at once as if I was a madman; I was wondered at, for ever daring to mention such a thing. Well, my Lord William Bentinck was appointed to the command in India. My Lord William Bentinick thereupon, with a stroke of his pen, put the unnatural practice down…. If you appeal to the conscience, depend upon it the millions will go along with you." Sutteeism was declared illegal, December 14, 1829.

Other matters, too, were engaging the attention of the young member of Parliament. "A Bill to amend the Law for the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums "was brought forward in 1828. Insane persons had received most shameful treatment

in the early part of the century. Says Robert Gardiner Hill, F. S. A., "Lunatics were kept constantly chained to walls in dark cells, and had nothing to lie upon but straw. The keepers visited them, whip in hand, and lashed them into obedience: they were also half drowned in baths of surprise,' and in some cases semi-strangulation was resorted to. The 'baths of surprise' were so constructed that the patients in passing over a trap-door fell in; some patients were chained in wells, and the water made to rise until it reached their chins. One horrible contrivance was a rotatory chair, in which patients were made to sit, and were revolved at a frightful speed. The chair was in common use. Patients, women as well as men, were flogged at particular periods, chained and fastened to iron bars, and even confined in iron cages."

Young Lord Ashley determined to see for himself the condition of the insane. He visited asylums in London and in the provinces; he saw lunatics chained to their beds, and left from Saturday afternoon to Monday noon without attendance, only bread and water within their reach; the violent and quiet were shut up together in damp, dark, filthy cells; and what astonished him most of all, says Mr. Hodder, "was that people knew and cared absolutely nothing about this state of things."

He made his first important speech in Parliament on this subject, and materially helped to pass a bill, in July, 1828, by which power was transferred from the College of Physicians to fifteen Metropolitan Commissioners appointed by the Home Secretary, and the requirement of two medical certificates for private patients. Lord Ashley was made chairman of the commission, and held the position for fifty-seven years, till his death.

Seventeen years after the passage of the bill, a permanent lunacy commission was effected, with six paid commissioners at salaries of £1,500 each. The chairman received no salary.

Lord Ashley wrote in his diary, after making his first

speech in the House of Commons: "By God's blessing, my first effort has been for the advancement of human happiness. May I improve hourly…I prayed most earnestly, as I ever do, for aid and courage. Though I did not please myself, I found that the House was delighted. Cheers and compliments were abundant. I thanked God repeatedly; hastened home to throw myself on my knees in gratitude."

Seventeen years later he wrote: "Never have I suffered more anxiety than on these lunacy bills. I dream every night, and pass, in my visions, through every clause, and confuse the whole in one great mass. It is very trying — perpetual objections, perpetual correspondence, perpetual doubt."

Still later he wrote: "Seventeen years of labor and anxiety obtained the Lunacy Bill in 1845, and five years' increased labor since that time have carried it into operation. It has effected, I know, prodigious relief, has forced the construction of many public asylums, and greatly multiplied inspection and care."

He was never applied to in vain to assist in cases where it was possible that patients were wrongfully shut up in asylums; he pleaded the cause of pauper lunatics and criminal lunatics; he addressed great public meetings, and he forced the House to become interested. He found from statistics that from seventy-five to eighty per cent of the insane may be cured, if treatment is given in the first twelve months; only five per cent, if given later. If he had done no other work for humanity. Lord Ashley would have fulfilled his early desire: "I am bound to try what God has put into me for the benefit of Old England."

In 1861 Lord Ashley desired to establish an asylum for the insane of the middle classes. At the meeting at which he spoke, Mr. Thomas Holloway became deeply interested, and resolved to give his fortune for the benefit of the insane. He visited Lord Ashley, and was dissuaded by him from giving all of his money to one object, as he had intended. Mr. Holloway

died in 1883, and two years after, June 15, 1885, the Holloway Sanatarium, costing £300,000, was opened at Virginia Water, by the Prince of Wales; and in 1886 that magnificent institution, the Ladies' College at Egham, founded at a cost of £450,000.

During all these early years, Lord Ashley was devoted to the study of science. He also learned Welsh and Hebrew. "Nothing has ever given me more delight and satisfaction," he said at this time in his diary, "than my study of the Welsh language." He was the friend of Sir James South, the astronomer, and often studied the heavens with him. He was also the friend of Southey, and they corresponded till the poet-laureate died. Southey told Ashley, "that he had six or seven different reading-desks in his study, with a different book or theme on each; on one a magazine article; on another, a poem; on another, a study in history; on another, a letter to a friend; and so on. When he tired of the one he went to the other, and found himself so refreshed by the change, that he was able to be in his study from early in the morning till late at night, going to each subject with fresh zest and vigor."

He knew Walter Scott, and he said: "To know him was to love him. The two greatest characters of the last century and of the present, perhaps of any one, are, in my mind, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott; and they have many points of resemblance, none more striking than their simplicity."

Referring to these days, Lord Ashley said in his old age: "In early life I was passionately devoted to science, so much so that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the exclusion of everything else. It passed away, and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal, but that I should rival, many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career; and now I find myself, at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, not an

author, but simply an old man who has endeavored to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him."

And the world has been made the better, because the noble Earl of Shaftesbury lived simply "to do his duty."

Ashley had reached his twenty-eighth year. With an ardent, earnest nature, it was not strange that his heart should long for a reciprocal affection. He speaks in his journal of an attachment during a residence in Vienna, which he did not think it wise to continue. At twenty-six, while at Aberystwith, Wales, he wrote: "If I could find the creature I have invented, I should love her with a tenderness and truth unprecedented in the history of wedlock. I pray for her abundantly. God grant me this purest of blessings."

Earl Granville says of this period of Ashley's life: "He was then a singularly good-looking man, with absolutely nothing of effeminate beauty. He had those manly good looks, and that striking presence, which, I believe — though, of course, inferior by hundreds of degrees to the graces of mind and of character — help a man more than we sometimes think, and they helped him when he endeavored to inspire his humble fellow-countrymen with his noble and elevated nature. Those good looks he retained to the end of his life.

"At the time I am speaking of, he was seeking to marry that bright and beautiful woman who afterwards threw so much sunshine on his home."

Another says: "Lord Ashley possesses, perhaps the palest, purest, stateliest exterior of any man you will see in a month's perambulation of Westminster; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete *beau ideal* of aristocracy….

"His forehead has also much of the marble about it; his curly dark hair, in its thick masses resembles that of a sculptured bust, and his fine brow and features are distinctly yet delicately cut…. The whole countenance has the coldness, as well as the grace, of a chiselled one, and expresses precision,

prudence, and determination in no common degree….

"As pieces of composition, his addresses are faultless; every sentence is perfect in its form and correct in its bearing. His delivery is fluent, but not rapid; his voice fine and rich in tone."

He was married June 10, 1830, to Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, and niece of Lord Melbourne, the Premier, A singularly happy wedded life resulted. He always preferred, as he said, "her happiness, even for an hour, to whole years of my own…. No man, I am sure, ever enjoyed more happiness in his married life. God be everlastingly praised,"

"In 1831 Lord Ashley was chosen to contest the county of Dorset, for a seat in Parliament. His opponent was Hon. William Francis Spencer Ponsonby, whom he defeated after a fifteen-days struggle. The expenses of the election, for horses, taverns, carriages, and the like, reached the enormous sum of £15,600! This Lord Ashley, though at the time very much straitened by it, was obliged to pay. No wonder that this evil was deplored by everybody, and was largely done away by the passage in 1854 of the Corrupt Practices Act, providing for publication of accounts after parliamentary elections, and restraining candidates from paying any expenses except through authorized agents.

And now a great work begun for Lord Ashley in Parliament; a work with which his name will always be associated — factory legislation.

Through inventions in machinery, especially by James Hargreaves, with his "spinning-jenny," and Sir Richard Arkwright, a great demand for child-labor was created. Large numbers of children were taken out of the work-houses of London and Edinburgh, packed in wagons, and sent to Nottingham, Manchester, and elsewhere. Under the "apprentice system," pauper children were bound by churchwardens and overseers of parishes to mill-owners, to work from five years of age to twenty-five.

"A horrible traffic," in the words of Mr. Hodder, "had sprung up; child-jobbers scoured the country for the purpose of purchasing children to sell them again into the bondage of factory slaves. The waste of human life in the manufactories to which the children were consigned was simply frightful. Day and night the machinery was kept going, one gang of children working it by day, and another set by night; while, in times of pressure, the same children were kept working day and night by remorseless taskmasters….

"Their first labors generally consisted in picking up loose cotton from the floor. This was done amid the burring din of machinery, in an average heat of 70° to 90° Fahrenheit, and in the fumes of the oil with which the axles of twenty thousand wheels and spindles were bathed.

"'For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.'

"Sick, with aching backs and inflamed ankles from the constant stooping, with fingers lacerated from scraping the floors, parched and suffocated by the dust and flue, the little slaves toiled from morning till night. If they paused, the brutal overlooker, who was responsible for a certain amount of work being performed by each child under him, urged them on by kicks and blows.

"When the dinner-time came, after six hours labor, it was only to rest for forty minutes, and to partake of black bread and porridge, or occasionally some coarse Irish bacon.

"In process of time more important employment was given to them, involving longer hours, and harder work. Lost time had to be made up by overwork; they were required every other day to stop at the mill during the dinner hour, to clean the frames; and there was scarcely a moment of relaxation for them until Sunday came, when their one thought was to rest.

Stage by stage they sank into the profoundest depths of wretchedness. In weariness they often fell upon the machinery, and almost every factory child was more or less injured; through hunger, neglect, over-fatigue, and poisonous air, they died in terrible numbers, swept off by contagious fevers."

When they perished by the machinery, a coroner's inquest was rarely held. They worked fourteen or more hours a day, with no education, and the merest pittance for wages.

Something had been done by Sir Robert Peel, himself a mill-owner, and others, to do away with the "apprentice system." The hours had been somewhat shortened, but the toil was excessive.

Among those whose hearts had been stirred by the overwork of women and children, was Michael Thomas Sadler, M. P. for Newark. He introduced his famous "Ten Hours Bill" into the House of Commons in 1831, but lost his seat the following year by the Reform Bill of 1832, which disfranchised Newark.

The mill-owners were incensed at the idea of women and children working only ten hours a day. As they had long worked for twelve and more, it was believed that by the loss of two hours' labor, profits would be so lessened that mills must close.

The operatives were heart-broken that Sadler could no longer fight their battles for them. Rev. G. S. Bull was sent to London to confer with Lord Ashley to see if he would move Sadler's bill.

Lord Ashley says in his journal, "I can perfectly recollect my astonishment and doubt and terror at the proposition."

He asked till the next morning to reflect upon the subject. If he undertook the cause of the working-people, it meant hate, worry, toil, the abandonment of all literary pursuits, as there would be no leisure, and perhaps a lifetime spent among the poor. He laid the matter before his young wife, and asked her judgment.

"It is your duty," she said, "and the consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to victory!"

Mr. Bull wrote back to the Lancashire and Yorkshire committees: "His lordship says, 'It seems no one else will undertake it, so I will; and without cant or hypocrisy, which I hate, I assure you I dare not refuse the request you have so earnestly pressed. I believe it is my duty to God and to the poor, and I trust He will support me. Talk of trouble! what do we come to Parliament for?'

"I have just left his lordship, and find him more determined than ever. He says it is your cause; if you support him, he will never flinch."

And Lord Ashley never did flinch, through the twenty and more years in which he labored night and day for the factory operatives.

He at once began to ascertain for himself the true condition of the laborers. "In factories," he says, "I examined the mills, the machinery, the homes, and saw the workers and their work in all its details. In collieries, I went down into the pits. In London, I went into lodging-houses and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action, and their actual wants. I sat and had tea and talk with them hundreds of times."

Southey had begged him not to go among the suffering, lest the "distressful recollections be burned in," and Lord Ashley, never in robust health, be permanently injured; but nothing could deter him.

Once in Bradford, in his investigations, he says, "I asked for a collection of cripples and deformities. In a short time more than eighty were gathered in a large courtyard. They were mere samples of the entire mass. I assert without exaggeration that no power of language could describe the varieties, and I may say the cruelties, in all these degradations

of the human form. They stood or squatted before me in the shapes of the letters of the alphabet. This was the effect of prolonged toil on the tender frames of children at early ages."

The country soon became in commotion over the subject. Eighteen hundred pages of evidence of cruelty and poverty and overwork had been collected and laid before Parliament. It was found that of the nearly four hundred thousand operatives in cotton and other mills, over half were women and girls. In factory districts as many persons "died under twenty years of age as under forty in any other part of England." In Manchester, half of the population died under three years of age, so enfeebled were the mothers.

To delay the question until the indignation of the people should subside, the mill-owners asked for another commission of inquiry. This Lord Ashley opposed, as useless, but it was granted. At Leeds, Bradford, and other places where the commissioners sat, three or four thousand ragged and dirty little children, as they came out of the mills, attended by as many as fifteen thousand spectators, would appear before the commissioners, to show by their presence that a second inquiry was needless. The first commission had told the real condition, and at last the second commission only confirmed it.

After great exertion and painful investigation, Lord Ashley brought forward his Ten Hours Bill.

He said in his speech, "If the House would not adopt the bill, they must drive him from it, as he would not concede a single step. He most positively declared that as long as he had a seat in that House, as long as God gave him health and a sound mind, no efforts, no exertions, should be wasted on his part to establish the success of the measure. If defeated in the present session, he would bring it forward in the next, and so on in every succeeding session till his success was complete."

His bill was defeated in July, 1833, but a Government Bill was passed with some good features. It forbade the employment of children under nine, and women and young persons

were not to work more than twelve hours a day.

As nothing more could be done at that time, Lord Ashley, needing rest and change, took his wife and little son Antony to Italy. He had been over the ground ten years before, but all was doubly interesting to him, now that his wife was with him. In Rome he records in his diary, concerning an evening at a party, December 27: "Minny looked heavenly, and a foreigner requested to be introduced to 'Mademoiselle Ashley.' Is it wrong to be so entirely proud of and happy in one's wife's beauty? But surely there is nothing so pretty and fascinating as my Min."

On the road to Loretto, in descending a hill, one of the horses attached to their hired carriage fell. The drivers swore, and beat the horse, kicked its head and sides, and insisted on reharnessing it to the carriage, though Ashley protested that the horse was ill, and that he would have the drivers arrested. On arriving at Loretto, Lord Ashley told the postmaster, who shrugged his shoulders, and would not interfere. He sought out the police, and after going from secretary to president, secured the arrest and imprisonment of the drivers for a time. It was but natural that later Lord Ashley should become president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In June, 1834, Ashley visited his beloved Oxford to witness the installation of the Duke of Wellington as chancellor. "For an hour (it is now eleven o'clock)," he writes in his journal, "I have lounged about the quadrangle of Christ Church; every inch of it seems holy.... How much more I should enjoy this retirement, were Minny with me! Why is it that I cannot bear the shortest separation from her? In fact, nothing is so delightful to the heart as the contemplation of innocence and purity; and hence it is that I feel, in absence from her, the loss of an unearthly pleasure....

"June 11. Yesterday was the anniversary of our wedding. Mark it with the red letters of joy, hope, and gratitude. If men would all base their love upon esteem, and their esteem upon

religion, and their religion upon affectionate Christianity, marriage would prove a twenty-fold source of earthly happiness, and surety for heaven."

When Sir Robert Peel became Premier in the winter of 1834, Ashley was made a Lord of the Admiralty. As under Wellington on the India Board, so here, he showed himself accurate, pains-taking, and faithful.

Through the years 1835 to 1838, the operatives were agitating for relief in factory legislation, as the Government Bill of 1833 was not enforced. Letters poured in upon Lord Ashley. One correspondent complained, that, as the workers were summoned to the mills by a horn, it was "very disagreeable to have attention drawn to the hardships of the factory children at three, four, five, and six in the morning," and he hoped "the nuisance would be punishable by penalty." The horn was doubtless quite as disagreeable to the factory children at "three and four" in the morning as to the complainant.

The Factory Bill of 1833 forbade the employment of children under thirteen for more than nine hours a day. This clause the mill-owners were determined to have repealed, that they might make greater profits. Lord Ashley declared that this would "legalize the slavery of some forty thousand children, for the most part females. A more faithless proposal was never made to the integrity and understanding of a legislature."

He showed how boys had been made to work in the foul cellar of a Yorkshire factory for thirty-four hours in succession, the air so bad that adults tied handkerchiefs round their mouths before going into the place. He showed how factory inspectors permitted attendance at Sunday-school to be included in the twelve hours education per week required by law.

He showed that half the children working under surgeons' certificates as thirteen, were scarcely eleven or twelve; that in

convictions for breaking the laws against poor children, the fines were only a half-crown, which millionnaires could easily pay; that inspectors took two years to go their rounds, and gave notice of each visit, that matters might be in proper condition on their arrival; that clocks were tampered with to rob the children of their time. Alas, how terrible is greed!

Lord Ashley, in a most able speech in the House of Commons, said: "The evil was daily on the increase, and was yet unremedied, though one-fifth part of the time the House had given to the settlement of the question of negro slavery would have been sufficient to provide a remedy. What that House, in its wisdom and mercy, decided, that forty-five hours in a week was a term of labor long enough for an adult negro, he thought it would not have been unbecoming that spirit of lenity if they had considered whether sixty-nine hours a week were not too many for the children of the British Empire…. If they would give no heed to that fierce and rapid cancer that was gnawing the very vitals of the social system; if they were careless of the growth of an immense population, plunged in ignorance and vice, which neither feared God nor regarded man, then he warned them that they must be prepared for the very worst results that could befall an empire."

Charles Dickens, always a warm admirer of Ashley, went into the factory districts to see for himself, and "was disgusted and astonished beyond all measure." But most persons were bitterly hostile to all legislative action, thinking it an interference between labor and capital.

Happily for humanity, ideas about the right and duty of the State have changed. Knowing that decent houses and properly ventilated workshops are essential to the physical well-being, that education is essential to the mental well-being, and both are necessary to good citizenship, the State now wisely exercises its supervision.

The London *Times* took the side of Lord Ashley against the Melbourne government, declaring that "all the

representations and remonstrances made to the Ministers upon the subject had been treated with total neglect and contempt."

In June, 1838, the vote was taken upon the resolution introduced by Lord Ashley, to make effective the bill of 1833, and he was defeated. It did, indeed, seem evident that few cared for the poor or the workers.

In the autumn of this year, Lord Ashley and family passed several days at Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen. "We have the mornings to ourselves," he writes in his journal, "and the beauty and magnificence of the place, the fineness of the weather, and the comfort of the apartments, enable us to pass the time very agreeably….

"From the hour she became Queen to the present day, I and mine have received one invariable succession of friendly and hospitable acts, bestowed with a degree of ease, good-humor, and considerateness that would be captivating in any private person. The hours were ten o'clock for breakfast, unless it were preferred to breakfast in one's own room; two o'clock for luncheon; a ride, or a drive, at three o'clock, for two hours or so; dinner at half-past seven. A military band at dinner, and the Queen's band after dinner, filled up, and very necessarily, the pauses of conversation. We sat till half-past eleven at a round table, and then went to bed."

It was fortunate for the Queen that she had such a Christian friend as Ashley; it was fortunate for Ashley that he had such a Christian queen.

Tired with Parliamentary labors, in August Lord and Lady Ashley went to Scotland. They visited Sir Archibald Alison, author of the "History of Europe," the Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, and the Earl and Countess of Tankerville at Chillingham Castle. Ashley did not forget to go into iron-works, dyeing establishments, calico-printing works, and other places of labor. He talked with the people in the fields, where he said, "One shilling a day to the women,

and fifteen pence to the men, for twelve hours at *harvest time,* is considered sufficient!"

They visited Fountains Abbey, "by common consent the finest ruin in England, infinitely graceful, infinitely touching;" and Ripon Cathedral. He was proud and glad that "Minny" was with him. "It was a wonderful accomplishment," he says in his journal, "and a most bountiful answer to one's progress, to have obtained a wife, in the highest matters and the smallest details, after my imagination and my heart."

Of Chatsworth, the princely residence of the Duke of Devonshire, Ashley writes: "Everything magnificent, and half of it unnecessary, even for the just display of the dignity suited to the rank and fortune of the proprietor…. It is probably the last great effort of hereditary wealth, of aristocratical competition with the splendor of kings. Acquired properties can never be so magnificent, either in extent or in display; hereditary properties are undergoing diminution, and the custom, moreover, of primogeniture (the sole means of retaining the unity of possessions) has reached the full, and is now upon the wane."

In 1840 another subject claimed Lord Ashley's mind and heart — the miseries of chimney-sweeps. The evil had been talked about for a century; Jonas Hanway, a fellow-worker with Robert Raikes in founding Sunday schools, wrote letters to master chimney-sweepers, begging them to be humane. In 1817 Parliament was induced to appoint a select committee to investigate the subject. The results shocked the people. It was found that children had been sold by their parents, or stolen, or apprenticed by poor-law guardians, and forced to go up narrow chimneys by beating or pricking the soles of the feet, or applying lighted straw.

A bill was finally passed, in 1834, forbidding that children under ten should be forced to go up chimneys; and providing that flues should measure not less than fourteen inches by nine; that children should not be sent up a chimney when it

was on fire, for the sake of extinguishing it. Lord Kenyon and others opposed this mild bill, as it seemed better that a few pauper children should smother than that a house should be burned.

Lord Ashley began to investigate, and that meant thorough work. He went to see the masters; he saw the climbing boys at their labors; he made provision for life for some of the poor little creatures whom he rescued. Children of five and six years were employed, even some four and a half years old. They were sent up naked, and often passed the night naked on a soot-heap.

Ashley was greatly aided in his labors for the sweeps by Mr. Stevens, the Secretary to the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office. He brought the insurance companies to see the wisdom and humanity of using machines instead of human beings, for cleaning chimneys.

The Act to punish with fine all who should compel, or knowingly allow, any one under the age of twenty-one years to ascend or descend a chimney, or enter a flue, for the purpose of sweeping or cleaning it, was finally passed, after strong opposition by the Lords. It received the royal assent, August 7, 1840.

It had been difficult to pass the Act; it was still more difficult to enforce it. Eleven years later another bill for the relief of the sweeps passed the Lords, was read over in Commons, and dropped. Two years later, when Ashley, then become Earl of Shaftesbury, tried to get a bill passed, and said he "did not believe that all the records of all the atrocities committed in this country or any other, could equal the records of cruelty, hardship, vice, and suffering, which, under the sanction of the law, had been inflicted on this helpless and miserable race," Lord Beaumont spoke of the bill as "a pitiful cant of pseudo-philanthropy!"

The bill was referred to a select committee, who reported it inexpedient to proceed further. Shaftesbury took up the

matter again in 1854. The bill passed the Lords, and was thrown out in Commons. The next year a similar bill was read once in the Lords and abandoned.

In 1861, in 1863, and in 1864, Shaftesbury pleaded their cause again. He showed how their day's work began often at two in the morning; they would often faint from terror, exhausttion, and bad air, and not infrequently were smothered. They had to move up and down the chimneys by pressing every joint against the hard brick surface; "and to prevent their hands and knees from streaming with blood, the children were rubbed with brine before a hot fire to harden the flesh."

They were seldom washed, and every pore of the skin being choked with soot, many had a frightful disease, called chimney-sweeper's cancer. They were ignorant as well as poor. Of three hundred and eighty-four boys examined by the Commission of Inquiry, in 1864, only six could write, and but twenty-six could read, and those imperfectly.

Shaftesbury was not discouraged, though he wrote in his journal, "Have suffered actual tortures through solicitude for prevention of these horrid cruelties."

In 1864 he secured the passage of an Act making it punishable with imprisonment to send a boy up a chimney to clean it. Eight years went by, and still the dreadful system endured. In 1872 a boy was suffocated in a flue in Staffordshire. In 1873 a child seven and a half was killed in a flue at Washington. In February, 1875, George Brewster, a lad of fourteen, was suffocated in a flue at Cambridge; the master was sentenced to six months at hard labor for causing the boy's death.

On April 20, 1875, Shaftesbury gave notice of a new bill in the House of Lords, and a month later spoke on it. He says: "Was much disheartened at outset. House very inattentive — had twice to implore their condescension to hear me. At last they listened, and so far as their undemonstrative natures

would allow, applauded me…. Yet by His grace I have stirred the country. The *Times* (may the paper be blessed) has assisted me gloriously."

The bill was passed that session, and chimney-sweeping by children was done away. For thirty years the noble Earl had plead and agonized for the sufferers, and at last the work was accomplished.

When Sir Robert Peel came into power, in 1841, he urged Lord Ashley to take office, first in the royal household, and then in the Cabinet, but he declined both offers. Ashley said in his diary: "I will never place myself in any situation where I shall not be as free as air to do everything that I may believe to be conducive to the happiness, comfort, and welfare of that portion of the working-classes who have so long and confidingly intrusted to me the care of their hopes and interests…. Peel will succumb to the capitalists, and reject my Factory Bill, No human power, therefore, shall induce me to accept office. I will surrender interest and ambition to the cause; I will persevere in it, God helping me, through storm and sunshine; I will commit all to Christ, and, trusting in Him, I shall never be confounded."

He told Peel, "I am at this moment, no doubt unwittingly, the representative of the whole aristocracy in respect of the operatives: should I deceive them, they will never henceforward believe that there exists a single man of station or fortune who is worthy to be trusted."

Mr. Philip Grant says, in his "History of Factory Legislation," "The sacrifice thus made can only be appreciated by those who best understood the pecuniary position of this noble-minded man. He had at that time a large and increasing family, with an income not equal to many of our merchants' and bankers' servants, and a position as the future representative of an ancient and aristocratic family to maintain.

"By this step, political power, social ties, family comforts, nay, everything that was calculated to forward the ease and

comfort of himself, and in some degree of his family, were laid down at the feet of the factory children of these districts, and freely given up, for the sake of the sacred cause of which he had become the leader."

Lord Ashley took an active part in discussions on the Tractarian movement, being opposed to it. German Rationalism had come into English thought; the Church of England had become cold and formal; and a few persons at Oxford University, like the Rev. E. B. Pusey and the Rev. John Henry Newman, desiring a deeper piety in the country, resolved to quicken the Church. "Tracts for the Times" were issued, which were Ritualistic or High Church in their tendency, giving emphasis to the doctrines of Apostolic Succession, Priestly Absolution, Baptismal Regeneration, and the like. Those accepting these views were termed Tractarians. No. 90 of these tracts gave great offence. It was written by Newman, and was designed to show that much Romish doctrine could be held while at the same time one subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles. The discussion led to the resignation, by Newman, of the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, and to his going into the Church of Rome, in 1845.

In 1840 Lord Ashley had asked that a commission be appointed to investigate the condition of factory children besides those in cotton-mills; also children in mines and collieries. He knew that some of the lace-mills in Nottingham were open all night, and children were detained, to be ready when wanted. They lay on the floor, exhausted, waiting for their turn to come. In the silk manufactories, little girls of six and seven were employed, who had to be placed on stools to reach their work. Children worked fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen hours. Their constitutions were ruined, and they became mothers to a puny race, if even they lived to motherhood.

Ashley investigated the condition of children employed in the manufacture of earthenware, in pin and needle making,

iron-works, glass-trade, calico-printing, tobacco warehouses, button factories, bleaching and paper mills. He wrote articles in the reviews, and spoke at large meetings. He writes sadly in his journal: "No stir as yet in behalf of my 'Children's Employment Commission.' I cannot discern how, humanly speaking, I have ever made any progress at all. To whom should I have naturally looked for the chief aid? Why, undoubtedly, to the clergy, and especially those of the trading districts. Quite the reverse…. There are grand and blessed exceptions, thank God for them! Bickersteth is a jewel — a 'jewel of the first water.' … And yet we have in our churches besides prelates, sixteen thousand ordained ministers of Christ's Gospel."

It was a time of great coldness in the English Church, and, besides, the clergy did not like to array themselves against the wealthy mill-owners of their congregations. It requires courage and self-sacrifice to help an unpopular cause.

Ashley made his tour of the factories practical. In a mill at Stockport, a young woman had been caught in the machinery, and whirled round, with limbs broken. He prosecuted the mill-owners, who should have boxed their machinery to prevent accident, and they were made to pay one hundred pounds to the injured girl, and the expenses on both sides, amounting to six hundred pounds. What wonder that England was astonished at such an Earl!

The commission of inquiry, on various manufactures and mines, made their report in May, 1842. England was horrified. Ashley said in his journal, "Perhaps even civilization itself never exhibited such a mass of sin and cruelty. The disgust felt is very great, thank God; but will it be reduced to action when I call for a remedy?"

It was shown that a large proportion of the workers underground were less than thirteen years of age. About Halifax; children were brought to the pits at six, having been taken from their beds at four o'clock.

"Near Oldham," said Ashley, "children are worked as low as four years old; and in the small collieries toward the hills, some are so young they are brought to work in their bed-gowns."

The first employment of a young child, says Mr. Hodder, was that of a "trapper." "Behind each door, a little child, or trapper, was seated, whose duty it was, on hearing the approach of a whirly, or coal-carriage, to pull open the door, and shut it again immediately the whirly had passed. From the time the first coal was brought forward in the morning, until the last whirly had passed at night, that is to say for twelve or fourteen hours a day, the trapper was at his monotonous, deadening work. He had to sit alone in the pitchy darkness and the horrible silence, exposed to damp, and unable to stir for more than a dozen paces with safety, lest he should be found neglecting his duty, and suffer accordingly. He dared not go to sleep — the punishment was the strap, applied with brutal severity. Many of the mines were infested with rats, mice, beetles, and other vermin; and stories are told of rats so bold that they would eat the horses' food in the presence of the miners, and have been known to run off with the lighted candles in their mouths and explode the gas."

The trappers, as they grew older, were passed on to other employments. "'Hurrying,' that is, loading small wagons, called corves, with coals, and pushing them along a passage, was an utterly barbarous labor performed by women as well as by children. They had to crawl on hands and knees, and draw enormous weights along shafts as narrow and as wet as common sewers. When the passages were very narrow, and not more than eighteen to twenty-four inches in height, boys and girls performed the work by girdle and chain; that is to say, a girdle was put round the naked waist, to which a chain from the carriage was hooked and passed between the legs, and crawling on hands and knees, they drew the carriages after them. It is not necessary to describe how the sides of the

hurriers were blistered, and their ankles strained, how their backs were chafed by coming in contact with the roofs, or how they stumbled in the darkness, and choked in the stifling atmosphere. It is enough to say that they were obliged to do the work of horses, or other beasts of burden, only because human flesh and blood was cheaper in some cases, and horse labor was impossible in others.

"'Coal bearing' — carrying on their backs, on unrailed roads, burdens varying from half a hundredweight to one hundredweight and a half — was almost always performed by girls and women, and it was a common occurrence for little children of the age of six or seven years to carry burdens of coal of half a hundredweight up steps that, in the aggregate, equalled an ascent, fourteen times a day, to the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral! The coal was carried in a creel, or basket, formed to the back, the tugs or straps of which were placed over the forehead, and the body had to be bent almost double, to prevent the coals, which were piled high on to the neck, from falling. Sometimes these tugs would break in ascending the ladder, and the consequences would always be serious, and sometimes fatal, to those who were immediately following."

Sometimes the children worked thirty-six hours continuously. They never saw the sun except on Sunday. Their food was of the poorest kind, and eaten irregularly. They had no education, and were beaten and kicked for the smallest offences. Children of eight stood ankle deep in water, and pumped all day long. Many died young. At thirty, most became asthmatic, and rheumatism was almost universal. Men and children worked often in nakedness, and women and girls wore only trousers made of sacking. The "truck" system prevailed, whereby wages were paid in "orders from stores," where twenty-five per cent was charged above the usual rates.

Well might the poor thank God that a man had been

raised up to plead their cause! Well might England rejoice that one man was finally able to remove from her this sin and shame!

In June, 1842, Lord Ashley made a speech in Commons, "so powerful that it not only thrilled the House, but sent a shudder through the length and breadth of the land."

He records in his diary, June 9: "On the 7th brought forward my motion. The success has been *wonderful*, yes, really wonderful: for two hours the House listened so attentively that you might have heard a pin drop, broken only by loud and repeated marks of approbation. At the close, a dozen members at least followed in succession to give me praise, and express their sense of the holy cause…. As I stood at the table, and just before I opened my mouth, the words of God came forcibly to my mind: 'Only be strong and of a good courage' — praised be His holy name. I was as easy from that moment as though I had been sitting in an armchair. Many men, I hear, shed tears — Beckett Denison confessed to me that he did, and that he left the House lest he should be seen. Sir G. Grey told William Cowper that he 'would rather have made that speech than any he ever heard.' Even Joseph Hume was touched. Members took me aside, and spoke in a very serious tone of thanks and admiration. I must and will sing an everlasting *'non nobis.'*"

Richard Cobden came over to Ashley, and, sitting down beside him, shook his hand heartily, and said, "You know how opposed I have been to your views; but I don't think I have ever been put into such a frame of mind, in the whole course of my life, as I have been by your speech."

Prince Albert and the Queen thanked him, and especially for a message sent to Victoria from Isabel Hogg, an old Scotchwoman. "Collier people suffer much more than others," said Isabel Hogg. "You must just tell the Queen Victoria that we are quiet, loyal subjects. Women-people don't mind work here, but they object to horse-work; and that

she would have the blessing of all the Scotch coal-women, if she could get them out of the pits, and send them to other labor."

Strongly as everybody seemed to feel about the Colliery Bill, it was delayed and amended and thwarted in all ways. Ashley says in his diary, July 8: "Much, very much trouble, to find a peer who would take charge of the bill. It is 'the admiration of everybody, but the choice of none.' So often refused, that I felt quite humbled; I was a wearisome suitor for a moment's countenance. All had some excuse or other; praised it, but avoided it….

"July 26. Bill passed through Committee last night. In this work, which should have occupied one hour, they spent nearly six, and left it far worse than they found it; never have I seen such a display of selfishness, frigidity to every human sentiment, such ready and happy self-delusion. Three bishops only present…. The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury went away!"

At length the Colliery Bill was passed, and Ashley writes in his diary, August 8: "Took the sacrament on Sunday in joyful and humble thankfulness to Almighty God, for the undeserved measure of success with which He has blessed my effort for the glory of His name, and the welfare of His creatures."

Through depression in trade, in 1842, there was great suffering and rebellion among the poor. Tn Leeds, one-fifth of the population were dependent upon the poor-rates. Ten thousand persons were in distress in Sheffield. Bread riots broke out. Mobs paraded the streets by day, and set fires by night. Many were arrested. In one jail there were five hundred prisoners, tried by special commissioners appointed by government.

Lord Ashley went among the operatives, and spoke privately and publicly against a spirit of lawlessness. The Chartists of Leeds said to him, "Had we a few more to speak

to us as you have done, we should never again think of the Charter."

Ashley said to the people, in speaking of the women who had taken an active part in the riots, "Their presence, nay, more, their participation in the riots, has read us an awful lesson; for when the women of a country become brutalized, that country is left without a hope. I speak these things openly and without fear, because you know that I love and respect you, and that I have ever said, as I conscientiously believe, that the working-classes of these realms are the noblest materials in existence, for industry, patriotism, and virtue,"

In 1843 Lord Ashley made a powerful speech in favor of education among the factory operatives. Government brought in a bill which provided that each school be under the care of a clergyman, two churchwardens, and four elective trustees. At once nearly two million persons, mostly Dissenters, protested through petitions, fearful of the undue influence of the Church of England, and the bill was withdrawn.

This year, 1843, Lord Ashley records in his journal: "February 13. On Saturday last Samuel Gurney and Mr. Fry (son of Elizabeth Fry) called on me to lay the state of the opium trade with China before me, and request that I would submit it to Parliament, as a great question of national morality and religion I agreed in all they said, for I had long thought and felt the same."

Before 1773 some of the East India Company had enriched themselves by the cultivation and sale of opium. From the first, the Chinese opposed the importation of the drug into their country, and published edicts against it. Finally, the Emperor of China determined to put a stop to a traffic which was ruining his subjects.

"Commissioner Lin came to Canton, seized twenty thousand chests of the smuggled opium, worth three millions sterling, and had it all destroyed. England now declared war;

defeated the Chinese in spite of their gallant resistance, and by the Treaty of Nankin, in 1842, five ports were thrown open to the British trade, twenty-one million dollars were paid by China as a war indemnity, and as compensation for the destroyed opium, and Hong-Kong became a British possession."

Justin McCarthy says, in his "History of Our Own Times:" "The Chinese fought very bravely in a great many instances; and they showed still more often a Spartan-like resolve not to survive defeat. When one of the Chinese cities was taken by Sir Hugh Gough, the Tartar general went into his house as soon as he saw that all was lost, made his servants set fire to the building, and calmly sat in his chair until he was burned to death." One of the English officers writes of the same attack that it was impossible to compute the loss of the Chinese; "for when they found they could stand no longer against us, they cut the throats of their wives and children, or drove them into the wells or ponds, and then destroyed themselves. In many houses there were from eight to twelve dead bodies, and I myself saw a dozen women and children drowning themselves in a small pond, the day after the fight."

Lord Ashley said, at the conclusion of the war, "I rejoice that this cruel and debasing war is terminated; but I cannot rejoice — it may be unpatriotic, it may be un-British, I cannot rejoice in our successes. We have triumphed in one of the most lawless, unnecessary, and unfair struggles in the records of history; it was a war on which good men could not invoke the favor of Heaven, and Christians have shed more heathen blood in two years than the heathens have shed of Christian blood in two centuries! … The peace, too, is as wicked as the war. We refuse, even now, to give the Emperor of China relief in the matter of the opium trade."

April 4, 1843, Lord Ashley moved in the House of Commons: "That it is the opinion of this House that the continuance of the trade in opium, and the monopoly of its

growth in the territories of British India, are destructive of all relations of amity between England and China, injurious to the manufacturing interests of the country, by the very serious diminution of legitimate commerce, and utterly inconsistent with the honor and duties of a Christian kingdom; and that steps be taken as soon as possible, with due regard to the rights of governments and individuals, to abolish the evil."

Ashley made a noble and important speech, which filled seven closely-printed columns of the *Times* on the following morning. He showed the dreadful effects of the use of opium upon the Chinese people, producing physical, mental, and moral decay; their abject slavery to the habit when once fastened upon them; told the pitiful story of how the traffic had been forced upon the nation at the point of the sword, for the sake of making England rich; how the Baptist Missionary Society had decided to work through the agency of American missions, sending £500 for the spread of the Gospel, because public feeling in China was so strong against the English. "So, sir," said Ashley, "it has come to this, that England, which professes to be at the head of Christian nations, is precluded, by her own immoral conduct, from sending her own missionaries to that part of the world which she herself has opened for the advancement of civilization and the enlightenment of Christianity."

He showed that "the opium was grown by advances from the Imperial Government; carried down to Calcutta, and put up for sale under government authority, shipped in opium clippers lying in the river, and the clippers supplied with arms from the arsenals of the government."

Ashley demanded that Parliament should destroy the monopoly which the East India Company possessed, of the growth and manufacture of opium, and should prohibit the cultivation of the drug in the territories of the East India Company.

The *Times* commended Lord Ashley's arguments as "far

more statesmanlike" than those who opposed him, who virtually said, "that morality and religion, and the happiness of mankind, and friendly relations with China, and new markets for British manufacturers, were all very fine things in their way; but that the opium trade was worth to the Indian government £1,200,000 a year; and £1,200,000 was a large sum of money, which it would not be easy to make up from any other source, without offending somebody in India; and, upon the whole, that we could not afford to buy morality and religion, and the happiness of mankind, and friendly relations with China, and new markets for British manufactures, quite so dear."

For forty years Lord Ashley opposed the iniquitous opium trade, and it is not yet abolished.

In 1843 Lord Ashley began his wonderful work in the Ragged Schools. He read an advertisement in the *Times* concerning the Field Lane Ragged School, in connection with the London City Mission, asking for teachers and pecuniary aid. He said, "I never read an advertisement with keener pleasure…I could not regard it as other than a direct answer to my frequent prayer."

Field Lane, not far northward from the foot of Holborn Hill, was one of the worst parts of London. It was full of trap-doors, dark closets, and other conveniences for hiding stolen goods, and a place where many murdered persons had been thrown into Fleet Ditch. These acts became so frequent and alarming that government took the matter in charge, and nineteen persons were executed at one time, for crimes committed in this locality.

Charles Dickens described the school as held "in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint, and dirt, and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors."

Lord Ashley at once visited the place, met the teachers, talked to the children, entered the dens of vice, and made

himself the friend of the outcasts and the deserted.

He said of Field Lane School: "I have there seen men of forty years of age and children of three in the same room — men the wildest and most uncouth, whom it was considered dangerous to meet; and perhaps it would be dangerous to meet them in the dark alone, but in that room they were perfectly safe. I saw there thirty or forty men, none of them with shoes or stockings on, and some without shirts — the wildest and most awful looking men you can imagine.

"They all sat in a ring, and the only other human being in the room was a young woman of twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age…. She was teaching all these wild, rough, uncouth creatures, who never bowed the head to any constable or any form of civil authority, yet they looked on her with a degree of reverence and affection that amounted almost to adoration. I was greatly alarmed, and going down-stairs, and meeting the superintendent, I said, 'My good fellow, I don't like this. There she is among all those roughs! I am very much alarmed.'

"'So am I,' he said.

"'Then why do you leave her there?' I asked.

"He replied: 'I am not alarmed from the same reason that you are. You are alarmed lest they should offer some insult to her; but what I am afraid of is this, that some day a man might drop in who, not knowing the habits of the place, might lift a finger against her, and if he did so, he would never leave the room alive; he would be torn limb from limb.'"

The Ragged Schools were soon united under the name of the Ragged School Union, and of this society Ashley was the active, devoted president for forty years.

Day and night he searched out these wanderers, as they slept under arches, or crept into stables. Two boys slept in an iron roller in the Park. He sat beside them in the schools, they came to his house to tell their troubles, he pleaded for them in the great journals of England, he interested the whole

country in their welfare. In the *Quarterly Review* he told how, "in squalid and half-naked groups they squat at the entrances of the narrow, fetid courts and alleys that lie concealed behind the deceptive frontages of our larger thoroughfares. Whitechapel and Spitalfields teem with them like an ant's nest; but it is in Lambeth and in Westminster that we find the most flagrant traces of their swarming activity. There the foul and dismal passages are thronged with children of both sexes, and of every age from three to thirteen…. Their appearance is wild: the matted hair, the disgusting filth that renders necessary a closer inspection before the flesh can be discerned between the rags which hang about it, fill the mind of a novice with perplexity and dismay….

"Visit these regions in the summer, and you are overwhelmed by the exhalations; visit them in winter, and you are shocked by the spectacle of hundreds shivering in apparel that would be scanty in the tropics; many are all but naked; those that are clothed are grotesque: the trousers, when they have them, seldom pass the knee; the tail-coats very frequently trail below the heels.

"We are often met with the interrogatory: 'What will you do with these children when you have educated them?' Question for question: 'What will you do with them if you neglect to educate them?' They are not soap-bubbles nor peach-blossoms — things that can be puffed away by the breath of a suckling; they are the seeds of future generations; and the wheat or tares will predominate, as Christian principle or ignorant selfishness shall, hereafter, govern our conduct."

To the last, Lord Ashley was the beloved friend and helper of Ragged Schools. He arranged, partly through the help of government, and partly by means of his own funds and those of friends, to send thousands of these reformed boys and girls to the colonies, particularly to South Australia. They were delighted at the chance to begin life anew, and always

called themselves, in their new homes, "Lord Ashley's boys."

The following, to Lord Ashley and a friend, from two young emigrants, is one of scores of letters which must have touched the great Earl's heart: —

> We rite these few lines to you hopeing that you ar in good health as we ar at preasant we rite to you to let you no that the monney and intrest you have taken in us to is the means of making us bright men, but before we wos a pess to scity and more so to Newgate the house of Correction, for J B ad bin in gale over seven times on summery conviction and thre times for a trial every one looked on us theves and roges, but in this contry respected as gentlemen when we think of the harships that when threw her it makes us cry kind friends do send Fred field and let im come to us I ham sure that he will do well but he never will in England, for his character is to fur gorn, so Lady and Gentleman try to send im to us, and if he we will pay ten dolers each fore him to come to us so has he can recover his character as we ave done.
>
> No more at preasant from your thankful and obedient friend
>
> Joseph Brady and James Way.

Some of these letters Lord Ashley kept in a little box, so precious to him, that he always carried it about with him till his death.

Great numbers of these boys were placed on training-ships, and educated for the merchant service. Before this time many in the navy were foreigners, and Shaftesbury thought England should man her own ships.

Prizes were given to the Ragged School children, when they had kept a position for a year. They were encouraged to cultivate flowers and plants, by shows and prizes. Many of the

flowers were tended in cellars or garrets, but they made the care-takers more refined and gentle. Some of the flowers "had not the slightest pretension to beauty; some appeared to have had a terrible struggle to present even a decent appearance; others were in the last stage of a galloping consumption. Yet all, it was reported, had been tended with even too much care, amidst the most blighting influences and untoward circumstances."

At one of their flower shows, when Ashley, who had become Earl of Shaftesbury, was passing among the people, a little girl took his hand, and looking up into his face said, "Please, sir, may I give you a kiss?" — "I am sure you may, my dear, and I'll give you one too."

When Shaftesbury was sixty, the Ragged-School teachers of London made him a present of an oil-painting illustrative of the benefits of the Shoe-Black Movement, which he had helped inaugurate. It was accompanied by an elegantly-bound volume containing an address, and the names of seventeen hundred subscribers, "all sorts and conditions of men."

In replying to the address. Lord Shaftesbury said: "I would rather be President of the Ragged School Union than have the command of armies, or wield the destinies of empires. That volume, with its valuable collection of signatures, may go among ancient family records, and it will show to our posterity that some have been good enough to say that I have not been altogether useless in my generation."

Both painting and volume were always shown with pride to visitors, at the Shaftesbury home.

Good George Holland, whose Ragged School at George Yard, Whitechapel, is to me one of the most interesting and heart-touching places in London, tells this incident of Lord Shaftesbury. "He frequently noticed the pallid faces of many of the scholars. Speaking to a poor boy one winter's day, he asked, 'My man, what is the matter with you?' The boy replied, 'I have had no food for some time.' — 'How long have

you been without?' — 'About twenty -six hours.' — 'Twenty-six hours,' said the Earl, 'why, you must be fainting; no wonder you look ill.' — 'Oh, that's nothing,' said the boy. 'I have gone without two days afore now.'

"That day the Earl spoke to all the children, and many were without necessary food. Going to a little girl, he asked, 'And are you not well, my dear?' — 'I'se hungry, I'se cold,' she replied. 'And when you have food, what does mother give you?' — 'We has the same as mother; we has bread and water, and sometimes a little tea; but mother can't always afford that.' — 'Poor child,' said the Earl; 'why, you have hardly any clothing to cover you.'

"He left the schoolroom, and entered into one of the small rooms. Presently I followed. I observed tears trickling down his face. 'My lord,' I said, 'what is the matter?' — 'George, those poor children. Poor, dear children, how will you get on with them?' I replied, 'My God shall supply all their need.' — 'Yes,' he said, 'He will; they must have food directly.'

"He left the building, and entering his brougham ordered the coachman to drive home. A few hours after, two large churns of soup were sent down, enough to feed four hundred. This continued; and that winter ten thousand basins of soup and bread were distributed to hungry children and their parents; soup made in his own mansion in Grosvenor Square."

He visited constantly among the poor; carried toys to the children; read to the sick from the Bible; loaned money till wages were due; gave pictures to brighten desolate homes; helped persons to get employment; impoverished himself to aid the needy.

He never forgot the servants of his own household. The woman who had been the nurse of his children, and housekeeper for over fifty years, was shaken hands with every morning after family prayers. Not one of the household ever thought of retiring without bidding her good-night. It was

easy to tell in that home, as in others, the good breeding of the inmates by their manners to their help.

If Shaftesbury loved the ragged children, they idolized him in return. He always slept under a bed-cover made of little bits of material, with a big letter S in the centre, worked by the boys. They had given it to him for a horse-cloth. He replied on taking it, "No, my lads; it shall cover me at night as long as I live." He said to a friend, "I am comfortable under it, as *I feel near to the poor boys.*"

He said, "I believe I have been pretty well clothed by day and by night by them. I have had all sorts of things made and given to me; I have had slippers and stockings; I have had shoes and waistcoats, and bed-linen, too; coverlets, counterpanes — well, everything but a coat. I have had desks, I have had arm-chairs, and they gave me such a quantity of writing-paper — all well stamped — that I assure you it was enough for all my own correspondence for six months. I love it, however, because it has been all called forth from their dear little hearts, and I prize it all far more than the noblest present that could be given me."

He said, in 1850, "If my life should be prolonged for another year, and if, during that year, the Ragged School system were to fall, 1 should not die in the course of nature, 1 should die of a broken heart."

The parliaments and congresses of the world have not many such members as the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Field Lane Ragged School, where Lord Ashley first began to work, soon became a changed place. In ten years it had a free day school for infants, an evening school for youths and adults, a woman's evening school, industrial classes to teach tailoring and shoemaking, night refuge for the destitute, a clothing society, baths, a distribution of bread for the starving, mothers' meetings, Bible classes, and a Ragged Church!

No wonder Lord Ashley wrote in his journal: "Hurried beyond all precedent; never a moment to myself.... Home at

seven, very tired. I often think, when fatigued, how much less my weariness must be than that of the wretched factory women. It has, at any rate, this good result — that I feel and make additional resolutions to persevere in their behalf."

Lord Ashley's life was, in many respects, a hard one. He says in his diary: "The League (Corn Law) hate me as an aristocrat; the land-owners, as a Radical; the wealthy of all opinions, as a mover of inconvenient principles. The Tractarians loathe me as an ultra-Protestant; the Dissenters, as a Churchman; the High Church think me abominably low; the Low Church, some degrees too high."

He was eminently practical in his Christianity. He was once asked by a city missionary, Thomas Jackson, known as the Thieves' Missionary, if he would speak to some thieves. Ashley gladly consented. He found four hundred thieves gathered, none but that class being admitted, lest the company be reported by some one not a "friend" of the order. He spoke to them earnestly of giving up their old practices and beginning a new life.

"But how," said one of the men, "are we to live till our next meeting? We must either steal or die."

Jackson urged them "to pray, as God could help them." One of the thieves rose and said, "My Lord and gentlemen *of the jury,* prayer is very good, but it won't fill an empty stomach;" and four hundred men responded, "Hear, hear!"

Lord Ashley knew that men must be helped bodily if their hearts were to be reached. In less than three months so effectually had he labored for them that thirteen men were in Canada starting life afresh, and a little later three hundred had passed into honest employment.

In the autumn of 1843 Lord Ashley went to Germany and Austria, for the health of his wife. As ever, he visited in Prague, Vienna, and elsewhere, the hospitals, asylums, and factories. At Ostend, he gave a woman some francs, who played a guitar under their window. "I love to encourage

street music," he said; "it pleases the people and softens them; indeed, unless they get it in the street, they get it nowhere."

In 1844 the first Young Men's Christian Association was organized in London, by Mr. George Williams. Lord Ashley became the president, and continued so until his death.

The same year, 1844, while interested in various matters, such as the establishment of the Free Church in Scotland, and in Free Trade debates, he made another vigorous campaign for a "Ten Hours Bill" for his factory people. Meetings were held, and pamphlets scattered. Twelve persons were sent to London to help Lord Ashley in dividing the city into districts, and canvassing it thoroughly in the interests of the working people. On March 15 he made one of his strongest speeches in Commons, speaking for two hours and a quarter. He asserted that the State has a right to watch over and provide for the moral and physical well-being of her people. He showed by actual measurement that the women and children had "to walk or trot from twenty-five to thirty miles a day" at their machines in the factories.

John Bright, himself a large mill-owner, violently opposed the Ten Hours Bill. On the tenth of May, Lord Ashley spoke again in Commons, disproving the objections urged — that the bill would cause a diminution of produce, a fall in wages, and a rise of price by foreign competition. Ashley, in an impassioned and eloquent manner, said: "The feeling of the country is roused; and as long as there shall be voices to complain, and hearts to sympathize, you will have neither honor abroad nor peace at home, neither comfort for the present nor security for the future. But I dare to hope for far better things — for restored affections, for renewed understanding between master and man, for combined and general efforts, for large and mutual concessions of all classes of the wealthy for the benefit of the common welfare, and especially of the laboring people.

"Sir, it may not be given to me to pass over this Jordan;

other and better men have preceded me, and I entered into their labors; other and better men will follow me, and enter into mine; but this consolation I shall ever continue to enjoy — that, amidst much injustice, and somewhat of calumny, we have at last lighted such a candle in England as, by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

Mr. C. C. Greville, in his "Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria," says: "I never remember so much excitement as has been caused by Ashley's Ten Hours Bill, nor a more curious political state of things, such intermingling of parties, such a confusion of opposition, … so much zeal, asperity, and animosity; so many reproaches hurled backwards and forwards…. Government will carry their bill now, and Ashley will be able to do nothing, but he will go on agitating session after session; and a philanthropic agitator is more dangerous than a repealer either of the Union or the Corn Laws. We are just now overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop, or whither it will lead us."

Lord Ashley had been asked again and again, "Where will you stop?" and he had always answered, "Nowhere, so long as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be removed."

Every effort was made to silence Lord Ashley. Books were written to disprove his statements. A book lies before me, written by an LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, to show that factory operatives were happy and contented. "In one house I noticed a large sampler, elaborately worked; this was framed and hanging over the chimney-piece." Samplers are not always an indication of happiness. The author says of the Ten Hours Bill, "No measure more likely to injure the operatives could ever have been devised by perverted ingenuity." Strange sympathy with labor!

Lord Ashley had to combat the arguments that are used even to-day by legislators: "that child-labor is necessary for the support of many parents who earn low wages and would otherwise suffer." Better even that this should happen, than

that the future generation grow up in ignorance, or with broken health, unfitted for good citizenship. In a society where starvation wages are permitted, the state must eventually be injured by consequent crime, disease, and disloyalty.

Richard Cobden well said of child-labor: "In my opinion, and I hope to see the day when such a feeling is universal, *no child ought to be put to work in a cotton-mill at all so early as the age of thirteen;* and after that the hours should be moderate, and the labor light, until such time as the human frame is rendered by nature capable of enduring the fatigues of adult labor."

Peel wished Ashley to accept the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Ashley said, "I am *fully resolved* never to *do or accept anything*…which shall in the least degree limit my opportunity or control my free action in respect of the Ten Hours Bill."

In 1845 Ashley obtained the passage of a bill in the interest of children in calico print-works — children who began work even at three and four years of age, and labored from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. In the depths of winter, the mothers might be seen at midnight taking their weeping children to the works. In 1846 he resigned his seat in Parliament on the repeal of the Corn Laws. He had been elected from Dorset as a Protectionist, and having come to favor Free Trade, he felt that he could no longer truly represent his constituents.

Mr. John Fielden, the member from Oldham, took up the Ten Hours Bill, after Lord Ashley resigned, and worked for it most earnestly. Ashley attended meetings in all the larger towns, using every effort to uphold Mr. Fielden. In June, 1847, the "Ten Hours Bill was finally carried," limiting the work of women and young persons under eighteen to ten hours a day and eight hours on Saturday. Out of nearly six hundred thousand persons employed in textile industries, nearly four hundred thousand were women and children, directly benefited by the Act. Ashley had labored fourteen

years almost incessantly, and "although it was not given to him to pass over this Jordan," but to Mr. Fielden, he was none the less overwhelmed with joy and gratitude.

He and Mr. Fielden were everywhere greeted with ovations. Medals were struck in commemoration of the event, and one sent to the Queen by the operatives. Even some mill-owners clasped Ashley's hand, and said, "We were long your determined opponents, but you have carried the day. And now, never part with a hair's-breadth of what you have gained. It will do no harm to us, and it will do great good to the people."

The evils feared, "foreign competition, loss of trade, reduced wages, and universal distress," said Ashley, "in time were answered by increased production, equal profits, higher wages, and universal prosperity." This law was changed in 1850, after great opposition, to ten and a half hours on five days of the week for women and young persons, and on Saturdays no work for them after two.

Lord Ashley's influence for workingmen has been world-wide. The principle of State-care has been so extended that now, says John Morley in his Life of Cobden, we have "a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labor; buildings must be kept pure of effluvia; dangerous machinery must be fenced; children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; their hours are not only limited, but fixed; continuous employment must not exceed a given number of hours, varying with the trade, but prescribed by the law in given cases; a statutable number of holidays is imposed; the children must go to school, and the employer must every week have a certificate to that effect; … for the due enforcement and vigilant supervision of this immense host of minute prescriptions there is an immense host of inspectors, certifying surgeons, and other authorities whose business it is 'to speed and post o'er land and ocean 'in restless guardianship of every kind of labor, from that of the woman who plaits straw at her

cottage door, to the miner who descends into the bowels of the earth, and the seaman who conveys the fruits and materials of universal industry to and fro between the remotest parts of the globe."

In 1859 four thousand persons assembled in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, to witness the presentation to Emily, the Countess of Shaftesbury, of an address and a marble bust of her husband, "by the operatives of the manufacturing districts of the North of England, as a token of esteem and regard for the persevering and successful efforts of her noble husband in promoting, by legislative enactment, a limitation of the hours of labor of children, females, and young persons employed in mills and factories." The cost of this exquisite work of art was defrayed by a collection, almost entirely in pence, from the operatives.

Requests had come meantime to Lord Ashley from Bath and Oxford, that he would represent them in Parliament. He was elected from Bath in 1847. He says in his journal: "I did not ask a single vote. I appeared but once in Bath, and made a single speech before the week of the dissolution. I did not pay a single farthing. I had not an inch of ribbon, a banner, music, or a procession; not a penny during six months was expended on beer; nor had I one paid agent; the tradesmen conducted the whole, and with singular judgment and concord. This is a model for elections, and heartily do I thank God that the precedent has been set in my instance."

In 1849 a great sorrow came to Lord Ashley, in the death of his second son, Francis. He was at Harrow at school, a lad of sixteen, and tenderly beloved by teachers and pupils, for his bright mind and generous nature. The last of May he took a severe cold, and inflammation followed. When told that the end was near, he called his father to his bedside, threw his arms about his neck, kissed him a long time, and said, "I want to thank you, dearest papa, for having brought me up as you have done — for having brought me up religiously. I now feel

all the comfort of it; it is to you I owe my salvation."

Lord Ashley replied, "No, dearest boy, it is to the grace of God." — "Yes, it is true," said Francis, "but you were made the instrument of it."

To his mother he said, "Oh, mamma, I am so ashamed of myself, that through my incaution and neglect I have exposed you to this heavy expense! … I shall be so happy when I am at home, and under your care; and I shall see all the dear children, and then, too, I shall be of such use to papa."

"Blessed, ever blessed boy!" says Lord Ashley, "he was thinking of my letters and Ragged Schools. Was he not, indeed, of use to me? How many delightful, useful hours have I passed in his dear society; he was my companion, my co-adjutor, nay, half my very soul; the precious boy helped me more than thousands of wealthy, idle, powerful adults."

He was buried in Harrow churchyard. "Two objects are constantly by day and by night before my eyes," wrote his father: "I see him dying, and I see his coffin at the bottom of the grave. They alternate the one with the other; and the flesh, do what I will, predominates. Then come to my relief his dear and precious words, that God's mercy sent for my consolation." Nearly forty years afterwards. Lord Ashley said no day passed without some memory of his beloved son.

In 1851 Lord Ashley accepted the presidency of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which he held till his death. This year the father of Lord Ashley died, and he became the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the possessor of St. Giles's House, and a member of the House of Lords.

His first speech in the House of Lords was on a bill providing for the "Inspection and Registration of Lodging Houses," He had always been deeply interested in the housing of the poor. Through his influence, Prince Albert had visited with him the crowded and filthy tenement houses, and the Prince had become the president of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes."

By voice and pen Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury, had told the people of England how the poor lived, herded together. "Many a dwelling wholly destitute of furniture; many contain nothing except a table and a chair; some few have a common bed for all ages and both sexes; but a large proportion of the denizens of those regions lie on a heap of rags more nasty than the floor itself."

In Church Lane, Bloomsbury, three families of twenty-two persons lived in two rooms, and there were hundreds of such places.

In fourteen houses in Wild Court, nearly one thousand persons found shelter, many sleeping each night on the staircases.

The bill became law. Charles Dickens said to Lord Shaftesbury some years afterwards, "It is the best law that was ever passed by an English Parliament."

As long as he lived, he made a continued study of model dwellings for the laborers. In 1872 he laid the first memorial stone of a workman's city at Battersea, near Clapham Junction Station, named the Shaftesbury Park Estate, in his honor. The scheme was carried out by the "Artisans, Laborers, and General Dwellings Company." The streets are macadamized and shaded with trees; the houses are of stone and brick, each with a garden in front, a large yard in the rear, and plenty of flowers. Six thousand persons live here, and as soon as one tenant moves, scores are ready to take his place.

Some of the houses are sold by weekly instalments, and some are rented at one dollar and twenty-five cents to two or three dollars a week. The place has a library and public wash-houses, but no saloon is permitted.

He believed great good would result to crowded cities from these suburban dwellings for laborers. One of his last acts was to beseech the Great Northern Railway to arrange such times and fares as would allow workingmen to go easily and cheaply to their suburban homes.

Lord Shaftesbury now turned his attention to the cottages on the St. Griles's estate. The sixth Earl had long been at enmity with his son because the latter, he said, "had caused disaffection among the poor." Lord Ashley had been taunted with the wretched condition of his father's cottagers, but he could do nothing till death removed him.

"Inspected a few cottages," he writes in his diary — "filthy, close, indecent, unwholesome. But what can I do? I am half pauperized; the debts are endless; no money is payable for a whole year. Every sixpence I expend — and spend I must on many things — is borrowed…. Oh, if instead of one hundred thousand pounds to pay in debt, I had that sum to expend, what good I might do! But it has pleased God otherwise."

He discovered that his farmers were cheating their workmen by charging above market price, and this he stopped at once. He borrowed money and improved the cottages. He started evening classes for young men, and cricket clubs in the summer. He found some years later that his steward had defrauded him of over twelve thousand pounds, thus increasing his debts, but these Lord Shaftesbury paid after years of self-sacrifice.

In 1854 Lord Aberdeen, the Premier, wished to bestow on Shaftesbury the Order of the Garter, "from a desire to mark my admiration of your unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity, and of social improvement," wrote Aberdeen.

Shaftesbury felt obliged to decline. He says in his journal, "Minny wants me to accept it, 'as a just acknowledgment,' so she says, 'of my deserts.' I am unwilling to do so, lest it should be considered a payment of them, and I be told, hereafter, either that I was never disinterested in my labors, or, when I appeal to Government for aid in my projects, that they have done enough to oblige me, and that they can do no more.

"I do not, myself, care about the thing the least in the world; and I do not see that it would be advisable to take a

step by which nothing can be gained and something may be lost." Notwithstanding his indifference to the honor, he became a Knight of the Garter in 1861, at the request of Palmerston.

In 1854 the Crimean War began. The winter in the camp before Sevastopol, in the harbor of Balaklava, and in the hospitals of Scutari, brought disease and death to thousands. "The noblest army England ever sent from these shores," said the *Times*, "has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement."

A Sanitary Commission in the East was proposed by Lord Shaftesbury, and at once acted upon, he writing out minute instructions for the commissioners who were appointed to the work in the Crimea. "That Commission," Florence Nightingale wrote to Lord Shaftesbury, "saved the British army."

Palmerston, who had married the mother of Lady Shaftesbury in 1839, after Lord Cowper's death, had become Prime Minister. He and his son-in-law had been thrown much together, and had been warm friends for years. He offered Shaftesbury the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet, but it was declined.

This year, 1855, Lord Shaftesbury buried another son, Maurice, who had been for several years an invalid. "I have lost two precious sons for the short time of human life," he said, "but I have, by the love of Christ, housed them forever in heaven."

This year he was active about the "Religious Worship Bill," and one in behalf of milliners and dressmakers, prohibiting work between ten p.m. and eight a.m. in summer, and nine p.m. and eight a.m. in winter. Their days of work had been from fifteen to eighteen hours in length, with only from two to six hours for rest.

Through the ten years of Lord Palmerston's Premiership, 1855-1865, Shaftesbury's influence was very apparent. He became known as the "Bishop-maker," from his suggestions

as to the proper men for bishops. "Palmerston does not know, in theology," said Shaftesbury, "Moses from Sydney Smith. The vicar of Romsey, where he goes to church, is the only clergyman he ever spoke to; and as for the wants, the feelings, the views, the hopes and fears of the country, and particularly the religious part of it, they are as strange to him as the interior of Japan."

Palmerston had at his disposal twenty-five mitres, and ten deaneries, including three English archbishoprics and two Irish, sixteen English and four Irish bishoprics.

Palmerston's death in 1865 was a great blow to Shaftesbury. He stood by his bedside and prayed over him in departing. "It is a change and a gap to Minny," he wrote in his diary. "He tenderly loved and admired her, and said as she entered the room, not many days before his death, 'Minny, come in, come in; you always seem to me like a sunbeam.' … Ah, but to none will the loss be as it is to myself. I lose a man, who, I know, esteemed and loved me far beyond every other man living. He showed it in every action of his heart, in every expression of his lips, in private and in public, as a man, as a relative, and as a minister. A great and mighty door for good is now closed upon me, so far as I can see, forever…. He listened at once to my earnest counsel to give baronetcies to Baxter of Dundee, and Crossley of Halifax, in acknowledgment of their princely generosity to the people."

During these years Shaftesbury had been helping forward whatever was good. He had been the earnest friend of Garibaldi and Count Cavour. He moved all English hearts for suffering Poland, by his pen and his speeches. He had been the ardent friend of the North in the Civil War, largely because he abhorred slavery. He wrote to the *Times* at the beginning of the war, that "the triumph of the South meant the consolidation of slavery, and his sympathies were, therefore, wholly for the North." He welcomed Mrs. Stowe and Sumner to his heart and home.

He said, "All my life long I have wished and prayed for peace and friendship with the United States." When Garfield died, he wrote to James Russell Lowell, "It is a loss to all the human race, not only to America and to the British Empire."

Lord Shaftesbury was always most cordial to Americans, his grave, kindly face growing more kindly still as he talked with one. He was very modest in manner, though self-possessed; easily approached, with none of the stiffness one finds in pretentious people; natural in conversation; courteous in listening, and friendly as behooves one who loves humanity. Whether one met him and his daughters in noble George Holland's Ragged School, or in a London drawing-room — I am thankful to have seen him in both — he was ever the same refined, agreeable, grand-hearted gentleman.

A third child, his beloved Mary, had died of consumption in 1861. In 1865 his mother died. In 1866 Shaftesbury was urged by the Earl of Derby, the Premier, to take the Duchy of Lancaster, the Home Office, or the Presidentship of the Council. He declined the honor, saying, "I should, in fact, withdraw myself from the many and various pursuits which have occupied a very large portion of my life; and which, so far from abatement as I grow older, appear to increase in number and force, there remaining yet fourteen hundred thousand women, children, and young persons to be brought under the protection of the Factory Acts."

He opposed the Reform Bill of 1867, with its extension of suffrage, believing that the elective franchise should be a reward of "thrift, honesty, and industry," and not a right. He believed that the lodger franchise and household suffrage tended to the establishment of democracy.

An ardent Protestant, he always felt the deepest interest in Ireland. "I never can speak of that country," he said, "without shame and remorse. Centuries of misgovernment and neglect have brought that island into the condition it is now in."

He opposed the revision of the Bible, and, with tens of thousands of others, rejoiced that the new version has never come into general use. He said of our Authorized Version, "I love intensely its rich, melodious, and heart-moving language. It is like the music of Handel, and carries Divine truth and comfort to the inmost soul." He opposed "secular" education, and protested against the exclusion of the Bible from the schools.

In 1871 he obtained legislation in favor of the thirty-thousand children and young persons who worked in brick-yards. He went to the brickfields. "I saw little children," he said in the House of Lords, "three parts naked, tottering under the weight of wet clay, some of it on their heads, and some on their shoulders; and little girls with large masses of wet, cold, and dripping clay pressing on their abdomens. Moreover, the unhappy children were exposed to the most sudden transitions of heat and cold; for, after carrying their burdens of wet clay, they had to endure the heat of the kiln, and to enter places where the heat was so fierce that I was not myself able to remain more than two or three minutes."

The year 1872 was to try Lord Shaftesbury as he had never been tried. June 10 he writes in his diary: "Today my wedding-day. Forty-one years ago was I united to that dear, beautiful, true, and affectionate darling, my blessed Minny. What a faithful, devoted, single-hearted and captivating wife she has been, and is, to me! And what a mother!"

She had gone to Mentone with her daughter Constance, who was fading out of life. On their return they went to Malvern, where Lady Shaftesbury became ill from constant care and watching. She returned to London, and seemed to rally, but she died at midnight, October 14, almost her last words being, "None but Christ, none but Christ." She was buried in the little village church of Wimborne St. Giles. On the simple tablet one may read: "To the memory of a wife, as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God, in His

undeserved mercy, ever gave to man."

"I am astounded and dazed," wrote Lord Shaftesbury to a friend, "to find myself without her. She was my earthly mainstay, and cheered almost every moment of my existence by the wonderful combination of truth, simplicity, joyousness of heart, and purity of spirit…. During the long space of forty years that God, in His special and undeserved mercy, allowed me to live in union with that inestimable woman, there was an increase and no abatement of love on either side."

A year later he wrote: "Her loss is more and more keen every day. God alone knows what I feel and suffer…. Shall I never see her again, Lord, that sweetest, dearest, most precious of women? Surely there will be recognition; surely a reunion of love…. Perhaps she and my darling Conty are much nearer than I suppose. Perhaps they see me, watch over me, and pray for me."

Two years later he wrote: "St. Giles. Evelyn [his son] is come here safe and sound. The bells are ringing joyfully, but she, my beloved one, who lies beneath them, hears them not. How glad would her dear heart have been in the success of her sympathizing son!" Evelyn, like his older brother Antony, had been chosen a member of Parliament.

Six years later he wrote in his journal: "The day before her death, even in her old age, she seemed to me as beautiful as the day on which I married her…. Why was she taken away? God, in His wisdom, alone can know. The loss (I speak as a man) is beyond all power of language to express. God! Thou only knowest the severity of the stroke; and how she was to me a security and a refuge."

A month later Lord Shaftesbury took his daughter Constance again to Mentone, by the advice of physicians. He wrote in his journal; "Journey very tedious and very sorrowful. I could admire nothing, enjoy nothing, for she was not here to share it with me."

"December 12. How wonderful, and how solitary, as I look

at the setting sun, and remember that my Min, my precious Min, is gone from me — never to return!"

"December 16. At half-past one this day God took the soul of my blessed Conty to Himself…. Heaven itself seemed opened before her eyes. ' Christ is very near me,' she said; and when I reminded her of her mother's favorite line, ' Simply to Thy cross I cling,' she expanded her hands, her whole face beamed with the loveliest and happiest smile I ever saw, and she inclined her head towards me in assent quite exulting…. Half an hour or more before her death she became suddenly quite herself, as in days of strength and joy. She sat up in bed, her face was radiant with inward pleasure, she spoke to every one around…. Soon after she exclaimed, 'I know that I am going to die, for I feel so happy.' With these words she fell into a soft sleep. In a short time she was gone, and no one could mark the moment of departure…. Was her blessed mother there? Was our own most dear Lord far off? She said, 'Christ is very near;' she must, I think, have perceived something that we did not."

Lord Shaftesbury worked harder than ever, now that death had taken so much of the cheer out of his life, and he knew that the time was short. He established, in connection with the "Water-cress and Flower Girls' Mission," a fund in memory of his wife, the "Emily Loan Fund." When flowers are out of season, these girls and women earn a miserable living. One girl would loan a baked-potato oven, a coffee-stall, or a board for the sale of whelks. When the actual value of the article was repaid, it became the property of the hirer. Out of a thousand loans the society did not lose fifty pounds, so honest were these poor workers.

In the House of Lords, and on the platform, he spoke against vivisection. He wrote prefaces for a Life of Luther, "Uncle Tom," Miss Cotton's "Our Coffee-Room," and other books that helped the world onward for good. He opposed the Afghan war as "arbitrary and needless." He opposed the

Queen taking the title of "Empress of India." He had ascertained that among the working-people the universal feeling was one of repugnance. He said to the Lords, in the course of his speech against it, that it would not be surprising for these people one day to say, when wages were low and there was discontent, "You are trying to turn your king into an emperor; we also shall make an effort to turn him into a president."

He obtained the passage of a bill to regulate the labor of the women and children in India, "a system," he said, "as barbarous as that which formerly existed in England." It has not been enforced, for how few care for those far-off people, if profit can only be made!

On April 28, 1881, Lord Shaftesbury had reached his eightieth birthday. A great meeting was held in Guildhall to celebrate the event, and present him with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. B. S. Marks. Every part of the building was crowded, while outside the costermongers gathered with their gayly-bedecked donkeys, and the flower-girls scattered flowers before him as he entered.

Among the speeches made, none pleased him more than that of Mr. W. E. Forster, himself a mill-owner in Yorkshire, and forever honored in England as the author of the Education Bill of 1870. Speaking of the exciting times of the Factory movement, he said, "The good conduct on the part of the population was in a great measure due to the moderating influences which were brought to bear on them by Lord Ashley. How I do wish that all agitators, when they are advocating the removal of great and real grievances, would take an example from the way in which Lord Ashley conducted that agitation, and remember with what care they should consider both the immediate and the ultimate effect of what they say, upon those who are suffering."

At the opening of the Costers' Hall in the fall of 1881, twenty thousand people followed Lord Shaftesbury with flags and a band of music. He had long felt a deep interest in these

costermongers, who sold fruit and produce on the streets. He always delighted to call himself a "Coster," and would often spend an evening with his "brethren." He used to say "that the poor needed sympathy, not patronage."

Over a thousand Costers in the Golden Lane Mission presented him with a donkey, profusely decorated with ribbons. Lord Shaftesbury, who loved animals, put his arm around the donkey's neck, as he said, "When I have passed away from this life I desire to have no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and unmurmuring resignation."

When this donkey died he was buried on the estate where the pet dogs and horses of the family were buried, and the Costers gave Shaftesbury another. It became a great pet with the grandchildren, and would follow them like a spaniel.

The closing years of Lord Shaftesbury's life were full of honors, as they were full of labors. When he was eighty-three, on June 26, 1884, in the midst of much ceremony he received the freedom of the city of London in a golden casket. He had already been presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, August 28, 1871, and of Edinburgh, in token of his long-continued philanthropic efforts. Oxford had given him the degree of D.C.L. A banquet was given him at the Mansion House, three hundred persons, representing all the great social, religious, and political interests of the kingdom, responding to the invitation. When he was eighty-four, twelve friends sent him a draft for four thousand five hundred pounds, "for the honor of his approaching birthday."

On May 22, 1885, there were gathered in Exeter Hall, those who had been scholars in the Ragged Schools scattered over the country. They made him a present of six framed copies of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," that he might present one to each of his children.

His very last work was to arrange for the judicious distribution of £60,000, left to his care by a lady, Mrs. Douglas,

at her death, for London charities.

The closing days were drawing near. He said, "When I feel age creeping on me, and know that I must soon die — I hope it is not wrong to say it — but I cannot *bear to leave the world with all the misery in it.*" At another time he said to a friend, "Weylland, there are not two hours in the day but I am thinking and praying, 'Come, Lord Jesus.' It won't be long, and then I shall be gathered to my dear Emily."

In the latter part of July, 1885, Lord Shaftesbury went to Folkestone, by the wish of his physician. Every morning he used to ask his daughters that the twenty-third Psalm be read to him: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Towards the last he said, "I am just touching the hem of His garment." When a letter was read from the Dean of Westminster, asking that Lord Shaftesbury be buried in the Abbey, he replied, "No — St. Giles's — St. Giles's."

On Thursday, October 1, at a quarter before two, the end came. His last words were "Thank you," to his faithful steward Goldsmith, who had handed him something.

A week later the body of Lord Shaftesbury lay in his home at Grosvenor Square, the large room filled with flowers sent by rich and poor. October 8, the funeral services were held in Westminster Abbey. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts well said that "Lord Shaftesbury could not be honored by an interment in Westminster Abbey, but the Abbey would be honored by receiving his remains."

"In spite of keen wind and heavy rain," says Dr. John W. Kirton in his "True Nobility," "soon after ten o'clock that morning people were seen approaching Westminster Abbey from all directions. At first they came by twos and threes, then by dozens, and finally by continuous streams. It could be seen at once that they were drawn from all classes of society, but it was specially noticeable that many of them were of the poorest of the poor…. There were working-men and working-women, ragged urchins, and gray-headed old men…. It was

very touching to see, here and there, the attempts of those who had little enough clothing of any description, to wear some badge of mourning. A bit of crape was tied round the sleeve of many a ragged jacket, and many a bonnet was bound with black ribbon….

"On the east or river side of Parliament Street, it became all alive. First there came the bands playing their dirge music as they walked along, then the banner-carriers carrying aloft the flags of peace. On the one from the Twickenham Boys' Home could be read the words: 'Naked, and ye clothed me.' On the banner of the Boys' Refuge Farm School, Bisley: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' On a smaller banner could be seen the words: 'I was sick, and ye visited me;' and on a wreath of white flowers were hung the words: 'Sleeping with the angels,' which occupied the centre….

"As the hour of noon drew nigh, a procession, representing the costermongers, came in sight, their band playing the 'Dead March in Saul.' The numerous deputation, some of whose members wore scarfs or other emblems, was headed by a large pictorial banner, which had on its upper and middle surface a wreath of violets encircling the words, 'Farewell, but not forever;' the name of Shaftesbury as President of the Costermongers' and General Dealers' and Burial Society, established in 1872, being emblazoned beneath."

The Abbey was full long before the appointed hour of service. Besides royalty, archbishops, and members of Parliament, there were present representations from over two hundred societies, with each of which Lord Shaftesbury was connected; Ragged Schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, Young Men's Christian Associations, blind societies, missions, and the like.

The coffin of the noble earl was covered with flowers; one wreath from "Three Indian orphans" to their "beloved Sahib;" another, "A loving tribute from the flower-girls of London;" another from the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany.

"As the hearse moved from the Abbey," says Mr. Hodder, "the band of the Costermongers' Temperance Society playing the hymn 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' a poor laboring man with tattered garments, but with a piece of crape sewed on to his sleeve, turned to one who stood beside him, and with a choking voice said, 'Our earl's gone! God A'mighty knows he loved us, and we loved him. We sha'n't see his likes again.'"

The coffin was borne out of the Abbey, followed by thousands of mourners, to Waterloo Station, and thence forwarded by train to St. Giles's. All through the town hats were lifted as the procession passed on its way to the church.

On the ninth of October, at midday, the Earl of Shaftesbury was laid beside his Emily. The service closed with the hymn: —

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

CHAPTER IV
John Bright

A New York merchant, in speaking to the children of Gravel Lane Ragged School, in Salford, England, said: "If you were to ask in the schools of America, 'Who are the three men whom, as a country, we love the most?' they would reply, 'First, Washington, because he was the father of his country; second, Abraham Lincoln, because he was the saviour of his country; third, John Bright, because he is the friend of the country.'" As long as the Civil War is remembered, so long will the memory of this great Englishman who pleaded our cause before his people, be remembered and honored in America.

In Rochdale, a manufacturing town near the centre of England, John Bright, the second in a family of eleven children, was born November 16, 1811. His father, Jacob Bright, an orphan, was apprenticed to; farmer, Mr. Holme, who, having three or four looms in his house, taught the boy weaving. When the youth was twenty-one, and free from his apprenticeship, so said his illustrious son John, years afterwards, "he sallied forth to seek his living, or, as the storybooks say, to seek his fortune, along with his fellow-apprentice, Mr. William Tew; and I have heard him say that their joint purse did not amount to more than about ten shillings. He found employment at his business as a weaver, and he was able to earn about six shillings per week."

Six years later, Jacob, with two sons of Mr. Holme, came to Rochdale, and, with two or three other persons, built a cotton-mill. The young Quaker weaver had shown an aptitude for business, and the people believed in his honesty.

The apprentice had endeared himself to the daughter of Mr. Holme, Sophia, whom he married, but she died in 1806, soon after their union. Three years later, at the age of thirty-four, he married a lady fourteen years his junior, Miss Martha Wood, the daughter of a tradesman. Their first child, William, died at the age of four; their second child, John, though very delicate as a boy, lived to bless two continents with his eloquence and his nobility of character.

The mother was a woman of great refinement, fond of books, and especially of poetry, a characteristic her son inherited. Busy with her ten children, she still found time to hold religious meetings twice a week with the young women of the neighborhood, to make, with her own hands, clothes for the factory-girls, and to visit the sick and the needy.

One morning, while walking with her little John, she met a poor widow with a son near his age, wearing very ragged clothes. She took them home with her, and removing John's first new suit put it on the ragged child. The widow's children became useful managers in Mr. Bright's business in after years.

Though Mrs. Bright died when her eldest son John was but eighteen, with nine children younger, she left such memories as could never be forgotten by them or the people of Rochdale. She was always held in the greatest reverence. Her son carried out the principles she had taught him.

Jacob Bright, the father, was also of sterling character. He was frank, genial, fair to his workmen, and became wealthy through his industry and ability. Mr. William Robertson, in his Life of John Bright, tells a story of the father which pleasantly illustrates his character.

"A steam-tenter, the father of six children, residing at Syke, in the neighborhood of Mr. Bright's residence, many years ago, employed at a foundry in the heart of the town of Rochdale, receiving wages inadequate for the support of his family, had to depend partially upon charity. His wife waited upon Mr. Jacob Bright for the loan of two shillings, promising

to return the money the following week.

"The date came round, but, instead of being able to repay the money, she found it absolutely necessary to ask for another loan of two shillings, and this repeated until the loan accumulated to one pound. The eldest boy, about eight years old, who had been sent for the money, and conveyed the promises of repayment, was aroused one morning with the usual cry: 'John, thou must go again to Jacob.'

"'Mother,' said the boy, 'hast thou the one pound ready?'

"'No, John,' replied the mother.

"'Then am I to get more money?' said the boy.

"'Yes, John; we cannot do without it, and I am not able to pay yet,' added the mother.

"The boy burst into tears, saying sorrowfully that he was ashamed to go again, after making so many promises to pay, and obeyed his mother very reluctantly. Before he arrived at the counting-house he met Mr. Jacob Bright, who inquired why he was crying. The boy reminded him that it was the day for the repayment of the one pound, and that his mother, still unable to fulfil her promise, wanted another two shillings.

"Mr. Jacob Bright, patting the boy on the back, bade him cease crying, saying he would rub out the old score and begin again. The borrowing and promising went on, but the day never arrived, during the life of Mr. Jacob Bright, for the repayment."

After building several large mills, Mr. Bright retired from business in 1839, leaving his sons to carry on the works, under the firm name of "John Bright and Brothers."

At an early age, John Bright was sent to a school taught by Mr. William Littlewood, where he became a favorite pupil. At ten he went to the Friends' School, at Ackworth, Yorkshire, and later to Newton. He said years afterwards: "The last of the schools I was at was the one with regard to which I have most pleasant recollections, for it was situated in a very nice valley, and by the side of a very pleasant river; and the studies

were not forced upon us with undue harshness; but we spent a good deal of time in bird-nesting, and fishing in the river Hodder, chiefly for trout; and frequently during the summer months, in bathing and swimming in one of the pools of that pleasant stream. I did not get much of what is called education; what I got was something — I had almost said — far better, for I got, I believe, whatever store of good health I have had from that time to this."

At fifteen, John's school life was over, and he was back at Rochdale in his father's mills, learning the business. Sometimes, with sleeves rolled up, he assisted his workmen in lifting bales of cotton; then he learned the art of weaving; he also kept accounts in his father's office. He regretted afterwards that he had not stayed longer in school — his father did not see the special need of a superior education — but, encouraged by his mother, he spent his evenings in the study of history, poetry, and the topics of the day, and finally became one of the most intelligent men of his time.

One often hears persons lament that they had little opportunity for early education, or they could have done more in the world. As a rule, those who desire an education, get it, whether in a schoolroom or in an attic. They use all the leisure they can command in wise reading. If people are mediocre in knowledge, the fault is generally their own.

"But," says some young man or young woman, "I am tired when the day's work is done." So was John Bright, but he studied. "I am too busy with social duties," say others. Each one must decide for one's self how to use time. The road to renown usually leads up many steep mountains, and through difficult passes, before the heights are won.

John Bright at nineteen was a handsome youth, with curling brown hair, blue eyes, a genial smile, a manner which showed determination and energy, and his mother's fondness for doing good. He was called by his own family "the thinker," because so deeply interested in great questions.

Seeing the great need of temperance principles among the workmen, he and two other persons arranged for a lecture on the subject in the theatre in Toad Lane, Rochdale. In those days total abstinence was an unpopular subject; times have fortunately changed since then.

After this meeting, young Bright and his friend Oliver Ormerod decided to address a gathering in a Unitarian school building in the country. The room, only twelve yards by six, was crowded with curious people long before the time of meeting. On their way thither the young men agreed, if one became nervous in speaking, that he should be reassured by manifestation of applause, begun by the other. Both probably spoke well, because both were in earnest.

Ormerod gave his life to Sunday-school work and visiting the sick and the sorrowing. When, years after, he was near death, John Bright, famous and beloved, visited him. "You have done a great work, sir, in your life," said the dying Ormerod. "You have worked as hard," was the response of John Bright. "My work has been of a public character, but yours has been not the less useful."

Two years after this first temperance speech, Rev. John Aldis, a Baptist minister, came to Rochdale, to speak at a Bible Society meeting in the Friends' Meeting House. Visiting at the residence of an acquaintance, he was told that Mr. Bright, twenty-one years of age, was also to speak, and would accompany Mr. Aldis to the place of worship.

"Soon a slender, modest young gentleman came," says Mr. Aldis, "who soon surprised me by his intelligence and thoughtfulness. I took his arm on the way to the meeting, and I thought he seemed nervous. I think it was his first public speech, at all events, in such connection. It was very eloquent and powerful, and carried away the meeting; but it was elaborate and memoriter.

"On our way back, I congratulated him; he said that such efforts cost him too dear, and asked me how I spoke so easily.

I then took the free advantage of my seniority to set fully my notions: … that in his case, as in most, I thought it would be best not to burden the memory too much, but having carefully prepared and committed any portions where special effect was desired, merely to put down other things in the desired order, leaving the wording of them to the moment.

"Years rolled away. I had entirely forgotten the name of the young 'Friend,' when the Free Trade Bazaar was held in London. One of those engaged in it — Mr. Baker of Stockport — calling on me, asked if I had called on Mr. Bright. I said I had not been able to attend the meetings, and did not personally know him at all. He replied, 'You must, for I heard him say that you gave him his first lesson in public speaking.' I went to a subsequent meeting, and recognized the young 'Friend' of 1832."

Mr. Bright said, many years afterward, "I have never been in the habit of writing out my speeches; certainly not for more than thirty years past. The labor of writing is bad enough, and the labor of committing to memory would be intolerable; and speeches 'read' to a meeting are not likely to be received with much favor. It is enough to think over what is to be said, and to form an outline in a few brief notes. But first of all, a real knowledge of the subject to be spoken of is required; with that, practice should make speaking easy." He thought a person must be logical in mind, full of ideas, and free of speech, to become a good speaker.

Mr. Bright once said at a dinner-party: "The whole secret of effective speaking is here: of course, if you mean to speak, you first know what you are going to say; and when you have resolved on that, the next point is to speak very deliberately — every word, in fact every syllable, should be expressed. If you do this, and if you have matter worth listening to, you will be listened to, and you will acquire a confidence and ease you won't acquire in any other way."

In these early years, and, indeed, through life, he spoke

against capital punishment, whenever an opportunity offered. His humane and Christian views are not yet universally accepted.

The following year, 1833, Mr. J. S. Buckingham, a member of Parliament for Sheffield, delivered a course of lectures on Palestine and Egypt; young Bright was so pleased, that, at the close of the course, he returned a vote of thanks to the speaker in a brief but eloquent address. Mr. Buckingham was so much impressed with the speech that he said to a friend, "Mark my words, if that young man lives, he will become one of the greatest orators in England."

This year, 1833, Mr. Bright and a number of friends formed "The Rochdale Literary and Philosophical Society." Lectures "On the universal education of the lower classes," and kindred subjects, were given at some of the meetings; and at others, such topics were discussed, as: "From our study of history, ancient and modern, what form of government appears the best suited to promote the happiness of mankind?" On this topic, submitted by Mr. Bright, he made the motion: "That a limited monarchy is best suited for this country at the present time."

Up to this age, twenty-two, young Bright had been a member of a cricket club, which played twelve games during the year; but he now discontinued it, as his life was becoming too full of absorbing labor.

In the workshop, he debated daily with some of the veteran Radicals. He listened eagerly to the stories of an old workman who had been a soldier for twenty-eight years, who had fought in many battles and had endured much hardship. This, without doubt, had its influence on the man who was later to electrify England in his appeals for peace.

In 1835, still remembering the lectures on Palestine and Egypt, countries which he had become eager to see, Mr. Bright, with a friend, went to the Holy Land, visiting Gibraltar, Malta, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Italy,

France, and Belgium. A great admirer of the poetry of Byron, Bright went to most of the noted places mentioned in "Childe Harold," and on his return gave a lecture on his travels before the Rochdale Literary Society.

In 1837, Mr. Bright, having become deeply interested in the subject of popular education, went to Manchester to induce Mr. Richard Cobden to come to Rochdale, and speak for them in the schoolroom of the Baptist chapel. "I introduced myself to him," said Bright, in telling afterwards of this, their first meeting. "I told him what I wanted. His countenance lit up with pleasure to find that there were others that were working on this question, and he, without hesitation, agreed to come. He came, and he spoke; and though he was then so young as a speaker, yet the qualities of his speech were such as remained with him so long as he was able to speak at all — clearness, logic, a conversational eloquence, a persuasiveness which, when conjoined with the absolute truth which there was in his eye and in his countenance — a persuasiveness which it was almost impossible to resist."

From that evening, the two men, Cobden and Bright, became united in the closest friendship, and labored ever after together in a common cause — the repeal of the Corn Laws, or Free Trade for England.

In October, 1838, seven men in Manchester founded the National Anti-Corn-Law League; six Scotchmen and one Irishman. Richard Cobden as well as John Bright soon joined the Association. The merchants, traders, and manufacturers of Manchester soon subscribed three thousand pounds to help forward the agitation.

Cobden was the son of a poor farmer, and, like John Bright, one of eleven children. "His mother was a woman of extraordinary energy, and this is the secret of some of his prominent excellences," says Robertson. She died when Richard was twenty-one.

The boy at fifteen became a clerk in his uncle's warehouse

in London, and later travelled to Manchester and other cities to sell muslins and calicoes. At twenty-four, he and two friends began business for themselves in Manchester, borrowing more than half of their little capital. He soon prospered, and became a man of means as well as of great intellectual power.

"Few men, indeed," says John Morley, in his Life of Cobden, "have been more heavily weighted at the start than Cobden was. His family was still dogged and tracked from place to place by the evil genius of slipshod fortune. In 1829 Frederick, his brother, began the business of a timber merchant at Barnet, but unhappily the undertaking was as little successful as other things to which he ever put his hand…. William, the father, went to live with his son at Barnet, and amused a favorite passion by watching the hundred and twenty coaches which each day whirled up and down the great north road. Nothing prospered. Death carried off a son and a daughter in the same year. Frederick lost health, and he lost his brother's money….

"Richard Cobden, however, had energy enough and to spare for the rest of his family. He pressed his brother to join him at Manchester, where he had bought a house in what was then the genteel private quarter of Mosley Street."

He too, like Bright, was eager for self-culture. He took up Latin and mathematics in his evenings. He published at thirty-one, two pamphlets, one on "Russia," and one on "England, Ireland, and America." The latter, at the high price of three shillings and sixpence, went through three editions in twelve months. He had travelled in the last-named country in 1835; "on the soil of which," he writes his brother, "I fondly hope will be realized some of those dreams of human exaltation, if not of perfection, with which I love to console myself."

Looking down from the Alleghanies "upon the beginning of that vast extent of territory known as the great Mississippi

Valley, which extends almost without variation of surface to the base of the Rocky Mountains," he said, "Here will one day be the headquarters of agricultural and manufacturing industry; here will one day centre the civilization, the wealth, the power, of the entire world."

A friend asked him whether it would be worth while to go far out of one's way to see the Falls of Niagara. "Yes, most assuredly," he replied. "Nature has the sublimity of rest, and the sublimity of motion. The sublimity of rest is in the great snow mountains; the sublimity of motion is in Niagara."

Cobden ridiculed the talk about "balance of power," which has so often forced England into war. His premise was, "No government has the right to plunge its people into hostilities, except in defence of their own honor and interests."

"These most admirable pages were no mere rhetoric," says Morley. "The writer was able to point to a nation whose example of pacific industry, wise care of the education of her young, and abstinence from such infatuated intervention as ours in the affairs of others, would, as he warned us, one day turn us into moralists in self-defence, as one day it assuredly will. It is from the peaceful nation in the West, and not from the military nations of the East, that danger to our strength will come."

Cobden said: "Looking to the natural endowments of the North American continent — as superior to Europe as the latter is to Africa — with an almost immeasurable extent of river navigation, its boundless expanse of the most fertile soil in the world, and its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, etc. — looking at these, and remembering the quality and position of a people universally instructed and perfectly free, and possessing, as a consequence of these, a new-born energy and vitality very far surpassing the character of any nation of the Old World, the writer…declares his conviction that it is from the West, rather than from the East, that danger to the

supremacy of Great Britain is to be apprehended; that it is from the silent and peaceful rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people, and their economical and pacific government — that it is from these, and not from the barbarous policy or the impoverishing armaments of Russia, that the grandeur of our commercial and national prosperity is endangered."

"What is striking in Cobden," says Morley, "is that after a lost and wasted childhood, a youth of drudgery in a warehouse, and an early manhood passed amid the rather vulgar associations of the commercial traveller, he should at the age of one and thirty have stepped forth the master of a written style which in boldness, freedom, correctness, and persuasive moderation, was not surpassed by any man then living."

The following year, 1836, Cobden travelled to Egypt, Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, and elsewhere in the East. He had also visited Germany, where he made a study of economic questions.

This, then, was the energetic and intelligent young man of thirty-four, who had joined the Anti-Corn-Law League in Manchester. Bright was seven years younger than Cobden.

The League engaged a room for their meetings in an upper floor on Market Street, Manchester. The room was divided by a red curtain, which, said Cobden, the committee drew across so that the small number of their members might not discourage them. "What a lucky thing it is," he said to a friend, "the monopolists cannot draw aside the curtain, and see how many of us there are! for, if they could, they would not be much frightened."

Early in 1839 an open-air Anti-Corn-Law meeting was held in The Butts, Rochdale, the speakers mounting a wagon, and addressing three thousand persons, mostly working-men. Other meetings followed. A petition, with nine thousand seven hundred names, against the Corn Laws, was gotten up

under the superintendence of Mr. Bright, and presented to the House of Commons. This year, 1839, in November, Mr. Bright married Elizabeth, daughter of Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a young lady beloved for her Christian character and cultivated mind. She died in less than two years, leaving a little daughter, Helen, to brighten the stricken home.

Mr. Bright was overwhelmed by the calamity. It was well that a friend was at hand to arouse him to his duty towards the living. He thus spoke of it years afterwards, in a speech at Rochdale: "In the year 1841 I was at Leamington, and spent several months there. It was near the middle of September there fell upon me one of the heaviest blows that can visit any man. I found myself left there with none living of my house but a motherless child. Mr. Cobden called upon me the day after that event, so terrible to me, and so prostrating. He said, after some conversation, 'Don't allow this grief, great as it is, to weigh you down too much; there are at this moment, in thousands of homes in this country, wives and children who are dying of hunger — of hunger made by the law. If you will come along with me, we will never rest till we have got rid of the Corn Law.'"

Mr. Cobden's statement was pitifully true. Harvests had been so poor, and food so high on account of the protective tariff on grain, that, says Robertson, "amongst the agricultural laborers, their scanty wages scarcely left them anything for fuel, and afforded nothing for clothing. The peasantry of the South of England were reduced almost to the level of Polish serfs. Their chief food was black bread, made of a mixture of barley-meal and potatoes. Their wages averaged seven shillings per week, and out of that sum they had to pay about one shilling and fourpence for rent; and some families numbered six. Their pale and sunken faces too plainly denoted the emaciated condition they were in."

Investigation was made among the workingmen of

Rochdale. The report said: "Boys come for three-ha'porth of meal, in rags — family of seven, sober and industrious; utmost wages with full work, eleven shillings to twelve shillings per week; father, seven or eight shillings; two boys, four shillings, setting cards. Only one bed for seven persons. Customers who used to buy a pound of sugar now buy a pennyworth, or a quarter of a pound for twopence. Tea sold in quantities as small as half an ounce for halfpenny…. Four or five in a family send for half an oatcake, worth halfpenny, with bits and scraps of bacon halfpenny or penny more…. At breakfast or dinner hours, many come in for a ha'porth or pennyworth of bread."

"Thousands of poor people were forced to break up their homes through the want of employment, and lead the lives of mendicants…. Yet at this time as many as five hundred carriages were to be seen daily in Hyde Park, chiefly belonging to the landed gentry, which formed a strong contrast with the deplorable condition of the working-class."

The owners of great estates knew if all kinds of grain (or "corn" as it is called) were allowed to come from. America and other countries, the produce of their own acres would be cheapened, and therefore their incomes decreased.

From early times, in England, there had been various enactments prohibiting the importation of grain, to stimulate home production. In 1815 a law was passed by Parliament which prohibited the importation of corn whenever the price fell below eighty shillings a quarter. In consequence of great dissatisfaction, this law was modified from time to time. In 1828 Canning, the Prime Minister, introduced a "sliding-scale," which, when wheat was thirty-six shillings, made the duty fifty shillings and eightpence a quarter; when grain was seventy-three shillings or over, the duty was only one shilling. After this "sliding-scale" on grain and other products was enacted, it was found that the importers, often unable to sell at a profit, would pour tar into their casks of butter, thus

avoiding the payment of a heavy duty. Much grain held in bond was not worth the cost of keeping, and was thrown into the Thames, under the direction of Custom-House officers.

Matters went from bad to worse. "One week, only one beast was killed at Accrington, although the population numbered ten thousand. Twenty years previous to this date, when the inhabitants were not more than five thousand, from five to ten beasts were killed weekly at the same town." "A young man at Sterling, of respectable parents," says Robertson, "was observed one morning to pass a huckster's shop, at the door of which stood a measure of potatoes. After passing the shop a little way, he returned and took one of the potatoes, and went away. The shopkeeper allowed him to go.

"On the day after, the young man returned, and did the same thing. On the third day he took another potato, and on the fourth day five potatoes. The last day the shopkeeper had a police officer in attendance, and both of them followed the young man home, and there they found an aged mother and two sisters dependent upon him for support. There was a pot upon a poor fire, and upon the shopkeeper asking the mother if she knew where her son got the potatoes, she replied, 'No; I was afraid to ask.'"

Mr. Bright said in a public speech: "The country was filled with paupers, and we were now devouring each other. In Leeds there were forty thousand persons subsisting on charity. A friend of his was then in the room who told him that in Sheffield there were no less than twelve thousand paupers, and that there were as many more who were as badly off. These towns were desolated, and did they think that when the manufacturing districts were involved in ruin, that London could be safe?"

Again Mr. Bright said: "It had been proved from accurate reports, that in some districts of Manchester and Leeds, 570 children, out of 1,000 who were born, died before they were five years of age. Amongst the aristocracy and persons of

comfortable circumstances, about seventy out of 1,000 died before reaching that age; and here, there were 500 children born to life and happiness, born to give comfort to their parents, and strength. power, and prosperity to the country, swept to an untimely grave by causes in no small degree to be attributed to the operation of these oppressive laws."

Mr. Bright did not forget his great sorrow in the death of his young wife, but he gave his heart and time more earnestly than ever to the work of repealing the Corn Laws. With Cobden, he visited all the large towns, and spoke almost every day and every night; reporters were present, and soon their burning speeches were telegraphed all over the kingdom. Money was subscribed at each meeting, towards the fifty thousand pounds they had determined to raise, to be spent in scattering documents, employing lecturers, and publishing a paper, the *Anti-Corn-Law Circular.*

The women became deeply interested in the cause, as women should be in everything which concerns the well-being of humanity. "The ladies of Lancashire," says Mr, Mongredien, in his "Free-Trade Movement in England," "held monster tea-meetings, at which they were addressed by some of the leaders of the movement."

These great "tea-meetings" culminated in a bazaar, held in the Theatre Royal, in Manchester, Mrs. Cobden being president. She had been married to Richard Cobden a year or two previously; was endowed with singular personal beauty, and possessed manners of great charm and dignity. From this bazaar, which lasted ten days, about nine thousand pounds were obtained for the League.

In January, 1843, the great "Free Trade Hall" in Manchester was built, a hundred and thirty-five feet by a hundred and five, the largest hall in the kingdom with one or two exceptions. Cobden gave the land, the site being that of the "Peterloo massacre."

In 1819, twenty-four years previous to the opening of the

Free Trade Hall, some fifty thousand men and women, with bands of music, were gathered on this site, to demand reform. They carried banners inscribed with the words, "No Corn Laws," "Suffrage Universal," "Parliaments Annual." The vast assembly was orderly and attentive. As the chairman began his address, the Manchester and Salford cavalry dashed into the crowd, cutting their way without respect to age or sex. The Riot Act had been read, but few were aware of it. In ten minutes the place was deserted. "Over the whole field were strewn caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress, trampled, torn and bloody. The yeomanry had dismounted; some were easing their horses' girths, others adjusting their accoutrements, and some wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered. Some of them were still groaning, others with staring eyes were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more. All was silent, save those low sounds, and the occasional snorting and pawing of steeds." It was indeed fitting that this reform building should be placed on the spot where the right of free speech had been stifled in blood two decades before.

At the first meeting in the Free Trade Hall, on January 30, 1843, over seven thousand persons were present. A month later, ten thousand persons were assembled. Already two thousand lectures had been delivered in favor of repeal; over five million Anti-Corn-Law tracts had been circulated, the whole involving an expenditure of one hundred thousand pounds. Surely somebody was in earnest.

Cobden had become a member of Parliament, though he declined at first. "I offered," he said, "to give a hundred pounds towards the expenses of another candidate in my stead for Stockport, and to canvass for him for a week; and it was only when the electors declared that they could not agree to another, and would not be able to oust the bread-taxers without me, that I consented to stand."

In April, 1843, Mr. Bright, then thirty-two years of age, was asked to stand for Durham, as there was a vacant seat in Parliament for that town. He received a greater number of votes than any Liberal since the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832, but his opponent, Lord Dungannon, was the successful candidate.

Mr. Bright said: "When it was remembered that the whole expenses he had incurred did not exceed fifty or sixty pounds, and that not a farthing had been expended for drink, not a farthing in bribes, not a farthing which he could not expose to his opponent, or any other person, he did think that, considering all these things, the result was not to be considered in the light of a defeat, but as affording hope of a not very distant triumph."

Soon after, it was proved that Lord Dungannon had been returned through bribery, his agents paying large sums to electors. The election was therefore declared void, and Mr. Bright "was again asked to be the candidate.

He made an eloquent address. "There have been convulsions," he said, "of a most dire character, which have overturned old established monarchies, and have hurled thrones and sceptres to the dust. There have been revolutions which have brought down most powerful aristocracies, and swept them from the face of the earth forever. But never was there a revolution yet, which destroyed the people. And whatever may come as a consequence of the state of things in this country, of this we may rest assured, that the common people, that the great bulk of our countrymen, will remain and survive the shock, though it may be that the crown, and the aristocracy, and the church, may be levelled with the dust, and rise no more….

"We have a right to clamor; and so long as I have breath, so long as I have physical power, so long as I have intellect, and so long as I have memory and voice to express opinion, so long will I clamor against the oppression which I see to

exist, and in favor of the rights of the great body of the people."

Mr. Bright was elected, and the town gave itself up to rejoicing. Every window along the street was crowded with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs and ribbons, there was one continual cheer from the immense concourse of people, as he passed along the street. Rochdale was of course proud of him. Cobden congratulated him, and said, "I've had all the dirt thrown at me heretofore; now you, being younger, will share it with me, and probably get the largest share. You'll have it in style in the House of Commons."

He made his first speech in Commons soon after his entrance, upon the reduction of import duties. He was a trifle nervous at first, but thrusting his hand into the breast of his waistcoat, he soon recovered his self-possession, and spoke with his rare simplicity and masterly eloquence. In the autumn of 1843, September 28, Bright spoke at the first Anti-Corn-Law League monthly meeting, held in Covent Garden Theatre, London, and a month later at the same place. The stage, pit, boxes, and gallery were crowded to their utmost capacity.

"We have seen," he said, "fallacy after fallacy scattered to the winds; we have seen foe after foe driven from every field; we have seen triumph after triumph achieved; and now, from that small room in which seven men met, we are here assembled in this gorgeous building, and with this great, this magnificent audience. And it can be but the harbinger of the triumph of this great cause….

"We might lay the whole world under contribution if we had free trade. All nature lies extended before us; her vast treasure-houses are open to us — there is nothing that is good for man under the sun that may not be brought to England in return for the produce of England's industry….

"And when our labors are over, when our warfare is accomplished, our consolation and our reward shall be — and

every man who has helped us shall participate in it — that in our day and generation we have been permitted to advance at least one great step toward the glorious and the promised time, when human laws shall harmonize with the sublime injunction of the Christian code, and when man, as an individual or in communities, shall accept and obey that divinest precept of them all: 'Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

Night after night, when not busy in the House of Commons, Bright, Cobden, and others continued to speak to enthusiastic audiences. Cobden was persuasive, conversational, clear, argumentative; Bright impassioned, earnest, with a vein of humor, poetical, powerful. He had studied history carefully, that he might know the causes of the rise and fall of nations; he had loved the Bible and Milton from a child, and had made them his daily study.

The struggle against the Corn Laws went on. Every year, Mr. Charles Villiers, an able member of the aristocracy, moved in the House of Commons the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws. Like all reforms it was first heartily laughed at, then year by year the number against it grew less and less.

Thomas Carlyle took up the cause. He said, "If I were the conservative party of England, I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn Laws to continue. All Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them. Do you count what treasures of bitter indignation they are laying up for you in every just English heart?"

On May 8, 1845, a great bazaar was opened in Covent Garden Theatre, London, with four hundred ladies as saleswomen. The costliest products of the loom, the daintiest work of woman's hands, were voluntary offerings to the cause. Over one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons visited the bazaar, and it yielded over twenty-five thousand dollars to the League. The papers gave glowing accounts of it; people talked

about it at every fireside, and all this helped to agitate the question.

A novel feature for making money, and at the same time disseminating knowledge, was a post-office. The visitor inquired for a letter, and at the regular rate for non-prepaid letters, was given a package which contained a full assortment of the tracts of the League. These were carried home, and helped to do effective work.

Richard Cobden, who had left his business, which was netting him over ten thousand pounds a year, largely in the hands of his brothers, had now become so embarrassed financially that he felt he must give up the Corn Law agitation, if he would provide for his family. It was a bitter alternative. The one object of his life, for which he had sacrificed all, must be put aside. He at once wrote to Mr. Bright, who answered with all the tenderness of a woman: "Be assured that in all this disappointment you have my heartfelt sympathy. We have worked long and hard and cordially together; and I can say most truly that the more I have known of you, the more have I had reason to admire and esteem you; and now when a heavy cloud seems upon us, I must not wholly give up the hope that we may yet labor in the good cause until all is gained for which we have striven."

Mr. Bright soon reached Manchester, and he and another friend or two procured the means whereby for the time Mr. Cobden was relieved from money difficulties, and again gave himself unreservedly to the Repeal. When asked by a friend how he could either work or rest with such sorrows hanging over him, he replied, "Oh! when I am about public affairs I never think of it; it does not touch me; I am asleep the moment my head is on the pillow." He said, later in life, "If I had not the faculty of sleeping like a dead fish, in five minutes after the most exciting mental effort, and with the certainty of having oblivion for six consecutive hours, I should not have been alive now."

Again the two men labored day and night for the measure. They were away from their families so constantly, that Mr. Cobden's only son Richard used to ask in his childish simplicity, when his father came to see them, "When he was going home?" thinking he must live in some other city. Mr. Bright spoke in no uncertain terms in the House of Commons: "It is the remark of a beautiful writer, that 'to have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course.' Has your agricultural laborer ever known anything but misery? He is born in a miserable hovel, which in mockery is termed a house or a home; he is reared in penury; he passes a life of hopeless and unrequited toil, and the jail or the union house is before him as the only asylum on this side of the pauper's grave. Is this the result of your protection to native industry? Have you cared for the laborer till, from a home of comfort, he has but a hovel for shelter? and have you cherished him into starvation and rags? I tell you what your boasted protection is — it is a protection of native idleness at the expense of the impoverishment of native industry."

In the Free Trade Hall, Bright said: "We are entering the seventh year of our labors in this great cause, and there may be some who at the thought of this despond. If there be any who have a right to despond, or who might be forgiven if they feel faint-hearted, it is surely those who have labored hard in this cause; but as far as the council of the League are concerned, I can state to this meeting and the public that there was never a time when they were more convinced than they are now that they were right in the beginning, and are right still, and that in their cause, as in all others, right must speedily triumph….

"I often wonder why it is that men are so willing to bow their necks to men who are ornamented with stars and garters and titles; for I am sure, the more I come in contact with their characters, the more I come to the conclusion that it is

something far beyond titles which constitutes true nobility of character.

"And there is not any creature that crawls the earth, to my mind, more despicable and more pitiable than the man who sacrifices the interests of his own class, of his own order, and of his own country, merely that he may toady somebody who has a title to his name."

A friend once asked Mr. Bright, after his return from one of his arduous lecture tours, if, after so much opposition, he really expected success at the last. The unconquerable John Bright replied: "One day lately I was going along the road, and I saw a man breaking stones; he was hammering away at a very large stone with a hammer that had a long handle but a very small head. Well, I thought, what a simpleton this man is! why does he not use a sledge-hammer and break it at once? However, he kept knocking and knocking for some time, when at last the stone flew in pieces; and I at once saw that if we kept persevering in our attacks, the Corn Laws will go just as suddenly."

The Corn Laws were, in fact, "going suddenly," and the time was drawing near. The harvest of 1845, owing to frequent rains, was very poor, and famine stared the people in the face. The potato crop in Ireland was a failure. The League redoubled its efforts. It was decided to raise two hundred and fifty thousand pounds at once. At a large meeting in Manchester, sixty thousand pounds were subscribed in an hour and a half, John Bright and his brothers giving one thousand pounds.

Bright spoke to an audience in Covent Garden Theatre, packed from floor to roof. "Multitudes," he said, "have died of hunger in the United Kingdom since we first asked the Government to repeal the Corn Law; and although the great and the powerful may not regard those who suffer mutely and die in silence, yet the recording angel will note down their patient endurance, and the heavy guilt of those by whom they

have been sacrificed."

Many persons added fuel to the flame by their cruel, if well-meant, suggestions. The Duke of Norfolk recommended the poor "to feed upon warm water and curry powder!"

Sir Robert Peel had become Prime Minister in 1841, with the understanding that he would sustain the Corn Laws. Lord Melbourne, his predecessor, had said two years previously, "To leave the whole agricultural interest without protection, I declare before God that I think it the wildest and maddest scheme that has ever entered into the imagination of man to conceive." The "sliding scale" of Sir Robert was passed in 1842. He was pressed on every side. Lord John Russell, afterwards Prime Minister, wrote from Edinburgh to his constituents, the electors of the City of London, that he was in favor of the total repeal of the Corn Laws. "The government," he said, "appear to be waiting for some excuse to give up the present Corn Laws. Let the people, by petition, by address, by remonstrance, afford them the excuse they seek." He believed the system "had been proved to be the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter division among classes, the cause of penury, fever, mortality, and crime among the people."

Macaulay had also become a convert to the new doctrine. He told Lord John Russell that "he stipulated for one thing only — total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws."

Bright was giving well-directed blows. "Sir Robert Peel," he said, "came from the very county where the League had its origin; and his fortune was made out of those little delicate fibres of cotton which are destined yet to revolutionize and change the face of things in this country. He sprang from commerce; and until he has proved it himself, I will never believe that there is any man — much less will I believe that he is the man — who would go down to his grave having had the power to deliver that commerce, and yet not having the manliness, honesty, and courage to do it."

The Protectionists, with Mr. Disraeli at their head, felt that Peel was going over to Free Trade. "For my part," said Benjamin Disraeli, "if we are to have free trade, I, who honor genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the honorable member for Stockport [Cobden], than by one who, though skilled in parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and of a great party."

On January 27, 1846, the beginning of the end had come. The House of Commons was crowded by the distinguished of the realm. Peel unfolded his plan of Free Trade: gradual repeal of the Corn Laws, with complete free trade in corn after three years. The debate was adjourned to February 9, and was continued till the 16th. On the latter evening Peel rose to speak at a quarter before ten, and closed a powerful and earnest speech at one o'clock. The following evening Bright spoke. Referring to Peel's address, he called it: "An address, I will venture to say, more powerful and more to be admired than any address which has been delivered in this House within the memory of any member of it.

"I watched the right honorable baronet, as he went home last night, and for the first time I envied his feelings. That address has been circulated by scores of thousands throughout this kingdom, and is speeding to every part of the world; and wherever there is a man who loves justice, and wherever there is a suffering creature whom you [referring to the Protectionists] have trampled under foot, that address will give joy to the heart of the one, and hope to the heart of the other."

The debate was continued on February 19, 20, 23, to the 27th, and through the whole of March to the 27th. Meantime trade became more and more disturbed through this agitated condition of the country. On May 4 the debate was renewed, and continued till the morning of the 16th, when, at half-past four, as the sun rose and streamed into the House, the Bill for

Free Trade passed by a majority of ninety-eight. On June 25 the Bill passed the House of Lords, largely through the influence of the Duke of Wellington, who, though he believed in protection, wished "to support Sir Robert Peel's administration of the government for the Queen." "A good government for the country," said the old warrior, "is more important than Corn Laws or any other consideration."

As Peel expected, he was soon obliged to resign through a combination of the votes of the Opposition and the Protectionists. He made his closing and eloquent speech June 29.

The little band of seven men in the upper room in Manchester had accomplished their marvellous work.

On July 8, 1846, Rochdale celebrated the triumph of their famous townsman, then under thirty-five years of age. A procession of the trades was formed: the corn-millers carried a huge loaf weighing sixty pounds, with the names of Cobden and Bright on the sides. There were twelve thousand persons on foot behind the numerous carriages. The seven hundred who worked for the Messrs. Bright carried twenty-five silk flags. Houses along the route were decorated with banners and flowers.

Mr. Bright said in his speech to the people, in his hope for a better state of things: "Not that people can live without work, or have large incomes without toiling at some honest industry…. We shall have a steadier trade, a steadier increase of prosperity, a steadier profit for capital, steadier wages for work-people, and I trust that these things shall cause a continuance of that harmony and good feeling which now happily prevail amongst all classes in this great populous manufacturing district."

The League was disbanded July 2, and its members turned themselves to other work. Cobden, having become a poor man — his business had been prostrated through his neglect — was presented, in 1848, by his friends, with £76,759. He

lost considerable of this in investments in American railways, and in 1860 his friends gave him £40.000 more.

Mr. Bright was presented with a library of twelve hundred volumes, history, biography, and poetry, in an oak bookcase. The supports between the glass panels are elaborately carved with sheaves of corn, figs, grapes, apples, and pears, while surmounting the cornice is a vessel homeward bound, and on the quay representations of barrels of flour and bales of cotton.

John Bright's voice had not been silent about other matters during these years. He vigorously opposed the Game Laws, and at his own expense of £300 published evidence laid before a select committee which he moved in the House of Commons. He said to the farmers: "You take a farm on a yearly tenancy, or on a lease, with an understanding, or a specific agreement, that the game shall be reserved to the owner…. You plough and sow, and watch the growing crops with anxiety and hope; you rise early, and eat the bread of carefulness; rent day comes twice a year, with its inexorable demand; and yet you are doomed too frequently to see the fertility which Providence bestows and your industry would secure, blighted and destroyed by creatures which would be deemed vermin but for the sanction which the law and your customs give to their preservation, and which exist for no advantage to you and for no good to the public, but solely to afford a few days' amusement in the year to the proprietor of the soil.

"The seed you sow is eaten by the pheasants; your young growing grain is bitten down by the hares and rabbits; and your ripening crops are trampled and injured by a live stock which yields you no return."

Mr. Bright opposed the Ten-Hours Bill for the factory operatives. "He believed that parliamentary intervention in the relations between capital and labor would prove radically injurious to both, and that an enlightened public opinion and

the infallible action of economic law would give to the working-classes the power to right their own wrongs."

As John Bright had built a commodious schoolhouse near his mills, for the use of the children of his work-people, where on four nights a week instruction was given to young people; as his firm defrayed the expenses of a course of lectures each winter, and paid three-fourths of the expenses of a teacher to give instruction in music to the employees, provided them a library of nearly a thousand volumes, with papers and magazines, the cost of membership being a penny a week, and employed a person to give his whole time in looking after the needs and comforts of all the families — it was, perhaps, quite natural for him to suppose that no intervention was needed between capital and labor.

He had the courage to say, when he was a candidate for Manchester, and was hissed because he opposed the bill, "Well, I may be wrong; but if I am wrong, I am wrong in ignorance and not in intention. I boldly stated my opinion; … henceforth, we shall have an opportunity of seeing which is right — the advocates of the measure, or its opponents. If it be successful, I shall rejoice; if it be not, I shall be willing to help in its amendment." When his own workmen labored for the bill, and it was prophesied that they would lose their places in consequence — the prophets were mistaken. Honest John Bright believed in the liberty of every human being. He would not interfere with the opinions of others, for he had too often said in public, "Liberty is too precious and sound a thing ever to be intrusted to the keeping of another man. Be the guardians of your own rights and liberties; if you be not, you will have no protectors, but spoilers of all that you possess."

The Ten-Hours Bill was carried in 1847. The lessening of hours proved a blessing to the laborers, though, like the repeal of the Corn Laws, it was not obtained till after many, many years of struggle.

On June 10, 1847, Mr. Bright married the daughter of Mr. William Leatham, a banker. In accordance with the ceremony of the "Friends," in their meeting-house, Mr. Bright took the right hand of the bride, saying: "Friends, I take my friend Margaret Elizabeth Leatham to be my wife, promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." After her response, some moments of silence ensued, when one of the congregation offered prayer, the whole assembly standing. The certificate or declaration of marriage was then read, and signed by a large number of the congregation.

It had been six years since "the light and sunshine of his home had been extinguished" in the death of Elizabeth Priestman, and he had left to him only "the memory of a sainted life and a too brief happiness."

He brought his bride to his home in Rochdale, called "One Ash," from a solitary ash-tree which grew on the site. "Money-ash," or "Many-ash," was the house of John Grattan, in Derbyshire, a Quaker preacher, who died in 1712. He was arrested several times for preaching, lingered in jail five years, speaking of his faith to the populace from behind the gratings of his cell. His memory was treasured by the "Friends." John Bright's father had been fined again and again for not paying Church rates, so that the devotion of the family to the Quaker faith grew stronger and stronger. "One Ash," in the integrity, fearlessness, and eloquence of its owner, became a counterpart of "Many-ash" in Derbyshire.

The home was indeed a rest to the man who had given seven years of untiring effort to the repeal of the Corn Laws. His evenings were spent in reading or conversing with Mrs. Bright. In the course of years, seven children were born in the home, and in them Mr. Bright found his comfort and joy.

The library and the dining-room were set apart to the brain-worker, so that as he thought, or wrote, or read, as he tired of one he strolled into the other for a change. Relieved

of all domestic care by his efficient wife, he gave his time to the nation, and England has been the greater and better for the gift.

The famine in Ireland, which hastened the repeal of the Corn Laws, had destroyed food to the value of £16,000,000. Crimes had increased to an alarming extent, and a Coercion Bill was proposed in the House of Commons. Mr. Bright had studied Ireland, and knew her wrongs. He presented a petition signed by twenty thousand residents of Manchester, against the bill, but it passed. He said before the House: "It is the duty of Government to bring in a Sale of Estates Bill, and make it easy for land-owners who wish to dispose of their estates, to do so…. They should pass a law by which the system of entailing estates should for the future be prevented. [Laughter.] I can assure honorable gentlemen who laugh at this, that at some not-distant day, this must be done, and not only in Ireland only, but in England also. It is an absurd and monstrous system, for it binds, as it were, the living under the power of the dead….

"Perhaps I shall be told that the laws of entail and primogeniture are necessary for the maintenance of our aristocratic institutions; but if the evils of Ireland spring from this source, I say, perish your aristocratic institutions, rather than that a whole nation should be in this terrible condition. If your aristocratic families would rear up their children in habits of business, and with some notions of duty and prudence, these mischievous arrangements would not be required, and they would retain in their possession estates at least as large as is compatible with the interests of the rest of the community."

Again, he said: "Look at Ireland; you have there forty thousand men maintained out of the taxes, and another ten thousand, also maintained out of the taxes — in the shape of armed police. Fifty thousand men in Ireland, armed to keep the peace, under a system where peace is impossible, in a country, where, for years, the misgovernment was such that

in Europe it found no parallel. In that unfortunate country you witness a landed proprietary, all of whose inclinations and feelings were in direct hostility to the population where their estates were situate; and there the proprietors now are reduced to beggary and ruin — and paupers crawl up their staircases and halls…. It is to uphold such a system that this vast force has been kept in Ireland."

When the Crimean War became imminent in 1853, Mr. Bright used all his eloquence and power against it. Palmerston was for war, the press and people became eager to cripple Russia, and Bright spoke to deaf ears. A later generation has learned to love peace and seek it, under the teaching of so great a master.

"What is war?" he asked. "I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable….

"If you want war, let it be for something that has at least the features of grandeur and of nobility about it, but not for the miserable, decrepit, moribund government which is now enthroned, but which cannot last long, in the city of Constantinople…. They tell us, if Russia gets to Constantinople, Englishmen will not be able to get to India by the overland journey…. They tell us, further, that the Emperor of Russia would get India. That is a still more remote contingency. If I were asked as to the probabilities of it, I should say that, judging from our past and present policy in Asia, we are more likely to invade Russia from India than Russia is to invade us in India. The policy we pursue in Asia is much more aggressive, aggrandizing, and war-like than any that Russia has pursued or threatened during our time.

"But it is just possible that Russia may be more powerful by acquiring Turkey. . . . I should like to ask whether, even if that be true, it is a sufficient reason for our going to war, and

entering on what, perhaps, may be a long, ruinous, and sanguinary struggle with a powerful empire like Russia. . . .

"I confess, when I think of the tremendous perils into which unthinking men — men who do not intend to fight themselves — are willing to drag or to hurry this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation."

Bright looked forward to the day in Britain (and God speed it in America as well!) when the people and the churches "shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labor earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time — a blessed time — a time which shall last forever — when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

The words of President Grant may well be remembered: "Though I have been trained as a soldier, and participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a great recognized Committee of Nations will settle international differences, instead of keeping large standing armies as they do in Europe."

When Bright was asked to attend a meeting in Manchester for the War Fund, he replied: "I will have no part in this terrible crime. My hands shall be unstained with the blood which is being shed…. You have read the tidings from the Crimea…. Russians, in their frenzy or their terror, shooting Englishmen who would have offered them water to quench their agony of thirst; Englishmen, in crowds, rifling the pockets of the men they had slain or wounded, taking their few shillings or roubles, and discovering among the plunder of the stiffening corpses, images of the Virgin and the Child…. This is war — every crime which human nature can commit or imagine, every horror it can perpetrate or suffer; and this it is which our Christian government recklessly

plunges into, and which so many of our countrymen at this moment think it patriotic to applaud!"

This letter was widely circulated in Russia, and provoked great discussion and displeasure at home.

For upwards of two years. Bright opposed the war party in the House of Commons, almost alone. "Even if I were alone," he said, "if my voice were the solitary one raised amid the din of arms and the clamors of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have tonight — and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence — the priceless consolation that I have never uttered one word that could promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

His memorable speech, to a hushed audience, in the House, on February 23, 1855, is probably in every oratorical collection on both continents: "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

The war spirit grew stronger; Mr. Bright was hissed and hooted by mobs, "burnt," he says, "in effigy by those I was most anxious to serve," and finally both he and Cobden lost their seats in Parliament.

Cobden, in 1856, had buried his only son, a promising youth of fifteen, who died away from home at school; died, and was buried, from an attack of scarlet fever, before his parents knew of his illness. Cobden could never be the same after it; and nine years later, just before he died, in 1865, he said to Bright as they strolled out in the fields together at his home at Midhurst, pointing to a little church near by, "Yes; my poor boy lies there, and I shall very soon be with him."

Cobden declined the offer of a baronetcy from Lord Palmerston, preferring, like Michael Faraday, to be plain Richard Cobden to the last. He also refused the position of Chairman of the Board of Audit, worth £2,000 a year, from a fear that his health would not permit the complete performance of his duties. Mr. Bright's health had broken, through the strain of parliamentary work for nearly fifteen years, and when he suffered defeat at the hands of the Manchester people, he was already in Italy, trying to regain his strength.

While at Nice, the Empress of Russia, who was staying there, invited him to an interview. "I know you have been just to my country," said the Empress; and Mr. Bright responded, that he had wished to be, and believed he had been, just to both countries.

There was deep regret in many quarters, that "the greatest living orator, after wasting his health and perilling his life in the people's cause," should have been defeated.

Almost immediately on Mr. Bright's return from Italy — he had been absent from England nearly a year — he was elected to Parliament from Birmingham, August 10, 1857, When he made his first speech, after his return, on October 27, 1858, the great Town Hall could not accommodate the thousands who crowded to gain admittance. It was always interesting in later years to watch John Bright as he came into the great Birmingham depot, either going to or from his home at Rochdale. The white-haired man seemed unconscious that great crowds were surging around him, and saying with hushed reverence, "That's Bright! that's Bright!"

Mr. Bright was sometimes accused of trying to "Americanize British institutions," because he favored an extension of the suffrage, and, "as a guaranty to the independence of the voter, the protection of the ballot." He said — and it would be well for Americans to remember and cherish the words — "I believe that freedom can only be extended and retained by a fair and honest representation of the people."

He said, with impassioned eloquence, when pleading for the vote: "Who have been your rulers for generations back? Who have squandered your money? Who have shed your blood? For whom have the people of England toiled, and sweated, and bled for generations back, and with what result? Why, to be insulted now in the year 1859, and told with lordly arrogance, that it is not fitting that they should be admitted to the exercise of the franchise….

"Shall seventy-five millions of pounds sterling in taxes — seventy-five millions, the produce of human labor — shall this be annually raised and spent, and shall six millions of English men, who have had the main power in raising it, have no further concern in the matter? Shall every workingman give, as I believe he does give, at least two hours extra per day of toil and of sweat to support a government whose policy he can in no degree influence, and which shuts him out from the commonest rights of citizenship, and spurns him as though he were but a wild beast in human form? …

"It will come. It may be delayed, but it cannot be prevented. It will come by honest, enlightened, and safe steps, such as we recommend, or it will come, hastened by some great accident which none of us now foresee, and may bring about changes and feelings which may shake our political and social fabric to its base…. It is because I wish England to be great, and glorious, and free, and moral, that I urge the working-classes amongst my countrymen, the unfranchised millions, to insist upon their just rights."

Bright lived to see the reforms accomplished for which he had labored, but not till Hyde Park riots and great gatherings of men had shown the legislators that the people were in earnest.

The first great reform in the franchise, after 1832, was won in 1867, under Gladstone. The first of a series of "Reform Demonstrations" was held at Birmingham, August 27, 1866. Six platforms were erected in Brookes Field, and one hundred

and fifty thousand men were present to hear the addresses of Bright and others. At Manchester, September 24, eighty thousand men gathered to demand the extension of suffrage. When Bright appeared before them, the entire mass waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and sang "Auld Lang Syne." He spoke in Glasgow, October 16, one hundred and thirty thousand people being on the grounds. After an immense meeting in Dublin, Bright spoke in London December 3. Over one hundred thousand persons walked in the procession. In some cities the processions demanding reform were four miles long. Thus earnest is the English nation when once it is aroused.

Bright, the great "master of monosyllables," swayed them by his simple eloquence. "He was, and delighted to be," said Gladstone, after his death, "one of the chief guardians among us of the purity of the English tongue. He knew how the character of a nation is associated with its language, and he was enabled as an Englishman profoundly attached to his country — the tongue of the people being to him almost an object of worship — to preserve the purity of the language of Shakespeare and Milton." While he swayed by his fervid, Anglo-Saxon speech, he kept the people calm by a tremendous power in himself. "Many of you have stood," he said in that marvellously clear, resonant voice, "as I have often stood, on the sea-shore, in an hour of quiet and of calm. No tempest drives the waves: the wind is but a whisper: and yet the tide comes on as by some latent and mysterious power. The loiterers on the beach are driven from point to point as the waves advance, and at length the whole vast basin of the ocean seems filled to the brim.

"So on this question: there is no violence nor even menace of force; but opinion grows, its tide moves on; opposition, ignorant on the one hand, insolent on the other, falls back, and shortly we shall see barriers thrown down, privilege and monopoly swept away, a people enfranchised, and the measure of their freedom full. You have honored me

by committing this great cause in part to my keeping. I may defend it feebly. I may fall from the ranks before it is won; but of one thing you may be sure, I shall never betray it."

"Bright's style of speaking," says McCarthy, "was pure to austerity; it was stripped of all superfluous ornament. It never gushed or foamed. The first peculiarity that struck the listener was its superb self-restraint…. The fire of his eloquence was a white heat, intense, consuming, but never sparkling or sputtering." …

If America had had no Civil War, Mr. Bright would have been remembered by us as a great orator, who was in favor of peace, liberty, education, and national honor, but now he is revered by every American as the man who, above all others, was our outspoken, earnest, beloved friend, in the days of our supreme trial and sorrow.

When the Southern ports were blockaded, and the manufacturing towns in England were deprived of cotton, great suffering resulted among the tens of thousands thrown out of work in the cotton mills. The Messrs. Bright, themselves of course crippled in business, not only aided their workmen to live, but opened schools for adults, so that their time might be well used.

John Bright's first public speech in behalf of the Union was at Rochdale, August 1, 1861, soon after the war began. "No man is more in favor of peace than I am," he said; "no man has denounced war more than I have, probably, in this country; few men, in their public life, have suffered more obloquy — I had almost said, more indignity — in consequence of it. But I cannot 'for the life of me see, upon any of these principles upon which states are governed now — I say nothing of the literal word of the New Testament — I cannot see how the state of affairs in America, with regard to the United States Government, could have been different from what it is at this moment….

"If the thirty-three or thirty-four States of the American

Union can break off whenever they like, I can see nothing but disaster and confusion throughout the whole of that continent. I say that the war, be it successful or not, be it Christian or not, be it wise or not, is a war to sustain the government, and to sustain the authority of a great nation; and that the people of England, if they are true to their own sympathies, to their own history, … will have no sympathy with those who wish to build up a great empire on the perpetual bondage of millions of their fellow-men."

He said, six months later, on the seizure of Mason and Slidell on board the Trent, after speaking of the greatness of America, and counselling calmness in judgment and procedure, "If the American government believe, on the opinion of their law officers, that the act is illegal, I have no doubt they will make fitting reparation; for there is no government in the world that has so strenuously insisted upon modifications of international law, and been so anxious to be guided always by the most moderate and merciful interpretation of that law….

"I will undertake to say, that when you hear from the United States Government — if they think the act legal — a statement of their view of the case, they will show you that, fifty or sixty years ago, during the wars of that time, there were scores of cases that were at least as bad as this, and some infinitely worse…. I could easily place before you cases of wonderful outrage committed by us when, we were at war, and for many of which, I am afraid, little or no reparation was offered."

And then he begs of the people not to let the newspapers or public speeches lead them into a war frame of mind. Would that we had many a John Bright, with conciliatory spirit and Christian brotherliness, to keep peace and good-will among nations!

"What can be now more monstrous than that we, as we call ourselves to some extent, an educated, a moral, and a Christian nation — at a moment when an accident of this

kind occurs, before we have made a representation to the American government, before we have heard a word from them in reply — should be all up in arms, every sword leaping from its scabbard, and every man looking about for his pistols and his blunderbusses? …

"It has been said, 'How much better it would be' — not for the United States, but — 'for us, that these States should be divided.' I recollect meeting a gentleman on Bond Street one day before the session was over. He was a very rich man, and one whose voice is very much heard in the House of Commons, … and he said to me, 'After all, this is a sad business, but still I think it is very much better that they should be split up. In twenty years,' or in fifty years, I forget which it was, 'they will be so powerful that they will bully all Europe.' …

"There cannot be a meaner motive than this I am speaking of…. I should say that, if a man had a great heart within him, he would rather look forward to the day when, from that point of land which is habitable nearest to the Pole, to the shores of the great Gulf, the whole of that vast continent might become one great confederation of States — without a great army, and without a great navy — not mixing itself up with the entanglements of European politics — without a custom-house inside, through the whole length and breadth of its territory — and with freedom everywhere, equality everywhere, law everywhere, peace everywhere. Such a confederation would afford at least some hope that man is not forsaken of Heaven, and that the future of our race might be better than the past….

"Now, whether the Union will be restored or not, or the South achieve an unhonored independence or not, I know not, and I predict not. But this I think I know — that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of freemen in the North will be thirty millions, or even fifty millions — a population equal to or exceeding that of this kingdom.

"When that time comes, I pray that it may not be said amongst them, that, in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children.

"As for me, I have but this to say: I am one in this audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country; but if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondsmen of the South, and which tends to generous thoughts, and generous words, and generous deeds, between the two great nations who speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name."

Bright hated slavery, and did not forget to remind England, that she was in part responsible for the blot on the American nation. He reminded her people that Thomas Jefferson, two years before the Declaration of Independence, had said to the delegates from Congress from his own slave State of Virginia: "The abolition of domestic slavery is the great object of desire in those colonies where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state. But previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves we have, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa.

"Yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibition, and by imposing duties which might amount to prohibition, have hitherto been defeated by his Majesty's negative — thus preferring the immediate advantages of a few British corsairs to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature, deeply wounded by this infamous practice."

"I blame men," said Mr. Bright, "who are eager to admit into the family of nations a State which offers itself to us, based upon a principle, I will undertake to say, more odious and more blasphemous than was ever heretofore dreamed of in Christian or Pagan, in civilized or in savage times.

"The leader of this revolt proposes this monstrous thing — that over a territory forty times as large as England, the blight and curse of slavery shall be forever perpetuated. I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night in order to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to —

> 'Wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

"They are not only slave owners, slave buyers and sellers, but that which out of Pandemonium itself never before was conceived of — they are slave breeders for the slave-market; and these men [Mr. Yancey and Mr. Mason, who had been sent from the South as envoys] have come to your country, and are to be met with at elegant tables in London, and are in fast friendship with some of your public men, and are constantly found in some of your newspaper offices; and they are here to ask Englishmen — Englishmen with a history for freedom — to join hands with their atrocious conspiracy."

It ought never to be forgotten in America, that, when five hundred thousand working-people in the North of England were destitute from the privation of cotton — many of them so near starvation that soup-kitchens had to be opened for them, and food provided by charity — these working-people never lost their sympathy with the North.

The trades-unions sent an address to Abraham Lincoln, saying: "We desire to assure you, and the people of the Northern and loyal States of America, that our earnest and heartfelt sympathies are with you in the arduous struggle you are maintaining in the cause of human freedom. We indignantly protest against the assertion that the people of England wish for the success of the Southern States in their diabolical attempt to establish a separate government on the basis of

human slavery…. We would rather perish than band ourselves in unholy alliance with the South and slavery."

When the merchants of New York and others sent their gifts to the suffering workmen of Lancashire, in the ship George Griswold, and generous contributions to the relief fund, Mr. Bright made an eloquent speech at the public meeting held February 3, 1863, to return grateful thanks.

"I regret," he said, "more than I have words to express, this painful fact, that, of all the countries in Europe, this country is the only one which has men in it who are willing to take active steps in favor of this intended slave-government. We supply the ships; we supply the arms, the munitions of war; we give aid and comfort to this foulest of all crimes. Englishmen only do it…. But the working-men of England, and I will say it too for the great body of the middle classes of England, they have not been wrong upon this great question."

A few days later. Bright said in a public address: "At this moment, such of you as read the city articles of the daily papers will see that a loan has been contracted for in the city, to the amount of three millions sterling, on behalf of the Southern Confederacy…. Now the one great object of that loan is this, to pay in this country for vessels which are being built — Alabamas — from which it is hoped that so much irritation will arise in the minds of the people of the Northern States, that England may be dragged into war, to take sides with the South and with slavery….

"There may be men outside, there are men sitting amongst your legislators, who will build and equip corsair ships, to prey upon the commerce of a friendly power — who will disregard the laws and honor of their country, who will trample on the proclamation of their sovereign, and who, for the sake of the glittering profit which sometimes waits on crime, are content to cover themselves with everlasting infamy….

"I speak not to those men, … I speak to you working-

men…. Do not, then, give the hand of fellowship to the worst foes of freedom that the world has ever seen; and do not, I beseech you, bring down a curse upon your cause, which no after-penitence can ever lift from it…. I have faith in you….

"Impartial history will tell that, when your statesmen were hostile or coldly neutral, when many of your rich men were corrupt, when your press — which ought to have instructed and defended — was mainly written to betray, the fate of a continent and of its vast population being in peril, you clung to freedom with an unfaltering trust that God in His infinite mercy will yet make it the heritage of all His children….

"In that land there are no six millions of grown men — I speak of the Free States — excluded from the Constitution of their country and its electoral franchise; there you will find a free church, a free school, free lands, a free vote, and a free career for the child of the humblest-born in the land. My countrymen, who work for your living, remember this: there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind, if that American Republic should be overthrown."

When Mr. Roebuck, on June 30, 1863, introduced a motion into the House of Commons, in recognition of the Southern Confederacy, Bright's witty, sarcastic, and eloquent speech, which may be found in full in his "Speeches on the American Question," collected by Frank Moore, doubtless helped to make the member withdraw his motion. Mr. Bright said: "When I can get down to my home from this House, I find half a dozen little children playing upon my hearth. How many members are there who can say with me, that the most innocent, the most pure, the most holy joy which in their past years they have felt, or in their future years they hope for, has not arisen from contact and association with our precious children?

"Well, then, if that be so; if, when the hand of death takes one of these flowers from our dwelling, our heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and our household is covered with

gloom — what would it be if our children were brought up to this infernal system? one hundred and fifty thousand of them every year brought into the world in these Slave States, amongst these 'gentlemen,' amongst this 'chivalry,' amongst these men that we can make our friends? Do you forget the thousand-fold griefs and the countless agonies which belonged to the silent conflict of slavery before the war began? …

"The brother of my honorable friend, the member for South Durham, told me that in North Carolina, he himself saw a woman whose every child, ten in number, had been sold when they grew up to the age at which they would fetch a price to their master….

"I know what I hope for, and what I shall rejoice in, but I know nothing of future facts that will enable me to express a confident opinion. Whether it will give freedom to the race which white men have trampled in the dust, and whether the issue will purify a nation steeped in crimes committed against that race, is known only to the Supreme. In His hands are alike the breath of man and the life of States. I am willing to commit to Him the issue of this dreadful contest; but I implore of Him, and I beseech this House, that my country may lift not hand or voice in aid of the most stupendous act of guilt that history has recorded in the annals of mankind."

Later, he said, "When this mortal strife is over, when peace is restored, when slavery is destroyed, when the Union is cemented afresh, … then Europe and England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people."

When the dreadful war was over, Mr. Bright rejoiced, as did our whole nation, that the curse of slavery — four millions of human beings in bondage — had been washed away forever, even though by the blood of the noblest and the bravest

of both North and South.

Mr. Bright was soon to learn, from sad personal experience, the sorrow "when the hand of death takes one of these flowers from our dwelling." In the autumn of 1864 he and his family went to Llandudno for rest. One day as they were strolling through the pretty churchyard of St. Tudno, within hearing of the waves of the sea, their handsome boy of six, Leonard, said, admiring the beautiful scene, "Oh, mamma, I should wish when I am dead to be buried here." To their amazement and heart-breaking sorrow, the boy soon died, and was buried, according to his wish, in St. Tudno's Churchyard.

"The funeral was simple in the extreme; and as it slowly and mournfully ascended the mountain path, the only sound which broke the stillness was the fitful cadence of the restless billows, and the bleating of a solitary lamb which had wandered from the rest of the flock."

A white marble headstone bears the simple record: "In loving remembrance of Leonard Bright, who died at Llandudno, November 8, 1864. Aged nearly six years. 'And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.'"

Before leaving Rochdale, the child gave a little home-made whip to the gardener, to be kept till he returned. The whip was hung up in the greenhouse, and is now tenderly cherished, for the fair-haired boy never came back for it.

The next year, 1865, Bright sustained a great loss, and England as well, in the death of Cobden. When the famous orator attempted to speak on the death of his friend, in the House of Commons, his voice failed him twice from emotion. At last, he could speak but a few words concerning "the manliest and gentlest spirit," as he said, "that has ever quitted or tenanted a human form…. After twenty years of intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him, I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him."

Speaking afterwards of Cobden's funeral, Bright said:

"Standing by me, and leaning on the coffin, was his sorrowing daughter, one whose attachment to her father seems to have been a passion scarcely equalled among daughters. She said, 'My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount.' His own life was to a large extent — I speak it with reverence and with hesitation — a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons. His life was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice."

Cobden's life was not an easy one. What life is ever easy that is devoted to highest good? It was not strange, perhaps, that Mrs. Cobden should say to her husband in the last year of his life, as they rode up to London from their home in the country, "I sometimes think that after all the good work that you have done, and in spite of fame and great position, it would have been better for us both if, after you and I married, we had gone to settle in the backwoods of Canada."

He had, says Morley, "the commander's gift of encouraging and stimulating others. He had enthusiasm, patience, and good humor, which is the most valuable of all qualities in a campaign. There was as little bitterness in his nature as in any human being that ever lived."

On November 3, 1868, Mr. Bright was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, and ten days later made an honorary member of its Chamber of Commerce. In the following month, December, Gladstone, having become Prime Minister, offered Bright a position in the Cabinet, with the hearty concurrence of the Queen. Mr. Bright at first declined, but finally accepted the presidency of the Board of Trade; though he told Gladstone on the following day that "he had not slept a wink after it."

When he went to Windsor to take the oath of office, the Queen requested the clerk of the Privy Council to assure Mr. Bright that he was at liberty to omit the ceremony of kneeling, if more agreeable to his feelings. He, therefore, took the oath standing. "I remember," says Gladstone, "being struck with

the feeling that there was more loyalty, I will even say more reverence, expressed in Mr. Bright's face than would have served many a man to go through the kneeling and the kissing of hands."

In the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Bright took a leading part. "Out of a population of six million persons in Ireland," said Mr. Bright, "four and a half millions belong to the Roman Catholic Church. Half a million belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and about half a million to the Presbyterian Church…. Now, if we belonged to these four and a half millions, and knew that this little church of half a million was planted among us by those who had conquered our fathers, if we knew also that this little church was associated with everything that had been hostile to our national interests and prosperity, and if we knew further that it absorbed incomes amounting to not less than £700,000 or £800,000 sterling per year, these incomes being derived from national property amounting to probably £13,000,000 or £14,000,000 sterling — I say that, if we were of those four and a half millions, let me ask every man of you whether we should not feel that we had a just cause of complaint, and that there was a national grievance in our country that required to be speedily redressed? …

"We propose to put the Protestant Episcopalians of Ireland in exactly the same position…in which all the Protestant churches, the Episcopalians included, are in Canada, in the Australian colonies, and in the United States."

When the House of Lords delayed the passage of the Bill, Bright's outspoken words on the matter created a great sensation. "Instead of doing a little childish tinkering about life peerages," he said, "it would be well if the peers could bring themselves on a line with the opinions and necessities of our day. In harmony with the nation, they may go on for a long time; but throwing themselves athwart its course, they may

meet with accidents not pleasant for them to think of. But there are not a few good and wise men among the peers, and we hope their counsels may prevail."

Bright believed that "the time is coming when a State Church will be unknown in England." He desired a Church separated from the State; "a Church depending upon her own resources, upon the zeal of her people, upon the truthfulness of her principles, and upon the blessings of her Spiritual Head."

In 1870 Mr. Bright was obliged to resign his position in the Cabinet on account of ill-health. Her Majesty invited him to rest at her summer home in Balmoral, but he was obliged to decline the offer.

In August, 1873, after nearly three years, Mr. Bright, having recovered from his ill-health, accepted the position in the Cabinet of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His friends, meantime, in the Staffordshire potteries had presented him with a valuable cabinet filled with the finest ware of Wedgwood, Minton, and Copeland. Several of the vases and other works of art had been made especially for this testimonial.

In the spring of 1878 a great sorrow fell upon the Bright home. Mrs. Bright had been visiting the schools connected with the mills, had spoken to the scholars, and had asked them to sing for her one of her favorite hymns, "Let us gather up the sunbeams." On Sunday, May 12, she attended service in the Friends' Meeting House. The next morning, as her eldest daughter, Mrs. Clark, and her children, who had been visiting at "One Ash," were taking their departure, Mrs. Bright bade them an affectionate good-by, fell to the floor in a fit of apoplexy, and died in a few minutes.

A telegram was at once sent to Mr. Bright, who returned to his desolate home in the evening. He was greatly overcome; at the unostentatious funeral, he leaned heavily on the shoulders of his youngest son, Philip, for support. After they

had gone into the chapel for devotion, he noticed that an aged woman, humbly dressed, who had a seat opposite his, had no footstool. With the thought for others, which was a part of his daily life, he stepped across and placed at her feet his own stool, which had been provided for his special accommodation.

Letters of comfort came from Queen and workman alike, from great associations and humble family circles. Mr. Bright said, "I can say very little of what I have felt, and now feel, of the sympathy which has been expressed towards my family and myself. So far as sympathy can in any degree lessen the burden of affliction, we have had that solace to its widest extent."

He was not above sentiment. When some of Queen Victoria's subjects lamented that she sorrowed so long for her dead husband, and did not live more among her people, he said, "I venture to say that a woman, be she the queen of a great realm, or the wife of one of your laboring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

The next year, 1879, Mr. Bright spoke at a great Liberal meeting in the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, where over one hundred thousand persons were present. He opposed vigorously the Zulu and Afghan wars under Beaconsfield. He worked earnestly for Gladstone's Irish Land Bill. He did not favor Home Rule, believing that it would tend to a separation of Ireland from England. As he voted for the Coercion Bill in 1881, in consequence of the great increase of crimes in Ireland, he was blamed by many as they recalled his words, "Force is not a remedy." But he had added in that speech, "There are times when it may be necessary, and when its employment may be absolutely unavoidable," and he believed that time had come; though he said, "I should rather regard and discuss measures of relief as measures of remedy, than

measures of force, whose influence is only temporary, and in the long-run, I believe, is disastrous."

Mr. Bright was always an earnest friend to India. Again and again, before our Civil War, he urged that cotton be grown more extensively in India, as the slavery question must one day be settled, and cotton would fail then to come to their mills from America. He urged "that canals for navigation or irrigation be made, upon some grand scheme determined by eminent and competent engineers," that the produce of India be thus doubled, and the terrible famines prevented. In 1837 over 800,000 people died of famine in India; in 1860 as many more probably; in 1868-69, 1,250,000 perished of hunger; in some later years, nearly as many.

"If famine comes from want of water," said Bright in the House, "clearly, to get rid of famine, you must have water. You cannot have water except by works of irrigation. You have the rains from heaven; you have great rivers; and you have a great government, which has conquered the country, and which, having conquered it, at least ought to exercise all the powers of its intellect for the purpose of saving its people from this suffering and this ruin; and ought to save this Parliament find this country from the degradation and humiliation of allowing it to be known throughout the world that millions of the subjects of the Crown in India, in the course of ten years, perish by famine, which great engineers and men of character and experience say positively might have been prevented."

Mr. George W. Sinalley, in his "London Letters," gives the following incident: "There was a dinner during which India was discussed. A very eminent man of science expressed some strong opinions in favor of holding India by the sword, without much regard to the rights of the natives. Mr. Bright's opinions are well known. He turned on the eminent man of science, who was also a man of high spirit, and told him in a few sentences what he thought; made him and the company

see that his opinions, whatever their merits, were not according to knowledge. It was done with energy, unsparingly, but with unruffled sweetness of tone and manner.

"'I never,' said this eminent man of science, contemplatively, as he walked up-stairs, 'I never before realized how much pleasure a man may have in being told he is a fool.' Mr. Bright, of course, had used no such word, but he had, perhaps, conveyed the impression."

November 16, 1881, when Mr. Bright was seventy years old, his birthday was celebrated with torchlight processions and bonfires, and many addresses were presented to him. As he drove through the streets he was escorted by six bands of music and a torchlight procession of fourteen hundred of his townsmen.

He had always been deeply interested in the subject of education. It was therefore fitting that, November 15, 1880, he should be elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, to succeed Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Ruskin had been nominated in opposition, but received fewer votes by three hundred. Mr. Bright received also the freedom of the city of Glasgow.

To the University students he said in an eloquent address: "Do we march, or do we not, to a brighter time? For myself, as you know, it will not be possible for me to see it; but even whilst the sands of life are running it may be one's duty, if it be possible in the smallest degree, to promote it.... On you and such as you depends greatly our future. What I want to ask you is, whether you will look back upon the past, and examine it carefully — look round you in the present, and see what exists; and endeavor, if it be possible, to give a better and a higher tone to our national policy for the future....

"Shall we strive to build up the honor — the true honor and the true happiness of our people — on the firm basis of justice, morality, and peace? I plead not for the great and for the rich. I plead for the millions who live in the homes of only one room. Can ye answer me in the words — words which I

have quoted years ago on a somewhat like occasion, — words which fell from the crowned minstrel who left us the Psalms: 'The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever'?"

Bright spoke at the opening of the new library in Birmingham. "You may have in a house costly pictures and costly ornaments," he said, "and a great variety of decoration; yet, so far as my judgment goes, I would prefer to have one comfortable room, well stocked with books, to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply. The only subject of lamentation is — one feels that always, I think, in the presence of a library — that life is too short, and I am afraid I must say also that our industry is so far deficient that we seem to have no hope of a full enjoyment of the ample repast that is spread before us."

Speaking of American writers, he said, "I would like to ask you if you have ever read what I consider the greatest of the poems of the United States — that is, Longfellow's 'Song of Hiawatha'? … I do not hesitate to say, as far as my reading has led me to judge, that that is a poem that deserves to live, and will live….

"My own impression is that there is no blessing that can be given to an artisan's family more than a love of books. The home influence of such a possession is one which will guard them from many temptations and from many evils."

Mr. Bright said once before an institute: "Whenever I can possibly do so, I spend three or four hours of an evening reading some works of history or biography; and I never go to bed with more perfect feeling of enjoyment, or more strengthened, than when I have so spent an evening."

Again he said to young men: "There are in this library scores, and probably hundreds, of admirable works of biography which you may read with the greatest benefit; and I may say for myself that there is no description of reading from which I rise, as I can myself discover, more improved, than

when I rise from the study of the biography of some great and good man."

Mr. Bright was also especially fond of poetry, and studied carefully Dante, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and Shelley. He kept note-books in which he copied choice or appropriate selections.

It was a great pleasure to see and talk with Mr. Bright in his own extensive and attractive library. Beside his large bookcases, pictures of Lincoln, Washington, and Sumner adorned the walls. Here was also a bust of Gladstone.

A thing much prized was a gold-headed cane which once belonged to President Lincoln, given by the family to the Rev. Dr. Smith, our consul at Dundee, and by him presented to Mr. Bright. "It is to be kept," said Dr. Smith in his will, "b as an heirloom in the family of the said John Bright, as a token of the esteem which the late President felt for him because of his unwearied zeal and defence of the United States in suppressing the civil rebellion of the Southern States." This was given in accordance with the expressed wish of the President.

Almost the first question Mr. Bright asked me, after his cordial grasp of the hand, was, "How is my friend Whittier?" He had never seen our revered poet, but he loved the man who spent all his early life in protesting against slavery, and could repeat many of even his longer poems by heart.

The handsome, open face of John Bright lighted up as he talked of America, a land he desired to visit, though he had been told he should "be obliged to shake hands with thirty million persons" — a statement quite near the truth, probably, as no Englishman could have received a greater ovation from our people.

He talked earnestly about war, saying that none had been "just and necessary," save our own, for two hundred years; believed that free trade had worked wonders for England, and hoped we should in time adopt similar measures; was natural

and unostentatious in manner, as becomes a really great man; came out to the carriage door, while the harsh spring winds lifted his snowy hair as he talked, and said good-by with a cordial and manly grace that will make "One Ash" always remembered with affection.

In 1882 Mr. Bright resigned from the Cabinet, because not in accord with his colleagues on the Egyptian War. Said Pasha had ruled Egypt nearly thirty years previously, in an enlightened spirit. Under him the Suez Canal was begun, and railways and telegraphs were extended all over his country. A large public debt was incurred consequently. At his death, Ismail Pasha succeeded him, and obtained from the Sultan the title of Khedive, the annual tribute to Turkey being raised from nearly four hundred thousand pounds to nearly seven hundred thousand pounds.

Deeply in debt, the Khedive, in November, 1875, sold all his shares in the Suez Canal to England, for four million pounds. His own private loans were about eleven million pounds; while the floating debt was about twenty-six million pounds. Finally the Khedive, hopeless as to payment, repudiated his debts. At once both England and France demanded that they should have a hand in the control of Egypt's finances, and arrange, if possible, for the payment of interest.

As such an arrangement naturally was unpleasant to the Egyptians, a Nationalist party arose, headed by Arabi Bey, with the army behind it, which was opposed to European intervention. Ismail Pasha had already been deposed by the will of the European powers, and Tewfik, his son, was on the throne.

The English and French consuls urged that Arabi and his allies should be compelled to leave the country. This Arabi refused to do, and Alexandria was rapidly fortified. A quarrel soon broke out between natives and Europeans. The English demanded that work on the fortifications should cease, and

as this demand was not complied with, the English fleet commenced action, July 10, 1882. The Cabinet of Great Britain then despatched an army "to secure British interests and restore order." Mr. Bright resigned his seat July 15, as he considered this action "a violation of both international and moral law." "I asked my calm judgment," he said, "and my conscience, what was the path of right to take. They pointed it out to me with an unerring finger, and I am humbly endeavoring to follow it."

Mr. Gladstone said to the House, on account of this separation: "It is to us, as it is to him, an occasion of the profoundest pain. But he carries with him the unbroken esteem, and, upon every other question, the unbroken confidence, of his colleagues, and their best and warmest wishes for his happiness; and that it may follow him in the independent position to which he has found it necessary to retire."

The forts at Alexandria were soon destroyed; but before the British entered the city, much of it was burned, and more than two thousand Europeans were murdered. The Khedive was restored to power. The English troops, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, with eleven thousand bayonets, two thousand sabres, and sixty guns, marched against Arabi, at Tel-el-Kebir, September 13. The British charged with the bayonet and carried the first line of defences with a rush. The Egyptians fought desperately, but were overcome. Arabi was made a prisoner, and banished to Ceylon, giving his parole of honor to the British that he would not make any attempt to withdraw from his place of exile.

Mr. Bright said of this war, "Perhaps the bond-holders, and those who have made money by it, and those who have got promotion and titles and pensions, will defend it; but thoughtful and Christian men will condemn it."

In the early part of the next year, 1883, Mr. Bright received, through Secretary Evarts, an invitation from the Union League Club of New York to visit the United States,

and be the guest of the club. He appreciated the courtesy, and said, "I can never forget your kindness and the honor you have conferred upon me;" but he added, "I never liked the sea, and my once strong appetite for travel has subsided, and I cannot but feel that the friendly welcome promised me on your side of the Atlantic would force me into a publicity from which I shrink."

Four years previously he had received an urgent invitation from President Hayes to visit America.

For a week, beginning June 11, 1883, the people of Birmingham celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Bright's representation of their city in the House of Commons. They presented him with a gold medal, struck for the occasion, bearing the words: "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." Thousands came from neighboring cities to witness the procession, one mile and a half long, all places of business being closed, and houses and shops decorated, and to enjoy the concerts and other festivities, each evening. In Bingley Hall he spoke to twenty thousand people. Dr. R. W. Dale, on behalf of the Liberals of Birmingham, presented the great statesman with a portrait of himself, by Mr. Frank Holl, and a silver dessert service, costing six hundred guineas, one of Elkington's most beautiful works. One hundred and fifty addresses were also presented by delegations from Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Bradford, and other towns. Each night of the week he attended a great banquet.

Mr. Bright was deeply moved by this expression of admiration and gratitude for his services. One of his last speeches to his constituents gave a glowing outlook of the future, in accord with the optimism of his great heart. His closing sentences were: "If one may allow one's imagination a little play, I should say that we should have not a new heaven, but we should have a new earth. It would not be geographically greater than it is at present, but it would be greater in wealth, in comfort, and in human happiness. Forgive me if I dream, it

may be so; but I will believe in a better time; if Christianity be not a fable, as I believe and you believe it is not, then that better time must come.

> 'Earth's kindreds shall not always sleep,
> The nations shall not always weep.'

"For me the final chapter is now writing. It may be already written; but for you, this great constituency, you have a perpetual youth and a perpetual future. I pray Heaven that in the years to come, when my voice is hushed, you may be granted strength and moderation, and wisdom to influence the councils of your country by righteous means, for none other than righteous and noble ends."

"Bright's speeches were never frequent," says Mr. Smalley, "and rarity always adds to the value of a thing. Neither in the House of Commons nor on the platform was he, at any time since the repeal of the Corn Laws, to be heard very often. It was an event when he spoke in the House, and when he delivered an address at Birmingham, there were pilgrimages from far and near. He disliked parade, ostentation, fuss, as much as any man could, but he never shrank from the affectionate greetings of his constituents.

"The infrequency of his public appearances was due, however, to other causes than indolence or love of seclusion. He understood that great efforts must be made at long intervals, and that one great speech is worth a score which just fall short of being great."

In May, 1888, Mr. Bright was prostrated by a cold, and from that time till March, 1889, he was a sufferer most of the time. Royalty and artisan were alike anxious from day to day to know of his welfare. On Wednesday morning, March 27, his family were gathered around his death-bed. He seemed to know his children — asked for water, thanked them, became unconscious, and never awoke.

On Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, at the funeral,

tens of thousands crowded the streets of Rochdale. The oak coffin bore four wreaths of flowers: one of white and yellow, with the words, "A mark of respect from Victoria, R. I.," one from the Prince and Princess of Wales, a third from the working-people, and a fourth from Miss Cobden, "In loving memory of my father's best friend."

One hundred of Mr. Bright's employees walked on either side of the coffin, a knot of white ribbon in each coat. After them came the long procession of societies from all parts of the kingdom. At twelve o'clock, in perfect silence, the coffin was lowered into the grave. The earth was not filled in; and on the following day, Sunday, thousands came to look upon the casket which held one of England's greatest men.

In London special services were held in Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, and elsewhere. In the House of Lords, as well as the House of Commons, the mourning was sincere. Gladstone spoke eloquently of the dead.

"Of mere success," he said, "he was indeed a conspicuous example. In intellect, he might lay claim to a most distinguished place; but the character of the man lies deeper than his intellect, deeper than his eloquence, deeper than anything which can be described or placed upon the surface; and the supreme eulogy I apprehend to be his due is this: that he lifted political life to a higher elevation and a loftier standard, and that he has thereby bequeathed to his country the character of a statesman who can be made the subject not only of admiration, and not only of gratitude, but even of what I do not exaggerate in calling, as it has been well called already by one of his admirers, the object of a reverential contemplation."

Lord Salisbury said: "He was the greatest master of English oratory that this generation — I may say several generations back — have produced. I have met men who have heard Pitt and Fox, and in whose judgment their eloquence, at the best, was inferior to the finest efforts of John

Bright."

Mr. Justin McCarthy spoke for the Irish, and claimed for himself and his friends "the right to lay an Irish wreath on this great Englishman's grave."

The *Times* expressed the general feeling of press and people: "It is an immense thing for a leader of vast masses of men to be absolutely pure, loyal, and disinterested; and great has been the fortune of England, that in so critical a period of her history — the period of the enfranchisement of the working-classes — the acknowledged leader of those newly enfranchised men was one so pure, so loyal, so disinterested, as John Bright."

In the death of John Bright, America lost one of her most valued friends and defenders; in the life of John Bright, her young men will have forever a noble and rare example.

CHAPTER V
William Edward Forster

"We can ill afford to lose so honest, so unselfish, and courageous a statesman as he was in these days, and his public loss is very great."

Thus wrote Queen Victoria to the wife of this distinguished statesman, just after his death. And her words were not unlike those which came from every class in England, and from America as well.

William Edward Forster, born at Bradpole, Dorsetshire, July 11, 1818, was the only child of the eminent Quaker preachers, William Forster, and Anna Buxton Forster.

The father was a shy, gentle, humane man, who, devoted to spreading the gospel, endured many hardships and life-long self-sacrifices to carry on his work. He first inspired Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the noted member of Parliament, in the cause of abolition, and led Elizabeth Fry to take up the work at Newgate.

In October, 1816, the minister, somewhat sombre, and often depressed from the greatness of the work he saw before him, married Anna, the sister of Thomas Fowell Buxton, a young woman beautiful in face, of fine family and address, with great charm and vivacity of manner. Allied to the wealthy Gurneys and Buxtons, she accepted cheerfully the poverty of her husband, and settled in a modest thatched stone cottage at Bradpole.

Its plainness was relieved by a garden, half orchard and half flowers. "All our dear friends," William Forster wrote to Joseph John Gurney, "seem to fancy us very happy in our little cottage, and rich in the enjoyment of each other's company;

and truly they are not mistaken. Our comforts are almost without alloy."

Into this home, where the parents were "rich in the enjoyment of each other's company," but poor in purse, the only child William Edward came to bring cheer and comfort, two years after the marriage.

Soon after the child's birth, the father felt called to go to America on a mission to the scattered Friends. That he keenly felt the separation from his little family, is shown by his letters to his co-workers. "Many are my trials of faith and my discouragements," he wrote, "and deep and heavy the conflict of natural affection and feeling. I need not tell thee how hard it is to look towards so long and distant a separation from my beloved and most loving and helpful wife and our sweet little boy…. I wish to serve the Lord with cheerfulness and resignation: but, alas! the flesh is very weak: but may I never forget that, impossible as it seems to me, with God all things are possible."

In April, 1820, William Forster embarked at Bristol for America. Just before he separated from his wife, some twenty friends knelt in the cabin of the vessel, and she "returned thanks for the prospect which was given her of William's safe voyage."

She wrote him often, in her loneliness: "I have indeed had to drink a bitter cup. A very suffering path has this separation been to me, and must I not expect will often be…. Our darling boy is finely and truly lovely, so very affectionate in his manner…. He puts his hand out when I ask where dear papa is, and says 'Gone,' and when I asked if he loved thee, has answered me 'Yes.' …

"On Third Day morning, sweet Willy said, before it was quite light, 'What did thee cry for so last night? Will thee cry any more? Is thee crying now?'"

Mrs. Forster felt equally called to the work of the ministry. Once, when the child was with his nurse, an old gentleman

asked, "Where is your papa, my dear?"

"Papa is preaching in America," was the reply.

"And where is your mamma?"

"Mamma is preaching in Ireland," was the answer.

Mr. Forster travelled through the Northern and Southern States, and in Canada, in his labor of love. After five years of absence, he returned to his simple home, and his dear ones.

When the son was ten, he began to receive lessons from Mr. Taylor, the curate of Bradpole. The boy was delicate in health, and could not give much time to books. He passionately loved nature, and used to write in his diaries concerning the homes and habits of birds, and the various kinds of flowers which he found.

He read the newspapers carefully, as, indeed, he did through life. At thirteen he read the "History of Mary, Queen of Scots," Bourrienne's "Life of Napoleon," and the like; and wrote out his views upon them. At this age he had decided to become a lawyer. He told his aunt, Miss Sarah Buxton, and her friend Anna Gurney, whose house was like a home to him: "My father has given me a choice of two professions — medicine or law — but I shall take to the law, because in that line I may get into Parliament." Evidently the child in the plain home was aspiring to something which seemed very far beyond his reach.

This home of the aunt became invaluable to the boy. Anna Gurney knew many languages; Latin, Greek, Norse, and other Northern tongues. She was an omnivorous reader, and was a constant stimulus to the lad in intellectual things. In the lives of most men who have come into prominence, will be found an Anna Gurney — the name may have a thousand variations — who has been one of the forces which pushed them on to success.

At "thirteen the boy was sent to a Friends' School at Fishponds House, Bristol; where, says Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, "instruction in every known branch of literature and the

sciences" was given. The school hours were from 6.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.! During the first six months, the parents spent about seventy-five dollars for books alone, which their child was supposed to need.

He wrote home that he was in the first class in Greek, and soon to be in German and in Latin. "I had been rather low yesterday morning," he wrote, "being afraid I should not have a letter; but as soon as I had them, they set me all to rights, they were so *very* kind. I like to have them on First Day, because then I can read them over and over again, and almost learn them by heart without any interruption….

"I am sure I do not know what I should be able to do without your letters; I could keep every word of them, they are such a pleasure to me. I wish you would say how you are in every letter; for if you don't say, I shall be always afraid there is something the matter."

At fourteen William was removed to a school at Grove House, Tottenham. Here lie gave close attention to his studies, rising at four o'clock in the morning to complete the work. He excelled especially in mathematics, thinking it "the noblest of all human sciences."

He wrote to his father: "I have drawn up a set of regulations for the use of my playtime, by which, either in my playtime, or by getting up in the morning, or by reading in bed, I obtain in every week, not including the evenings, five and a half hours mathematics, and eleven and a half hours reading; and I have set myself in my leisure time in the evening — two evenings for themes, two for mathematics, one for Latin verses, and one for Greek Testament and sundries."

Knowing well the circumstances of his parents, he wrote them when he was sixteen: "How most truly kind it is of you to let me stop at school another half! How few parents there are who would do so! However, I think your kindness will, and, indeed, has had the effect of spurring me on, rather than

making me idle."

Young Forster had reached his eighteenth year. And now he must decide the question which has puzzled so many thousands of young men: "What should be his life work?"

His father had finally become opposed to the law, showing his son the many years which would probably pass before he could attain even a slender support, saying nothing of a competency, or a position in the House of Commons. He wrote to his father after one of these discouraging epistles: "If it is quite certain that I could not get a name at the bar till forty, there is most certainly an end of all thoughts about it — a most complete knock-down."

William Forster had chosen poverty, and he had learned what all learn who have to bear its hardships; that while it may bring blessings, it brings much sorrow. He shrank, with his whole nature, from this hard lot for his only child, and who can blame him?

Years of anxiety, and change, and poverty, were to be the lot of the young student. At first an attempt was made to obtain for William Edward a place in a solicitor's office, but no success resulted. Then there came a prospect of a clerkship in Gurney's bank, which prospect delighted the father; but this came to naught. Then it became evident that the youth must try business. He and his father wrote to various parts of the country, but there seemed no opening; at least, none where Mr. Forster felt that his boy would be comparatively safe from evil influences. Finally, through Mr. Joseph Gurney, a position was found with a Mr. Robberds, a weaver of hand-loom camlets at Norwich.

The youth, who had been writing at school on such matters as "The Advantages to Civilization from Education," and "The Causes of the Misery with which Ireland has been and is now afflicted," began to learn the trade of weaving, from the very beginning. He had a hand-loom of his own, and, whether to his liking or not, he worked diligently and

enthusiastically.

He wrote to his mother: "Robberds kindly took me to a factory, and showed me all about it; because thou seest, my dear mother, I am to overlook the education of the dear child Camlet, from the back of a Norfolk sheep till it gets to the back of myself, barring the tailoring; for I mean to have a camlet coat with all due velocity. I am to warp some thrums myself, and intend to weave thee a party-colored cloak of scarlet, yellow, and blue.

"I came back at five most ferociously hungry, seeing that I had eaten nothing whatever. Robberds told me that he never thought of luncheon. However, I gave him to understand that I intended to think of it for half or at least a quarter of an hour every day. I do hope that I feel grateful to Joseph Gurney and my other most kind friends; and I am sure I need, for what a great comfort it is to be on the way to stand on one's own legs."

Devotedly attached to his father and mother, William visited them often at Bradpole, now and then asking a friend to accompany him. He wrote his friend Barclay Fox: —

"My parents are as poor as rats, which is a very great plague — but I hope to make some money before long — and consequently we live in quite a small way, for example, keeping neither carriage, nor gig, nor horses, only a small pony, on which my mother generally rides to meetings; and our house is quite a cottage. Nothing is further from my wish than in any the slightest degree, to discourage thy coming. There is nothing I should enjoy so much, and both my father and mother will like it extremely. Nor do I think so lowly of my friend as to suppose that he would take such things into account in his friendship; but still I thought it would be best that thou shouldst have a clear idea of things, as I should be sorry to be so selfish as to take thee away from other visits which I fear would have more in them to give thee pleasure."

The years with Mr. Robberds were of course uneventful

years, at which the ambitious youth probably chafed. He wrote to his friend Barclay, on his nineteenth birthday:—

"Well, if the next three years have not more stir in them than all the other nineteen, it sha'n't be my fault. By the by, I become a salaried clerk to-day, with sixty pounds salary the first year, and one hundred pounds the next.

"At present I am writing for a prize of fifty pounds offered by the Aborigines Society. My great literary ambition is a liberal, literary, entertaining, philanthropic magazine: one which should be cheap enough to get a large circulation, if it deserved it; one which should have a decided religious tendency, without being so regularly religious as to drive people away from it; which would show that there can be innocent amusement, and which should not attempt to check, but rather to turn to good purposes, the radical, renovating spirit of the age…. Thou must come soon…. Oh, dear! how I should like some fun…. Pickwick is my great comfort."

The youth on sixty pounds a year did not attempt to launch a new magazine, or he might have learned a sad lesson in finance, as many another ambitious person has learned.

Meantime the mother and father had given up their home at Bradpole, and moved to Norwich, that their son might be with them. As his health was not good, and ho had begun to fear also that he might live in Norwich many years without great success, he temporarily gave up his position, and went to the North of England to visit friends.

His parents, and himself as well, were still worried over the future. One hundred pounds a year would not make him and them comfortable. The old question of poverty was ever present. Perhaps it made them all the dearer to each other, for each seemed to have no wish or thought but for the other.

While away on this visit to friends, a place was found for William in some woollen mills at Darlington. It was not easy work. He wrote to his father: —

"I am thoroughly settled into wool-sorting, with my slip,

paper cap, and shears. My hours as yet at the mill have been from six to six, with an hour for breakfast, and an hour and a half for dinner…. I stand the whole time, which is tiring as yet, but I hope soon to get used to it. The employment is very dirty; but of course I do not mind that, nor the length of the hours. The only thing I do mind, and that I cannot conceal from thee, though of course I should not tell my friends here, is its tedious drudgery; the little employment for one's thoughts, which makes me very glad to get over each hour of work. However, if it be drudgery that will tell, I hope I am man enough to bear it, and in time not to mind it."

Hard at work from six to six, he must still use his mind in the evenings; for, if now there seemed no hope that he would ever enter the House of Commons, he sometimes had, as he wrote Barclay Fox, "A violent desire to do good in my generation."

He wrote to his parents to send him "Abbot's Trigonometry, Hamilton's Conic Sections, Lacroix's Differential Calculus, and especially Taylor's Elements of Algebra."

Even all this work was not enough. He must help in the great questions of the day. He could not but be interested in slavery, since his father and his uncle, Fowell Buxton, had devoted much of their lives to the subject. Mr. Buxton was now endeavoring to awake England to the development of Africa, and thus help to stop the infamous slave trade. He wished to prepare a statement to be submitted to Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister, and his Cabinet.

Into this, the work of months, young Forster entered heartily. He compiled statistics, and argued from them of the new day for Africa, when commerce should be developed, and the slave traffic abolished.

The uncle was delighted, and said, "Well done, Willy! He has entirely beat us both."

When it was decided to send out a company to Africa for the purpose of acquiring land and carrying on trade, young

Forster was most anxious to go, but to this his parents could not consent. The Niger expedition proved a failure; and had Forster gone he would have died probably like the rest, with his life work undone.

Evidently good Mr. Forster was troubled lest his son be drawn away from business — one missionary in the family was all its pecuniary condition would bear — for the son wrote: "I do most fully agree with thee, that I ought to make use of every advantage I can, and especially to endeavor to gain a character for business habits."

In 1839 young Forster left Darlington, and entered an office in London, that he might learn something of counting-house work and business correspondence. These were all anxious months. He wrote Barclay just previous to this: "I can't see an inch before me. I want to be at something in the way of getting a living, but don't know precisely what to be at….

"There is no getting rid of the too true fact that this life is a struggle; at least, I find it so, and a pretty hard one, too."

In London he provided his own breakfasts and teas, buying his dinners at chop-houses. Truly his life at twenty-one was neither very eventful nor cheering. He, however, managed, as we all might, to get happiness out of little things. He wrote to his mother; "I have a most delightful black kitten sitting in my easy-chair just now; a most refined, graceful, intellectual, amusing puss. In fact, she is altogether the charm of the habitation, and when I march off, which I shall do ere long, I shall elope with her in my pocket."

All along his father had hoped for an opening in one of the London banks, but this was at last given up. His uncle now offered him a position in his brewery, but he declined the offer, as he could not conscientiously adopt a business so fraught with harm to his fellow-men.

In the summer of 1841, an opening came unexpectedly. Mr. Forster, in his mission journeys, had met Mr. James Fison,

the head of a wool-stapling business, of Thetford, Norfolk. Both were Christian men, and therefore in sympathy, and both perplexed about the future of their sons. The result was that William Edward and Mr. T. S. Fison, the son of James Fison, became partners in wool-stapling, at Bradford. A year later, in 1842, when William was twenty-four, he became a partner of Mr. William Fison in the manufacture of woollen goods.

Both young men began on borrowed capital, both were energetic and devoted to business, and both in time became wealthy. The long hard years of poverty were exchanged for comfort and culture. And the devoted parents shared in all this change of fortune. The partnership continued until Mr. Forster's death, and the business is now carried on by their sons, Mr. F. W. Fison and Mr. E. P. Arnold-Forster.

Now that Forster had found a way to earn his living, and provide also for those who were dear to him, he at once began to join in public work, both political and social. He read Carlyle, and later became one of his intimate friends. He read the Life of Dr. Arnold, and said: "I think I never met with a book at once so pleasant and so profitable. His noble, brave, loving heart, so earnest, yet so humble, so zealous for truth, so charitable to error, his life of constant work, 'unhasting yet unresting' (his very pleasure and recreation, labor); his intellect at once so deep and so comprehensive, the contemplation of this rare union of the eye to see, the hand to act, with the heart to feel, and above all the will to direct, is at once both humbling and inspiring…. I have been slow in getting through Dr. A., for I wished to feel every word as I went on."

To Arnold might be applied the words of John Morley on Richard Cobden: "When he read a book, he read it as all reading should be done, with a view to life and practice, and not in the way of refined self-indulgence." Forster met the gifted John Sterling, and through him that lovable character,

the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice. Thomas Cooper, the poet of the Chartists, although nearly twice the age of Forster, also became one of his friends. He used often to say to Cooper, "If I had to take a part in the administration of affairs in this country, I would strive to accomplish two great purposes — to give relief, and lasting relief, to poor Ireland; and to get the children of the working-classes out of the gutter by educating them."

At his cheerful rooms, in the hamlet of Bolton, near Bradford, made attractive with many books, he often entertained the children of the Bolton infant school, or those in his employ. He soon came to be known as the friend of the working-men. He was called Long Forster, from his tall frame, and his walks for pleasure, which often covered thirty miles.

At his first political speech at Bradford, when he took the part of the Chartists, and declared himself in favor of universal suffrage, some of the working-men even feared that he was going too far. "He's a rare talker," said one man to another. "I always tho't he were unsensible."

In 1845 the father went to America on his second religious mission. The son corresponded constantly with his lonely mother, who seemed his other self, and they frequently exchanged visits.

In September, 1846, at his annual holiday, he determined to visit Ireland, then suffering from a dreadful famine. He found the want and starvation beyond his worst expectations. He wrote to his father, who had by this time returned from America: "I will give an instance in my mountain-guide yesterday, whom I picked by chance out of a field — a noble-looking fellow, with a fine forehead, aquiline nose, and stately gait, but with almost no clothes, bare-legged — his thighs staring through his tattered corduroys — no shirt. His hire was sixpence per day, with diet, paying at that rate in labor, five pounds per annum for his acre of potatoes, which have entirely failed. A wife and four small children; the children

earning nothing. He said, 'We were starving before; we must die now.'"

Forster records in his diary: "The town of Westport a collection of beggars: the inn beset by a crowd of gaunt creatures, beseeching Lynch, the head of the works, for tickets…. A warm-hearted man, a Dr. Derkee, of Louisburg, called. The people dying, he says, by ten and twenty a day, carried off by diarrhea, and dysentery, for want of food…. Woman yesterday pulled into a barn in agony of death. Another corpse carried up the streets to bury in a wheelbarrow, till D'Arcy gave money out of his own pocket for a coffin…. A poor fellow who carried our bag three miles or more, Lady L. gave *three* quarts of meal to. He seized some of it raw, and said he had had nothing since breakfast yesterday morning."

Forster gave liberally coal, meal, and money, even more than he could afford. On his return, he wrote an account of his experiences for the Society of Friends, who already had sent his father to Ireland to dispense their charities.

In this report he said: "The misery of Ireland must increase daily, so far as regards her own resources, for daily they become less. To England must she this year look to save the lives of her children; nor will the need for English aid cease this year. It will be long before, even with her utmost efforts, she can recover from this blow, or will be able to support her own population. She must be a grievous burden on our resources in return for long centuries of neglect and oppression.

"No one of us can have a right to enjoy either riches or repose until, to the extent of his ability, he tries to wash himself of all share in the guilt of this fearful inequality, which will be a blot in the history of our country and make her a byword among the nations."

Forster also met the committee of the British Association, composed of such men as Rothschild and other millionnaires,

and laid before them the needs of Ireland.

In the summer of 1847, having moved his home from Bolton to Rawdon, he received a three-weeks' visit from Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Lord Houghton, then Richard Monckton Milnes, was also a friend, and came over to join the party. While Carlyle was ever, to Forster, "the greatest modifying force of this century," for Mrs. Carlyle he had even greater admiration. He said, "She was one of those few women to whom a man could talk all day, or listen all day, with equal pleasure."

Forster wrote to Barclay Fox that Milnes "defended all manner of people and principles in order to provoke Carlyle to abuse them, in which laudable enterprise he must have succeeded to his heart's content, and for a time we had a most amusing evening, reminding me of a naughty boy, rubbing a fierce cat's tail backwards, and getting on between furious growls and fiery sparks, but managing to avoid the threatened scratches."

Forster was then reading Louis Blanc's *"Organisation de Travail"* Carlyle's "Chartism, the Peril of the Nation," and Thornton's "Over Population." He was also speaking to "six or eight thousand people from the top of a wagon," mostly Chartists, of whom he wrote to his mother; "Unless some political concessions be made to these masses, and unless all classes strive earnestly to keep them better fed, first or last, there will be a convulsion; but I believe the best political method of preventing it is by the middle class sympathizing with the operatives, and giving themselves power to oppose their unjust claims by helping them in those which are reasonable."

In the spring of 1848, becoming even more deeply interested in the future of England, Forster went to Paris to study the Revolution. Louis Philippe had abdicated, and Louis Napoleon was not to become President until the winter. He saw Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and Blanqui, and was "sorry

enough to leave Paris," after his few weeks' visit.

In the spring of 1849 Forster revisited Ireland, and found, as ever, most unfortunate conditions. "Thanks to the Poor Law, no famine; but the cabins unroofed, the tenants in the work-house, or underground, or emigrated; the landlords, many of them, run away or hiding in houses for fear of bailiffs."

After this Forster went again to Paris, with his friend Mr, Thomas Cooper. On his return to Bradford, which was suffering from cholera, he visited the houses of the poor — he never lacked courage in the most trying places of a trying life — and provided doctors and nurses for the sick, and coffins for the dead.

He had delivered already three lectures before the Mechanics' Institute of Bradford, on "Pauperism and its Proposed Remedies." He favored lightening of taxes upon the laborer, assisted emigration, the discontinuance of game preserves and entail laws, state aid to education, and a much larger degree of state aid and supervision than had heretofore been recognized. He spoke without notes, and was so original and so in advance of the thought of the time, that he was invited to speak elsewhere, and soon became known on many platforms.

Richard Cobden wrote Forster, years afterwards: "I am not an habitual reader of speeches…. You and Bright are exceptions to my rule. Your utterances have a distinct meaning. Gladstone's speeches have the effect on my mind of a beautiful strain of music. I can rarely remember any clear, unqualified expression of opinion, outside his political, economical, and financial statements. I remember, on the occasion when he left Sir Robert Peel's government on account of the Maynooth grants, and when the House met in unusual numbers to hear his explanation, I sat for an hour, listening with real pleasure to his beautiful, rhetorical involutions and evolutions, and at the close saying, 'What a

marvellous talent it is! Here have I been listening with pleasure for an hour to his explanation, and I know no more why he left the government than before he commenced!'"

Perhaps with reason, some of the men who had loaned money to Forster, feared that so much interest in succor and suffrage for the people, would not make his business a success; but he steadily prospered, being able to carry forward several different lines of work at the same time.

Forster had already made the acquaintance of Emerson, in whose writings he was deeply interested, and had received a visit from him. "Emerson decidedly improves upon acquaintance," he said; "is really social, and both willing and able to talk on all subjects, and, what is far more fascinating, to listen."

Emerson exemplified Disraeli's definition of conversation in "Coningsby:" "It consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible."

Evidently the wool-manufacturer, the friend of such men as Carlyle and Emerson, the lecturer on practical reforms, was coming into the prominence of which he had dreamed when, a boy of twelve, he wished to study law and enter the House of Commons.

Mr. Forster was now thirty-two, a man of means, and about to take the most important step in life, either for good or evil. In the summer of 1850 he married Jane Arnold, the daughter of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. To Forster this marriage to a woman of loveliness and culture, and into such a rare family, brought unmixed good.

Having married the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, he was necessarily separated from the Friends, who at that time expelled members for mixed marriages. Years afterwards Forster said to a deputation of Quakers, "Your people turned me out of the Society for doing

the best thing I ever did in my life."

Eighteen months after Forster's marriage, he removed from Rawdon to Burley, Wharfedale, where he built a comfortable home, called Wharfeside, on the bank of the Wharf e River. He had established a worsted manufactory at Burley, and wished to be near his mill.

The library, commanding a lovely view of the river and the hills of heather, was the most attractive room in the house to both Mr. and Mrs. Forster. Books were on every side. Here he wrote at one table, and his wife at the other. Here noted people came, drawn thither by the cultivation of the inmates.

Seven years later, four orphan children came into the Forster home — they had none of their own — children of William Delafield Arnold, fourth son of Dr. Arnold, who, after being educated at Rugby and Oxford, and joining the Indian army, became Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab.

Mrs. William Arnold died in India in the spring of 1858, and her husband immediately started for England, with his four motherless little children. He died on the passage at Gibraltar, at the early age of thirty-one.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in "A Southern Night," thus beautifully refers to the death of these two: —

"The murmur of this midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave,
There where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

Ah me! Gibraltar's strand is far,
But farther yet across the brine
Thy dear wife's ashes buried are,
Remote from thine.

For there where morning's sacred fount
Its golden rain on earth confers,

The snowy Himalayan Mount
O'ershadows hers.

• • • • • •

I think of her whose gentle tongue
All plaint in her own cause controlled;
Of thee I think, my brother, young
In heart, high-souled;

That comely face, that clustered brow,
That cordial hand, that bearing free;
I see them still, I see them now,
Shall always see.

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine!
Gently by his, ye waters, glide I
To that in you which is divine
They were allied."

Mr. Forster was deeply moved by this death, as he and William Arnold had been close friends. "There was a great charm and great nobility in my brother Willy's character," says Mrs. Forster, "combined with remarkable energy and ardor, and something of youthful vehemence. He was a younger man than my husband by several years; but their characters had much in common, and they were interested in each other from the first."

"The precious children," wrote Forster to his wife, after hearing of her brother's death. "I do feel as much like a father as man can. May I be helped, so that if he can look down upon them, he may not feel that his trust in me has been misplaced."

Of course the coming of four children to Wharfeside made a difference in the home. Years later his adopted daughter, then Mrs. Robert Vere O'Brien, wrote: "A bay window was thrown out here, a room was built on there, an additional gable introduced in another place, each new addition fitted

into the original fabric by the ingenious and sympathetic architect who had built the house…. The bare field was speedily transformed into lawns, flower-beds, and shrubberies, each tree in which, we used to maintain, was known individually and personally to my father and mother, so deeply attached were they to these trees of their own planting….

"From first to last the real core and nucleus of Wharfeside was the library. This room was the connecting link between my father's old surroundings and his new; for its exact proportions and size, the low-raftered ceiling, the dark mahogany bookcases that lined the walls, were copied or had been transported bodily from his library at Rawdon, and the heavy red velvet curtains drawn every night across the wide window that filled up nearly the whole of one wall, were a purchase of his bachelor days of which he was not unreasonably proud.

"This library was the room of the house. From the first it was in the library that my mother's sofa, her writing-table, her flowers and books, were established; and this room was the scene of that active joint life, that perfect companionship in all their plans, occupations, and interests, which began with those early years of quiet work at Wharfeside.

"In later times the library was still the family-room, as might have been seen by the various tokens of feminine, not to say juvenile, occupations intruding amongst the pile of newspapers, the letters, blue-books, and despatch-boxes, which might well have claimed a monopoly of right to the limited space available in the small library, now the workroom of a busy public man….

"Nor would even the dogs and the Persian cat ever consent to forego their right of free entry to this favorite room at all times and seasons — a right which was always freely admitted by their master. Often have I seen him, when in the thick of preparing for some important speech, go suddenly to open the door in obedience to the summons of an impatient

collie dog whining for admittance. Yarrow would then shuffle himself across the room to his accustomed corner, curl himself round, and only emerge when the time came for his master to break off a long morning's work to take a short stroll before post-time, and on these occasions Yarrow's company was always indispensable."

As soon as the new mills at Burley were opened, a large room was set apart as a reading, concert, and classroom for the operatives. It was opened two evenings in the week for men's classes, two evenings for girls' classes, and two evenings for music. A library was provided, also cooking apparatus. A savings-bank was established for the work-people, and on any sums received, from sixpence up to twenty-five pounds, ten per cent interest was given up to five pounds, and five per cent afterwards.

No wonder that Forster was called "the working-men's friend." He knew that the interest of an employer ought not to end when wages are paid. He felt a moral responsibility that his operatives should have the benefits of a library, and a place of recreation other than a saloon. Would that all employers in America felt thus!

He presided at co-operative meetings, and encouraged co-operative production. When asked, in connection with trade unions, "Do you think that a strike has ever either raised wages, or prevented their being lowered?" he replied, "No; *but the fear of a strike has!*"

Mr. Forster's life had become more full of work than ever. He was made chairman of the Board of Guardians at Bradford. He wrote letters for the newspapers on economic questions, and also for the *Westminster* and *Edinburgh Reviews,* on such topics as "Strikes and Lockouts," "The Foreign Policy of the United States," "Autocracy of the Tsars," "Slavery," "The *Laissez-faire* Doctrine," which he heartily opposed, and other subjects.

In October, 1853, Forster's father had gone on another

mission to the United States. He travelled in Wisconsin, Louisiana, Georgia, and Tennessee, urging, wherever it was possible, through the governors and other leading men, if they could not at once abolish slavery, to use their efforts to make the system as free from evil as possible. His kindness and earnestness won the respect of those, even, who could not see with his eyes, or feel with his Christian heart.

Early in 1854 he was seized with a serious illness at a small wayside house not far from Knoxville, Tenn., and there he died January 27, and was buried among the Friends at Friendsville. Of the ten brothers and sisters in the Forster family, William was the only one who had a child. William Edward used to say somewhat sadly, "I am the last of my name."

The shock to Mrs. Forster in the death of her husband, so far away, was great. She survived him only a year, and then died, as she could have wished, peacefully in the arms of her idolized son. She did not live to see him enter Parliament, but she lived to see him honored and successful.

About this time Forster lost also the friend of his youth, Barclay Fox. "The dearest, the truest, the most loving of friends," he said; "such a friend as no man could expect twice in his life."

In the general election of 1857 Forster was mentioned by several constituencies for Parliament. At Newcastle, his views on education probably did not please the Dissenters. He was proposed for Bradford, but, finding that he would imperil the chances of a friend, he retired from the contest. A second time he was proposed, and failed of success. He stood for Leeds, and was defeated.

Of course a man of Forster's ambition was disappointed. He wrote to his wife on his birthday in 1856 — he was then thirty-eight years old: — "This birthday makes me think much; there have been so many of them before, and I have done so little. The world is so little, if at all, better for my

tarriance in it. Would that the future may be different from the past. It ought to be, seeing what a helper I have in thee…. At present I seem to myself very much to fritter away both time and brain, even when I do not waste them…. Well, I wonder what the near future has in store for us. It is hard to think, but it is time I was doing more."

Finally, in February, 1861, Mr. Forster was elected to the House of Commons for Bradford. Could his mother but have lived six years longer, to see this day! He had longed for this all his life, and the honor had come at forty-three, on the retirement of. Sir Titus Salt on account of ill health.

The Civil War in America had begun. The fact that Forster's father had died and was buried on our soil, deepened an interest which he had always felt in our country. He had written to an American friend, Mr. Ellis Yarnall, in 1856: "This Sumner outrage and the Kansas atrocities have actually made an anti-slavery President a possibility, which neither you nor I could a year ago have imagined….

"The Kansas slave quarrel is the first growl of thunder, but the storm has not come yet. Compromise — with the expectation of which all respectable, elegant, diplomatic persons are pooh-poohing the whole thing, 'Oh, of course it will be compromised!' — is, in my eye, utterly unlikely, so far as facts look just now. What is more, perhaps, God does not intend it to be compromised."

Mr. Forster's first speech in the House, brief, and to the point, bore upon the possible recognition of the Southern Confederacy by English officials in America. Three months later, he wrote to Mr. Yarnall: "A Mr. Gregory, M.P. for Galway, who lately travelled in the South, and who has returned well humbugged by the Southerners, insists upon proposing in the House, the absurd but mischievous notion that we should promptly recognize Jefferson Davis's Confederacy. I have met his notice of motion with corresponding counter-notice, and expected the debate to come off a week

or two ago; but at the pressing solicitation of the Government he put it off."

When Forster opposed the motion of Gregory, he was called to order from the Chair on account of his eagerness and earnestness of manner.

He naturally became the warm friend of our minister, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Forster lectured before the Bradford Mechanics' Institute on the Civil War in America, and, of course, took the side of the North.

"He thought," says the report of the lecture, "that, in place of treating the struggle with a cold cynical indifference, the sympathies of Europe ought to go wholly with the North. We ought to make allowance for them in a time of so much calamity. We ought to wish them success, as we wished success to freedom."

There were comparatively few prominent Englishmen to plead our cause, except the never-to-be-forgotten John Bright, and William Edward Forster.

While Forster and the American minister and his wife were the guests of Lord Houghton, a telegram came, announcing the seizure of the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, on board an English vessel. At once England, with her strong Southern sympathy, was greatly agitated.

Mr. Forster took his first opportunity to address the Bradford electors on the subject, and then hastened to London. He wrote his wife: —

"I have been busy talking all day, and trust I have thrown some oil on the troubled waters, but struggling for peace is like the struggles of a drowning man…. On the whole, though both sides expect war, I am hopeful. I trust I have done something to combat the foregone conclusion that Seward wishes war."

He urged in his public speeches, that if Mr. Lincoln's Government refused to liberate Mason and Slidell, the English should propose arbitration before engaging in war.

The *Times* criticised him severely for what it regarded as an absurd proposition.

Mr. Forster continued to argue for the North in the House of Commons. At one time there was an attempt to recognize the Confederacy; then a refusal to recognize the blockade proclaimed by the North, on the Southern seaboard; then a suggestion of mediation, which, of course, the North would resent.

Forster early foretold the danger of allowing Con- federate cruisers to be built, and the results which would surely follow. Cobden, a friend to the North, wrote Forster concerning the Alabama and other vessels: "The course Palmerston has taken will involve England in a war or a great humiliation. Every word of his insulting taunts and puerile recriminations in the above matter will be burnt as with hot iron into the memories of the Americans, who have a special dislike for the man."

The history of these cruisers may be given in the language of one of Great Britain's able authors, Justin McCarthy. The first privateer which became really formidable to the shipping of the North was a vessel called in her earlier history the Orbeto, but afterwards better known as the Florida. Within three months, she had captured fifteen vessels. Thirteen of these she burnt, and the other two were converted into cruisers by the Confederate Government.

"Only seven Confederate privateers were really formidable to the United States, and of these five were built in British dockyards. We are not including in the list any of the actual war- vessels — the rams and iron-clads — that British energy was preparing for the Confederate Government. We are now speaking merely of the privateers.

"Of these privateers, the most famous by far was the Alabama…. The Alabama was built expressly for the Confederate service, in one of the dockyards of the Mersey. She was built by the House of Laird, a firm of the greatest reputation

in the ship-building trade, and whose former head was the representative of Birkenhead in the House of Commons. While in process of construction she was called the '290;' and it was not until she had put to sea, and hoisted the Confederate flag, and Captain Semmes, formerly commander of the Sumter, had appeared on her deck in full Confederate uniform, that she took the name of the Alabama.

"During her career the Alabama captured nearly seventy Northern vessels. Her plan was always the same. She hoisted the British flag, and thus decoyed her intended victims within her reach; then she displayed the Confederate colors, and captured the prize. Unless when there was some particular motive for making use of the captured vessels, they were burnt. Some American captain saw far off in the night, the flames of a burning vessel reddening the sea. He steered to her aid; and when he came near enough, the Alabama, which was yet in the same waters, and had watched his coming, fired her shot across his bows, hung out her flag, and made him her prisoner….

"But the Alabama did not do much fighting; she preyed on merchant vessels that could not fight. She attacked where instant surrender must be the reply to her summons. Only twice, so far as we know, did she engage in a fight. The first time was with the Hatteras, a small blockading ship, whose broadside was so unequal to that of the Alabama, that she was sunk in a quarter of an hour.

"The second time was with the United States ship-of-war, Kearsarge, whose size and armament were about equal to her own. The fight took place off the French shore, near Cherbourg, and the career of the Alabama was finished in an hour. The Confederate rover was utterly shattered, and went down. Captain Semmes was saved by an English steam-yacht, and brought to England to be made a hero for a while and then forgotten. The cruise of the Alabama had lasted nearly two years. During this time she had contrived to drive

American commerce from the seas."

The United States complained, says McCarthy, "that the Alabama was practically an English vessel. She was built by English builders, in an English dockyard; she was manned, for the most part, by an English crew; her guns were English; her gunners were English; many of the latter belonged to the Royal Naval Reserve, and were actually receiving pay from the English Government; she sailed under the English flag, was welcomed in English harbors, and never was in, or even saw, a Confederate port. As Mr. Forster put it very clearly and tersely, she was built by British ship-builders, and manned by a British crew; she drew prizes to destruction under a British flag, and was paid for by money borrowed from British capitalists."

In consequence of these things, which, Cobden wrote Forster, "would be burnt as with hot iron into the memories of the Americans," the two countries seemed for years on the verge of war.

In 1869 Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Minister to England, attempted to negotiate a treaty with England on the Alabama matters. The treaty offered was violently opposed by the American Senate, Charles Sumner making a very able and severe attack upon it. His speech aroused strong feeling on both sides of the ocean. Mr. Forster responded to Sumner's speech, and sent the response to him, as they had been friends years before.

Sumner wrote back: "If other English utterances were in the same tone, the differences between the two countries would be much nearer a settlement than I fear they are…. I have always had a deep sense of our wrongs from England — to my mind, the most terrible ever offered by one friendly power to another…. Such was my love of peace — especially with England — that, when our troubles were over, I said nothing, hoping for a settlement. Never in the Senate, or elsewhere, did I utter a word. At last, the treaty was

negotiated. As I think of it now, there was madness in that negotiation…. When it was determined to reject the treaty, it became my duty to assign the reasons."

In 1871 Lord Ripon and Sir Stafford Northcote were sent to Washington for the purpose of concluding a fresh treaty. It was finally agreed to refer the matter in dispute to a High Court of International Arbitrators.

The following year, 1872, by the Geneva Tribunal, England agreed to pay to America about three and a quarter millions sterling, as damages on account of the Alabama and other vessels employed by the Confederate States. Thus, fortunately, a dreadful war was avoided.

When Palmerston died in 1865, and Lord Russell became Premier, Forster accepted a place in the Ministry as Under Colonial Secretary. After a few months Lord Derby came into power, and Forster was again free to work for the great Reform Bill of 1867, the extension of the suffrage. Like Bright, he spoke at immense open-air meetings, and in the town halls.

"He held up," says Mr. Reid, "before those whom he addressed, the American Constitution, with its freedom and its broad foundation, as an example of what might be accomplished if the leaders of the nation were willing to give the fullest possible extension of its liberties; 'and yet further,' he added, 'it is in our power to outstrip America in the race…. Whatever may be our advantages, whatever may be the disadvantages of America, America will beat us in the race for freedom, if, for much longer, millions of Englishmen are forced to feel themselves deprived of their citizenship.'"

Forster favored household suffrage, pure and simple, and this was finally won from the Tory Government under Disraeli.

During the autumn of 1867, Mr. Forster passed his usual holiday in a visit down the Danube to Constantinople and Asia Minor. He did not forget to write a letter to his darling Flo and Francis, "to race with one to mother. Yours will go up

the Adriatic to Trieste, and then over the Alps. Mother's will go across the Mediterranean to Marseilles."

Mr. Forster was nearing the time when he should obtain for England that for which his name will be forever remembered and honored — National Elementary Education, through the Education Act of 1870.

He had been deeply interested in the subject for years. As he believed that suffrage should be universal, so he believed and knew that those who voted ought to be able through education to vote intelligently. Like Lord Shaftesbury, he had investigated the ignorance among factory children. Like Henry Fawcett, he knew the deplorable ignorance among the children of the agricultural population, and among the working-classes generally. Fawcett tells of a village where not a single youth could be found who could read a newspaper well enough to enjoy it,

England was far behind Germany and America in her education for the people. True, her colleges like Oxford and Cambridge, and her great schools like Eton and Rugby, were an honor to her; but these were not for the poor.

"Up to 1839," says Matthew Arnold, "a large part of the population owed to the Sunday-schools not only their religious instruction, but their power, whatever it was, to write and read." (Robert Raikes had established the first Sunday-school in 1782.) "The promoters of the Sunday-school, having seized the fruitful idea, that the school is an inseparable element of the organization of a Christian congergation, were naturally led to give more extension to this idea, and to institute the day-school.

"In the early years of the present century, the National Society and the British and Foreign School Society were founded, in order by association to obtain the means of better reaching the end in view. The National Society was to promote schools in connection with the Church of England, and in which the catechism and doctrines of that Church

were taught; the British and Foreign School Society was to offer to all Protestant congregations a common school, where the Bible was read but no catechism admitted."

Of course some of these schools were excellent, but voluntary effort could not, or did not, supply the needs of the people. The children of the poor went early into the shop or the field, because the pittance which they earned was useful to the family.

A Statistical Report on Education, in 1834, said, "One-half of the schools are so-called 'dame-schools,' the greater part kept by females, but some by old men, whose only qualification for this employment seems to be their unfitness for every other. These schools are generally found in very dirty, unwholesome rooms, frequently in close, damp cellars, or old dilapidated garrets. In by far the greater number there are only two or three books amongst the whole number of scholars. The terms vary from twopence to sevenpence per week, averaging fourpence."

The prison reports of 1838 showed that only nine out of one hundred convicts could read and write.

Commissions of Inquiry were appointed by the House from time to time, to report upon the condition of education, and the needs. One of these began its sittings in 1858. "The accounts which this Commission received of private schools," says Henry Craik, LL.D., in his "State and Education," "are not without something of dramatic pathos, pitiful as they are. In one we read: 'It is impossible to describe the poverty and decay which everything indicated…. The chief text-book seemed to be a kitten, to which all the children were very attentive.' In another the teacher, 'a, young man, very pale and sickly in appearance,' worked as a carpenter *during the school hours;* 'he expressed a strong wish to have an arithmetic-book and a grammar for his own improvement.'

"In another, a widow seventy years of age, eked out by her school the pittance granted by the Union. Her total income

was 3s. 9d. a week. 'She complained of inability to buy meat, and without meat her strength fails.' No wonder that 'she is very weary of life, and hopes that her time on earth will not be long.'

"The reports of the Assistant Commissioners all tell the same story. The teachers were untrained, uneducated, recruited only from the ranks of those who had failed in other paths of life. Discharged servants, outdoor paupers, cripples, and consumptive patients, those weak with the decrepitude of age — to these and such as these, dragging on a miserable and hopeless existence of the hardest drudgery, the education of nearly a third of the children of the country was intrusted. In the face of such a revelation there could scarcely be two opinions as to the urgent need of action."

Dr. Craik gives the following, among several answers made by children in an inspected school, in 1855, to the question, "What is thy duty towards God?" to show how poor and superficial the education was, the child getting the sound without the meaning:

"My duty toads God is to bleed in Him to fering and to loaf withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp and give thanks, to put my old trash in Him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and His world, and to save Him truly all the days of my life's end."

In the year 1864 Mr. Forster was appointed a member of the Schools Inquiry Commission, for ascertaining the condition of middle-class education, the endowed or grammar schools not being under Government inspection. For three years Forster gave himself enthusiastically to this work.

When Gladstone became Prime Minister, after the defeat of Mr. Disraeli in 1868, Forster was made a member of the Privy Council, and Minister of Education, and in 1870 a member of the Cabinet.

He realized better than most of his associates the great need of the work he had in hand.

Francis Peek says in the "Contemporary Review" for August, 1879, showing the condition of schools in 1870: "Voluntary effort had provided 11,000 day and 2,000 night schools. The number of children upon the registers was 1,450,000, with an average attendance of about 1,000,000; so that, even in these schools, the education could be but very imperfect, owing to the irregularity of the attendance. Thus only two-fifths of the children between the ages of six and ten, and only one-third of those between ten and twelve, were receiving even this insufficient amount of education, and although many others may have been receiving some sort of instruction from other sources, yet as the educational standard, even in the inspected schools, was so very low, it may be conceded that in those uninspected it was almost worthless….

"Regarding the quality of the instruction given in the inspected schools, one of the Government Inspectors, referring to the sixth standard, which required that the pupil should be able to read an ordinary newspaper with fluency, write the same from dictation, and do sums in bills-of-parcels, stated that in Birmingham and Leeds, with a population of 600,000, only 530 pupils succeeded in passing it."

Forster was deeply moved by this condition of things. "He saw at Bradford, at Leeds, and in London," says Mr. Reid, "hosts of little children whom he knew to be growing up in a real and terrible heathendom. He would sometimes stop these children in the street, question them closely as to how they lived, what they knew, and to what they were looking in future life; and he would turn away from them with wet eyes, and a heart that was wrung with pity for a lot so hopeless.

"Let each of us," he said, in the peroration of his speech, when introducing his bill, "think of our own homes, of the villages in which we have to live, of the towns in which, it is our lot to be busy; and do we not know child after child — boys or girls — growing up to probable crime, to still more

probable misery, because badly taught or utterly untaught? Dare we, then, take on ourselves the responsibility of allowing this ignorance and this weakness to continue one year longer than we can help?"

The Education Bill of 1870, after great care in its preparation, was read for the first time in the House of Commons, February 17. Mr. Forster began his speech at 5.45, and spoke for one hour and forty minutes, holding close attention.

By this bill the country was to be divided into school districts. Every district was to be examined to see what was needed beyond what the voluntary schools were already doing. School boards were to be elected by those who paid rates in the district; and these boards were to supply all deficiencies of education. They had power to build schoolhouses, borrowing the money from the Government; to levy a rate over the whole district to procure funds, and to charge fees to parents. Both board and voluntary schools were to obtain grants from the Government according to the excellence of instruction, tested by results in the pupils. Each board was to decide for itself whether the teaching should be wholly secular, or whether religious instruction should be given.

The bill met with the most heated opposition. The nonconformists, notably the Birmingham League, wished not only for free but for secular public schools, as in the United States; not because they did not believe heartily in religion, but because they did not think the Church of England or other denominational schools should be assisted by the State. They believed with the able and scholarly Rev. R. W. Dale, who said not long ago in the *Nineteenth Century:*

"Let the secular education of the people be provided by secular authorities; and let the churches, by whatever arrangements seem expedient to them, provide for religious education at their own cost, and out of school hours. This is the true solution of the problem, and the sooner it is frankly accepted, the better it will be for the interests both of English

education, and of English Christianity."

Forster had said expressly that he did not wish "to destroy anything in the existing system which was good, if they could avoid it."

The battle raged so furiously about the religious question, that Forster was glad, at last, to avail himself of the help of the Conservatives to carry his bill. It received the royal assent, August 9, 1870.

Mr. Forster was strongly in favor of Bible teaching in the schools. He had not been at first, it was said, but had been led to it especially by the remark of Canon Jackson that "it appeared that the one book in the English language which was to be excluded by Act of Parliament from the schools, was the Bible."

Finally, the Cowper-Temple clause, or time-table conscience clause, was adopted; by which "all catechisms and distinctive dogmatic formularies are excluded from rate-supported schools." All religious teaching, if given, is given before or after the regular school work.

Personally Forster favored compulsory education; but yielded his views to please some members of the Cabinet. This was obtained by Mr. Mundella, in 1880. Forster's aim, as he wrote in his diary, was: "1. To cover the country with good schools. 2. To get the parents to send their children to school."

That the results of the bill have been great, no one will deny. In 1870 the average school attendance was a little over a million scholars (1,152,389); in 1886 it was nearly three and a half million (3,438,425); "the percentage of the scholars examined, to the estimated population of the country, had risen from 2.86 in 1870 to 8.77 in 1886," says Mr. Reid, "and the number of school-boards estimated in the latter year was 2,225. All this was achieved in Forster's lifetime."

J. G. Fitch, LL.D., in his concise and comprehensive "Notes on American Schools," says, that in 1886 Great

Britain spent for her elementary schools alone $35,000,000; $17,000,000 of this came from the imperial exchequer, $8,500,000 from fees of parents, $3,500,000 from voluntary subscriptions, $6,000,000 from local rates, etc.

Dr. Fitch says: "The one great safeguard for the continued and rapid improvement of education in America, is the universal interest shown in it by the community. There is no matter of public concern more keenly and frequently debated. A complaint of negligence or inefficiency, in connection with the schools, arouses the indignation of parents, and excites general discussion. There is everywhere manifest an eager, almost a restless, desire to effect improvements and to try new experiments."

Since the Education Act of 1870, England seems more and more to have shown the same "universal interest" in the education of her people. Some of her noblest men and women are giving themselves to the work. And the end is not yet.

After the close of Parliament, in the fall of 1870, Forster went to Balmoral Castle, as minister in attendance on the Queen. He became most deeply attached to his sovereign, and the Queen appreciated his loyalty, and desire to serve her.

He wrote to his wife: "During dinner, the Queen gave me, in a black envelope, a photograph of the Crown Prince of Prussia, telling me it was his thirty-ninth birthday. When we went to Lochnagar, I tried, through one of the gillies, to get a collie. This has reached the Queen; and Lady Ely tells me, she is going to give me a collie if she can find one. After dinner she favored me with a long talk; and somehow, I do not know how, I told her about the children, which interested her. I told her, too, about my father and mother, and altogether she was most pleasant and kind."

Surely that father and mother would have been proud to have seen their son, after all the struggles of youth, risen out of his poverty to his present position of honor and trust.

Dr. Norman Macleod says in his diary: "I preached at Balmoral… When last at Balmoral, I met Forster, the Cabinet Minister, there. He and Helps and I had great arguments on all theological subjects, till very late. I never was more impressed by any man as deep, independent, thoroughly honest, and sincere. I conceived a great love for him. I never met a statesman, whom, for high-minded honesty and justice, I would sooner follow. He will be Premier some day."

Again Forster wrote to his wife: "I am soon off on a real mountain walk, with Collins, Prince Leopold's tutor, and an active climber, having refused to go out deer-shooting."

Forster was so opposed to killing anything for sport, that he would never fish nor shoot. He had all the tenderness of his mother for the animal creation. He was enabled, while in Parliament, to make better provision for cattle in transit by railway. "The Vivisection Bill, too," says Mr. Reid, "engaged a good deal of his time and attention; and he congratulated himself in his diary, upon having got the House to put the frogs back under the protection of the measure, the Home Secretary having agreed to exclude them."

He had no sympathy with the cruelty often practised in the professed interest of science. He said: "Vivisection may, in some most rare cases, be useful for the prolongation of life, and removal of suffering of man and beast; it is, therefore, allowable when very rarely practised by real discoverers. But it is not allowable even for them, except with every possible alleviation of pain, and ought to be absolutely forbidden by learners and general practitioners."

On February 20, 1871, Mr. Forster introduced the Ballot Bill, on secret voting. The objection to the open vote was that men were often afraid of landlord, or wealthy customer, or employer. The measure was fought over for twenty-seven nights — longer than the debate over the Education Act. It was defeated in the House of Lords.

Again Forster introduced the bill in 1872, and after

twenty-three nights of debate, it was sent to the House of Lords, and received the royal assent on July 18.

When the Gladstone ministry was defeated, and Disraeli again came to power in 1874, though Forster was returned to Parliament after a bitter contest, he of course lost his position in the Cabinet. He was then a rich man. He had purchased, the previous year, a home between the Lakes Grasmere and Windermere, Fox Ghyll, at Ambleside, close to Fox How, the residence of his wife's mother, Mrs. Arnold. In this delightful scenery, he spent the spring and summer of 1874 with his family, and in the autumn came to America with his cousin Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, grandson of the first baronet. They were, of course, entertained in New York. The Union League Club gave him a reception "in recognition of his distinguished service and friendship for the Government during the war." Among the callers upon him, Forster wrote his wife, was "Mr. Cooper, a very generous millionnaire, eighty-four years old, active and shrewd, the founder of the Cooper Institute."

They went to Springfield, 111., to see the statue of Lincoln unveiled by President Grant. "Here I was introduced," wrote Forster, "to several West Point generals, MacDowell and Pope, who commanded large armies in the war, and was at once recognized by Sherman. There were ten to fifteen thousand of crowd in front, and their patience was marvellous. The 'exercises' lasted for hours. There was a laudable endeavor to bring in all elements. The prayer was by the Bishop of the Methodist African Episcopal Church, from Baltimore, a full-blooded negro; a company of negro volunteers in zouave uniform, in a place of honor; and I must say the negro prayer and the negro clothes excelled in taste, on the whole."

After the ceremony there was a reception and banquet, one of the toasts being the health of Mr. Forster. He wrote to his wife this story of Lincoln told by Mr. Judd: —

"When he was in one of his hardest fights with Douglas, who was a strong pro-slavery man, Judd looked over the notes of one of his speeches, and said this would not do for their audience; not anti-slavery enough in expression, rather than substance. Lincoln's reply was, 'This is all I feel, and I would rather lose the election than mislead the people even by an adjective.'"

Forster went to Colorado, where he enjoyed the grand scenery; to St. Louis, where, on leaving for New Orleans, General Sherman said to him, "You will want no letters; you are as well known in America as in England:" and then to Tennessee, where he visited the house in which his father had died twenty years before, the graveyard at Friendsville, where he was buried, and spoke to the inmates of the William Forster Home for the daughters of Friends, in which they learned housekeeping, and went to the Friends' school close by.

Prom this place Forster went to Baltimore, carefully inspecting the schools; and then to Boston, where he was the guest of his friend Charles Francis Adams. Six years before this, Adams had presented Forster with a copy of the works of his grandfather, John Adams, to the editing of which he had devoted the greater part of eight years. He wrote with the gift: "I find one copy which I had reserved for the person whom I most esteem, as well for his stanch and unvarying support of a policy of good-will to America, as for his personal qualities as I have observed them in private intercourse. Will you do me the great favor to accept of it?"

In Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, Forster visited the schools with great interest. In the latter city, he dined with President Grant and other distinguished men. When the annexation of Canada was mentioned by Grant, Forster said: "If Canada chooses one day to leave us, and the next day to join you, we shall not object; but she seems to like to stop with us; in fact, the lesson you taught us a hundred years ago, has

made us so treat our colonies that it will be very difficult for them to leave us, and we shall stick to them till they wish to do so."

Forster was an ardent supporter of Imperial Federation, often speaking upon the subject. He wished "to replace the idea of eventual independence, which means disunion, by that of association on equal terms, which means union."

Ten years later he presided at a conference on Colonial Federation, at Westminster Palace Hotel, and noted in his diary that the meeting was "a real success." Forster was made president of the committee, and an Imperial Federation League was at once organized. He would have gone to Canada to have urged the plan, but his illness and death prevented.

Not long before his death, he wrote to Sir George Bowen: "My own impression is, that, at first at any rate, we had better aim at concert among the governments rather than at an Imperial Parliament…. We must remember that in order to realize Federation, we only want (1) an organization for common defence, and (2) a common foreign policy."

In 1875, after Forster's return from America, he went to Edinburgh, accompanied by his wife, received the freedom of the city, and was made Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, receiving also the freedom of Aberdeen….

In his address to the students, he said: "Who are the real governors of the nation? Not the ministers, who are the servants of the sovereign. Not the sovereign, who chooses these ministers in order that they may carry out the will of the people. Not even the voters, who are, as it were, the machines by which its will is discovered, expressed, and registered; but the men who influence this will, and persuade the voters, who regulate and modify public opinion by writing, by books or pamphlets or newspaper articles, or sermons or speeches, by conversation with acquaintances or friends, and, above all, by the example of their lives. Now, surely our universities ought

to turn out men able in one or other of these ways to influence public opinion."

The following year, the country having been stirred by the publication in the *Daily News* of the Bulgarian atrocities, Forster determined to visit the East, and study the condition of things. His eldest daughter accompanied him….

She speaks of her father as a delightful travelling companion, though she says: "I am afraid we used sometimes rather to quail at the thoroughness of his explorations, and to wish in our hearts, after we had performed our first duty in a strange town, namely, going to the top of the highest tower or spire available, that the sacristan of the cathedral might be out, so that we should be spared our second duty — a thorough examination of all the old tombs and monuments inside.

"My father had a great love for old family records. and a wonderful faculty for making out and remembering the most complicated genealogies and pedigrees. For this reason he delighted in old monuments and family portraits, whether in public or private collections…. It was a never-ceasing cause of regret to my father that he was not more familiar with French and German in the way of a speaking knowledge, in addition to a written one."

At Brussels, Forster dined with the King, and then travelled to Prague, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, reaching Constantinople on the middle of September. He heard reports from the Bulgarian refugees, and made careful notes. He studied the Turks, and found "the government beyond description bad, ignorant, inefficient, corrupt — places bought or given to despicable favorites, merit going absolutely for nothing."

On his return to England he addressed his constituents on what he had seen; confirmed the reports of the terrible cruelties; but feared the different provinces could not have self-government without continued war. He urged that Turkey give a constitution to the Christians. He was blamed

by many Liberals as being too conservative, and called "a trimmer," as he had been called before in the education warfare. Forster was opposed to the Afghanistan and Zulu wars, carried on under the Beaconsfield ministry.

When Gladstone came into power in 1880, Forster was made Chief Secretary for Ireland. No position under the English Government could be more difficult. He had been for years deeply interested in the Irish people, and it was hoped that the stormy times in that country, through his leadership, would become more peaceful.

There was severe distress in Ireland from bad harvests. The Irish people had demanded Home Rule, and as yet none of the Cabinet favored it, believing that it would lead to a separation of the Union.

The Irish Land Act had been formed by Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1870. "New rights had been conferred on tenants with reference to compensation for disturbance by the act of the landlords, except in the case of eviction for non-payment of rent." Mr. Forster saw that tenants were being pressed by the landlords, either to secure rents, or to get possession of their houses and lands. He proposed a bill providing compensation for evicted tenants. At once the landlords opposed this, and after heated controversy, the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was defeated by the House of Lords.

More than one thousand evictions had taken place in the first six months of 1880. Matters were rapidly growing from bad to worse. A great sensation was caused by the murder of Lord Mountmorris, who was found near his home in County Galway with six bullets in his body.

Boycotting had begun. Captain Boycott, an Englishman, who had charge of Lord Earne's lands in Connemara, had served notices on the tenants. At once the people for miles around resolved to have nothing to do with him. No one would work for him, and he and his wife were obliged to till

the fields. The Orangemen sent him armed laborers from Ulster to assist him. Then the Government, through Forster, sent five hundred infantry and three squadrons of cavalry, to protect these men while they gathered the crops.

Boycotting continued. A landlord who had evicted a tenant, or a man who bid for a farm from which a tenant had been turned out, was "shunned in the street, in the shop, in the market-place, even in the place of worship, as if he were a leper of old." Crops rotted in the fields. When the owner went to sell produce, nobody bought. When he and his family went to church, the whole congregation would rise and leave the place. Cattle and sheep were killed or mutilated in the fields at night. Men were continually threatened by anonymous letters, decorated with coffins, skulls, and swords.

The Land League leaders were becoming more and more hostile to the Government. Mr. Dillon had said, as quoted by Mr. Forster in the House of Commons, that "those in Parliament faithful to the cause of the people could paralyze the hands of the Government, and prevent them from passing such laws as would throw men into prison for organizing themselves. In Parliament they could obstruct, and outside of it they could set the people free to drill and organize themselves."

In the angry debate Mr. Forster suggested, it is said, the use of buckshot for the Irish constabulary, and was nicknamed "Buckshot" by the men who opposed him.

Fourteen of the Land League leaders were arrested on the charge of preventing the payment of rent: Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Sullivan, Sexton, and others. Of course Forster and Parnell were completely at enmity.

Landlords came by the score to Mr. Forster, detailing their grievances; poor tenants by the score, telling of their want and utter ruin. The Tories, under the leadership of Lord Salisbury, accused Forster of weakness and cowardice in not controlling the outrages; the Irish leaders were angered that he should

think or speak of coercion.

Mr. Forster, whether wisely or unwisely, at least with the concurrence of the Liberal Government, determined to bring in a Protection Bill for Life and Property, which empowered the Lord Lieutenant to issue a warrant for the arrest of any person whom he might reasonably suspect of treason, or crimes of intimidation. Mr. Forster said in his speech in presenting the Coercion Bill: "This has been to me a most painful duty. I never expected that I should have to discharge it…. If I could have foreseen that this would be the result of twenty years of Parliamentary life, I would have left Parliament rather than have undertaken it. But I never was more clear than I am now that it is my duty. I never was more clear that the man responsible, as I am, for the administration of the government of Ireland, ought no longer to have any part or share in any government which does not fulfil its first duty — the protection of person and property, and the security of liberty."

The opposition to the bill by the Irish party was long and bitter. Once during the debate the House sat for forty-one and a half hours, from Monday afternoon till Wednesday morning.

Mr. Bright, who had been a sincere friend to Ireland, always claiming that "force was no remedy," now favored the bill in a speech of great eloquence, feeling that despite all the sufferings of the Irish people, crime must be punished. Gladstone also spoke with his wonted fire and power. The bill received the royal assent March 2, 1881. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill was passed in August of the same year.

Forster was hated worse than ever. His life was in danger. He received constantly threatening letters — one of these an explosive — and one from a man who had dogged his steps with intent to murder, but finally determined to spare him for the sake of "the lovely girl," his daughter, who was walking beside him in Phoenix Park, a place which later was to obtain

a sad celebrity. In spite of all this Forster never hesitated to go among the people, and address them. Sometimes such courage won their applause, and voices from the crowd would call out, "We admire your pluck!"

The speeches of Parnell and other Land Leaguers had become so pronounced against Gladstone, then Prime Minister, and Forster, that the latter wrote to Gladstone suggesting the wisdom of their arrest. Accordingly Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, O'Kelly, and others were confined in Kilmainham prison. The arrests created the greatest sensation. England rejoiced exceedingly, and hoped the worst was over.

Soon an address was placarded on the walls of Dublin, calling upon the Irish people to pay no rent while their leaders were in prison. It was signed by Charles S. Parnell, president, Kilmainham Gaol, followed by the names of the other prisoners.

Forster at once issued a proclamation declaring the Land League to be an illegal association, and that its meetings would be suppressed by force.

Murder and other crimes were on the increase, although scores of persons had been imprisoned. Mr. Forster wrote Mr. Gladstone: "If we could get the country quiet, I should be anxious to leave Ireland. While we are fighting for law and order I cannot desert my post; but this battle over, and the Land Act well at work, I am quite sure that the best course for Ireland, as well as for myself, would be my replacement by some one not tarred by the coercion brush."

On January 1, 1882, when some one wished Mr. Forster a "happy new year," he replied, "Mine is a more modest wish; it is that it may be a less bad year than the last." Early in this year the Queen invited Mr. Forster to Osborne to explain to her personally the condition of Ireland.

Matters did not improve. The Radicals called for a change in the Irish Secretaryship; many Liberals felt that the coercion

policy had failed, and the Conservatives even were prepared to make some concession. The American Government had become urgent that those prisoners should be released who could prove themselves citizens of the United States.

Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet at last decided to release Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly. As Mr. Forster considered this a "surrender to the law-breakers," he resigned the secretaryship, and Lord Frederick Cavendish became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Forster had worked untiringly, during the two years of his secretaryship, without rest or relaxation. "How his constitution stood it, was wonderful," says Mr. Jepson, his private secretary. "From early morning until late at night 'he was always at work; not perfunctorily working, but with the whole of his powerful mind given to his task — given to it with an earnestness, a thoroughness, which was one of his most remarkable characteristics. He was always anxious to get every possible information on any subject he had to deal with…. Everything — ease, comfort, health — was sacrificed that he might perform his duty." The wear of these years had been almost unbearable. But he had come out of the trying ordeal with his life, and that was cause for congratulation. How narrowly he had escaped, events soon proved.

Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed to his position May 4, 1882, and started for Dublin on the following day. At sunset, May 6, about seven o'clock, after the inaugural ceremony, as he was walking with the under-secretary, Mr. T. H. Burke, in Phoenix Park, they were attacked by four men, and almost cut to pieces. The fight was witnessed by several persons passing near the walk, who supposed it rough play, and passed on. The right arm of young Lord Cavendish was broken. It was evident that he had lost his life in trying to save his friend Burke, who, acting under Forster, had incurred the hatred of the Irish.

England, and indeed the whole world, was horrified. At

the time, I was in England, and I shall never forget the sorrow of the nation at the untimely death of the beloved son of the Duke of Devonshire, and brother of Lord Hartington, the Liberal leader.

He was buried from the magnificent Chatsworth home, fifty thousand persons in attendance. More than half of the House of Commons gathered about that open grave in the churchyard of that model village Edensor, one of the loveliest places in England, while the children sang, "Brief life is here our portion." The Queen sent a wreath of crimson roses, which the young wife laid upon the coffin.

Forster at once, with a bravery beyond that of most men, offered himself to Gladstone, to fill the place thus made vacant, even when he knew that his death was intended, and not that of Cavendish.

Government offered ten thousand pounds reward for the detection of the murderers, and immediately passed a very strong Coercion Bill, which was stoutly resisted by the Irish members, who, however, heartily condemned the dreadful murder.

January 13, 1883, the Dublin police arrested twenty men suspected of complicity in the Cavendish murder. James Carey, a member of the Dublin Town Council, a well-to-do contractor and builder, the leader of the Irish Invincibles, turned informer. He planned the murder, gave the signal for the crime, and witnessed the execution.

Carey told of the repeated attempts to take the life of Forster. Once they intended to meet him at the railway station on his return from Clare, but were misinformed as to the time of his arrival. Again, he was to be shot while driving from his lodge to Dublin, and the men who murdered Lord Cavendish were lying in wait for him, a comrade promising to give the signal of his approach. The man's heart failed him, and he allowed the carriage to pass. For four successive nights of the week in which Forster took his final departure from

Ireland, fifteen men were waiting to kill him as he entered the train for Kingstown, but each time he seemed marvellously saved from their hands. They turned their attention to the faithful Burke, only when they saw that Forster had escaped them.

Five of the Cavendish murderers were hanged, three were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and the others to various periods of penal servitude. Carey was shot on board a ship at sea on his way to the Cape, by a man named O'Donnell. Whether the latter was sent by some secret society to do the work, was never fully ascertained. O'Donnell was brought back to London, and hanged.

In the autumn of 1882 Forster visited Russia, and returned with renewed health and vigor. In 1883 he paid another visit to the East, to see for himself what changes had been wrought in Bulgaria as a result of the Russo-Turkish war, and was delighted at the capacity shown for self-government.

In 1884 he took an active part in the new franchise bill, "based on uniform household and lodger franchise in counties and boroughs." He was deeply interested for General Gordon in the Soudan, and helped to enlist the government in the expedition sent to his relief. "I can think of nothing but Gordon and the Soudan," he wrote in his diary after word came that Gordon was dead.

In the summer of 1885 Forster went to Germany with his daughter, seeming tired and weak from overwork. On his return home, he was still weak, and spent most of his time in reading, going through all the Waverley Novels, Scott's poems, Macaulay's histories, and other old favorites. He admired the poetry of his wife's brother, Matthew Arnold, and often read his favorite, "The Future," and also "The Forsaken Merman." He used to say, sometimes, "The doctors are always saying I am better, but I never get well."

The Queen sent often to inquire about his health, and the physician sent her daily bulletins till Mr. Forster seemed

better.

November 29 he was re-elected for Bradford, but was never able to take his seat again in the House of Commons. The nights of sleeplessness increased. He spent much time in reading the Bible, and enjoyed having his wife repeat hymns to him. He said to her, "We have had some blessed times together;" and again, "I would not have been without this sickness for the world."

He was gratified at the kind letters that poured in, and remarked to his wife, "I did not know people cared about me so much." When told that the Friends in their meeting had prayed for him, he burst into tears, as he said, "The church of my fathers has not forgotten me!"

In the winter he went to Torquay, and returned the last of February. He thought of, and talked much about, Ireland, and was pleased when his daughter sent him, as she had been accustomed to do, a bunch of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. He said often, "I have tried to serve my country."

Sometimes he talked of education matters, and said he foresaw a crusade to make all the schools secular, "but," he added, "I shall drive them out of that in the House." He grew weaker day by day, but never complained. Once he said, in the early part of his illness, "How little suffering I have had! it has been nothing at all compared with many." During the latter part he suffered intensely. April 2 he went with his wife for a drive, and, before he was carried up-stairs, called out a message of thanks to the coachman for having got ready so quickly. After that day he seemed to have more fever. On Monday morning, April 5, 1886, his breathing was quick and painful. His wife asked if he knew that it was her arm that was supporting him. He gave an emphatic assent. "Then," says his daughter, "the breath came slower and softer, till the last was hardly a sigh, and slowly and gently he passed away out of our reach."

The Queen wrote two days later to Mrs. Forster: "I

purposely delayed writing at once to you, not wishing to intrude on your overwhelming grief for the loss of such a husband, so good and so devoted, fearing to add to the weight of your affliction; but to-day I trust I may venture to express not only the deep sympathy I feel for you, but also the true and sincere concern I feel at the loss of one for whom I had the greatest regard and respect, and who served his Queen and country bravely, truly, and loyally."

A funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey, April 9, attended by a vast throng of his political associates and opponents, and the general public — all differrences merged in a common sorrow. Saturday, April 10, in the midst of thousands from Bradford, Leeds, and other towns, William Edward Forster was laid, according to his wish, in the burial-ground at Burley, near his home.

In Bradford, his memory is perpetuated by a statue. In Westminster Abbey, a medallion in his memory has been placed close to the monument of his uncle, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

On Friday, August 1, 1890, a bronze statue of Mr. Forster was unveiled in London, on the banks of the Thames, in front of the offices of the London School Board, in the midst of sympathetic thousands. The statue was modelled by the sculptor, Richard Pinker. On the granite pedestal are the words: "William Edward Forster, born July 11, 1818; died April 5, 1886. To his wisdom and courage England owes the establishment throughout the land of a national system of Elementary Education."

The son of the Quaker preachers wrought great good for England. He was sometimes too blunt in speech, said his friends, but he was affectionate by nature, and true-hearted. Born in poverty, and unsettled as to his life-work, he found it at last, and did it heroically. The Education Act of 1870 will go on forever in its far-reaching influences. Mr. Reid says truly, "If any visible and tangible memorial of the life of such

a man as Mr. Forster were needed to preserve his name from oblivion, it would be found not in carven marble or moulded bronze, but in the schoolhouses which, rising in every town and village in the land he loved so well, bear witness to the success of the Education Act, of which he was the author."

CHAPTER VI
The Earl of Beaconsfield

Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister: "Well, Mr. Disraeli, what is your idea in entering Parliament? What is your ambition?"

Disraeli, a young Jew, without fortune or influence: "To be Prime Minister of England, my lord!"

"What audacity!" said the world. And the world looked on and wondered, while the Jew, through obstacles almost insurmountable, steadily worked on till the prize was won.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, December 21, 1804. His ancestors formerly lived in Spain, but were driven out by the Inquisition, and settled in Venice. In 1748 Benjamin's grandfather came to England, acquired a moderate fortune, and hoped to found a great family like Rothschild. His wife, a proud woman, tired of the persecution and social ostracism of the Jews, wished to have her husband abandon his ancestral faith, but this he refused to do. She was "so mortified," says her grandson, "by her social position, that she lived until eighty without indulging a tender expression."

The hopes of both parents centred in their only child, Isaac. They expected him to become a great financier. To their amazement and extreme disapprobation, he became a bookworm. He abhorred trade.

He not only, says his son, never entered into the politics of the day, but he could never understand them. He never was connected with any body or set of men, comrades of school or college, or confederates in that public life which, in England, is perhaps the only foundation of real friendship.

"He was a complete literary character, a man who really

passed his life in a library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits. He rose early to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit in the same walls. He disliked business, and he never required relaxation; he was absorbed in his pursuits.

"In London his only amusement was to ramble among booksellers; if he entered a club, it was only to go into the library. In the country he scarcely ever left his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence. He had not a single passion or prejudice."

His disappointed parents had tried every resource and failed. They placed him in a counting-house in Holland, but he wrote poems against commerce, when they hoped he would be learning trade. He read Voltaire and Rousseau, and was destined, as might have been seen from the first, to become an author.

What the boy might have been with congenial surroundings, with a mother who was proud of him and who sympathized with him, the world can only conjecture. Intellects, like hearts, are usually stunted from lack of warmth and sunshine.

Before he was thirty he produced "Curiosities of Literature," a mine of information, showing wide reading and intense love for it. He married a Jewess, Maria Basevi, a gentle, affectionate woman, and his life was a happy one. He lived in his own splendid library, and amid the vast treasures of the British Museum.

Their first child, Sarah, a woman of unusual powers, became the idol of her brother Benjamin. The two younger children were Ralph and James.

Benjamin seems to have inherited his father's love of books, his grandmother's "strong intellect," and many characteristics from his grandfather. "He was," says Disraeli, "a man of ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative, and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could

disturb, and a brain full of resources."

Benjamin inherited his mother's affectionate nature. Although he might say in "Tancred," "No affections and a great brain — these are the men to command the world," his devotion to his sister, and later to a wife fifteen years his senior, are among the most beautiful things of his brilliant life.

Isaac Disraeli withdrew from the Jewish Church, and became, with his entire household, members of the Church of England. He said, "The inventions of the Talmudical doctors, incorporated in their ceremonies, have bound them hand and foot, and cast them into the caverns of the lone and sullen genius of rabbinical Judaism, cutting them off from the great family of mankind, and perpetuating their sorrow and their shame."

Benjamin was placed at the school of Rev. John Poticary at Blackheath, where he remained for several years. That he was the "spoiled darling," described in "Vivian Grey," is doubtless true. Vivian, nearly ten, is placed at the school of Dr. Flummery. "'I am told, my dear,' observed Mrs. Grey, one day after dinner, to her husband — "'I am told, my dear, that Dr. Flummery's would do very well for Vivian. Nothing can exceed the attention which is paid to the pupils. There are sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and the linen; terms very moderate — one hundred guineas per annum, for all under six years of age, and few extras, only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar. Mrs. Metcalf has both her boys there, and she says their progress is *astonishing*…. What do you say to Flummery's, Grey?'

"'My dear, do what you like. I never trouble myself, you know, about these matters.'

"The young Vivian had not, by the cares that fathers are always heirs to, yet reminded his parents that boys are anything else but playthings. The intercourse between father and son was, of course, extremely limited; for Vivian was, as yet,

the mother's child; Mr. Grey's parental duties being confined to giving his son a glass of claret *per diem,* pulling his ears with all the awkwardness of literary affection, and trusting to God 'that the urchin would never scribble.'"

After some years at the school, where "sixteen young ladies attended to the morals and the linen," Benjamin was sent, at fifteen, to a school at Walthamstow. He would have preferred Eton, which he has so graphically described in "Coningsby," but his parents doubtless feared that he would be subject to ridicule on account of his race, and his life, perhaps, embittered.

The trials of Contarini Fleming at college are doubtless those of his own life. "I was placed," says Contarini, "in the heart of a little and a busy world. For the first time in my life I was surrounded by struggling and excited beings. Joy, hope, sorrow, ambition, craft, courage, wit, dulness, cowardice, beneficence, awkwardness, grace, avarice, generosity, wealth, poverty, beauty, hideousness, tyranny, suffering, hypocrisy, truth, love, hatred, energy, inertness, they were all there, and all sounded, and moved and acted about me.

"Light laughs, and bitter cries, and deep imprecations, and the deeds of the friendly, the prodigal, and the tyrant, and the exploits of the brave, the graceful, and the gay, and the flying words of native wit, and the pompous sentences of acquired knowledge — how new, how exciting, how wonderful!

"Did I tremble? Did I sink into my innermost self? Did I fly? Never. As I gazed upon them, a new principle rose up in my breast, and I perceived only beings whom I was determined to control. They came up to me with a curious glance of half-suppressed glee, breathless and mocking. They asked me questions of gay nonsense with a serious voice and a solemn look. I answered in their kind. On a sudden I seemed endowed with new powers, and blessed with the gift of tongues."

The fight at college, when Contarini, driven to madness, severely pounds the leader of two hundred boys, is probably drawn from life.

Dissatisfied and unhappy, young Disraeli left school, and studied in his father's library, for twelve hours a day, as did Vivian. "He had laid the first foundations of accurate classical knowledge under the tuition of the learned Dallas; and twelve hours a day, and self-banishment from society, overcame, in twelve months, the ill effects of his imperfect education. The result of this extraordinary exertion may easily be conceived. At the end of twelve months, Vivian, like many other young enthusiasts, had discovered that all the wit and wisdom of the world were concentrated in some fifty antique volumes, and he treated the unlucky moderns with the most sublime spirit of *hauteur* imaginable. A chorus in the Medea, that painted the radiant sky of Attica, disgusted him with the foggy atmosphere of Great Britain; and while Mrs. Grey was meditating a *séjour* at Brighton, her son was dreaming of the Gulf of Salamis."

The handsome lad had become ambitious; indeed, he had been ambitious from his childhood. The grandfather's hope, and speculative nature, were in him. As in the case of Contarini Fleming, "the clouds seemed to clear off from the dark landscape of my mind, and vast ambition might be distinguished on the far horizon, rearing its head like a mighty column. My energies stirred within me, and seemed to pant for the struggle and the strife. A deed was to be done; but what? I entertained at this time a deep conviction that life must be intolerable, unless I were the greatest of men. It seemed that I felt within me the power that could influence my kind."

Isaac Disraeli, fearing that this bright son might become an author, urged him to enter the law. That Benjamin had no great liking for it, is shown in Vivian Grey's experience. "In the plenitude of his ambition, he stopped one day to inquire

in what manner he could obtain his magnificent ends. 'The bar — pooh! law and bad jokes till we are forty: and then, with a most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate, I must be a great lawyer, and to be a great lawyer I must give up my chance of being a great man. The services in war time are fit only for desperadoes (and that truly am I), but, in peace, are fit only for fools. The Church is more rational. I should certainly like to act Wolsey, but the thousand and one chances are against me; and truly I feel my destiny should not be a chance.'"

At seventeen, however, Disraeli began the study of law. He was eager for a career, but he had to wait. For three years he studied faithfully, probably with very little rest in it. He was exceedingly fond of society, and met at his father's table prominent men like Wilson Croker, then Secretary to the Admiralty; Samuel Rogers; John Murray, proprietor of the *Quarterly Review,* and others. He had always been interested in political history, and now, when the Catholic question and Reform were before the people, he began to write on such subjects for the press.

He was fortunate at this time, as many a Raphael has been, to have a Joanna, "Duchess of Sora, and Prefectissa of Rome," for his helper and adviser. Mrs. Austen, wife of a prominent solicitor, lived near the Disraeli home. She was remarkable in conversation, an artist, and a musician. She stimulated the youth, invited him to meet cultivated persons in her home, and felt that he would be a power in the world.

It has been suggested that Mrs. Austen perhaps assisted him in writing his first book, "Vivian Grey." At all events, the book, written by this youth of twenty-one, produced a great sensation in London society. It is a satire in which well-known persons were graphically depicted. Everybody read it, and everybody asked, "Who is intended?" Several keys were published, and one in 1827 ran through ten editions in a year.

Vivian Grey is young Disraeli, who wishes to become

Prime Minister. He has made up his mind that he needs influence only. "How many a powerful noble," he says, "wants only wit to be a minister! and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence…. I have the mind for the conception; and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments — the human voice — to make those conceptions beloved by others. There wants but one thing more — *courage*, pure, perfect courage; and does Vivian Grey know fear?"

Vivian forms a political alliance with a nobleman, the Marquis of Carabas; and to make the new party a success, he wins to its support an able politician, Frederick Cleveland, who, finding himself betrayed as he believes, challenges Vivian, and is killed in the duel.

Mrs. Felix Lorraine, or "Mephistopheles, one or the other, perhaps both," is an intriguing but fascinating woman, who professes to love Vivian, but deserts him for Cleveland, and is repaid by the revenge of the former.

Vivian travels abroad after his political plans come to naught, and falls in love with Violet Fane, who dies in his arms as they sit together at the twilight hour. "The sun had already sunk behind the mountains, whose undulating forms were thrown into dark shadow against the crimson sky. The thin crescent of the new moon floated over the eastern hills, whose deep woods glowed with the rosy glories of twilight. Over the peak of a purple mountain glittered the solitary star of evening…. What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour — the sweet and soothing hour of twilight; the hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest! When we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly: when we remember our enemies, only to forgive them."

The book contained clever conversations, sarcasm, wit, and stirring incidents, and made the young author famous. After it was published he became ill, with fits of giddiness.

Probably he had written it as he describes the writing of the novel "Manstein" in Contarini Fleming, and had overtaxed body and brain. "I began writing some hours before noon, nor did I ever cease. My thoughts, my passion, the rush of my invention, were too quick for my pen. Page followed page; as a sheet was finished, I threw it on the floor. I was amazed at the rapid and prolific production, yet I could not stop to wonder. In half a dozen hours I sank back utterly exhausted, with an aching frame. I rang the bell, ordered some refreshment, and walked about the room.... I set to again, and it was midnight before I retired to my bed."

The second day he finished the first volume. "The third morning I had less inclination to write. I read over and corrected what I had composed; this warmed up my fancy, and in the afternoon I executed several chapters of my second volume.... In depicting the scenes of society in which my hero was forced to move, I suddenly dashed not only into the most slashing satire, but even into malignant personality. All the bitterness of my heart, occasioned by my wretched existence among their false circles, found its full vent. Never was anything so imprudent. Everybody figured, and all parties and opinions alike suffered....

"The incidents were unnatural, the serious characters exaggerations, the comic ones caricatures; the wit was too often flippant, the philosophy too often forced; yet the vigor was remarkable, the license of an uncurbed imagination not without its charms; and, on the whole, there breathed a freshness which is rarely found, and which, perhaps, with all my art and knowledge, I may never again afford; and indeed when I recall the magnificent enthusiasm, the glorious heat, with which this little work was written, I am convinced, that, with all its errors, the spark of true creation animated its fiery page."

Young Disraeli was obliged to discontinue the study of law, and go abroad with the Austens. They travelled through

France, Switzerland, to Milan, Venice, Florence, and Geneva, and back into France. The author was somewhat better, but still an invalid.

Meantime, Isaac Disraeli had moved away from London with its libraries, to Bradenham, an old manor-house in Buckinghamshire, two miles from High Wycombe. Here, in the country air, the young son grew stronger in health, and was finally able to write a second part to "Vivian Grey;" also "The Young Duke," published in 1831; and three burlesques — "Ixion in Heaven" (the father of the gods being George IV.), the "Infernal Marriage," and "Popanilla" (a satire on the English Constitution).

Bradenham, which Disraeli describes in "Endymion" as the place to which Mr. Ferrars retired, was a cherished home to them all. "At the foot of the Berkshire downs, and itself on a gentle elevation, there is an old hall with gable ends and lattice windows, standing in grounds which once were stately, and where there are yet glade-like terraces of yew trees, which give an air of dignity to a neglected scene. In the front of the hall, huge gates of iron, highly wrought, and bearing an ancient date as well as the shield of a noble house, opened on a village green, round which were clustered the cottages of the parish, with only one exception, and that was the vicarage house, a modern building, not without taste, and surrounded by a small but brilliant garden. The church was contiguous to the hall, and had been raised by the lord on a portion of his domain.

"Behind the hall and its enclosure, the country was common land but picturesque. It had once been a beech forest, and though the timber had been greatly cleared, the green land was still occasionally dotted, sometimes with groups and sometimes with single trees, while the juniper, which here abounded and rose to a great height, gave a rich wildness to the scene, and sustained its forest character."

Here at Bradenham, with horses and dogs, the family of

Isaac Disraeli lived in comfort and quiet. Benjamin's health finally grew more impaired. He could not write a line without effort. He desired to travel, especially in the Holy Land; but for some reason, probably financial, the desire was not gratified.

Again the Austens probably came to his aid, for he started in June, 1830, with a young friend of talent and fortune, William Meredith, who was engaged to be married to his only sister, Sarah.

They went to Spain, where they enjoyed the hospitality of some distinguished men, to Cyprus, Jaffa, Jerusalem, and to Greece. Benjamin writes bright letters to his sister and mother, wants to hear "all about Bradenham, about dogs and horses, orchards, gardens; who calls, where you go, who my father sees in London, what is said. Never mind public news: there is no place like Bradenham, and each moment I feel better I want to come back." A year after he began his journey he writes home: "How I long to be with him [father], clearest of men, flashing our quills together, standing together in our chivalry as we will do, now that I have got the use of my brain for the first time in my life."

The coming of the two young men was eagerly awaited at Bradenham. Mr. Meredith and Sarah were to be married as soon as he returned. Just as they were leaving Alexandria for England, young Meredith was attacked with small-pox, and died after a brief illness. Disraeli came home alone, with "inexpressible sorrow;" Sarah Disraeli was widowed in heart for life, and never accepted marriage.

Her brother could not bring himself to take up the law again, now that he was restored to health. He longed to become a great poet, and with this longing in his heart, wrote the "prose poem" of Contarini Fleming, the most beautiful in its descriptions of any of his novels: the most fervid, and in some respects the best. As a picture of a true and lasting affection it is rarely equalled.

It was published anonymously in 1832, and won immediate success, "Goethe and Beckford," says Mr, Disraeli, "were impelled to communicate their unsolicited opinions of it to its anonymous author, and I have since seen a criticism of it by Heine, of which any writer might be justly proud." Milman said it was in no way inferior to "Childe Harold."

The young poet, Contarini, goes to college; eager to see Venice, he escapes from the place where he feels that he is learning nothing, and starts on his journey. He meets a famous artist who gives him a book in which are the talismanic words: "Be patient; cherish hope; read more; ponder less. Nature is more powerful than education; time will develop everything; trust not overmuch in the blessed Magdalen; learn to protect yourself."

He writes a tragedy; but somewhat discouraged by his father, who acknowledges that his son may become a Homer, but that it is "perhaps the most improbable incident that can occur," he consigns it to the flames. "The high poetic talent," says Baron Fleming, the father — "as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a mild, although a beautiful error of nature — the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation."

He arrives in Venice, meets and loves one of his own ancient house, Alceste Contarini, who is promised to a man whom she does not love. The poet offers her his life-long devotion.

"I am young, Alceste, the shadow of my mind has not yet fallen over the earth. Yet there is that within me — and at this moment I prophesy — there is that within me which may yet mould the mind and fortunes of my race; and of this heart, capable of these things, the fountains are open, Alceste, and they flow for you."

He rescued her from her approaching marriage of the hand and not the heart, married her, and took her at once to Greece. Here they enjoyed each other and nature. They walked at sunset. "A Grecian sunset! The sky is like the neck

of a dove, the rocks and waters are bathed with a violet light. Each moment it changes, each moment it shifts into more graceful and more gleaming shadows. And the thin, white moon is above all, the thin, white moon, followed by a single star — like a lady by a page.

"I could have lived with Alceste Contarini in a solitude forever. I desired nothing more than to enjoy existence with such a companion. I would have communicated to her all my thoughts and feelings. I would have devoted to her solitary ear the poetry of my being. Such a life might not suit others. Others, influenced by a passion not less ardent, may find its flame fed by the cares of life, cherished by its duties and pleasures, and flourishing amid the travail of society. All is an affair of organization….

"We had no books, no single source of amusement but our own society, and yet the day always appeared a moment…. Talk of fame and romance — all the glory and adventure in the world are not worth one single hour of domestic bliss!"

A year after, Contarini is walking by the sea, having left her at home for a brief time. Suddenly he sees her coming towards him on the sands. He hurries to meet her, but clasps only vacancy. She is dead at home, with her dead infant just born.

He quits Greece; he travels, he writes, but life is never the same.

Disraeli now wrote a poem called "The Revolutionary Epic," and read it at a party at Mrs. Austen's. Magros, the genius of Feudalism, and Lyridon, the genius of Federalism, plead their cause. The one tells the virtues of the former, the other the virtues of the latter: liberty, fraternity, and equality. The poem concludes with the conquest of Italy by Napoleon. He wrote three cantos, and fifty copies were primed. The public was indifferent to the poem, and it was never finished.

"The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," an Oriental fiction, was published in 1833. Alroy obtains by supernatural assistance

the sceptre of King Solomon, and leads a most adventurous life as the sovereign of the Hebrew race. The book was well received, and considered highly-original and rich in description. Mrs. Jameson said, "reading it was like riding an Arab."

Disraeli was now thirty-one years of age, handsome, travelled, ambitious, and a brilliant talker. The salons of the great in London were open to him. Bulwer and Tom Moore and Lady Morgan and Lady Blessington all made him welcome. N. P. Willis, the American, met him at the house of the latter. "I dined," he says, "at Lady Blessington's, in company with several authors, three or four noblemen, and an exquisite or two. The authors were Bulwer the novelist, and his brother, the statist; Procter (better known as Barry Cornwall); Disraeli, the author of 'Vivian Grey,' and Fonblanque, of the Examiner. The principal nobleman was the Earl of Durham, and the principal exquisite (though the word scarcely applies to the magnificent scale on which nature made him, and on which he made himself) was Count d'Orsay. [The Count was the son-in-law of the great beauty Lady Blessington. His wife had separated from him after two years of marriage, and he had remained in the home of her stepmother.]

"Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat.

"Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he bursts forth, as he does constantly, with a partially successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of Mephistopheles. His hair is as

extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carelessness of a girl's."

When Disraeli describes Beckford, the friend of Byron, Willis says: "I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were, at least, five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others, apparently, could so well have conveyed his idea. Disraeli talked like a race-horse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in Parliament."

In June, 1832, Disraeli offered himself as a candidate to the electors of High Wycombe, as a Radical, in favor of the ballot and triennial Parliaments. Bulwer worked for him, and procured commendatory letters from O'Connell, Hume, and others. Prime Minister Gray's son was the opposing candidate.

Disraeli appeared among his constituents in an open carriage drawn by four horses, dressed in his usual fantastic manner, to attract attention: loud shirt, coat with pink lining, etc. He made a brilliant impromptu speech. "All Wycombe was assembled," he said afterwards. "Feeling it was the crisis, I jumped upon the portico of the 'Red Lion,' and gave it to them for an hour and a quarter. I can give you no idea of the effect It made them all mad. A great many absolutely cried. I never made so many friends in my life, and converted so many enemies. All the women are on my side, and wear my colors, pink and white."

He failed, but he was not disheartened. In the autumn he offered himself a second time. He said to his audience: "I come before you to oppose this disgusting system of factions; I come forward wearing the badge of no party and the livery of no faction…. I will withhold my support from every

ministry which will not originate some great measure to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders." He failed a second time.

Hearing that a vacancy was expected at Marylebone, he offered himself there. He was asked on what he intended to stand. With his usual independence he replied, "On my head."

The Duke of Wellington had become interested in him, and said, "Something must be done for Disraeli, as a man of his acquirements and reputation must not be thrown away." D'Orsay painted his picture. Lord Lyndhurst was his friend and helper.

"Peel was most gracious," he wrote his sister. "He is a very great man indeed, and they all seem afraid of him…. I reminded him by my dignified familiarity both that he was an ex-minister, and I a present Radical."

He next tried Taunton, and failed. If he was ever for a moment discouraged, he did not acknowledge it even to himself. He knew that he had little money, and worst of all, his race was a decided objection. He was a Jew, and he must have felt it keenly, as his grandmother had before him. But he had "the courage, pure, perfect courage," that he had said in "Vivian Grey" was the one thing needed.

He wrote to his sister Sarah: "As for Taunton itself, the enthusiasm of Wycombe is a miniature to it; and I believe in point of energy, eloquence, and effect, I have far exceeded all my former efforts."

Three days later he wrote: "I live in a rage of enthusiasm; even my opponents promise to vote for me next time. The fatigue is awful. Two long speeches to-day and nine hours canvass on foot in a blaze of repartee. I am quite exhausted, and can scarcely see to write." Busy as he was, he did not forget to write to his sister. "My letters are shorter than Napoleon's," he writes, "but I love you more than he did Josephine."

In one of his speeches, Disraeli had spoken of the Whigs "grasping the bloody hand of O'Connell." The latter read the speech, and, in an address in Dublin, told how he had helped this young politician at Wycombe, and been thus rewarded.

"He calls me a traitor," said O'Connell. "My answer to this is, he is a liar. His life is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind, and England is degraded in tolerating and having on the face of her society a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. His name shows that he is by descent a Jew. They were once the chosen people of God.

"There were miscreants amongst them, however, alas! and it must certainly have been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief that died upon the cross, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief that died upon the cross."

Of course Disraeli was angry. He challenged the son of O'Connell — the father, having killed one man in a duel, had made a vow that he would never fight again, — but the son, having fought one duel for his father, declined to fight another. As soon as the affair was known, Disraeli was taken into custody by the police, and made to give £500 bonds to keep the peace. Disraeli wrote a stinging reply to O'Connell in the *Times*: —

> "I am not one of those public beggars that we see swarming with their obtrusive boxes in the chapels of your creed, nor am I in possession of a princely revenue arising from a starving race of fanatical slaves. Nevertheless, I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand when I shall be more successful, and take my place in that proud

assembly of which Mr. O'Connell avows his wish no longer to be a member.

"I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the union. We shall meet again at Philippi [House of Commons], and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon

"Benjamin Disraeli."

Disraeli was now badly in debt for election and other expenses. He had borrowed also to give to some of his impecunious friends in high social standing. A sheriff's officer Lad been sent at least once to arrest him for debt. Georg Brandes, in his scholarly study of Lord Beaconsfield says, "He offered himself for Shrewsbury, and a statement, published on this occasion by his opponents, shows that during the years from 1838 to 1841 alone, there were fifteen different claims laid upon him for debts, for sums varying from twenty pounds to seven hundred pounds, and amounting altogether to twenty thousand pounds."

These debts must have harassed him greatly, for he was not insensible to such obligations. He says in "Henrietta Temple," which was published in 1836, and was written in the midst of these calls for money: "Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime; it taints the course of life in all its dreams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians. It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we wake the monster, we wake our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did

not secure a doom more terrific."

Later, in his novel "Sybil," when a rich marriage had overcome his poverty, Disraeli had not forgotten the horrors of debt. "To be harassed about money," he says, "is one of the most disagreeable incidents of life. It ruffles the temper, lowers the spirits, disturbs the rest, and finally breaks up the health."

During these years of pecuniary distress, Disraeli wrote, besides "Henrietta Temple" — "Venetia," published in 1837, and dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst, in which, he said in the preface, he "had attempted to shadow forth two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter days."

These two were Byron and Shelley.

He had also written several political pamphlets: "The Crisis Examined," in 1834; "The Vindication of the British Constitution," in 1835; and "The Letters of Kunnymede," in 1836. The latter, nineteen in number, addressed to Sir Robert Peel and other members of the Government, caused a decided sensation. He wrote his sister: "The Letters of Eunnymede are the only things talked of in London, especially the latter ones. The author is unknown, and will probably so remain."

He also wrote her: "On Tuesday I dined at Lyndhurst's and met Lord Roden, … and Lockhart, whom Lyndhurst asked that he [Lockhart] might review the 'Vindication.' Chance! he never spoke a word. He is known in society by the name of 'The Viper;' but if he tries to sting me he will find my heel of iron."

Matters were now to change for Disraeli. At the house of Bulwer, in 1832, he writes his sister: "I was introduced 'by particular desire' to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she liked 'silent, melancholy men.' I answered 'that I had no doubt of it.'"

Probably Disraeli was pleased with Mrs. Lewis's interest. He says in "Coningsby," "There is something very fascinating in the first idea that your career interests a charming woman…. A woman who likes ambitious men must be no ordinary character; clearly a sort of heroine."

Mr. Lewis was a rich member of Parliament for Maidstone. Disraeli's friendship with the Lewis family had deepened through these five years. The death of William IV., in 1837, dissolved Parliament, and on July 27 of the same year, Mr. Disraeli was returned for Maidstone, as the colleague of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and at his request. The friendship "of the pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle," had done much, and was to do far more, for the young author.

Disraeli had at last won the coveted prize, and November 15, 1837, took his seat in the House of Commons, on the second bench, just behind Sir Robert Peel. Queen Victoria had come to the throne, and to her he was ever a most devoted subject.

He made his first speech December 7, 1837, on a debate relating to the Irish fund. "His appearance," says Froude, "was theatrical as usual. He was dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and with needless display of gold chain. His face was lividly pale, his voice and manner peculiar. He began naturally and sensibly, keeping to the point of the debate. He was cheered by his own side, and might have got through tolerably enough; but the gentlemen below the gangway had determined that his Philippi should not end in a victory,"

Every sentence was received with cheers and laughter. "I shall not trouble the House at any length." (Hear, hear! and laughter.) "I do not affect to be insensible to the difficulty of my position." (Renewed laughter.)

When the tumult was the wildest, he said, "I wish I really could induce the House to give me five minutes more." (Roars of laughter.) … "I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception

I have met with." (Continued laughter.) "I have begun several times, many things, and have often succeeded at last." (Question.) "Ay, sir, I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

How little they supposed that the defeated Jew would become their Prime Minister, and that they would indeed "hear him" and be governed by him!

Disraeli bore the defeat calmly. He wrote to his "Dearest," his sister: "I state at once that my debut was a failure — not by my breaking down, or incompetency on my part, but from the physical power of my adversaries. I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair, they were. It was like my first debut at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense may be auspicious of ultimate triumph in the same scene. I fought through all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper…. Yours, D., in very good spirits."

Shiel, though an Irish leader, would not join the clubs in their delight in Disraeli's failure. "I tell you this," he said: "if ever the spirit of oratory was in a man, it is that man. Nothing can prevent him from being one of the first speakers of the House of Commons."

He said to Disraeli afterwards, at dinner at Bulwer's: "Now get rid of your genius for a session. Speak often, for you must not show yourself cowed, but speak shortly. Be very quiet, try to be dull, only argue and reason imperfectly. Astonish them by speaking on subjects of detail. Quote figures, dates, calculations, and in a short time the House will sigh for the wit and eloquence which they all know are in you; they will encourage you to pour them forth, and then you will have the ear of the House, and be a favorite."

A week later he spoke on the Copyright Bill, and was listened to. All supposed he would allude to his former treatment, but he did not speak of it. From that time on, he never wanted for a respectful audience.

On July 12, 1839, Disraeli made an able speech on the

Chartist Petition, presented to Parliament by Mr. Attwood, member for Birmingham, and demanding manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, electoral districts, annual Parliaments, and payment of members; the latter, so that those who were not rich might be able to sit in the House and still provide support for their families.

The petition had more than a million signatures, and was brought into the House on a special machine, necessary for carrying such a mass of paper. Many who signed believed that a People's Charter would bring about better times, better food and wages. At least the poor and the workingmen wished to be represented, and knew that their cause was just. Educated and prominent men were also engaged in the reform.

Legislators are not always wise in their generation, and are sometimes obliged to give place to those who are willing to think about the wrongs of a people. They paid no attention to the petition, and soon riots and bloodshed resulted. The leaders of the Chartists were imprisoned and treated with great severity.

Lord John Russell, then War Secretary, asked for an increase of the police. Disraeli was one of a minority of five who dared to oppose the request. He defended those who were severely treated, and was called, in consequence, "an advocate of riot and disorder." He did not accept in full the provisions of the charter, but he had great sympathy with the Chartists. Two years later, angered at the treatment which they had received from the Whigs, the Chartists assisted in the downfall of the Melbourne Ministry. Disraeli was able to show later by his novel "Sybil," and the Reform Bill of 1867, that his expressions of sympathy were sincere.

This year, 1839, brought a great change in Disraeli's life. Mr. Wyndham Lewis died March 14, 1838, and August 28 of the year following Mr. Disraeli married his widow. She was not beautiful, but was extremely intelligent, and was his senior by nearly fifteen years, he thirty -five and she nearly

fifty. She had no children. She was the owner of a home at Grosvenor Gate, with a life income of several thousand pounds. Mr. Disraeli's liabilities were at once cancelled, and for the first time in his life he must have felt himself free to work, to write, to live, without the thraldom of debt.

Mr. Froude says: "She was a heroine, if ever woman deserved the name. She devoted herself to Disraeli with a completeness which left no room in her mind for any other thought. As to him, he said that he would never marry for love. But if love, in the common sense of the word, did not exist between these two, there was an affection which stood the trials of thirty years, and deepened only as they both declined into age.

"She was his helpmate, his confidante, his adviser: from the first, he felt the extent of his obligations to her; but the sense of obligation, if at first felt as a duty, became a bond of friendship perpetually renewed. The hours spent with his wife in retirement were the happiest that he knew. In defeat or victory he hurried home from the House of Commons to share his vexation or his triumph with his companion, who never believed that he could fail. The moment in his whole life which perhaps gave him greatest delight, was that at which he was able to decorate her with a peerage."

He was proud as well as grateful for her affection. He had said in "Vivian Grey," "To be loved by any woman is flattering to the feelings of every man, no matter how deeply he may have quaffed the bitter goblet of worldly knowledge."

He dedicated "Sybil" to her, six years after their marriage, in these words: "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages; the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

"A party of young men once ventured," says Froude, "a foolish jest or two at Mrs. Disraeli's age and appearance, and

rallied him on the motives of his marriage. 'Gentlemen,' said Disraeli, as he rose and left the room, 'do none of you know what gratitude means?' This was the only known instance in which he ever spoke with genuine anger."

Disraeli did not buy his beautiful country home, Hughenden, near Bradenham, till 1848. "Here," says T. E. Kebbel, "Lady Beaconsfield, during her lifetime, was the brightest of hostesses; and to walk with her in the surrounding woods, and hear her discourse about her husband — it is needless to say her favorite topic — was a treat not soon to be forgotten. She was particularly fond of telling how, after a capital division in the House of Commons in 1867, he refused an invitation to supper at the Carlton, that he might carry the good news to Grosvenor Gate without delay. 'Dizzy came home to me,' she used to say with a triumphant air.

"His domestic life, there is every reason to suppose, was one of unclouded happiness, and due in great part to Lady Beaconsfield's exertions of general cheerfulness."

The story of her self-control has been often told. Going with her husband to the House of Commons, as was her custom, as she entered the carriage the door shut upon her fingers, holding and nearly crushing them. Disraeli was deep in thought over a speech to be made. Without uttering a sound, she allowed her fingers to remain in the door till they arrived; and she entered the ladies' gallery, and made no mention of the dreadful pain, till the speech was over, and they were on their way home.

Disraeli was never afraid or ashamed to praise his wife. When he became Lord Rector of a great university, he told the students, that if he had risen high in the councils of the nation, he had Mrs. Disraeli to thank for it. He never hesitated to have it known that she read over his speeches with him, and counselled him on all important political matters. Strong men are never afraid to be advised or guided by a woman.

Disraeli rarely appeared in society without his wife. When she had grown old to the world, she never seemed to have grown old to him. They were inseparable, and satisfied in each other's companionship.

Mr. Gladstone said, after Disraeli died: "There was another feeling, lying nearer to the very centre of his existence, which, though a domestic feeling, may now be referred to without indelicacy. I mean his profound, devoted, tender, and grateful affection for his wife, which, if, as may be the case, it deprived him of the honor of public obsequies, has, nevertheless, left for him a more permanent title as one who knew, amid the calls and temptations of political life, what was due to the sanctity and strength of the domestic affections, and made him, in that respect, an example to the country in which he lived."

"They was like a pair of turtle-doves, they was," said the head gardener to a visitor at Hughenden. "They was like that to the last day of their lives They would spend whole days out here together in the summer-time; and it was her delight to take him to see things which she had done to please him unbeknown. If she thought he'd like to have a clearer view of the meadows, she'd have openings cut in the woods. She used to tell me to do it on the quiet, and when it was all done she'd lead him to the spot.

"Do you see that monnyment yonder on the hill? Well, it's put up in memory of my lord's father, him that wrote the book; and my lady did it all of her own accord. She had the plans made, and set the masons to work without sayin' a word to him about it; and then she takes him out one fine afternoon, and says he, 'What's that?' — 'Let's go see,' says she, with a smile; and when they got near it he stood and looked at her for a full minute without speakin' a word. I've heerd as how he cried, but not havin' been near enough to see it, I can't say. It was the finished monnyment to Isaac Disraeli, sir, fit for Westminster Abbey. She loved Isaac Disraeli's son like

that."

A writer in Temple Bar says: "Those who knew Mrs. Disraeli remember how every morning, when she had settled her household affairs with a quiet, domineering activity, she would sit down to glance through heaps of newspapers, reviews, and even blue-books, to spare her husband this fatigue. At his ten-o'clock breakfast he heard from her all the news of the day, got the pith of the leaders from the Times, was told of everything printed in his favor, and often received a useful budget of facts, statistics, and anecdotes, bearing upon speeches which he was going to deliver.

"From the time of his marriage a great change came over Disraeli. The fervid self-assertedness of his bachelor days was put off; the florid imperfections of his dress were corrected; he became less anxious to shine than to please, less careful to convince than to amuse. His sure helpmate scored for him, so to say, marking down all the points he made, watching the effects of his conversational shots, and reporting everything faithfully to him, so that he could never feel depressed under a sense of diminishing prowess."

However cynical Disraeli might have been in some matters, he was never cynical about the influence of woman, or the beauty of womanhood. "Few great men have flourished," he says in "Henrietta Temple," "who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of woman…. How many an official portfolio would never have been carried, had it not been for her sanguine spirit and assiduous love!

"How many a depressed and despairing advocate has clutched the Great Seal, and taken his precedence before princes, borne onward by the breeze of her inspiring hope, and illumined by the sunshine of her prophetic smile! A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and, without such a muse,

few men can succeed in life, none be content."

In "Lothair," Disraeli makes the Princess of Tivoli say, in speaking of Theodora: "The power of the passions, the force of the will, the creative energy of the imagination — these make life, and reveal to us a world of which the millions are entirely ignorant. You have been fortunate in your youth to have become acquainted with a great woman. It develops all a man's powers, and gives him a thousand talents.

"It is the spirit of man that says, 'I will be great;' but it is the sympathy of woman that usually makes him so."

Of "Coningsby," he says: "No clever and refined woman, with her quick perception, and nice criticism that never offends our self-love, had ever given him that education that is more precious than universities. The mild suggestions of a sister, the gentle raillery of some laughing cousin, are also advantages not always appreciated at the time, but which boys, when they have become men, often think over with gratitude, and a little remorse at the ungracious spirit in which they were received."

In "Coningsby," also, Disraeli gives a picture of his own married life: "The lot most precious to man, and which a beneficent Providence has made not the least common — to find in another heart a perfect and profound sympathy, to unite his existence with one who could share all his joys, soften all his sorrows, aid him in all his projects, respond to all his fancies, counsel him in his cares and support him in his perils, make life charming by her charms, interesting by her intelligence, and sweet by the vigilant variety of her tenderness — to find your life blessed by such an influence, and to feel that your influence can bless such a life; the lot the most divine of divine gifts, so perfect that power and even fame can never rival its delights."

After his marriage, Disraeli and his wife spent two months in travel in Germany, and then he came back to his labors in the House of Commons. In 1841, under Sir Robert Peel as

Prime Minister, Disraeli was returned for Shrewsbury. The Free Trade doctrines were being advocated by Bright and Cobden. Peel evidently was weakening from his Protectionist professions. Disraeli, a Protectionist, and his political follower, began to lose confidence in his leader.

They differed on the Irish question. Peel was for coercion bills; and Disraeli contended that "a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church" being the causes of the disaffection, coercion would not remedy it. He soon became the head of a small party of younger Tory members, who were called Young Englanders.

These hoped "to rekindle that attachment to the throne, the Church, and the landed proprietors of the kingdom, which, though the flame burned low, was yet far from being extinct."

Disraeli, believing in the necessity and the wisdom of a landed aristocracy, still urged that that aristocracy do its whole duty, be distinguished for public and private virtues, and that the Church revive itself to its noble position of spiritual leadership. "The Church," he said, "was in theory, and once it had been in practice, the spiritual and intellectual trainer of the people. The privileges of the multitude and the prerogative of the sovereign had grown up together, and together they had waned. Under the plea of Liberalism, all the institutions which were the bulwark of the multitude had been sapped and weakened, and nothing had been substituted for them." Evidently the man who began political life as a Radical was now a clearly defined Tory.

With the hope of impressing the views of the Young Englanders upon the people, "Coningsby" and "Sybil" were written.

"Coningsby; or, The New Generation," was published in 1844. Three editions were sold in three months in England. It was largely circulated throughout Europe, and in a short time fifty thousand copies were sold in the United States.

"The main purpose of its writer," says the preface, "was to vindicate the just claims of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country…. In considering the Tory scheme, the author recognized in the Church the most powerful agent in the previous development of England, and the most efficient means of that renovation of the national spirit at which he aimed….

"In vindicating the sovereign right of the Church of Christ to be the perpetual regenerator of man, the writer thought the time had arrived when some attempt should be made to do justice to the race which founded Christianity."

In speaking of the Middle Ages, when the Jews were looked upon as an accursed race, he says —

"No one paused to reflect that Christianity was founded by the Jews; that its Divine Author, in his human capacity, was a descendant of King David; … that the apostles and the evangelists, whose names men daily invoked, and whose volumes they embrace with reverence, were all Jews…. And that a Jew was the founder of the Christian Churches of Asia." These views are developed further still in "Tancred." Coningsby, the hero of the novel, and one of the aristocracy, grandson of Lord Monmouth, is educated at Eton, saves the life of his schoolmate, Oswald Millbank, the son of a mill-owner in Lancashire, is noble and generous, and "wishes to be a great man."

He meets Sidonia, a rich Jew — not unlike Disraeli — and tells him his wish for eminence.

"Mature your mind with great thoughts," replies Sidonia. "To believe in the heroic makes heroes…. The age does not believe in great men, because it does not possess any. The Spirit of the Age is the very thing that a great man changes," says Sidonia.

"What is an individual against a vast public opinion?" exclaims Coningsby.

"Divine," says Sidonia.

Sidonia becomes a power with the young man. "All of us encounter," says Disraeli, "at least once in our life, some individual who utters words that make us think forever. There are men whose phrases are oracles: who condense in a sentence the secrets of life; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character or illustrates an existence. A great thing is a great book; but greater than all is the talk of a great man! … A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation, whether he be a monk in a cloister, agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the pagan world."

Under such teaching, Coningsby is prepared to educate the "new generation." He loves Edith Millbank, and is finally able to overcome the aversion of the rich mill-owner for the conceited, and, to his view, nearly useless aristocracy, and marries her. Coningsby becomes rich through the gift of a young woman who loves him, Flora Villebecque, the natural daughter of the profligate Lord Monmouth.

"Sybil; or, The Two Nations," published in 1845, is a study of the rich and the poor, especially the latter.

"Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws."

Disraeli had personally visited the manufacturing towns and the poor elsewhere, and, like the noble Lord Shaftesbury, had seen for himself the misery of the struggling millions. Sybil, a lovely woman, is one of Disraeli's most beautiful creations, just as Theodora in "Lothair," is a character as far removed as possible from the usual type in an English novel. Disraeli had no fear in describing the leader of the English poor, and the leader of the Italians in their struggles for liberty, as women. Even death on battle-fields did not spoil

their gentleness of character. The women of the world have the Prime Minister of England to thank for many pictures of a strong and noble womanhood — not helpless or superficial, but, like his own wife, intellectual, and able companions in the daily struggle.

Lord Marney and Lord Mowbray in the book are harsh landlords and mill-owners, who think "a peasant can rear a family on eight shillings a week." Their indifference as to the condition of their work-people amounts to brutality. Poor little waifs like "Devils-dust" are the result. "About a fortnight after his mother had introduced him to the world, she returned to her factory, and put her infant out to nurse — that is to say, paid threepence a week to an old woman, who takes charge of these newborn babes for the day, and gives them back at night to their mothers, as they hurriedly return from the scene of their labor to the dungeon or the den which is still by courtesy called 'home.' The expense is not great: laudanum and treacle, administered in the shape of some popular elixir, affords these innocents a brief taste of the sweets of existence, and, keeping them quiet, prepares them for the silence of their impending grave….

"At two years of age, his mother being lost sight of and the weekly payment having ceased, he was sent out in the street to ' play,' in order to be run over. Even this expedient failed. The youngest and the feeblest of the band of victims, Juggernaut spared him to Moloch. All his companions were disposed cf. Three months 'play' in the streets got rid of this tender company — shoeless, half-naked, and uncombed — whose age varied from two to five years. Some were crushed, some were lost, some caught cold and fevers, crept back to their garret or their cellars, were dosed with Godfrey's cordial, and died in peace.

"The nameless one would not disappear. He always got out of the way of the carts and horses. They gave him no food; he foraged for himself, and shared with the dogs the garbage

of the streets. But still he lived", stunted and pale, he defied even the fatal fever which was the only habitant of his cellar that never quitted it. And, slumbering at night on a bed of mouldering straw, his only protection against the plashy surface of his den, with a dungheap at his head, and a cesspool at his feet, he still clung to the only roof which shielded him from the tempest….

"All the children gradually sickened except himself; and one night when he returned home he found the old woman herself dead, and surrounded only by corpses. The child before this had slept on the same bed of straw with a corpse, but then there were also breathing beings for his companions. A night passed only with corpses seemed to him in itself a kind of death. He stole out of the cellar, quitted the quarter of pestilence, and, after much wandering, lay down near the door of a factory. Fortune had guided him….

"A child was wanting in the Wadding Hole, a place for the manufacture of waste and damaged cotton, the refuse of the mills, which is here worked up into counterpanes and coverlets. The nameless one was preferred to the vacant post, received even a salary; more than that, a name, for, as he had none, he was christened on the spot, Devilsdust."

Sybil is the daughter of a workingman, Walter Gerard, who joins with others in organizing trades-unions for the protection of labor. At last the laborers become incensed at the low wages, indifference, and lectures "on their improved condition," by their employers. The laborers knew that with the spread of intelligence their needs for decent living were greater; that the capitalist was building a fine home while wages were lowered; that "supply and demand" was idle talk to the starving in a Christian civilization where men were called "brothers."

Egremont, the younger brother of Lord Marney, loves Sybil for her high character, and tries to assure her that "the increased knowledge of themselves will teach the educated

their social duties. There is a dayspring in the history of this nation, which, perhaps, those only who are on the mountain-tops can as yet recognize. You deem you are in the darkness, and I see a dawn."

Disraeli did indeed hope that "Darkest England" would be aroused; that her rich would not waste in luxury what would make the poor happy; that capital would be mindful of labor, and not think that duties were ended when wages were paid. But he died before the "dawn" had come which his hero prophesied.

The castle of Lord Mowbray in the novel is sacked and burned by the laborers, while Lord Marney and the Chartist agitators, Gerard and Morley, are killed in the conflict.

Disraeli writes his sister, on May-day, 1845: "'Sybil' was finished yesterday. I thought it never would be; the printers were on my heels, and have been for the last month.... I have never been through such a four months, and hope never again. What with the House of Commons, which was itself quite enough for a man, and writing six hundred pages, I thought sometimes my head must turn."

England had been stirred profoundly by the Free Trade contest. Sir Robert Peel had no antagonist like the Protectionist, Disraeli. He felt that Peel had betrayed his party by going over to the Free Traders. His satire was withering.

"For myself," said Disraeli, "I care not what may be the result. Dissolve, if you please, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains this, at least, the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy."

Disraeli accused Peel of having stolen the Liberal policy. "The right honorable gentleman," he said, "had caught the Whigs bathing, and had walked away with their clothes."

Disraeli wrote his sister that "Peel was stunned and stupefied, lost his head, and vacillating between silence and

spleen, spoke much and weakly. Never was a greater failure! Assuring me that I had not hurt his feelings, that he would never reciprocate personalities again, having no venom, etc., etc."

Disraeli had advised the Irish not to trust Peel, "whose bleak shade had fallen on the sunshine of their hopes for a quarter of a century."

Cobden's idea that the rest of mankind would follow the example of England in opening their ports to the world, was scouted by Disraeli as absurd. He said, on the third reading of the bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws: "It may be vain now in the midnight of their intoxication to tell them that there will be an awakening of bitterness. It may be idle now in the spring-tide of their economic frenzy, to warn them that there may be an ebb of trouble. But the dark and inevitable hour will arrive. Then when their spirit is softened by misfortune, they will recur to those principles which made England great, and which, in our belief, alone can keep England great.

"Then, too, perhaps, they may remember, not with unkindness, those who, betrayed and deserted, were neither ashamed nor afraid to struggle for the 'good old cause,' the cause with which are associated principles the most popular, sentiments the most entirely national, the cause of labor, the cause of the people, the cause of England."

Peel's administration fell soon after, and Disraeli, a member of the despised Jewish race, became the head of the Opposition. For twenty-five years he led his party in the House of Commons, being three times Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Any proposals which he considered good," says Mr. Froude, "he helped forward with earnestness and ability — proposals for shortening the hours of labor, for the protection of children in the factories, for the improvement of the dwelling-houses of the poor. He may be said to have brought the Jews into Parliament a quarter of a century before they would otherwise have been admitted there, for the

Conservatives themselves would probably have opposed their admission to the end."

The Bill for the Admission of Jews to Parliament was offered in 1830, and failed. In 1833 it passed the House of Commons, and was rejected in the House of Lords by fifty votes. Again and again it was defeated. In 1847 Baron Lionel Rothschild was elected as one of the members for the City of London. For four sessions he sat as a stranger, and then he presented himself at the table of the House, and demanded to be sworn. He was sworn on the Old Testament, but omitted the words "on the true faith of a Christian," in the Oath of Abjuration. He did not contest the matter further, but sat like any other stranger. Finally, in 1858, after twenty-eight years of discussion, Jews were admitted to Parliament by a bill enabling either House by resolution to modify its oath.

During the American Civil War, though Disraeli believed, with many others, that the North would not succeed, he advised non-interference, and carried his party with him.

In the midst of his busy life, he wrote his novel "Tancred" in 1847, and his "Life of Lord George Bentinck" in 1852. "Tancred, or the New Crusade," was his favorite. Bentinck was a leader of the Protectionists against Peel, till his sudden death; and though this Life was a labor of love for Disraeli, the writing of the book was fatiguing.

He writes his sister, Sept. 10, 1850: "Two immense chests of George Bentinck's papers from the Duke of Portland — materials for a memoir, long contemplated." In October he writes: "I am getting on pretty well with my work, though tired of this life of everlasting labor. This is a beautiful autumn, and the tints are very fine and various, though the russet beech predominates. These colors, however, are no compensation for the loss of long days. I get up at seven, but they are fearfully short, and I cannot, as you know, work at night."

Dec. 1, 1851, he writes: "I finished the last line of the last

chapter last night, and never in my life felt more relieved, not having had a moment's ease the whole autumn."

Isaac Disraeli had died in 1848, and with the portion of money which came to Benjamin, he was enabled to purchase the manor of Hughenden, near his boyhood's home, Bradenham. Mrs. Disraeli raised in the park a handsome monument to her husband's father, and his son republished his father's books, prefixing an interesting biography of the retiring student.

Hughenden, with its two thousand acres, its wood, and walks, and white manor-house, is an attractive place. "The abundance of timber," says an English writer, "has given the landscape gardener splendid material to work upon. Here he has cleared a glade and there a little amphitheatre, and at needful distances for effect he has varied the greens and browns of the grass and the trees with patches of all the colors in which God has painted the flowers of the field,"

Within, "the pictures begin at the hall door. They line the staircase walls, they overflow into every chamber and antechamber, and there is hardly one of them that is not a personal memento…. Here in the low-ceiled entry is Edward Lytton Bulwer in the day of his dandyism, a picture as carefully wrought out by the painter, in boots and cuffs and collar as in the fine brow above them.

"Here is Lyndhurst, the great Tory Lord Chancellor…. This portrait was painted by the young Disraeli's idol, D'Orsay; and opposite to it hangs the effigy of the artist and the idol himself — the Crichton of his time, the best dresser, the brightest wit, the most accomplished swordsman, painter, equestrian, and general highflyer, perhaps ever seen in London society, and withal, as tradition assures us, the handsomest man, not only of a season, but of an epoch….

"One chief secret of Disraeli's early impecuniosity is now known; he gave up the ready money left him by his father, some thousands of pounds, to help to pay D'Orsay's debts. It

was but a drop in that ocean of liability, but it helped his hero through one bad quarter of an hour, and with that the devotee was content. Another canvas only separates D'Orsay from the Countess of Blessington — a brunette radiant with youthful beauty."

In the library, "the light is abundant, and it falls as often on brilliant hangings as on sober bindings…. Rich Oriental yellows predominate in the decorations, but there is an Oriental harmony in the fittings of the apartment, taken as a whole. The bookbinder's lines of gold on the volumes, here and there, catch up and carry out the color, as an artist would say, from one end of the room to the other, and the place is filled with bits of bric-a-brac which serve the same end…. Presentation books lie about on the tables. One of them, a trophy from Berlin, is a beautifully printed and beautifully bound edition of the Psalms in German, weighing several pounds. A slip of paper thrust between the leaves says that it is from an admirer — there is no other clew to the giver's name….

"The drawing-room is very gorgeous in its glow of gold and yellow satin. The parqueted floor is in the French style. French, too, in taste, is the abundance of figure-subjects in old china, though these are mostly of Dresden ware. This might be called the Queen's room, for the Queen sat in it on her memorable visit to her favorite minister — a visit of a couple of hours, but it made Russia and Germany understand his hold on power, and it will be remembered in this rural neighborhood for ten times as many years. [The Queen and Beatrice each planted a fir tree at Hughenden.]

"This room abounds with evidences of her royal favor to the man who has made her something more than a queen, and whose enemies, indeed, accuse him of making her an empress in England as well as in India by liberating her from the critical control of Parliament, and accepting her will as the nation's law.

"In the place of honor among the pictures hangs the portrait of Her Majesty, painted by command. On the table lies a ponderously bound copy of Theodore Martin's 'Faust,' with the inscription on the fly-leaf in a handwriting beautifully clear and bold: 'To Lord Beaconsfield, with many happy returns of the season, from Victoria Reg. and I. [Regina et Imperatrix], Christmas Eve, 1876.'"

Disraeli was deeply attached to Hughenden. He was especially fond of birds, trees, and flowers. "He was sincerely grieved," says Kebbel, "when a wintry gale blew down a favorite ash; and once, when a half-witted peasant, who was allowed to wander about the park, showed him a dead bird which he had picked up, he said, 'Take it away, I cannot bear the sight of it.'"

He had a dog of which he was very fond, a Persian cat, and handsome peacocks, which the Queen cared for after his death. He used if possible to finish his official business at four o'clock, that he might walk or drive before dinner. He was a favorite among his cottagers, and often chatted with them over their afternoon tea.

In 1851, about the time of the purchase of Hughenden, Disraeli had a singular experience. He received a letter from a Mrs. Brydges Willyams, living at Torquay, which expressed admiration, and desired advice on some business matters. Not knowing the person, he tore it up. Later, he received another letter, asking to meet him. He showed it to Mrs. Disraeli, and tore it up. A third time she wrote, and appointed a meeting in the Great Exhibition building by the fountain. He showed this letter to two intimate friends, who advised him not to neglect the request.

He went and found an aged woman, a Jewess, the heiress of a family of Spanish descent. Her husband had died over thirty years before. She handed Disraeli a paper which she begged him to examine at his leisure.

He thrust it into his pocket, and thought no more about

it for weeks. Finally, when he recalled it, he opened the package, and found a thousand-pound note toward his election expenses, and the case about which Mrs. Willyams had sought advice. The case was attended to, and the advice was sent with apologies for delay.

An affectionate friendship resulted, and Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli visited Torquay each year. Every week roses were sent from Torquay to the Disraelis, and they in turn sent gifts. For twelve years an intimate correspondence was kept up; and the letters have been preserved, written by Disraeli when he had leisure, by his wife when he had not.

He writes Mrs. Willyams from Hughenden, September 2, 1862: "I am quite myself again; and as I have been drinking your magic beverage for a week, and intend to pursue it, you may fairly claim all the glory of my recovery, as a fairy cures a knight after a tournament or a battle. I have a great weakness for mutton broth, especially with that magical sprinkle which you did not forget. I shall call you in future, after an old legend and a modern poem, 'the Lady of Shalott.'

"I think the water of which it was made would have satisfied even you, for it was taken every day from our stream, which rises among the chalk hills, glitters in the sun over a very pretty cascade, then spreads and sparkles into a little lake in which is a natural island.

"Since I wrote to you last, we have launched in the lake two most beautiful cygnets, to whom we have given the names of Hero and Leander. They are a source to us of unceasing interest and amusement. They are very handsome and very large, but as yet dove-colored. I can no longer write to you of Cabinet councils or Parliamentary struggles. Here I see nothing but trees or books, so you must not despise the news of my swans."

At Mrs. Willyams's death, she left him her whole fortune, 30,000 pounds sterling, with a wish that she might be laid beside him at Hughenden, a wish of course complied with.

Rarely has a man been so worshipped by two women, as those two who now rest beside him in death, his wife and Mrs. Willyams.

All these years Disraeli was doing his work in the House of Commons, making witty, sarcastic, and able 3peeches, showing himself skilled in his financial reports; one of the two great masters who fought their duels of words before an admiring public — the one a grand Liberal — Gladstone; the other a brilliant Tory.

The country still clamored for reform in the franchise. Lord John Russell had tried a reform bill in 1852, and again in 1854, but the country was too much absorbed by the Crimean War abroad, to care for discontent at home. In 1859 Mr. Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced a bill, but was defeated on the second reading. In 1866 the Liberals, under Gladstone, then leader of the House of Commons, introduced a reform bill in a most eloquent speech. Mr. Bright supported him. Mr. Robert Lowe, a Liberal, opposed, and, with his followers, was likened by Mr. Bright to David in the Cave of Adullam, when he called about him "every one that was in distress and every one that was discontented," and became a leader over them. Hence the little third party were called "Adullamites."

For eight nights the reform bill was debated in the House, with many brilliant and eloquent speeches. Mr. Gladstone finally saw that his bill was doomed. He said in closing a noble speech: "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move on in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb — those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side, and the banner which we now carry, though perhaps at this moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy,

but to a certain and a not distant victory."

The bill was defeated; the Liberal ministry resigned, and Lord Derby became Prime Minister, with Disraeli again Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The disfranchised of England now determined to make themselves heard by Parliament. Reform leagues and unions were formed at once. Great meetings were held demanding the franchise for the working-people. Great processions passed up and down the principal thoroughfares of London, with determined faces and banners that could not be misunderstood. Reform or revolution was imminent. There was a riot in Hyde Park, and a few persons were stoned and injured, but usually the demands were made in dignified silence.

Disraeli knew that his hour for action had come. He knew that the Tories were opposed to reform; that he must "educate" them, as he said in a speech at a banquet given in his honor in Edinburgh: "I had to prepare the mind of the country — to educate, if it be not too arrogant to use such a phrase — to educate our party, which is a large party, and, of course, requires its attention to be called to questions of this character with some pressure; and I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and of the country in this question of reform." He could not "educate" three of his Cabinet, who resigned at once — Lord Salisbury, Secretary for Lidia; General Peel, Secretary for War; and Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary. England became intensely stirred by the debates. Carlyle thought the country would go to destruction through the broadened franchise, and wrote "Shooting Niagara." England, he thought, would go over the rapids, and perhaps disappear.

One man knew at least that the people were in earnest in their demands, and that the Tories could not remain in power unless something decisive were done. True, he had blamed Peel for going against his party in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Disraeli had the unusual power to carry his party with

him, willing or unwilling.

After the most heated debates, in which he never lost his good nature, even though he often cut his adversaries to the quick — Disraeli spoke on the Reform Bill no less than three hundred and ten times — the Reform Bill passed August 15, 1867. It was virtually household suffrage. "It enfranchised in boroughs all male households rated for the relief of the poor, and all lodgers resident for one year, and paying not less than ten pounds a year rent; and in counties, persons of property of the clear annual value of five pounds, and occupiers of land or tenements paying twelve pounds a year."

Without doubt Mr. Disraeli had gone farther than he had intended at first, though "Sybil" showed how plainly he was the friend of the workingman. He had some fears about universal suffrage, as he had had about free trade. He said: "If you establish a democracy, you must in due season reap the fruits of a democracy. You will in due season have great impatience of the public burdens, combined in due season with great increase of the public expenditure. You will in due season have wars entered upon from passion and not from reason; and you will in due season submit to peace ignominiously sought and ignorantly obtained, which will diminish your authority and perhaps endanger your independence. You will, in due season, with a democracy, find that your property is less valuable, and that your freedom is less complete.

"I doubt not, when there has been realized a sufficient quantity of disaffection and dismay, the good sense of this country will come to the rally, and that you will obtain some remedy for your grievances, and some redress for your wrongs, by the process through which alone it can be obtained; by that process which may make your property more secure, but which will not render your liberty more eminent."

The Prime Minister, Lord Derby, pathetically exclaimed that they were "taking a leap in the dark;" and Mr. Lowe, obliged to accept the inevitable, now that people "who lived

in those small houses" were enfranchised, said, "We must now, at least, educate our new masters." Lord Derby soon retired on account of ill health, and the leader of his party, the Jew who had fought his way against prejudice, debts, and lack of social position, accepted the highest honor which the Queen of England has to offer, that of Prime Minister. Although he had been called "the Red Indian of debate," and an adventurer, he had won his position by his ability and his determination. He went down to Parliament wildly cheered by the crowds along the streets, in Palace Yard, and in the House itself. The world admires courage, and is glad when success is honorably won. How proud the devoted wife must have been! How the heart of Benjamin Disraeli must have rejoiced at sixty-four, to have won the coveted prize! Doubtless he recalled the day when thirty years before he had exclaimed before a jeering, shouting crowd in the House of Commons: "I have begun several things, many times — and have often succeeded at last. Ay, sir, I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." And the time had come.

Mr. Disraeli did not long retain his position, as in a few months the government was defeated by the Liberals under Gladstone, in the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Disraeli opposed this measure, believing that it was the entering wedge, and that the abolition of the State Church in England and Scotland would follow. He declared that "the sound union between Church and State was the chief means of our civilization and the sole guarantee of religious liberty." Of course the Nonconformists and the Papists were against him. The former had no sympathy with a Church established by law and supported by the State; the latter had no sympathy with a Protestant Church established by law in a Roman Catholic country.

On leaving office at the close of 1868, the Queen wished to give Disraeli a title, but while declining for himself, he was

glad to accept the honor for Mrs. Disraeli, who became Viscountess Beaconsfield. She died four years later, December 15, 1872, and was buried at Hughenden. Having more leisure, now that he was out of office, Disraeli wrote "Lothair," probably his greatest novel, which was published in 1870. This, like all his other books, is written with a purpose. Lothair, an exceedingly rich nobleman, is desired by the Church of Rome as a convert, and to this end he is courted by clever monsignors and charming women. He is saved to Protestantism by Theodora, an Italian, married to an American. She is one of the leaders in the struggles of Italy, and receives an ideal homage from Lothair. She is a remarkable woman, and is finely drawn by Disraeli.

Wounded on the field of battle near Rome, and lying on her death-bed, she says to Lothair, "It is the last time I shall speak to you, and I wish that we should be alone. There is something much on my mind at this moment, and you can relieve it…. I know your life, for you have told it me, and you are true. I know your nature; it is gentle and brave, but perhaps too susceptible. I wished it to be susceptible only of the great and good. Mark me! I have a vague but strong conviction that there will be another and a more powerful attempt to gain you to the Church of Rome. If I have ever been to you, as you have sometimes said, an object of kind thoughts — if not a fortunate, at least a faithful friend — promise me now, at this hour of trial, with all the solemnity that becomes the moment, that you will never enter the communion."

"I promise," said Lothair.

"And now," she said, "embrace me, for I wish that your spirit should be upon me as mine departs."

Lothair is afterwards wounded in battle, and left for dead on the field. He is taken to a hospital, and again his Romish friends surround and influence him. Disturbed in mind, but convalescing in body, he strays out in the moonlight, and

finds himself in the Coliseum.

"He sat himself down on a block of stone in that sublime and desolate arena, and asked himself the secret spell of this Rome that had already so agitated his young life, and probably was about critically to affect it. Theodora lived for Rome and died for Rome….

"Was it a breeze in a breezeless night that was sighing amid these ruins? A pine-tree moved its head on a broken arch, and there was a stir among the plants that hung on the ancient walls. It was a breeze in a breezeless night that was sighing amid the ruins….

"He was aroused from his revery by the indefinite sense of some change having occurred, which often disturbs and terminates one's brooding thoughts. And, looking round, he felt, he saw, he was no longer alone. The moonbeams fell upon a figure that was observing him from the crag of ruin that was near, and, as the light clustered and gathered round the form, it became every moment more definite and distinct….

"'Lothair,' said a deep sweet voice that never could be forgotten.

"'I am here,' he at last replied.

"'Remember!' and she threw upon him that glance at once serene and solemn, that had been her last, and was impressed indelibly upon his heart of hearts.

"Now he could spring forward, and throw himself at her feet; but, alas! as he reached her, the figure melted into the moonlight, and she was gone; — that divine Theodora, who, let us hope, returned at last to those Elysian fields she so well deserved."

The spell was broken, and he remained ever after true to his Protestant faith.

"Lothair" had an immense sale. A single firm in America sold twenty-five thousand copies during the first month, and seven editions appeared in a few weeks. It was soon translated into almost all languages. Disraeli himself said that it had

been "more extensively read both by the people of the United Kingdom and the United States, than any work that has appeared in the last half-century."

Disraeli writes, says Froude, "as a man of the world, with perfect mastery of his material, without a taint of ill-nature; with a frank perception of the many and great excellences of the patrician families, of the charm and spirit of the high-born matrons and girls, of the noble capabilities of their fathers and brothers, paralyzed by the enchantment which condemns them to uselessness. They stand on the canvas like the heroes and heroines of Vandyck; yet the sense never leaves us that they are but flowers of the hot-house, artificially forced into splendor, with no root in outer nature, and, therefore, of no continuance." This patrician society, at the time the book was written, "was then in its most brilliant period, like the full bloom of a flower which opens fully only to fade."

In 1874 Disraeli again became Prime Minister, the Liberals being defeated on the Irish University Bill. He had already been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

He was then nearly seventy years of age. For six years he governed the country much as Palmerston had done, with the same popular and absolute sway. He gave much thought to domestic interests. Among the measures passed through his influence were the Factory Acts, Mercantile Shipping Act, Artisans' Dwellings Act, and the like. He made some enemies by his support of the Public Worship Regulation Act, which gave to the bishops the power to prohibit practices which they considered improper. It was in the interests of the Anti-Ritualists, and has not been productive of great results.

In 1876, through Disraeli's influence, the Royal Titles Act was passed, enabling the Queen to assume the title of Empress of India. It met with decided opposition from most Liberals, who did not like an increase of power in a sovereign, and from many members both in the Lords and Commons who

considered it an unwise and impolitic innovation, both as regards the United Kingdom and India. But Disraeli, from the first of his official life, had believed in greater power for the monarch, and he desired, also, to make Russia stand in awe of an empire.

That the Queen was pleased with this new proof of loyalty was but natural; and the country was not surprised when in August of the same year, 1876, Disraeli became the Earl of Beaconsfield, and the leader of the House of Lords. "Dizzy" — the pet name by which the Englishmen called him — had reached heights of which he had scarcely dared to dream. He was henceforward to be the friend of princes and emperors.

The everlasting Eastern Question had again come to the front. Turkey, as usual, had oppressed her subjects, and was detested by every country over which she ruled. Insurrections had broken out in Crete, in the Herzegovina, and other provinces, and had been quenched as Russia quenched Poland — in the blood of men and women.

Other insurrections began in Bosnia and in Herzegovina The Turks insisted that Russia aided these people, who were Christians, against their enemies and masters, the Turks, who were Mohammedans. Count Andrassy, the Austrian minister, drew up a protest to the Porte, in which Austria, Germany, and Russia demanded that Turkey carry out the promises she had made. As ever before, she promised all things, and did nothing.

A revolution took place in Constantinople, and Sultan Abdul Aziz was dethroned, and at once committed suicide. Bulgaria, too, had revolted, and Turkey had sent Bashi-Bazouks to crush them. They did their work in a hideous manner. The English papers were filled with the atrocities. Lord Beaconsfield did not believe what he called "coffee-house babble," and Englishmen were sent to Bulgaria to ascertain the facts.

The dreadful details of the massacre of women and

children proved too true. In Philippopolis alone, twelve thousand persons had been killed. Mr. Gladstone published a pamphlet, entitled "Bulgarian Horrors, and the Question of the East," which aroused the English people to a white heat of indignation.

Lord Beaconsfield still looked upon Turkey as essential to the balance of power in Europe, and wished to maintain her, at all hazards, as a check to Russia. Gladstone demanded that the Christian provinces be left to govern themselves, and that England should no longer seem to countenance the crimes of Turkey.

In June, 1876, Servia and Montenegro declared war against Turkey. Servia was defeated. Russia intervened, and obtained an armistice. Public meetings were held, and Gladstone moved the whole nation by his eloquence not to aid Turkey by arms, though Russian oppression was feared as ever.

Beaconsfield, like Palmerston, seemed ready for battle, if, thereby, England could be held up to the world as a great and controlling power. At the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall, November 9, 1876, he declared that England was prepared for war. "In a righteous cause, England is not the country that will have to inquire whether she can enter upon a second or a third campaign. In a righteous cause, England will commence a fight that will not end until right is done."

Conferences of the Great Powers were arranged, but came to nothing. Turkey rejected all proposals. Then Russia declared war against Turkey, April 24, 1877. At the battle of Plevna, the Turks were victorious, and fought bravely under Osman Pasha.

The tide soon turned. General Todleben, the Russian hero of the Crimean War, was placed in command. Kars was taken by assault of the Russians, November 18, 1877, and Plevna surrendered December 10. Then the Servians and Montenegrins joined Russia against their hated rulers, the

Turks, advanced through Bulgaria, and threatened Constantinople in January, 1878.

The war party in England grew stronger than ever. Some Liberals favored it, and nearly all the Tories. The music-halls and public-houses rang with a war-song containing the refrain—

> "We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if we do,
> We've got the ships, we've got the men,
> We've got the money too."

The war party soon became known as the Jingo Party, and the Jingoes were proud of their title. Monster meetings were held in Hyde Park, both in favor of and against war with Russia. Some could not forget the horrors of the Crimea under the rule of Palmerston. Some felt, like John Bright, that the "balance of power" was a myth; that, instead of fighting each other, Russia and England should join hands to Christianize Asia.

Finally word came that Turkey was conquered, and that the Treaty of San Stefano had been signed between Turkey and Russia, in March, 1878, whereby Bulgaria, extending from the Danube to the Ægean, and, stretching inland to the western boundaries of Macedonia, was to be an independent State, with a seaport on the Ægean Sea.

Lord Beaconsfield objected to this treaty, declaring that it would place the whole south-east of Europe directly under Russian influence. Russia felt that she had a right to make any terms with prostrate Turkey which she chose. Of course this was not possible, it Turkey was to be "protected," for the sake of peace (?) in Europe.

The English fleet in the Mediterranean was ordered through the Dardanelles, and anchored near Constantinople. Native troops were ordered from India to occupy Cyprus, and to make an armed landing on the coast of Syria. Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary, at once resigned, as also Lord Carnarvon,

secretary for the Colonies. Beaconsfield stood firm, and war with Russia seemed inevitable. England was in a state of great agitation, but the majority were with the Prime Minister. He believed in England, and when the doctrine of English interests was called selfish, he said, "It is as selfish as patriotism."

Prince Bismarck now became a mediator, and suggested a congress to be held at Berlin, to discuss the Treaty of San Stefano. To this congress Lord Beaconsfield went in person, accompanied by Lord Salisbury, the Foreign Secretary.

His journey thither was a matter of the greatest interest. At every city crowds gathered to see the Jewish author and statesman, who had risen to the highest place in England, unaided save by his own strong will and brain.

Prince Bismarck presided at the congress in the Radzivill Palace. After much discussion the Treaty of Berlin was effected, and Russia and England were saved from a terrible war. By this treaty Bulgaria, north of the Balkans, was made an independent state, yet tributary to the Sultan; Bulgaria, south of the Balkans, called Eastern Roumelia, was to be under the direct rule of the Porte; Montenegro was declared independent; also Servia and Roumania; Kars, Batoum, and Ardahan were ceded to Russia; and the Porte once more promised reforms.

In Berlin, Beaconsfield was the lion of the occasion. Bismarck had great appreciation of his genius. Georg Brandes, the author, saw him in Berlin as he was going to the congress, leaning on the arm of his private secretary. "Over-exertion," he says, "was evident in every line of his countenance, and he acknowledged the deep and respectful salutations of the good citizens of Berlin with a weary and mechanical movement of his hand to his hat. But as I gazed into his pale and haggard face, I involuntarily thought of all the conflicts he had passed through, the disappointments he had experienced, the agonies and torments he had suffered, and the lofty courage with which he had triumphed over them all."

When Lord Beaconsfield returned to England, he was met with the wildest enthusiasm. At Dover he spoke to the thousands who assembled to greet him, saying he had brought back "Peace with Honor." At Charing Cross he was met by the Lord Mayor in his robes of office, and a brilliant assemblage of the noted in politics and fashion. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, banners waved, and thousands of workingmen thronged the way from the station to Downing Street.

On July 27 Beaconsfield and Salisbury were entertained at a great banquet by the members of the Conservative party, in the Riding School at Kensington. Later both received the Freedom of the City of London, and another grand banquet was given in their honor at the Guildhall. The Queen bestowed upon Beaconsfield the much-coveted honor of the Garter. Fame had indeed come: all he could ask or wish.

There was of course some dissatisfaction with the Treaty of Berlin, as there always is. The secret treaties made with Russia and Turkey before the Berlin Treaty were severely criticised. By the former it was agreed to give to Russia, Batoum, Kars, and Bessarabia, and to divide Bulgaria. By the latter, Cyprus was handed over to the British, if England would guarantee to defend Turkey in her Asiatic dominions.

The spirit of war or jingoism, once aroused, was destined to bear bitter fruit. England determined that Afghanistan should be friendly to herself rather than to Russia, and wished to have a permanent resident in Cabul. To this Shere Ali, the son of Dost Mahommed, objected. A strong force, which resembled an army, was sent thither in September, 1878, and soon Cabul and Candahar were occupied by the English. Shere Ali fled from his capital, died, and Yakoob Khan, his son, became his successor. The son, now the Ameer, by the Treaty of Gandamak, where the British camp was established, agreed, on account of receiving from the India Government sixty thousand pounds a year, to cede what Lord Beaconsfield called the "scientific frontier," so that India should be made

safe from any attack by Russia through Afghanistan. The Ameer was to be supported with money and arms, and men if need be, against any foreign power.

Very soon there was an uprising against the English envoy and his staff in Cabul, and they were all murdered. Of course Cabul was again invaded. Yakoob Khan, accused of complicity in the murders, was sent a prisoner to India.

Ayoob Khan, another son of Shere Ali, had raised an army, and now attacked the British army of two thousand which came out to meet him from Candahar. His forces were under-estimated. He had twelve thousand men, and more than three times as many guns as the English. The English and Indian troops were cut to pieces. Those who did not fall by the bullet were despatched with Afghan knives. Men and mules and camels lay piled dead along the road in their flight back to Candahar. The defeat at Maiwand of course occasioned great sorrow in England. They denounced the "scientific frontier," and wished they had never heard of Afghanistan. Later a force of ten thousand men, under General Sir Frederick Roberts, was sent from Cabul to avenge Candahar, and totally defeated Ayoob Khan and his army. Afterwards Candahar was given back to the Ameer of Afghanistan.

Beaconsfield had another unpleasant war — that with the Zulus, the most important tribe in South Africa. Cetewayo, the chief, often quarrelled with his neighboring tribe, the Boers or the Dutch occupants of the Transvaal Republic. A dispute about a strip of land was settled by English arbitration, and the land given to Cetewayo, but not until the chief had become distrustful of Sir Bartle Frere, the Lord High Commissioner from England.

Cetewayo began to defend his country, for self-protection he said. Sir Bartle Frere declared that the Zulu army must be disbanded. As it was not, the English troops marched at once into the Zulu country and met with a terrible defeat at

Isandhlwana, January 22, 1879. The assegais of the half-naked savages did their bloody work.

The young Prince Louis Napoleon, who had studied at the military schools in England, had joined in this war, and was surprised and killed while leaping into his saddle; his naked body found dead in the long grass afterwards, with his mother's picture tied about his neck. Fourteen wounds showed that Zulu spears had no respect for even royalty. All England mourned the fate of the young heir to the throne of France, and sorrowed in the crushing sorrow of the lonely Empress Eugenie.

Lord Beaconsfield said, "A very remarkable people the Zulus: they defeat our generals, they convert our bishops, they have settled the fate of a great European dynasty."

Cetewayo was afterwards captured and imprisoned, and his country divided among native chiefs. He was brought to England in 1882, and later sent back to Africa to be restored to his dominion. He was defeated soon after in a war with another chief, and died of heart disease.

The Transvaal Republic had been annexed to England unwillingly. It seemed as though the imperial Beaconsfield were to make of England one vast empire. Empires in India and in South Africa were to redound to the glory of the British Isles.

All along, the Liberals of England had sympathized with the Boers in their desires for freedom. Mr. Gladstone had said, in his Midlothian speeches, November 25, 1879: "The Transvaal is a country where we have chosen, most unwisely, I am tempted to say insanely, to place ourselves in the strange predicament of the free subjects of a monarchy, going to coerce the free subjects of a republic, and to compel them to accept a citizenship which they decline and refuse…. Is it not wonderful to those who are freemen, and whose fathers had been freemen, and who hope that their children will be free-men, and who consider that freedom is an essential condition

of civil life, and that without it you can have nothing great and nothing noble in political society — that we are led by an administration, and led, I admit, by Parliament, to find ourselves in this position, that we are to march upon another body of freemen, and against their will to subject them to despotic government?"

The Boers of the Transvaal revolted, and surrounded and butchered their conquerors at Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881. Three years later the South African Republic, the Transvaal, became completely independent.

Meantime the imperial policy had lost popularity with the nation; there was distress among the agricultural classes; the Irish were disaffected because Lord Beaconsfield thought Home Rule "scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine," and the people wished a change of power. The Conservatives were defeated in 1880, and Gladstone again became Prime Minister.

Lord Beaconsfield was seventy-six years old. He went back to the trees and flowers of Hughenden — he loved his trees so much that he directed in his will that none of them should be cut down — and spent his leisure in writing his last novel, "Endymion." He loved to write, and since the income from his wife's estate ended with her life, he needed more money. The book brought him ten thousand pounds.

In March, 1881, he suffered from an attack of bronchitis. For four weeks the public made anxious inquiries about the change in his health from day to day. The Queen was deeply anxious, and wished to visit him, but was dissuaded by the physicians; the workingmen were equally anxious. On Monday night, April 18, following Easter Sunday, Lord Beaconsfield sank into a stupor. At half-past four on the morning of Tuesday, April 19, his right hand in the clasp of his friends Lord Barrington and Lord Rowton, formerly Mr. Montagu Corry, his private secretary, and his left hand in that of Dr. Kidd, he died.

Westminster Abbey was offered for a public funeral, but, by his own desire, he was buried in the vault at Hughenden Church by the side of his devoted wife, and his admiring friend Mrs. Willyams. The great and the lowly, royalty and peasant, gathered at that open grave. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold brought wreaths and the sympathy of their royal mother. Beside them stood the sole surviving brother, Ralph Disraeli, and his son Coningsby, a lad of fourteen, to whom the estate of Hughenden is entailed by will.

The coffin was hidden with flowers, since flowers had been his special delight from boyhood. The Queen sent his favorite blossom, a wreath of primroses, gathered that morning from the lawn at Osborne. It has now become the emblem of his party, and Primrose Leagues are scattered over England. The day of his death is still observed as Primrose Day.

The Queen sent also a wreath of everlasting flowers and bay-leaves, tied with a white satin ribbon, on which were these words embroidered in gold: "From Queen Victoria. A mark of true affection, friendship, and regret."

On the turf beside the grave, were many floral offerings, one bearing the words: "Peace with Honor." Within the coffin was placed a solid silver casket, weighing two pounds, which had long been in the Disraeli family, containing a portrait of the deceased Earl.

Two days after Lord Beaconsfield was buried, Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice came to Hughenden, April 30, to visit the grave of their honored dead. He had idolized his Queen, and she had deep regard for her loyal and trusted subject. They went down into the vault, and placed a wreath of white camellias on his coffin, and took a last and sorrowing farewell of the man who had worshipped womanhood, and who was proud to serve his Queen. He directed in his will that no correspondence with her should ever be published without her consent and approval. Those both in favor of and opposed

to his political beliefs, could but admire with Lord Granville "his rare and splendid gifts," and, with the Marquis of Salisbury, "his patience, his gentleness, his unswerving and unselfish loyalty to his colleagues and fellow-laborers," and "his passion for the greatness of his country."

Mr. Gladstone said: "The career of Lord Beaconsfield is, in many respects, the most remarkable one in Parliamentary history. Por my own part, I know but one that can fairly be compared to it in regard to the emotion of surprise, and when viewed as a whole, an emotion, I might almost say, of wonder; and that is the career, and especially the earlier career, of Mr. Pitt….

"His extraordinary intellectual powers are as well understood by others as by me…. But there were other great qualities — qualities not merely intellectual, in the sense of being dissociated from conduct, but qualities immediately connected with conduct, with regard to which I should say, were I a younger man, that I should like to stamp the recollection of them on myself for my own future guidance…. There were qualities not only written in a marked manner on his career, but possessed by him in a degree undoubtedly extraordinary. I speak for example, of such as these — his strength of will; his long-sighted persistency of purpose, reaching from the first entrance on the avenue of life to its very close; his remarkable powers of self-government; and last, but not least, of all, his great parliamentary courage."

A part of Lord Beaconsfield's wonderful mastery over men came, of course, from his wonderful mastery over self. He could be calm when others were wild with anger. He was self-centred, with few or no intimates. He was genuine and lasting in his friendship. He was magnanimous to foes, and cherished no animosities.

To Carlyle, who had called him "a superlative Hebrew conjurer, spell-binding all the great lords, great parties, great interests, of England to his hand in this manner, and leading

them by the nose like helpless mesmerized somnambulist cattle to such issue," Beaconsfield offered, and urged to accept, the Grand Cross of the Bath, with a life income corresponding to such rank, an honor never before conferred upon an English author. The "Sage of Chelsea" declined the honor, but he was gratified at the courtesy.

John Leech had satirized him for twenty years in Punch, but he continued Leech's pension to his wife and children, which would have been discontinued at his death.

England has not forgotten her renowned Prime Minister. On April 19, 1883, a bronze statue of Lord Beaconsfield was unveiled in Parliament Square, in the presence of Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and a great host of other friends and admirers.

CHAPTER VII
Henry Fawcett

Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, was born at Salisbury, August 26, 1833. His father, William Fawcett, a draper, was a man of great vigor of body, genial temperament, a good political speaker, and became Mayor of Salisbury. His mother, Mary Cooper, the daughter of a solicitor, was a woman of strong common-sense, deeply interested in politics, and an ardent reformer.

The boy, Henry, active, enthusiastic, and merry, was placed at a small dame-school. That he did not help the quiet and order of it is manifest from a remark made by him to his mother: "Mrs. Harris says that if we go on, we shall kill her, and we do go on, and yet she does not die!"

At the age of eight the boy was sent to the school of Mr. Sopp, at Alderbury, five miles from Salisbury. He was not especially pleased, as his letters home show. He writes, "I have begun 'Ovid.' I hate it…. This is a beastly school — milk and water, no milk; bread and butter, no butter."

He used to tell, years after, how he asked at dinner, soon after his arrival, for "more meat, well done, no fat, and plenty of gravy." It is probable that the teacher was led to conclude that the restrictions at home had not been very severe. At this school Henry began the study of Greek and French, but showed little aptitude for the languages.

At fourteen he entered Queenwood College, kept by Mr. Edmonson. Here the lad became much interested in science. A composition which he wrote on "steam" so pleased the father, that he promised to give Henry a sovereign. It was the first thing which convinced Mr. Fawcett that there was

"something in the boy."

The composition abounded in statistics as to the cost of making railways, the number of passengers, and the great advantage to the farmer producer and the London consumer of a cheap transport of cheese!

"Fawcett, as his schoolfellows remember," says Leslie Stephen, in his fair and excellent life of the statesman, "was at this time tall for his age, loosely made, and rather ungainly. He preferred study to boyish sports, and, in spite of prohibitions, would desert the playground to steal into a copse with his books. He was best at mathematics, caring little for Latin and French. He learnt long passages by heart, and would wander in the fields repeating them aloud.

"In an old chalk-pit, which was a favorite greenroom, he would gesticulate as he recited, till passing laborers had doubts as to his sanity. Even at this time, when the boys talked of their future lives, he always declared that he meant to be a member of Parliament — an avowal they received by 'roars of laughter.'"

After eighteen months at Queenwood, young Fawcett was sent to King's College School, living in the house of a Mr. Fearon, a chief office-keeper in the Stamps and Taxes Department in Somerset House. To the conversation of this intelligent Liberal and strong free-trader, Fawcett always attributed the greatest influence. He played cribbage untiringly with Mrs. Fearon, that he might listen to her husband's talk. He was at an age when we take impressions easily, and the companionship was most fortunate.

The Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Hamilton, was now consulted as to the future of this lad who "meant to go to Parliament." Upon seeing Henry's mathematical papers, the Dean said at once that he ought to go to Cambridge University.

As the father was not a rich man, Henry decided upon that college Peterhouse, which gave the largest fellowships. When he reached college, the boys, says Stephen, vaguely

speculated "as to whether he was an undergraduate, or a young farmer, or possibly somebody connected with horses at Newmarket, come over to see the sights. He had a certain rustic air, in strong contrast to that of the young Pendennises who might stroll along the bank to make a book upon the next boat-race. He rather resembled some of the athletic figures who may be seen at the side of a north-country wrestling ring."

Though fond of sports, "He never," says his classmate, Stephen, "condescended to gambling. He was a good whist-player, but he gave up billiards, and when some of his college acquaintance fell into a foolish practice of playing for more than they could afford, he did what he could to discourage them, and spoke of their folly with hearty contempt.

"He had, in truth, too much sense and self-command — to say nothing of higher motives — to fall into errors of this kind…. The moral standard of Cambridge was, in certain respects, far from elevated; but Fawcett, though no ascetic or strait-laced Puritan, was in all senses perfectly blameless in his life."

Fond of mathematics himself, Fawcett soon became the centre of a little circle of mathematicians and reading men. Especially was the political economy of John Stuart Mill read and discussed. Sincere, never ashamed to show his enthusiasm and warm-heartedness, he made many friendships which lasted through life. Indeed, he seemed to have a passion for making friendships, like our own Emerson, who said, in "Friendship," "A new person is to me always a great event, and hinders me from sleep…. When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune." One of Fawcett's qualifications for making friendships was his utter incapacity for being awed by differences of position. He was as sensitive as any one to the claims of intellectual excellence, but his freedom from affectation, or false pretensions, saved him from any awkward shyness. He was equally at his ease with an

agricultural laborer, or a prime minister, or a senior wrangler.

After a time he became prominent in the debates at the "Union," speaking on National Education, The Crimean War, University Reform, and other topics. Finding that there were many competitors for Fellowships at Peterhouse, he entered another college at Cambridge, Trinity Hall, the college of Lord Chesterfield. Lord Lytton, and others. Here he was very happy. He had won a scholarship at the college examination in 1854, and determined to try for the senior wranglership — a most exciting contest.

"In the Tripos," says Stephen, "for, as I imagine, the first and last time of his life, Fawcett's nerve failed him. He could not sleep, though he got out of bed and ran round the college quadrangle to exhaust himself. He failed to gain the success upon which he had counted in the concluding papers." He stood seventh on the list.

At Christmas, 1856, he was elected to a fellowship, which brought him two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Still determined to be a member of Parliament some day, he began the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, London. Desiring, as ever, to excel in public speaking, he joined a debating society, which held its meetings in an old-fashioned room in Westminster Tavern, near Westminster Bridge. It is said that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer once came here, mistaking it for the House of Commons, and only perceived his mistake when he heard no dull speeches, and saw no one asleep.

Young Fawcett's eyes now began to pain him from overuse, and he was obliged to give up law for a time. He found employment by taking a pupil, Charles Cooke, nephew of the Master of Trinity Hall, who went with him to Paris to study French, and mathematics at the same time under Fawcett.

A letter written about this time to an intimate friend of the family, Mrs. Hodding, shows the strong purpose of the young man of twenty-three: —

"I regard you with such true affection that I have long

wished to impart my mind on many subjects…. I started life as a boy with the ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. Every effort, every endeavor, which I have ever put forth, has had this object in view. I have continually tried and shall, I trust, still try not only honorably to gratify my desire, but to fit myself for such an important trust.

"And now the realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow-men, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one — the mental degradation of millions.

"I have tried myself severely, but in vain, to discover whether this desire has not some worldly source. I could therefore never be happy unless I was to do everything to secure and fit myself for this position. For I should be racked with remorse through life if any selfishness checked such efforts. For I must regard it as a high privilege from God if I have such aspirations, and if He has endowed me with powers which will enable me to assist in such a work of philanthropy. This is the career which perhaps the too bright hopes of youth have induced me to hope for."

To remove "the mental degradation of millions!" This was indeed what Fawcett ever after lived and worked for. How seldom do we regard, as he did, aspiration "as a high privilege from God," and yet this is often the making of a man or woman. Aspiration, as a rule, means that one has power within him to achieve results.

Alas! how soon was this life-plan to be thwarted — this hope crushed; thwarted it would have been in the case perhaps of nine persons out of ten, but not thwarted in young

Henry Fawcett.

On September 17, 1858, Fawcett went out shooting with his father on Harnham Hill. It is a lovely place, where he had often come to view the landscape, enriched by beautiful Salisbury Cathedral. The partridges flew across a fence where the father had not the right of shooting, so he went forward about thirty yards, in front of his son, to prevent this again. They flew now towards young Fawcett. The father, with incipient cataract of one eye, and forgetting for the moment where his son stood, fired at the birds. A pheasant was killed, a few shots entered young Fawcett's chest, but two shots went higher, one passing through each glass of his spectacles, directly into the eyes, remaining permanently imbedded behind them. In one instant the brilliant young student was made blind for life.

His first thought was, he afterwards told his sister, that he should never again see the view upon which he had looked that perfect autumn afternoon. He was put into a cart and carried to the Longford farmhouse, about two miles and a half away, and doctors were summoned from Salisbury. When he reached his home, his first words to his sister were, "Maria, will you read the newspaper to me?"

About six weeks after the accident, he began to perceive light, but in three days total darkness came, and remained till his death.

Young Fawcett was calm, even cheerful, but his father was broken-hearted. He had looked forward to great success for this son; he and Henry were in a remarkable' degree companions and confidants, and now both lives seemed almost valueless. He told a friend, "I could bear it if my son would only complain."

Young Fawcett said years later, that he had made up his mind "in ten minutes" after the accident to carry out his cherished plans as far as possible. But it was evident that blindness must prove an almost insurmountable barrier to

success. He thought of attempting to go on with, the law, but soon gave it up. He tried to write with his own hand, but soon had to discontinue it. "But," says Stephen, "he had resolved to stick to his old ambition. Blind, poor, unknown, he would force his way into the House of Commons."

At first he had occasional fits of depression, which he tried to keep from the knowledge of his mother and sister whom he idolized; but he soon came to make cheer- fulness the habit and comfort of his life, and the joy of those about him. He resolved to be as happy as he could, and expressed, in later years, "some impatience with people who avowed or affected weariness of life." There was only one thing which he dreaded, loss of energy. He kept his wonderful activity, both of brain and body, to the last.

Cheerful, determined though he might be, the hard fact was ever present — he was blind. He left Lincoln's Inn, and went back to Cambridge, to give himself to study — through the eyes of others. He took rooms in Trinity Hall, engaging as his guide and amanuensis a boy, Edward Brown, the son of a college servant at Corpus Christi College. Nine years later Brown entered Trinity College to study for the church. He went out to Natal, and died before he had been a year in his work.

At Trinity Hall, Fawcett, as ever, gathered about him a delightful circle. His chief studies were now in the line of Political Economy, though he found time for Shelley and Wordsworth, Milton and Burke. He heard all of George Eliot's novels read, and was very fond of "Henry Esmond" and "Vanity Fair." He listened eagerly to the reading of Parliamentary debates, and every newspaper within reach.

He was an enthusiastic Darwinian. He prepared essays for the British Association and the Social Science Association. His first public appearance was in September, 1859, a year after he became blind, before the British Association at Aberdeen, where he gave a paper on the "Social and

Economical Influence of the New Gold."

"He astonished," says Mr. Stephen, "an audience, to most of whom even his name had hitherto been unknown, by the clearness with which he expounded on economic theory and marshalled the corresponding statistics as few men could have done even with the advantage of eyesight. The discovery of Fawcett was the most remarkable event of the meeting."

Soon after he presented a paper before the Social Science Association at Bradford, on the "Protection of Labor from Immigration," and another upon the theory and tendency of strikes. In the following year he served on a committee appointed to investigate the question of strikes. He was now but twenty-seven years old. Evidently he was to take a part in the thought and work of England, although blind.

Among Fawcett's friends at Cambridge was Mr. Alexander Macmillan, a rising publisher. He made a suggestion to Fawcett, which proved of the greatest importance, that he should write a popular manual of political economy. Fawcett began work on it in the autumn of 1861, and it was published in the beginning of 1863. The book proved profitable to both author and publisher, and at once greatly widened the reputation of Fawcett.

The blind young author was a most ardent disciple of John Stuart Mill. He wrote Mill in 1859: "For the last three years your books have been the chief education of my mind. I consequently entertain towards you such a sense of gratitude as I can only hope at all adequately to repay by doing what lies in my power to propagate the invaluable truths contained in every page of your writings."

A few years later Fawcett said in distributing some prizes at Manchester, "As I was reading Mill's 'Liberty,' perhaps the greatest work of our greatest living writer, as T read his noble, I might almost say his holy, ideas, thought I to myself. If every one in my country could and would read this work, how infinitely happier would the nation be! How much less desirous

should we be to wrangle about petty religious differences! How much less of the energy of the nation would be wasted in contemptible quarrels about creeds and formularies; and how much more powerful should we be as a nation to achieve works of good, when, as this work would teach us to be, we were firmly bound together by the bonds of a wise toleration!"

In 1863, the year in which Fawcett's Manual was published, the Professorship of Political Economy became vacant at the University. There were four candidates: Fawcett of Trinity Hall, Mayor and Courtney of St. John's, and Macleod of Trinity. Fawcett's book had already been of great service to him. He produced strong testimonials from Sir Stafford Northcote, Thorold Rogers, professor at Oxford, Herman Merivale, formerly professor at Oxford, and other well-known professors and writers. But Fawcett was an opponent of Conservatism and blind. Some said he could not preserve order in his classes; and most, of course, regarded his loss of sight as an unfortunate objection. The election was warmly contested, but Fawcett won the prize.

He wrote his mother: "The victory yesterday was a wonderful triumph. I don't think an election has produced so much excitement at Cambridge for years. At last excitement was greatly increased by its being made quite a church and political question. All the masters opposed me, with two exceptions, but I was strongly supported by a great majority of the most distinguished resident fellows. My victory was a great surprise to the University. I thought, on the whole, that I should win, but I expected a much smaller majority."

This professorship, requiring a residence at Cambridge of eighteen weeks annually, gave him a salary of three hundred pounds, while the income from the fellowship was nearly the same amount. Fawcett continued to deliver his yearly course of lectures at Cambridge as long as he lived.

At thirty years of age the blind Fawcett had become a professor at one of the great universities of the world, an

author, and was ready to enter politics. But it was not an easy matter to enter. Thousands who were rich, and had sight, and were more prominent even than he, were eager for every position. Nothing daunted, he determined not only to try, but to succeed. Mill urged him to show his power in public. Fawcett wrote two political pamphlets: one on Mr. Hare's scheme for proportional representation, and another, a plan for a new Reform Bill; but they were probably but little read.

He made inquiries at boroughs supposed to be in want of a candidate. He talked with Mr. Bright about a Scotch borough. The great statesman kindly but decidedly advised him to wait till he was better known. He called on Lord Stanley to talk about the Reform Bill. Fawcett told a friend afterwards the lord "thought me, I fancy, rather young."

The death of the admiral. Sir Charles Napier, left a vacancy in the representation of Southwark. A committee had been appointed to find some candidate who, instead of spending money to procure his election, might be chosen on merit. Fawcett immediately called upon the committee.

"He stated," says Stephen, "that he had read the report of the previous proceedings, and gave a satisfactory account of his principles. He brought as his credentials a letter from Lord Brougham, who had seen Fawcett at the Social Science Association, and had, no doubt, felt a genuine sympathy for a youthful audacity, in which, if in little else, there was some likeness between the two."

Doubtless Fawcett realized the "youthful audacity" of his conduct, but he realized also that a man who stays in his room and wishes for results, usually obtains very little. The man with fearlessness and energy wins.

The Southwark committee were pleased with the blind young politician, and consented to hold meetings in his behalf. At the first meeting but few were present to hear the unknown candidate; but soon, as he spoke every night, hearers came from all parts of London, and the street outside

the place of meeting was often crowded.

He made new friends constantly. He declared that he would not spend one shilling to influence votes, and the people believed in the purity of his principles. But his blindness was the insurmountable obstacle.

"How can he catch the eye of the speaker?" said one.

"How can he understand about laying out new streets?" said another.

Fawcett explained how he could inform himself by putting pins in a map. How little the people then realized that he was destined to do more important work for England than the laying out of new streets!

Finally, Fawcett was obliged to give up the contest in favor of a well-known candidate, Sir Austin Henry Layard.

About this time the father of Fawcett, "after many years of fruitless and disheartening toil and anxiety, brought to success a large mining undertaking in Cornwall; in consideration of which he was entertained at a banquet by the shareholders, and presented by them with a costly service of plate."

Young Fawcett was told by his friends that he could never get into Parliament, and that, as he had already shown marked ability in some mining transactions, he "better go on the Stock Exchange and make a fortune."

He replied, "No; I am convinced that the duties of a member of the House of Commons are so multifarious, the questions brought before him so complicated and difficult, that, if he fully discharges his duty, he requires almost a lifetime of study. If I take up this profession, I will not trifle with the interests of my country; I will not trifle with the interests of my constituents by going into the House of Commons inadequately prepared because I gave up to the acquisition of wealth the time which I ought to have spent in the acquisition of political knowledge."

There was now a vacancy in the representation of

Cambridge. Fawcett became a candidate. The Conservatives opposed him as a Radical, and they were shocked that he was willing to admit Dissenters to fellowship! The contest cost six hundred pounds, and Fawcett was defeated.

A vacancy occurred soon after at Brighton. Again Fawcett became a candidate. The contest, "in which rotten eggs and Brighton pebbles played their part," was bitter in the extreme. Fawcett was opposed because he was poor, and would not, as well as could not, spend money on the election; he had favored co-operation, and was therefore said to be "plotting the ruin of the tradesmen," and worst of all, and above all other objections, he was blind. For the third time he was defeated.

To any other man but Henry Fawcett, the case must have seemed utterly hopeless. Not so to him, who had made up his mind when a boy that he would sometime enter the House of Commons. He tried a fourth time for Brighton, and was elected. At thirty-two Fawcett had become a member of Parliament.

What must have been his feelings as he sat in his seat for the first time! He thus writes to his father: "I have just returned from my first experience of the House of Commons. I went there early in the morning, and soon found that I should have no difficulty in finding my way about. I walked in with Tom Hughes, about four minutes to two, and a most convenient seat, close to the door, was at once, as it were, conceded to me; and I have no doubt that it will always be considered my seat.

"Every one was most kind, and I was quite overwhelmed with congratulations. I am glad that my first visit is over, as I shall now feel perfect confidence that I shall be able to get on without any particular difficulty. The seat I have is as convenient a one as any in the House, and a capital place to speak from. I walked away from the House of Commons with Mill…. I hope, now that I am so comfortably settled, some of

you will come up to London. When am I to expect Maria?

"Give my kindest love to mother and her, and, in great haste to save post, believe me, dear father, ever yours affectionately, Henry Fawcett."

Fawcett showed his good sense by remaining comparatively quiet in the House of Commons for some months. His first set speech was on March 13, 1866, on the Reform Bill for the extension of the franchise.

The Conservatives contended that the common people did not desire the right to vote. They were soon to be undeceived by the great reform meetings and Hyde Park riots.

Fawcett spoke earnestly in behalf of the working-classes. He urged that the great questions of the future were those affecting labor and capital, and those most deeply concerned had a right to help make the laws. He showed how workingmen had conducted themselves nobly during the American Civil War, and could be trusted with the franchise in England.

Fawcett's second speech, made the following month, was upon the opening of fellowships to Dissenters. At Oxford University, strange as it may seem in this nineteenth century of freedom of speech and belief, a Dissenter could not take a degree. At Cambridge a Dissenter could hold a scholarship, but not the higher reward of a fellowship, and consequently a place in the governing bodies of the colleges. Many fellowships in both universities could be held only on condition of taking orders in the Church of England.

Fawcett argued that every religious test which excluded any sect from the universities should be abolished. He felt that the fellowships should be given to the most distinguished men. He showed that Trinity had not had a Senior wrangler since 1846. Mr. Stirling, Senior wrangler in 1860, had been excluded from a fellowship because he was a Scotch Presbyterian. The Senior wrangler of 1861, again from Trinity, Mr. Aldis, was excluded because he was an English Dissenter. Mr.

Aldis's two brothers were excluded for the same reason.

Fawcett labored in support of the University Tests Abolition Bill, till, after being twice rejected by the House of Lords, in 1869 and 1870, it was passed in 1871 by both Commons and Lords. Clerical fellowships were abolished in 1877.

On the Bill for Elementary Education, introduced by Mr. Forster in 1870, Fawcett took a leading and most earnest part. He desired especially to see the children of agricultural laborers as well provided for intellectually as those in manufacturing districts. Both in Parliament and in the press he was constantly asking for better education, more comfortable homes, higher wages, and happier lives for the laborers.

"Many years of my life," said Fawcett, "were passed on a large farm. Between many of the laborers and myself there has been such intimate friendship that I have been able to obtain a close insight into their daily life, and thus to become acquainted with their most pressing wants.

"During the winter of 1867-68, when bread was at 1s. 5d. the eight-pound loaf, the agricultural wages paid in South Wiltshire were 10s. a week…. Last Christmas I ascertained from a laborer, whom I knew sufficiently well to place implicit reliance on his statements, that he, his wife, and four young children were obliged for many weeks to live upon dry bread and tea; the only addition to this miserable diet was half a pound of butter, bought once a week as a Sunday luxury. This man was sober, industrious, and an excellent workman, and had been employed upon the same farm for many years.

"But independently of such cases as the one just described, it is a fact that the vast majority of agricultural laborers never can, or at least never do, make any provision for old age. There are large districts of the best cultivated land in the country, where it would be almost impossible to find a laborer who had saved five pounds. As a class, they look forward to be maintained upon parish relief when they are

unable to work. It therefore appears that our agricultural economy is such that those who till our soil frequently spend their lives in poverty, and end their days in pauperism….

"Leisure is a priceless blessing to those who possess some mental cultivation, but it hangs heavily on the hands of those who are as uneducated as our agricultural laborers. I remember one winter's evening calling on one of these laborers, about seven o'clock; I found him just going to bed.

"On being asked why he did not sit up an hour or two longer, he said in a tone of peculiar melancholy which I can never forget, 'My time is no use to me; I can't read. I have nothing to do, and so it is no use burning fire and candle for nothing.' When I reflected that this was a man endowed by nature with no ordinary intellectual power, I thought what a satire his words were upon our vaunted civilization….

"Education must cause an advance in wages, since if laborers were less ignorant, they would be more enterprising, and would be willing to migrate to localities where labor was more highly remunerated. Education would also cause more comfortable cottages to be built; for, if a man had some mental cultivation, he would not submit to dwell in a hovel, and he would be outraged if all his children were obliged to sleep in one room….

"A man's moral qualities are, as a general rule, developed by the proper training of the mind. It is of peculiar importance in agriculture that the workman should possess a high moral character. The profits of the farmer often entirely depend upon the honesty and the fidelity with which his laborers do their work."

Mr. Fawcett did not believe in *free* schools, as we so heartily do in America, because he thought parental responsibility would be thereby diminished, and the prudent be obliged to pay for the spendthrift; but he labored constantly for compulsory education, and after years of effort saw it accomplished by Mr. Mundella's bill in 1880.

He found by personal investigation that children were taken away from school at a very early age, and made to earn to help support the family. In one village there was not a single youth who could read sufficiently well to enjoy a newspaper. "A child when he is seven or eight years old can earn a shilling a week by holloaing at crows, and when a year older gets two shillings a week as plough-boy. These children are almost invariably taken away from school at this early age, and they consequently soon forget the little they have learned."

In the preservation of open spaces or parks for the poor, Fawcett worked untiringly. He knew that the people who lived in stifling rooms needed the sunlight and air now and then, to make life endurable. He knew that land was becoming so valuable in London, and trade so grasping, that the forests and parks and gardens would soon become a thing of the past, unless somebody who loved humanity took the part of the workers, who were too busy earning their daily bread to lift a hand in their own defence.

"The General Enclosure Act of 1845," said Fawcett, "distinctly contemplated that a certain amount should be reserved from land proposed to be enclosed, as allotment-gardens for the laboring poor, and as a recreation ground for the public. As an illustration of the reckless way in which enclosures have been permitted, it may be mentioned that in the session of 1869, a bill was introduced which proposed to enclose 6,900 acres in different parts of the country, and out of this the Enclosure Commissioners reserved three acres as recreation grounds for the public, and six acres as allotment-gardens for the laboring poor….

"Perhaps it will be said, the rich are generally the protectors of the poor: and when every one is so anxious that people should have healthy recreation, and that the poor should have gardens, there will be always some one who will take care that laud is reserved for each of these purposes. But

six acres for gardens and three for recreation grounds out of 6,900 acres is a sad commentary upon such a pleasing theory."

After giving examples of land formerly used as commons or parks, now appropriated by landed gentry, he says, "Withypool Common, situated in North Devon, comprises 1,904 acres, and the amount to be reserved out of this large area, as a recreation ground for the public, was one acre…. Let us hear what the parish clerk of Withypool says on the subject. Some member of the committee asked him whether the resident landlords did not protest when only one acre was reserved for a recreation ground. His reply was: 'The landlords seem to say that we have got recreation ground enough; besides, the laborers could go to work, and recreate themselves with that.'" This remark certainly did not imply very great concern for the laborers. It is fortunate for England that Fawcett and a few other true men made it their concern, for such men save a country from revolutions.

"It has been calculated," said Fawcett, "that from the beginning of the eighteenth century up to the year 1845, about seven million acres of land had been enclosed. Since 1845 this quantity has been increased by 484,893 acres…. One rural population has been deprived of that which once gave a most important addition to their income. The common often enabled them to keep some poultry, a pig, and a cow. Many villages may now be traversed, and not a single laborer can be found possessing a head of poultry; few even keep a pig, and not one in ten thousand has a cow. What is the result of this? The laborer does not live as well as he did a hundred years since; he and his family seldom taste meat, and his children suffer cruelly from the difficulty he has in obtaining milk for them.

"Not long since I happened to be conversing with an agricultural laborer in a southern county. After having remarked that a cow which was passing us was his, he said, in a tone of peculiar melancholy, 'I shall soon have to get rid of her, and

when she goes, I sha'n't stop here any longer, but shall emigrate. My wages are so small that I don't know how I could bring up my children, if it wasn't for the help she gave me.'

"Upon asking him why he should be obliged to sell his cow, he simply said, 'They are going to enclose our common;' and he significantly asked how it was that a gentleman who had something like ten thousand acres could be so anxious to get hold of the poor man's common? Remembering that the Home Secretary had defended enclosures in the House of Commons because the Home Office never received complaints from the locality, I asked this laborer why he and his friends did not resist that which they so much dreaded?

"He replied that he had never heard of the Home Office; and he evidently thought that I was suggesting to him just as hopeless a task as if I had advised him to induce the river, by the side of which we were standing, to flow in an opposite direction. It should surely be remembered that, although the landed interest is abundantly represented in Parliament, those who till the land have no one who is directly interested either in adequately expressing their wants or in effectively protesting against any injustice inflicted upon them."

Fawcett was outspoken against the use of so much land for game. "The passion for the preservation of game," he said, "which has gradually assumed such dangerous proportions, now probably exerts a more powerful influence than any other circumstance to promote enclosures. People who spend a great part of their lives in slaughtering half-tamed pheasants are naturally desirous to keep the public as far off as possible from their preserves. This constant pursuit of what is falsely called 'sport' often generates so much selfishness that a man is willing that the enjoyment of the public should be sacrificed in order that he may kill a few more hares and pheasants."

Fawcett used to say that "the worst and most mischievous of all economies was that which aggrandized a few and made a paltry addition to the sum total of wealth by shutting out

the poor from fresh air and lovely scenery."

Fawcett always took delight in long walks, and in having his companions tell him about the beauties of the landscape as they walked.

"It is a reflection," says Stephen, "which has something of the pathetic for the future generations of Londoners who will enjoy the beauties of the Surrey Commons and the forest scenery of Epping, that their opportunities of enjoyment are due in so great a degree to one who could only know them through the eyes of his fellows."

Meantime a new joy had come into Fawcett's earnest, busy life. He had married, April 23, 1867, Millicent Garrett, twenty years old, the daughter of Mr. Newson Garrett of Aldeburgh, Suffolk; a most attractive young lady, whose devotion, whose brilliant intellect, and whose helpfulness proved the greatest blessing of his life. There are comparatively few such intellectual unions as the Brownings and the Fawcetts. Mrs. Fawcett's volumes on "Political Economy," published in 1870 and 1874, like her husband's, met with a large sale. Her essays in the leading magazines are bound up with his in books. Her ability in public speaking, her grace, her womanly manner, her interest in all matters of education and progress, have made her honored and beloved. Their first home after marriage was at 42 Bessborough Gardens, and in 1874 till his death at the age of fifty-one. The Lawn, Lambeth, which had a garden about three-quarters of an acre in extent, where Fawcett could walk and think. "It included," says Stephen, "a couple of small greenhouses, in which he could raise flowers, and it was his special pride to send presents of asparagus and sea-kale to his parents, to show the superiority of the London climate for the growth of vegetables. The house itself was small, but a very pretty, old-fashioned residence, suitably adorned by the taste of his wife."

Mr. Moncure D. Conway thus describes Fawcett in these early years of his Parliamentary career: "The visitor to the

House of Commons, waiting at the door of the Strangers' Gallery, and watching the members of Parliament as they file in by the main entrance, will, no doubt, have his eye particularly arrested by a tall, fair-haired young man, evidently blind, led up to the door by a youthful, petite lady with sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks. She will reluctantly leave him at the door….

"As she turns away, many a friendly face will smile, and many a pleasant word attend her as she trips lightly up the stairway leading to the Ladies' Cafe, near the roof of the House…. The two are as well-known figures as any who approach the sacred precincts of the legislature. The policemen bow low as they pass; the crowd in the lobby make a path…. The strangers ask, 'Who is that?' and a dozen bystanders respond, 'Professor Fawcett.'

"No one can look upon him but he will see on his face the characters of courage, frankness, and intelligence. He is six feet two inches in height, very blond, his light hair and complexion, and his smooth, beardless face giving him something of the air of a boy. His features are at once strongly marked and regular. He narrowly escaped being handsome, and his expression is very winning. His countenance is habitually serene, and no cloud or frown ever passes over it.

"His smile is gentle and winning. It is probable that no blind man has ever before been able to enter upon so important a political career as Professor Fawcett, who, yet under fifty years of age, is the most influential of the independent Liberals in Parliament. From the moment that he took his seat in that body, he has been able — and this is unusual — to command the close attention of the House. He has a clear, fine voice, speaks with the utmost fluency, has none of the University intonation, and none of the hesitation or uneasy attitudes of the average Parliamentary speaker. He scorns all subterfuges, speaks honestly his mind, and comes to the point. At times he is eloquent, and he is always

interesting. He is known to be a man of convictions."

Always taking the side of the poor or the oppressed, it was not strange that Fawcett became the advocate for India, so much so that he was for years called the "Member for India." He felt that in the government of nearly two hundred millions, most of them poor, abuses would and did creep in. He pleaded for a deeper interest in the welfare of that far-off country, and for fairness and justice. "The people of India," he said, "have not votes; they cannot bring so much pressure to bear upon Parliament as can be brought by one of our great railway companies."

He was constantly seeking to know if the condition of the masses under English rule was better than under native rule. He insisted that the governing forces in India should give a full account of their doings. He opposed heavy taxes in India, and showed how the poor were constantly living on the verge of starvation. He made himself familiar with the details of the finances of India. He pointed out, and spoke in no uncertain language, about building official residences for governors, which cost £160,000. He exposed the selfishness of some politicians in that distant country.

The people of India soon learned who was their friend. Addresses were voted to him by a great number of native associations. When the Liberals were defeated at Brighton, and Fawcett lost his seat, a fund of £400 was immediately raised in India to assist in the expenses of the contest at Hackney, from which place Fawcett was elected in 1874.

In 1875 he moved that the whole expense of the Prince of Wales' visit to India should be paid by England. Both Gladstone and Disraeli opposed this, and it was voted that India should pay £30,000. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited India and distributed £10,000 worth of gifts, the money was taken from the Indian revenues. This Fawcett called "melancholy meanness."

Fawcett was heartily opposed to primogeniture and entail.

Of the first he said, "It fosters what may be regarded as peculiarly a besetting sin of the English; for it encourages the contemptible pride which is exhibited in the desire to found a family. We all eagerly seize at any justification for wrong-doing; and the man, who, in order to create an eldest son, impoverishes his younger children, can find some consolation when his conscience upbraids him, from the fact that he is leaving his property exactly in the same way as the State declares it ought to be distributed in accordance with principles of natural justice….

"At the present time, the law permits land to be settled, or, as it is often termed, entailed upon any number of lives in being, and twenty-one years after. Almost all the large estates of the landed aristocracy are so entailed that those who are in actual possession of them are only life-owners; the freehold is not their property, and consequently it cannot be sold…. The power of entailing or settling land should be restricted…. Lord-lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants, high sheriffs, and county magistrates ought not in future to be chosen almost entirely from the land-owning class, but should be selected from the most worthy and best qualified men in the county, whatever may be their social position. The political and social importance now attached to the possession of land would be considerably diminished if the present constitution of the House of Lords were fundamentally changed."

Fawcett was an earnest advocate of co-operation and profit-sharing. He now stood so prominently before the country that he was to receive an additional honor. He was appointed Postmaster-General, April 27, 1880.

He writes home: "My dear Father and Mother — You will, I know, all be delighted to hear that last night I received a most kind letter from Gladstone offering me the Postmaster-Generalship…. I did not telegraph to you the appointment at first because Gladstone did not wish it to be known until it was formally confirmed by the Queen; but he told me in my

interview with him this morning that he was quite sure that the Queen took a kindly interest in my appointment."

He had now been fifteen years in the House of Commons, filling his professorship at Cambridge, writing valuable books, and all this time never too busy to make friends, to be a cheerful comrade, especially with young men, to keep warm and bright his home affections, and his tenderness and sympathy for the poor.

When he went to Salisbury he made it a point to visit his father's old laborers. "How successful he was in throwing himself into their feelings may be inferred from an anecdote of his father's old farm-servant Rumbold. Rumbold was one day giving to Fawcett's mother the last news from his sties; 'and,' he added, 'mind you tell Master Harry when you write to him, for if there's one thing he cares about 'tis pigs.' It was one thing, though hardly the one thing."

He was always in the habit of writing a weekly letter home. He happened one day to ask his sister Maria what gave his parents most pleasure? She replied, "Your letters." Ever after that, no matter how overwhelmed with work, he wrote two letters a week to these dear ones.

His own home was pre-eminently a happy one. His only child, Philippa, born in 1868, was his pride and companion. They walked, and rode on horseback, and skated together. On the open spaces he would skate alone, his little daughter whistling to guide him as to her whereabouts.

Fawcett declared in 1880, says Stephen, "that no one had enjoyed more than he a skate of fifty or sixty miles in the previous frost. In later years he used to insist that every one in the house, except an old cook, should partake of his amusement. His wife and daughter his secretary, and two maids, would all turn out for an expedition to the frozen Fens…. His own servants loved him, and the servants of his friends had always a pleasant word with him. He was scrupulously considerate in all matters affecting the convenience of those

dependent upon him."

An especial pet was a little dog called Oddo, after a character in "Feats on the Fiord." He came to the house from the refuge for lost dogs, and had good reason to be grateful for the care bestowed upon him. A cat named "Ben" was also a pet.

Fawcett was very fond of fishing. A friend once remarked to him upon the cruelty to animals involved in fishing. "Without discussing that point, Fawcett apologized for his own delight by a very important consideration. He could not, he said, relieve himself by some of the distractions which help others to unbend…. He could not, for example, glance through the pages of a magazine or a novel, or join in the games of the young, or could only do so with difficulty, and in constant dependence upon others. Blindness increased concentration by shutting out distractions. We close our eyes to think, and his were always closed…. Fishing served admirably to give enough exercise to muscle and mind to keep his faculties from walking the regular treadmill of thought from which it is often so hard to escape."

Fawcett was forty-six when he became Postmaster-General. He took hold of the work heartily and earnestly. In his first year he took up the important matter of Post-office Savings Banks, which had been introduced twenty years previously, and greatly extended their benefits.[1]

The Postage-stamp saving scheme was adopted in 1880. Little slips of paper were prepared with twelve squares each, the size of a stamp. To these, as persons were able to save, penny stamps (two cents each) could be affixed. When the slip was full, and they had thus saved twenty-five cents, any postmaster would give them a bank-book. In four years the total number of depositors had increased by a million.

[1] A full description of Post-office Savings Banks may be found in my book, "Social Studies in England," for those who are interested in a plan which it is to be hoped America will adopt. — S. K. B.

The facilities for life insurance and annuities were increased. A person could insure his or her life, or buy an annuity at any one of seven thousand offices, and pay in any sums, and at any time.

So eager was Mr. Fawcett that the poor should be helped to save, that he wrote "Aids to Thrift," of which a million and a quarter copies were distributed gratuitously. He introduced the new system of postal-orders, devised under his predecessor, with very low commissions charged. He was instrumental in the passage of the Parcel Post Act, enabling the post-office to carry and deliver parcels under a prescribed weight at a specified charge, without regard to distance. The number of parcels carried annually soon reached over twenty millions.

He was in favor of cheap telegrams for the people, one cent per word, with a minimum charge of sixpence. Government had purchased the telegraphs, giving the large sum of £10,000,000, for a property valued at £7,000,000. His plans in this matter were not carried out until shortly after his death.

Fawcett became emphatically the good friend of his employees. He believed in their honesty, was courteous, kindly, and most considerate, "He would sooner expose himself to inconvenience, and even deprive himself of what appeared to be official assistance of an almost indispensable character, than subject those from whom he might have demanded it to inconvenience. Numerous instances have recurred to me," says Mr. Blackwood, "when he preferred to wait for information rather than cause an officer to forego his leave of absence, and even miss a train or his usual luncheon-hour."

Fawcett was especially anxious to increase the opportunities of work for women. He employed them in the various departments, and found them accurate, faithful, and competent. One of my pleasantest recollections of England is an evening spent in 1882 at the hospitable home of Mr. A. W. W. Dale, a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs.

Fawcett were present at the dinner, and three or four others. Mr. Fawcett seemed deeply interested about America and a true friend to her: asking questions upon all important subjects, a delightful talker, full of cheer, most cordial in manner, and a man of whom a nation might well be proud. His sightless eyes did not dim the brightness of his manly, open face. His wife was as able in conversation as she was distinguished in face and bearing.

In the fall of this year, 1882, Mr. Fawcett had a dangerous illness — diphtheria followed by typhoid-fever. The whole country was anxious about the result. The Queen often telegraphed twice a day. "He spoke when at his worst," says Stephen, "of a custom which he had for many years observed, of making presents of beef and mutton to his father's old laborers or their widows at Christmas. As soon as he became distinctly conscious, he told his secretary to be sure to make the necessary arrangements. He would also ask whether the inmates of his family, or the doctors who came to see him, were getting proper attention at their meals."

After being very near death, he recovered, and gained strength rapidly. Friends daily came to read to him, "Vanity Fair" being among the books most enjoyed.

For two years he attended to his work as usual; but the sickness was evidently the beginning of the end. He took cold the last of October, 1884, and was threatened with congestion of the lungs. On Thursday morning, November 6, it was ascertained that the action of the heart was weakened. At four o'clock Mrs. Garret Anderson, M. D., the sister of Mrs. Fawcett, and Sir Andrew Clark reached Cambridge, and found Fawcett dying. He was still able to speak, and asked if dinner had been provided for Sir Andrew Clark.

Soon his hands and feet grew cold. Thinking that the weather had changed, he said to his wife, "The best thing to warm my hands would be my fur gloves: they are in the pocket of my coat in the dressing-room."

These were his last words. He fell into a sleep in a few minutes, and passed away. He was buried November 10, in the churchyard of Trumpington, near Cambridge, a great crowd of all classes coming together to mourn for their beloved dead.

Letters came to the stricken family from rich and poor alike. The Queen wrote to Mrs. Fawcett; Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter to Fawcett's father about the remarkable qualities of his noble son, and the good he had done for England.

A company of carpenters, bricklayers, and blacksmiths wrote Mrs. Fawcett: "The loss to you must be beyond measure; but we, as part of the nation, do give you who have been his helper, our heartfelt sympathy in your great trouble, and we do hope you may find a little consolation in knowing that his work that he has done for the working-classes has not been in vain."

A Provident Society asked Mrs. Fawcett to allow a penny testimonial to be given by the working-people of the whole country, "not in the shape of charity, but for public and striking services rendered by one of the best men since Edmund Burke. We only wish he had lived twenty years longer."

Mrs. Fawcett was able to reply to this kind intention that her husband's forethought and prudence had left her and her daughter comfortably provided for.

Many deserved honors came to Fawcett before his death. The University of Oxford made him Doctor of Civil Law. The University of Würzburg, in 1882, made him Doctor of Political Economy, the only other person upon whom that degree had been conferred being M. de Laveleye. The Institute of France, in May, 1884, made him a corresponding member of the Section of Political Economy. The Royal Society made him a Fellow. The University of Glasgow, in 1883, gave him the degree of L.L.D., and elected him to the Lord Rectorship, the other candidates being Lord Bute and Mr. Ruskin. Death prevented Mr. Fawcett from delivering

the customary address on taking his seat at the head of the University. All this, and blind!

After his death, by national subscription, a monument by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., was erected in Westminster Abbey; from the same fund, a scholarship tenable by the blind of both sexes, founded at Cambridge; also from the same fund toward providing a playground at the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood.

Fawcett had felt great interest in this institution, especially as it enabled a large proportion of the inmates to earn their own living. He protested against "walling up" the aged blind in institutions; for training the young they were necessary. He said, "Home associations are to us as precious as to you. I know from my own experience that the happiest moments that I spend in my life are when I am in companionship with some friend who will forget that I have lost my eyesight, who will talk to me as if I could see, who will describe to me the persons I meet, a beautiful sunset, or scenes of great beauty through which we may be passing."

He urged his friends to help to "replace the depressing misery of dependence by the buoyant activity which comes from self-reliance and from the consciousness of the power to earn one's own living."

A statue has been erected in the market-place at Salisbury, where he used to play when a boy; his portrait by Herkomer has been presented to Cambridge by members of the University; memorials have been placed in Salisbury Cathedral and in Trumpington church; a drinking-fountain commemorative of his service for the rights of women has been placed on the Thames Embankment. Fawcett was an earnest advocate of Woman Suffrage. He spoke in favor of it in the House of Commons, and in his books. He believed that "women should have the same opportunity as men to follow any profession, trade, or employment to which they desire to devote their energies." He deprecated in his "Essays" the

"social customs and legal enactments which combine to discourage women of every class from earning their livelihood."

Fawcett supported ardently the first proposal to admit women to the Cambridge local examinations, and the first meeting which led to the foundation of Newnham College was held in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were untiring in their efforts for the higher education of women in England. What a reward for his labors could he have lived to see his daughter Philippa Garrett Fawcett in June, 1890, not yet twenty-two years of age, carry off the highest honors in mathematics at Cambridge, standing above the Senior wrangler!

"When her name was read in the Senate House of Cambridge, Saturday, June 7, prefaced by the words, 'Above the Senior wrangler,' the enthusiasm of the under-graduates was unbounded," says the *Illustrated London News* of June 26. Thus heartily did the young men recognize and feel proud of the ability of one, though not of their sex, who had excelled them.

"Miss Fawcett has the self-possession of her father," says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette.* "Keen as she was to succeed, Miss Fawcett made a rigid habit of going to bed at eleven and rising about eight…. When the ordeal drew nigh, Miss Fawcett simply faced it with the consciousness that she had done her best, and that worrying would only do harm. She slept every night as soundly as ever in her life. She wrote her papers coolly, deliberately, without erasure.

"She thought, of course, that she had done badly; but one thing which gave her this idea was the most notable fact that she did not feel tired at the end. On the day when the list was to be read. Miss Fawcett did indeed wake early with excitement, and confessed to reading 'Mansfield Park' in bed, in order to occupy and calm her mind…. When asked the question, 'Don't you wish it were all over?' she answered, 'No; I don't want to have three weeks taken out of my life.' …

Among other interests, Miss Fawcett has inherited from her father and mother a strong one in political and social economies, and her speeches on these and other subjects in the college debating society have always been markedly practical and to the point."

Eliza Putnam Heaton thus describes the London home of the Fawcetts': —

"There is a plain, four-story, cream-colored house in a quiet, unfashionable street close to the British museum. All its neighbors are of the dark, smoky brick so dear to the Londoner. It is further distinguished from them by its pink and white awnings, the flowers in its windows, and its air of liveliness noticeable even by a passer….

"The dim rays of a London sun fall across an old-fashioned bureau, strewn with papers and writing materials, and cunningly ensconced in a corner by the fireplace, where, in spite of the sun's feeble efforts, if it be toward night, a cheery blaze is leaping. The floor is warm with bright colored rugs, and soft green and crimson draperies hang in the doorways and at the windows. Pictures look down from the walls, prominent among them being a portrait in oil of the late Postmaster-General Fawcett, or Professor Henry Fawcett, as the men of Trinity College, Cambridge, still affectionately call him. Opal-tinted vases are filled with the crimson and yellow poppies that make the English fields glorious in summer; books are everywhere, and so are quaint art objects, yet there is nothing in the way, nothing that one could knock off or throw down….

"Presently, perhaps, the curtains part, and there appear two figures, one below medium height, small, but perfectly proportioned, slight, erect, well knit, and active looking, with large, expressive blue-gray eyes, and a great plaited coronet of light-brown hair. The fresh, healthy complexion, and the simple gray cloth walking-dress go admirably with the light step that suggest much out-door exercise.

"With an arm about the shoulders of this figure there may be another, somewhat taller, younger, with girlish curves, and shy, girlish ways. You note darker hair than her mother's, drawn loosely back from a pretty forehead and coiled high. The eyes are quiet, straight-forward, with a questioning look under their curved brows. The hands are well formed, not small, but supple and unadorned with rings. A jersey waist, with a bunch of dewy roses at the belt, completes for you the picture of as fresh, fair, and rosy a girl as ever played tennis or applauded a game of cricket, to say nothing of wrestling in the grapple of intellectual thew and sinew, in which sheer mental strength and staying powers are the only things that count to the wranglers."

These two persons are Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett and her daughter Philippa.

It was fortunate that Fawcett lived to see so much accomplished for woman's higher education, and for suffrage, and better conditions for the laborers. He died in the very prime of his life, at fifty-one; but what a life! What heroism, what nobleness of purpose, what energy, what devotion to principle! He used to say, "We must press on, and do what is right." Simple words, but worthy to be the motto of nations.

CHAPTER VIII
William Ewart Gladstone

"Gentlemen, I said to you it had been my fortune to know some great men; but the greatest man I have ever known is still alive."

Thus spoke John Morley in a public address at Rochdale, April 23, 1890.

An incident recorded of the eminent statesman of Rochdale, John Bright, is well known. To a member of the aristocracy, a lady, who was opposed to Gladstone politically, Bright said, "Madam, has your son ever seen Mr. Gladstone?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then take him at once to see the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon."

William Ewart Gladstone, born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809, is of Scotch descent. His grandfather, John Gladstone, born at Leith, was a successful corn-merchant and ship-owner of Liverpool, engaged in trade with Russia and India. William's father, Sir John Gladstone, was also a wealthy grain merchant of Liverpool, with great strength of will and comprehensive mind. "Diligent in business," was his motto, which was as characteristic of the man, as "Industry" was of the first Sir Robert Peel. William E. Gladstone has never been ashamed of his connection, by birth, with trade.

He said in an address delivered at the Liverpool Collegiate Institute, December 21, 1872: "I know not why commerce in England should not have its old families, rejoicing to be connected with commerce from generation to generation. It has been so in other countries; I trust it will be so in this country. I think it a subject of sorrow, and almost of scandal, when

those families who have either acquired or recovered station and wealth through commerce, turn their backs upon it, and seem to be ashamed of it. It certainly is not so with my brother or with me. His sons are treading in his steps, and one of my sons, I rejoice to say, is treading in the steps of my father and my brother."

Sir John Gladstone, created a baronet in 1845 by Sir Robert Peel, was in Parliament at the same time as his illustrious son, and must have listened with great delight to his son's remarkable eloquence. He died in 1851, at the age of eighty-eight.

Ann Robertson, the wife of Sir John, and mother of William, is said to have been descended from Henry III. of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. She is described as "a lady of very great accomplishments; of fascinating manners, of commanding presence, and high intellect; one to grace any home and endear any heart." She died when her fourth son, William, was twenty-six years old.

Her eldest son, Sir Thomas Gladstone, died March 20, 1889; the second, John Neilson, entered the Royal Navy, became a member of Parliament, and died in 1863; the third, Robertson, mayor of Liverpool, became the head of the mercantile house at Liverpool, and died in 1875; the two daughters, Helen Jane and Ann McKenzie, died unmarried, the former in 1879.

Young William was first sent to an academy near Liverpool, kept by the Rev. Mr. Jones; and a little before he was twelve, in September, 1821, to Eton. Already he had been taught by his father to discuss the great questions of the day, and to think for himself.

He was an earnest, active lad, fond of sports, but more fond of study, and soon distinguished himself by his Latin versification. He helped to establish the "Eton Miscellany" at the school, and contributed regularly to it. He rendered a chorus from the "Hecuba" of Euripides, wrote a poem of two

hundred and fifty lines on Richard Cœur de Lion, a paper on "Eloquence," another on "Ancient and Modern Genius compared," and many other articles. In his paper on Eloquence he said, in his eighteenth year, "A successful debut, an offer from the minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look."

After leaving Eton, in 1827, he studied for two years as a private pupil of Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1829. Here his industry and application were very great. "No matter where he was," says one writer, "whether in college-rooms or country mansion, from ten A.M. to two P.M. no one ever saw William Ewart Gladstone. During this interval he was invariably locked up with his books. From the age of eighteen until that of twenty-one, he never neglected studying during these particular hours, unless he happened to be travelling; and his evening ordeal was scarcely less severe. Eight o'clock saw him once more engaged in a stiff bout with Aristotle, or plunged deep in the text of Thucydides."

"Naturally hardy and muscular," says Mr. G. R. Emerson, in his Life of Gladstone, "he cultivated his bodily powers by regular active exercise, and his high moral nature preserved him from the temptation to indulge in enervating luxuriousness. Temperate and active, trained to muscular exertion, he could probably have outwalked any of the undergraduates of his college as easily as he could have surpassed most of them in mental acquirements. A brisk walk of thirty or forty miles was a small matter to the handsome, well-knit, resolute young student, who returned from it with a refreshed brain, and renewed vitality, to his studies,"

He became president of the Oxford Union, a debating society, where he was on the Tory side. He graduated in 1831, taking the highest honors of the University, a double-first, an unusual achievement.

The following year, the young man, unspoiled by wealth, uniting the energy of his father with the sensitiveness and conscientiousness of his mother, went abroad to enlarge his mind through travel. He spent nearly six months in Italy, when he was recalled to England by the Duke of Newcastle, whose son, the Earl of Lincoln, was an intimate friend of young Gladstone at Oxford. The Duke requested him to contest Newark for a seat in the House of Commons. The young man of twenty-two at once returned, and took an active part in the canvass.

"There were in his youthful face," says George Barnett Smith, in his Life of the statesman, "none of those deep lines which have rendered his countenance so striking in maturer years; and one who remembers him well at this period describes his bright, thoughtful look, and attractive bearing. He was considered a handsome man, and possessed a most intelligent and expressive countenance,"

Speaking of a picture painted at this time, Mr. Smith says, "There is to be perceived the same broad, intellectual forehead, the somewhat massive and prominent nose, the same anxious eyes, and the earnest expression, so characteristic of the man upwards of a generation later."

Another writer says: "His eyes are clear and quick. His eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Truefit would call his 'fine head of jet-black hair.' … His complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess an abundant stock of health."

Young Gladstone soon convinced the people of Newark that he was not only an orator, but one concerned for the welfare of the citizens. He promised "sedulous and special attention to the interests of the poor, founded upon the rule that those who are the least able to take care of themselves should be most regarded by others. Particularly, it is a duty to endeavor by every means that labor may receive adequate remuneration; which, unhappily, among several classes of our

fellow-countrymen, is not now the case."

The young man did not escape the usual ordeal of aspirants for' office. He was called the "Duke's nominee;" "recommended by no claim in the world except the will of the Duke;" "the slave-driver," because his father owned slaves in Demerara; but he worked earnestly, and won the membership for Newark.

He spoke rarely during his first term in the House, and then in the most conservative manner. He defended his father's managers of slaves on the sugar plantations, and advocated a "universal and efficient system of Christian instruction," before emancipation. "Let fitness," he said, "be made a condition for emancipation; and let us strive to bring him to that fitness by the shortest possible course."

But Wilberforce and others knew that human nature could not always be trusted to give "Christian instruction" to those in bondage, and immediate emancipation was decreed, to the glory of England.

Gladstone spoke in favor of the Established Church in Ireland. He was opposed to Mr. Hume's Universities' Admission Bill, one object of which was to remove the necessity of pledging one's self to believe the Thirty-nine Articles before entering the University of Oxford.

Mr. Gladstone said nearly a half-century later, before the Palmerston Club, Oxford, in December, 1878: "I trace in the education of Oxford of my own time one great defect. Perhaps it was my own fault; but I must admit that I did not learn, when at Oxford, that which I have learned since, namely, to set a due value on the imperishable and the inestimable principles of human liberty.... I can only assure you, gentlemen, that now I am in front of extended popular privileges, I have no fear of those enlargements of the Constitution that seem to be approaching. On the contrary, I hail them with desire."

As soon as Mr. Gladstone had been elected to Parliament, he spent eleven terms in the study of law, but retired from the

Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1837, "having given up his intention of being called to the bar."

On December 24, 1834, when Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister, Gladstone was made Junior Lord of the Treasury, and was promoted in February of the following year to the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

This position he held only a short time, as the Peel administration gave place to that of Lord Melbourne.

In 1838 Mr. Gladstone's first book was published, "The State in its Relations with the Church," in which he argues at length the advisability of maintaining the Established Church, and gives his reasons therefor.

The book soon passed through four editions, and was warmly praised and as warmly condemned. Macaulay made a brilliant and able reply, in the *Edinburgh Review,* to the positions taken in the book. The Dissenters of course opposed the foundation principles of the volume.

In 1840 Mr. Gladstone followed his defence of the union of Church and State with another volume: "Church Principles considered in their Results."

All these early years Mr. Gladstone was gaining a name for himself in the House of Commons. He made a speech on Church Rates, filling thirteen columns of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. He opposed immediate abolition in a speech of thirty-three columns. He spoke against the removal of civil disabilities from the Jews. Happily, in 1847, he had changed his opinions, and spoke in behalf of the Jews. A writer says of Mr. Gladstone at this time: "His gesture is varied, but not violent. When he rises he generally puts both his hands behind his back; and having thus suffered them to embrace each other for a short time, he unclasps them, and allows them to drop on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in that locality before you see them again closed together, and hanging down before him…. He is always listened to with much attention by the House, and appears to

be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits."

In August, 1838, Mr. Gladstone again visited Italy, and explored Sicily, making the ascent of Mount Etna on October 30, at the commencement of the eruption of 1838. He witnessed, and graphically describes, the eruption whereby lava masses weighing two hundred pounds were thrown to the distance of probably a mile and a half, and smaller masses much farther.

On July 25 of the following year, 1839, Mr. Gladstone, then thirty years of age, married Miss Catherine Glynne, three years his junior, daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, whose Welsh ancestry can be traced for more than a thousand years. Her brother. Sir Stephen Glynne, M.P., died unmarried in 1874, so that the estate was bequeathed to Mr. Gladstone for life, and afterwards to his eldest son. Mrs. Gladstone's sister. Miss Mary Glynne, was married at the same time and place, to Lord Lyttleton, to whom Mr. Gladstone dedicated "in token of sincere affection," his "Church Principles considered in their Results." The sisters were called "the handsome Miss Glynnes." Mr. Gladstone, upon his marriage, made Hawarden Castle his home, buying a portion of the property. Here, in his study, much of his omnivorous reading has been accomplished, and most of his many books have been written.

The old Hawarden Castle, now a ruin, was in use in the wars of the Saxons and Danes, and was rebuilt in the time of Edward I. or II.

The modern castle is brick, incased in gray stone, with many towers and battlements, and much overgrown with ivy. At the foot of the towers, says Mr. Edward Rose, in the *Illustrated London News* of August 3, 1889, "bright beds of flowers, scarlet, blue, and gold, sparkle in the sun against lawns of grass; and trees of all greens stand round, from lightest of green leaves to sombre hollies…. Everything is old-

fashioned, quiet, and comfortable…. Nothing could be simpler than Mrs. Gladstone's own living-room, bright and sunny, yellow-walled, flower-scented, with an outlook from its wide windows upon the lawn. It is hung with old pictures, and in a case by the wall are many presents to Mrs. Gladstone from cities which she has visited."

The library is a southern room, in white and gold, with family portraits on the walls. Mr. Gladstone reads in several languages, Greek, Latin, French, German, and especially Italian, and has a wonderful memory; so well cultivated that he retains what he reads. He believes the golden age of literature is to come. In "Books and the Housing of Them," he says: "Whatever may be the present rate of growth, it is small with what it is likely to become.

"The key of the question lies in the hands of the United Kingdom and the United States jointly. In this matter there rests upon these two powers no small responsibility. They, with their vast range of inhabited territory, and their unity of tongue, are masters of the world, which will have to do as they do.

"When the Britons and Americans are fused into one book market; when it is recognized that letters, which as to their material and their aim are a high-soaring profession, as to their mere remuneration are a trade; when artificial fetters are relaxed, and printers, publishers, and authors obtain the reward which well-regulated commerce would afford them, then let floors beware lest they crack, and walls lest they bulge and burst, from the weight of books they will have to carry and to confine."

Mr. Gladstone's study is called "the Temple of Peace," because here the author and thinker must have quiet. Books abound in cases built on each side of this room. About 15,000 are here and in the library. These volumes are loaned to neighbors, the names of borrowers being entered in a book kept for that purpose.

The walls above the books are of a deep red, with white plaques here and there. Here are busts of Cobden, Spurgeon, John Bright, Canning, Beaconsfield, and a portrait in relief of Tennyson.

Three writing-tables are in this Temple of Peace. One is used for political and business correspondence, one for literary work, and a third is Mrs. Gladstone's. In a safe embedded in the wall, is kept carefully tiled all of Mr. Gladstone's correspondence for years. When in office, four secretaries open his letters; when out of office, he has but one secretary. The writers to whom Mr. Gladstone declares himself most indebted are St. Augustine, Bishop Butler, Dante, and Aristotle. Of course he does not forget Homer.

The room adjoining the "Temple of Peace" is a room containing two pianos and an organ. Mr. Gladstone is said to play well on the piano, and is especially fond of ballads and Scotch airs.

A park of about two hundred and fifty acres surrounds Hawarden Castle. Oaks, beeches, and sycamores abound. A pretty stream, Broughton Brook, runs through the valley.

Mr. Gladstone usually works in the morning, after attending prayers at the church near by; walks for an hour after luncheon; and often from three to four for exercise uses his axe in cutting down trees, not sound ones, but such as need to be removed, for he is a lover of trees as he is of books. He rarely drives, and does not hunt or fish.

When Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister for the second time in 1841, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint. Here the young statesman began more than ever before to show his power.

The discussion of the repeal of the Corn Laws was rapidly increasing. The country was in great financial distress. Peel realized that articles of consumption could not bear a higher tax, and determined to reduce indirect taxation, and raise

money by a tax of seven pence on the pound on incomes of one hundred and fifty pounds and upwards. Out of twelve hundred duty-paying articles there was a reduction or abolition of duty on about seven hundred and fifty. This tariff revision was almost entirely the work of Gladstone.

In 1843 Gladstone became president of the Board of Trade, filling the vacancy made by the death of the Earl of Ripon. He introduced and carried several important measures, among them one abolishing the restrictions on the exportation of machinery, and another, a comprehensive Railway Bill. One clause of the bill which was of great benefit to the poor "provided that at least one train on every week-day should start from each end of the line to carry passengers in covered carriages for one penny per mile; … that they should stop to take up and set down passengers at every station; … and that children under three years of age should be conveyed in such trains without charge, and those under twelve at half price."

In 1845 Mr. Gladstone resigned his position in the cabinet, on account of Peel's Maynooth College endowment in Ireland, because in opposition to his expressed views on the relations of Church and State.

Gladstone took office again under Peel in 1846, as Colonial and War Secretary. Like Peel, he had been a Protectionist, and, like him, had become an ardent convert to Free Trade. He retired from the Protectionist borough of Newark, and after a most exciting contest, was elected to represent his alma mater, Oxford University, in 1847.

The winter of 1850 Mr. Gladstone spent in Italy, on account of the illness of a very young daughter. With an especial fondness for that country, he could not sit idly by and witness the despotic cruelty of Ferdinand the Second, in Naples.

The people of Sicily, united against their will with Naples, revolted, and deposed Ferdinand. He reconquered them, and

then proceeded to destroy all yearnings for liberty, by the sword, by fire, and by the imprisonment of those who desired a constitutional government. Twenty thousand of his subjects were in the dungeons of Naples. Men were carried to prison without trial, and hunted like wild animals.

Mr. Gladstone visited these prisons, and in the name of humanity wrote the particulars to Lord Aberdeen. These letters are now to be read in the fourth of the seven volumes of "Gleanings of Past Years." He described the filth, the chains, the horror, of these prisons, where leading statesmen were confined year after year; "the official doctors not going to the sick prisoners, but the sick prisoners, men almost with death on their faces, toiling up-stairs to them at that charnel-house of the Vicaria, because the lower regions of such a palace of darkness are too foul and loathsome to allow it to be expected that professional men should consent to earn bread by entering them."

Carlo Poerio, a prominent member of the Neapolitan Parliament, a man of great talents, was confined with sixteen others in a cell, where, "when their beds were let down at night, there was no space whatever between them; they could only get out at the foot, and, being chained two and two, only in pairs…. Each man wears a strong leather girth round him above the hips. In this are secured the upper ends of two chains. One chain of four long and heavy links descends to a kind of double ring fixed round the ankle. The second chain consists of eight links, each of the same weight and length with the four, and this unites the two prisoners together, so that they can stand about six feet apart. Neither of these chains is ever undone day or night." …

These letters raised a cry of indignation throughout Europe. Lord Palraerston sent copies of the letters to be laid before each government, that the evils of absolute rule might be remedied. Of course, harsh and virulent replies were returned to the letters, by those in the interest of King

Ferdinand.

While much of the severity to prisoners was mitigated at the time through public opinion, in the end Italy was helped to a liberal constitution. The world learned through Ferdinand, and Gladstone has helped the people to learn it, that it is not safe to trust any human being with absolute power. Siberian prisons in our day have verified the same truth.

When Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister at the close of 1852, Gladstone was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and introduced his first budget April 18, 1853, in the House of Commons. For five hours he handled matters of finance and taxes with the greatest skill and eloquence, the audience listening spell-bound. His command. of language never for a second failed him, but with fluency and grace, as well as grasp of mind, the orator showed his consummate statesmanship. More than ever he was looked upon as the man in whose hands England's greatness would be secure for the future; a financier equal to, if not surpassing, Peel. He proposed to retain the income tax for one year, gradually diminishing it till it should disappear in 1860. He reduced over one hundred and thirty taxes, the total amount of remissions estimated at over five millions. His scheme for the reduction of the national debt, which had so increased under William Pitt, was most acceptable to the country.

Gladstone was opposed to the Crimean War, for humanitarian as well as national reasons. It was a costly measure, it added to the burdens of the people, and Russia was not to him, as to some English statesmen, a constant fear and menace. While the people clamored for war, he was not afraid to be on the unpopular side. When they talked of the necessity for humbling Russia, he said: "All the terms we had demanded had been substantially conceded, and if it was not for terms we fought, but for military success, let the House look at the sentiment with the eye of reason, and it would appear immoral, inhuman, and unchristian. If the war continued in

order to obtain military glory, we should tempt Him in whose hands was the fate of armies, to launch upon us His wrath."

In the autumn of 1858 Mr. Gladstone was appointed by the Earl of Derby, then Prime Minister, to the position of Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands, which, though under the protection of England, wished to unite with Greece. This Gladstone favored, as being the will of the people. The union was consummated in 1864.

Mr. Gladstone was appropriately chosen for this mission. From early life, he has been a devoted student of the ancient Greeks. Homer has been his delight and his almost daily companion. In 1858 he had already published his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," in three large volumes.

Edward A. Freeman says of these volumes: "As the work of one of our first orators and statesmen, they are altogether wonderful. Not, indeed, that Mr. Gladstone's two characters of scholar and statesman have done aught but help and strengthen one another…. What strikes one more than anything else throughout Mr. Gladstone's volumes is the intense earnestness, the loftiness of moral purpose, which breathes in every page."

"Like the sun," says Mr. Gladstone, "which furnishes with its light the close courts and alleys of London, while himself unseen by their inhabitants. Homer has supplied with the illumination of his ideas, millions of minds that were never brought into direct contact with his works, and even millions more that have hardly been aware of his existence."

Mr. Gladstone three years later, in 1861, published in conjunction with Lord Lyttleton, a volume of translations from the Iliad, the Agamemnon of Æschylus, and the Odes of Horace. In reviewing this volume the *Edinburgh Review* said, "In translating poetry of a high class, Gladstone takes rank, beyond the possibility of controversy, in the forefront of the very best translators."

Many books have appeared from Mr. Gladstone's pen,

along the line of Homeric study: "Juventus Mundi: Gods and Men of the Heroic Age in Greece," in 1869; "Homeric Synchronism" in 1876; and "Landmarks of Homeric Study" as recently as 1890; besides various essays in the leading magazines, and a preface to Dr. Schliemann's "Mycenae." Gladstone believes that the site of Troy, or Ilium, was discovered by Dr. Schliemann, when he excavated the hill of Hissarlik, in 1871-73.

The farewell address as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, given by Mr. Gladstone, November 3, 1865, is a scholarly address on the "Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order." No one can read it without a desire for deeper study, and a reverence for much which the polished present era seems to have lost.

"When we are seeking," says Mr. Gladstone, "to ascertain the measure of that conception which any given race has formed of our nation, there is perhaps no single test so effective as the position which it assigns to woman…. The emancipation and due ascendency of woman are not a mere fact: they are the emphatic assertion of a principle; and that principle is the dethronement of the law of force, and the enthronement of other and higher laws in its place, and in its despite."

In 1859 Mr. Gladstone, on his return from Greece, again became Chancellor of the Exchequer, under Lord Palmerston. The budget, or financial statement of 1860 given in a four-hours speech, held the closest attention of a packed House.

This year, 1860, when Mr. Gladstone was installed Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, he said to the students: … "Believe me, when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings."

He encouraged those who are fighting the battle of life: "When they are for a moment disheartened by that difficulty which is the rude and rocking cradle of every kind of excellence; when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial — let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless Eye is watching them from above; that their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good….

"Gentlemen, the hope of an enduring fame is without doubt a powerful incentive to virtuous action; and you may suffer it to float before you as a vision of refreshment, second always, and second with a long interval between, to your conscience and to the will of God…. The thirst of an enduring fame is near akin to the love of true excellence. But the fame of the moment is a dangerous possession and a bastard motive."

In 1862 Mr. Gladstone made a visit to the North of England, speaking in various towns. At New Castle-on-Tyne, a banquet was given in his honor. Trade was paralyzed by the American Civil War, and naturally all were eager to hear what the eloquent statesman would say on the subject. He commended the patience of the operatives in their long suffering; and, referring to the Southern Confederacy, said that Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South, had made an army, a navy, and a nation. "We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards their separation from the North."

Mr. Gladstone frankly acknowledged his mistake, in a letter to a correspondent in New York in August, 1867. "I must confess," he wrote, "that I was wrong; that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion; yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then where they had long before been, where they are now — with the whole American people." He opposed, in an eloquent speech, Mr. Roebuck's motion asking that the Queen act with other great

powers "in the recognition of the Confederate States of North America."

Speaking of our calamitous war, Gladstone said in 1884: "The convulsion of that country between 1861 and 1865 was perhaps the most frightful which ever assailed a national existence. The efforts which were made on both sides were marked. The exertions, by which alone the movement was put down, were not only extraordinary, they were what antecedently would have been called impossible; and they were only rendered possible by the fact that they proceeded from a nation where every capable citizen was enfranchised, and had a direct and an energetic interest in the well-being and the unity of the state."

That Mr. Gladstone has the highest admiration and regard for America, is shown by his "Kin Beyond Sea," published in the *North American Review* for September, 1878. Speaking of America he says: "It is she alone who, at a coming time, can and probably will wrest from us that commercial primacy. We have no title, I have no inclination, to murmur at the prospect. If she acquires it, she will make the acquisition by the right of the strongest; but in this instance, the strongest means the best. She will probably become what we are now — the head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed; because her service will be the most and ablest….

"She is the eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her land into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man…. The England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations of the world…. But all this pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall remain or shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest

purposes of their being."

In 1865 Mr. Gladstone was defeated at Oxford University. He was known to be in favor of an extended franchise, and to have broadened his views on the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Liberals were overjoyed that at last Gladstone, as he himself said, was "unmuzzled." He was no longer bound by the aristocratic and conservative Oxford.

He accepted his defeat without bitterness, saying: "I have endeavored to serve that University with my whole heart, and with the strength or weakness of whatever faculties God has given me…. Long has she borne with me; long, in spite of active opposition, did she resist every effort to displace me."

Mr. Gladstone was returned to Parliament from South Lancashire. As in 1832, the people were demanding an extension of the suffrage. Gladstone was abreast of the age. "It is to be desired," he said, "that all those who live in a country should take an interest in that country — should love that country. One of the means of fostering such an interest, and such a love, is to invest them with a share in affairs common to others with themselves." He spoke of America as a country which prospered under a general suffrage — "where," said he, "throughout the vast territory there is not a man who is not loyal to the Constitution." He has said of our Constitution that it is, "so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off, at a given time, by the brain and purpose of man."

In an impassioned address, Mr. Gladstone said: "We are told that the working-classes do not agitate for an extension of the franchise; but is it desirable that we should wait until they do agitate? In my opinion, agitation by the working-classes, upon any political subject whatever, is a thing not to be waited for, not to be made a condition previous to any Parliamentary movement; but, on the contrary, it is a thing to be deprecated, and, if possible, anticipated and prevented by wise and provident measures…. I venture to say that every

man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness, or of political danger, is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution."

In March of 186C Gladstone introduced the new Reform Bill, by which the franchise would be extended to about 400,000 new voters. It met with the fiercest opposition. Some members of the House spoke scornfully of "maudlin enthusiasm for humanity!" The controversy raged night after night in the House of Commons. Gladstone and Bright spoke with all their fire and persuasion. Gladstone declared of himself and his party: "We have passed the Rubicon — we have broken the bridge and burned the boats behind us. We have advisedly cut off the means of retreat; and having done this, we hope that, as far as time is yet permitted, we have done our duty to the Crown and to the nation." …

One who heard the speech said, of that exciting night of debate: "It was twilight brightening into day, when we got out into the welcome fresh air of New Palace Yard…. It was a night long to be remembered. The House of Commons had listened to the grandest oration ever yet delivered by the greatest orator of his age."

Mr. Bright said of Gladstone: "Who is there in the House of Commons who equals him in knowledge of all political questions? "Who equals him in earnestness? Who equals him in eloquence? Who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions?"

The Government was defeated on the Reform Bill, and Mr. Gladstone's position of Chancellor of the Exchequer was taken by his rival Disraeli. The riots in Hyde Park, the great gatherings in Birmingham and other towns, the wild cry of the masses for the passage of the Reform Bill, led Benjamin Disraeli to give to England, in 1867, household suffrage. Many of the best things in this bill were the work of Mr. Gladstone.

Now that the Reform Bill was passed, the great question

agitating the country was the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone, who had once been the most powerful advocate of the Establishment, now saw the condition of Ireland in her hatred of an alien church, which she was obliged to help support.

In 1861 the population of Ireland was 5,788,415. The members of the Established Church numbered 693,357, or less than one-eighth of the total population; while the members of the Roman Catholic Church numbered 4,205,265, or ten out of every thirteen of the population.

"The Church of a small minority," says Mr. G. P. Macdonell. in "Two Centuries of Irish History," "comprising the most prosperous inhabitants of Ireland, thus received an 'annual subsidy of more than a million sterling, while the rest of the people were left to provide for their own religious wants."

In the latter part of March, 1868, Mr. Gladstone astonished the Conservatives by his declaration, "That in the opinion of this House it is necessary that the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment."

In a brilliant speech he said: "If we are prudent men, I hope we shall endeavor, as far as in us lies, to make some provision for a contingent, a doubtful, and probably a dangerous future. If we be chivalrous men, I trust we shall endeavor to wipe away all those stains which the civilized world has for ages seen, or seemed to see, on the shield of England in her treatment of Ireland…. But, above all, if we be just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, bearing this in mind — that, when the case is proved, and the hour is come, justice delayed is justice denied."

Gladstone and his project met with the strongest condemnation. It was charged that when at Rome, being a Roman Catholic at heart, he had made arrangements with the Pope to destroy the Established Church in Ireland. He was called "a traitor to the Queen, his country, and his God;" some

persons hoped he would be "perpetually excluded from power for having dared to put his hand on the ark of God," and others would have liked to see him "hanging as high as Haman."

An appeal to the country was made on the Irish Church question; the Liberals won a majority, and Gladstone became Prime Minister in December, 1868, a few days before he had reached his fifty-ninth year.

On March 1 Mr. Gladstone spoke for three hours on the Irish Church Act, the House being crowded to its utmost capacity, people waiting for hours to obtain a seat, and great numbers standing outside, anxious to be told the progress of events.

Mr. Gladstone detailed with his surpassing eloquence the provisions of the Act; the Irish Church to become a free Episcopal Church; the Irish bishops to lose their seats in the House of Lords; the Maynooth Grant to be commuted; the clergy and officials to be compensated for their life-interest; the remaining funds to be applied to the relief of unavoidable suffering.

"For my part," he said, in closing his speech, "I am deeply convinced that when the final consummation shall arrive, and when the words are spoken that shall give the force of law to the work embodied in this measure — the work of peace and justice — those words will be echoed upon every shore where the name of Ireland or the name of Great Britain has been heard, and the answer to them will come back in the approving verdict of civilized mankind."

The Act received the royal assent on July 26. It had excited more, controversy than any bill since that of Reform in 1832, and was, says the Annual Register for 1869, "the most remarkable legislative achievement of modern times."

Mr. Gladstone said in 1874: "I must say I do not repent the part I took. So far from repenting it, if I am to have a character with posterity at all — supposing that posterity is

ever to know that such a person as myself existed in this country — I am perfectly willing that my character should be tried simply and solely by the proceedings to which I was a party with regard to the Irish Church Establishment."

The results of disestablishment have been admirable, both in the better spirit engendered in Ireland, and in the wise disposition of funds. "Out of the surplus," says Mr. Macdouell, "Parliament has appropriated to intermediate education in Ireland, £1,000,000; to a pension fund for national school teachers, £1,300,000; for distress works, £1,271,500; under the Arrears for Rent Act, 1882, £950,000; and for sea-fisheries, £250,000."

A great work had been begun for Ireland; and from that time Gladstone has never ceased in his one grand purpose, "to use every effort to remove what still remains of the scandals and calamities in the relations which exist between England and Ireland, and to make our best efforts at least to fill up with the cement of human concord the noble fabric of the British Empire."

On February 15, 1870, Mr. Gladstone, in a three-hours' speech, introduced his Irish Land Act before a crowded House. The land of Ireland was owned by comparatively few landlords.

The tenants were so eager for land, as this was their only means of living, that they would offer more than they could possibly pay for it. "They had no interest in being industrious and improving their land. If they improved the patch of soil they worked on, their rent was almost certain to be raised, or they were turned out of the land without receiving a farthing of compensation for their improvements."

In Ulster the tenant-right system prevailed. It was the custom in that part of Ireland to allow a tenant to remain on the land as long as he paid his rent, and, on giving up the land, to receive compensation for the improvements which he had made, and to have the liberty to sell the "good-will" of his

farm in the market.

Lord Palmerston had declared that "tenant-right is landlord's wrong," and England had thus far seemed to be of his opinion. "Has not a man a right to do with his own land, as he chooses?" was constantly asked. And it was answered as the better portion of the world is coming to answer most questions. A landlord or employer of labor may do what he likes with his own, if he does not thereby injure society. When he injures his fellow-men, then the state should interfere for the well-being of its members.

Ireland was growing into pauperism and crime by insecurity of land tenure, and high rents. By Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, the Ulster tenant-right became legal in other parts of Ireland; the tenant, disturbed in the possession of his land, could claim compensation for his improvements; facilities were given for the loan by government of two-thirds of the purchase-money to tenants desirous of buying their holdings, where landlords were willing to sell. About three hundred amendments were offered to the Land Bill; but it finally passed the Lords and Commons, and became a law in August.

In the following year, 1871, the Army Regulation Bill was passed, whereby the purchase system for officers' commissions was abolished. The usual rule was for an officer to buy his commission, and his promotion was obtained in the same way. Money, rather than merit, gave the place of honor. The noble Havelock stated that three sots and two fools had purchased over him, and that "if he had no family to support he would not serve another hour." The bill fixed a day after which no pecuniary interest would be taken by any one in any new commission. The measure was opposed as a "sop to democracy," and was defeated by the Lords, whereupon the Queen, by advice of Mr. Gladstone, cancelled the royal warrant under which purchase was legal. The House of Lords censured Mr. Gladstone, but the country sustained him in this honest endeavor to make the army of England efficient.

Mr. Gladstone and his party were blamed because they accepted the results of the Arbitration Tribunal at Geneva, and paid to America over three million pounds for the Alabama depredations. They were called the "peace at any price" party, and accused of "disgracing the British flag." It would seem at this day, when pride and passion have cooled, that both nations must honor the man who helped to avert war between England and America.

"Both," says Dr. J. L. M. Curry, in his study of Gladstone published in 1891, "speak our noble English tongue in its freedom, its dignity, its massive simplicity, and have the richest, purest, most varied literature the world is blessed with; … both are guardians of trial by jury, and of an unmolested home; both have the common law, an independent judiciary, universal education, equality of citizenship before the law, an unchained English Bible; both are asylums for the oppressed, refuges for the weary; … both whiten every sea with their flags, are daring, enterprising, adventurous; both have carried Christianity to the uttermost ends of the earth."

Gladstone has always been a lover of peace rather than war. When alarmists have talked about increase of armies, and the fear of loss of power, he has said: "The power of this country is not declining…. It is only our pride, it is only our passions, it is only our follies, which can ever constitute a real danger to us. If we can master these, no other foe can hurt us; and many a long year will make its round, and many a generation of men will be gathered to its fathers, before the country in which we are born, and which we deeply love, need forfeit or lose its place among the nations of the world."

Disraeli was constantly using all his power of invective and satire against the Liberal Government. "Under his influence and at his instance," said Disraeli of Gladstone, "we have legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, and condoned high treason; we have destroyed churches, we have shaken property to its foundation, and have emptied jails."

Gladstone, in 1873, introduced his Irish University Bill, and was defeated. Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874, and in the following year Gladstone resigned his position as leader of the Liberal party. He had been in public life forty-two years, and was glad to vary his labors for a time by literary pursuits.

In 1874 he wrote an article on "Ritualism," in the October number of the *Contemporary Review,* which occasioned much adverse comment. This was followed within a month by his pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance: a Political Expostulation."

His propositions were: "1. That Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith. 2. That she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused. 3. That no one can now become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another. 4. That Rome has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history."

He showed the effects of the doctrine of Papal infallibility, and its danger to the State.

The pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees" attained in a few weeks the enormous circulation of one hundred and twenty thousand copies. Replies came from every source, — from Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Monsignor Capel, and scores of others high in authority. The Italian journals expressed their astonishment, and hoped that Mr. Gladstone would eventually come into the "true Church."

Three months after this Mr. Gladstone wrote a second pamphlet, entitled "Vaticanism: an Answer to Reproofs and Replies;" also a criticism on the speeches of Pope Pius IX., in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1875.

1876 found Europe agitated over the old subject of Turkish oppression and the revolt of her embittered subjects. The Herzegovinians had gained a victory over the Turks, but

the Bulgarian villages had been literally wiped out by the cruel Bashi-Bazouks. Sixty villages had been destroyed, while thousands of innocent men, women, and children had been massacred. At Botak, where twelve hundred persons took refuge in a church, the Bashi-Bazouks tore off the tiles from the roof, and threw burning pieces of wood and rags dipped in petroleum upon the crowded mass of human beings. At last the doors were forced open, and the inside of the church burnt. Hardly a person escaped. The Turkish leader for this brutality received the Order of Medjidie. The government of Disraeli was doing nothing to save the Christian provinces, but vainly hoped that Mohammedan Turkey would reform. Whenever England thought of coercing Turkey, the "Russian spectre" appeared on the horizon, and the "balance of power" stifled the sympathy for the oppressed.

Gladstone forgot his Homer and the Vatican decrees in his indignation at the deeds of the Turks. He published a pamphlet entitled "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East." He urged self-government for the Christian provinces. He would say to the Turks, "You shall receive a reasonable tribute; you shall retain your titular sovereignty; your empire shall not be invaded; but never again while the years roll their course, so far as it is in our power to determine, never again shall the hand of violence be raised by you; never again shall the dire refinements of cruelty be devised by you for the sake of making mankind miserable in Bulgaria."

He urged that Russia and England should act in concord. "Their power is immense," he said. "The power of Russia by land for acting upon these countries as against Turkey is perfectly resistless; the power of England by sea is scarcely less important at this moment."

Gladstone spoke at great meetings in various parts of England and in the House of Commons.

Russia finally declared war against Turkey, and defeated the latter at Kars and Plevna.

Peace and the self-government of the Christian provinces was finally secured by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878.

The next year, in the autumn of 1879, Mr. Gladstone, at the invitation of the Liberal electors, decided to contest the metropolitan county of Scotland, Midlothian, which had long been represented in Parliament by the Buccleuch family; Lord. Dalkeith, the son of the great Duke of Buccleuch, being then in power.

The canvass was one of the most memorable in the history of English politics. On his way to Scotland from Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone received a perfect ovation. Thousands were gathered at every station. He spoke every day and every evening to vast audiences, often numbering more than twenty thousand persons.

Mr. George W. Smalley, in his "London Letters," gives a graphic description of Gladstone's arrival in Edinburgh: "The train reached Edinburgh at twenty minutes past five. It was quite dark. The Waverley Station is nothing more than the prolongation of a tunnel…. The public had been excluded, and only a favored few — say five or six thousand — admitted by ticket…. The people collected about the station and along the streets through which Mr. Gladstone was to drive, by tens of thousands.

"Lord Rosebery's carriage and four, with two outriders and a small array of liveried footmen," were waiting to take Mr. Gladstone to Dalmeny Park, Lord Rosebery's residence, five miles distant. For the whole length of that magnificent street, Gladstone stood bare-headed and bowed his acknowledgments.

Everywhere the streets were arched with flowers, and flags were waving. Everywhere the man of seventy years spoke with all the fire and fervor of youth.

At Waverley Market twenty thousand persons were gathered. They had waited for three hours while Mr. Gladstone was speaking in the Exchange. "At every movement in

one direction or another," says Mr. Smalley, "one of those currents which begin no one knows how, which are like the movement of a tide, and just as irresistible, passed through and along the hall. Men went down under the pressure, and were picked up breathless. At every moment somebody with a white face and rigid body was handed over the heads of his comrades, and deposited in some protected enclosure. Water was eagerly called for. Men who had not suffered from the movement fainted from the heat and long fatigue."

When Mr. Gladstone appeared, "pain and weariness were forgotten in the joy of the people at the sight of their hero. It is useless to attempt to describe the explosion of delight with which he was greeted. It was a prolonged, hoarse cry, taken up again and again, immense vibrations of sound sweeping through the air, broken, inarticulate, but full of eloquence…. It was only when Mr. Gladstone rose, and had stood silent for some minutes, that silence fell upon the multitude. The first note of that marvellous voice rose like the peal of an organ."

During this visit to Scotland, Mr. Gladstone was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University. To the students he said in his address, after urging them to a deeper study of Christianity: "Be assured that every one of you, without exception, has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who, too lightly, say that nothing succeeds like success; effort, gentlemen, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action upon character, especially in youth, better than success. Success, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy.

"Get knowledge, all you can….

"Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you strength to-morrow. Work onwards and work upwards."

Mr. Gladstone was elected for Midlothian, and his son Herbert for Leeds, in the general election of 1880. The Liberals were triumphant. At once Beaconsfield resigned, and Gladstone became Prime Minister.

His first efforts were directed towards improving the condition of Ireland. After the Land Bill of 1870 was passed, famines were frequent, and the distress among the peasants was overwhelming. By the bill, only those evicted tenants who had paid rent were entitled to compensation for their improvements. The majority could not pay rent, and were therefore turned out of their homes. In 1880 over two thousand families were evicted; in 1881 and also in 1882 the number of evictions was much greater.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in his "Parnell Movement," gives an interesting case of eviction; that of Michael McGrath. The man had held for years a farm at a rent of forty-eight pounds, which had been raised to one hundred and five pounds. He was evicted, and his house, built by himself or his father, was occupied by another farmer, Cornelius Mangan. But the eviction was not effected without a struggle.

Each day as the evicting party came to the house, McGrath and his family poured boiling water upon them. The family were watched so closely that they were finally obliged to surrender for lack of food and water.

After being turned out, McGrath went back to his farm, and was sent to prison. Then his wife went back, and his sister and others of the family, and each in turn was arrested.

At last he got a boat, turned it upside down, and lived under it with his family, till, through exposure to the weather, he died of typhus fever. His neighbors then built a small house for his widow and her children.

As a result of these evictions the feeling against the landlords was hostile in the extreme. Murders were committed, cattle were mutilated, people starved and died along the roadside.

In October, 1879, the Irish National Land League had been formed, one of the prime movers being Mr. Michael Davitt, the son of an evicted tenant. He had been turned out of his home when four years of age, and his father and mother had to beg through the streets of England for bread. He lost his right arm in a mill, was engaged in the Fenian movement, and was sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude. After nearly eight years, he was released, visited America, and returned to Ireland to help his people in their poverty and burden of rent.

Another who helped to start the new organization was Charles Stewart Parnell, descended from Sir John Parnell, a leader in the Irish House of Commons, on his father's side, and the grandson on his mother's side of Commodore Charles Stewart, commander of the ship "Constitution," in the war of 1812. Educated at Cambridge University, as his father had been, and inheriting from his American mother, as well as from his Irish father, a love of liberty and of justice, he early entered Parliament, and became an ardent worker for Ireland.

The objects oi the Land League were to bring about a reduction of rack-rents, and to aid the occupiers to obtain ownership of the soil. Mr. Parnell was made president of this League. He went to America and raised seventy-two thousand pounds for the relief of those suffering in Ireland on account of famine, and to push forward the Land League organization.

More than ever embittered by the indifference and opposition of the House of Lords, who rejected, in 1880, a bill for compensation to tenants evicted for nonpayment of rent, the Land Leaguers made earnest speeches through. Ireland, advising the tenants not to pay rent, and passively to resist eviction. A man who took a farm from which his neighbor had been evicted, was "boycotted."

"When a man takes a farm from which another has been unjustly evicted," said Mr. Parnell, to an audience at Ennis,

"you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets of the town, you must show him in the shop, you must show him in the fair-green and in the market-place, and even in the place of worship, by leaving him alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of his country, as if he were the leper of old, — you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed."

The outrages in Ireland increased. It was thought by the Government that the League was creating disturbance rather than preventing it, and several leaders, among them Mr. Parnell, were arrested, but afterwards released.

Through the winter of 1880, the time of Parliament was almost completely absorbed by the Irish question.

Parnell and his followers had obstructed legislation. They no longer acted with the Liberals only, but with either party which seemed likely to give full and complete justice to Ireland.

April 7, 1881, Gladstone introduced his second Land Bill in an eloquent address on what he rightly called "the most difficult and the most complex question" of his life. "It is said that we have failed in Ireland. I do not admit failure," said Mr. Gladstone. "I admit success to be incomplete. I am asked how it is to be made complete. I say, by patient persistence in well-doing, by steady adherence to the work of justice…. It has been said that love is stronger than death, and so justice is stronger than popular excitement, than the passion of the moment, than even the grudges and resentments and sad traditions of the past. Walking in that path, we cannot err. Guided by that light, that divine light, we are safe."

The principal provisions of the Land Bill were the three F's: fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale. Any tenant may sell his holding to the best bidder; every present tenant may apply to a court to fix a judicial rent, which cannot be altered for fifteen years; money may be advanced to tenants to enable

them to purchase their holdings, or to emigrate.

The Conservatives vigorously opposed the bill. Over a thousand amendments were offered. It went to the Lords, and was attacked with great vehemence by the Marquis of Salisbury and the Duke of Argyle. It was returned to the Commons, who would not accept the amendments. Again it was sent to the Lords, and again it was sent back with objectionable amendments. The country was becoming inflamed. Great meetings were held, urging the Liberals to stand fearless to the end. The Lords finally relented, and the Land Bill received the royal assent in August, 1881.

In 1882 Mr. Gladstone had to deal with the Egyptian crisis. Mr. Bright resigned from the cabinet because opposed to a war, which to the majority of the ministry seemed a necessity for the continued control of Egypt, so largely the pecuniary debtor of England. Unfortunately, to restore order to Egypt meant to restore order also to the Soudan, which had been conquered by Egypt years before. In 1870 Sir Samuel Baker ruled the equatorial provinces for Egypt, as governor. In 1874 a man now known and lamented the world over. Colonel Charles George Gordon, was appointed to succeed him. He was of Scotch descent, well educated, and belonged to a race of soldiers. He had served in the Crimean War; had helped the Chinese to overthrow the great Tai-Ping rebellion, for which he refused to receive rewards; had returned to England to labor as Commanding Royal Engineer on the Thames defences; and had wrought wonders in his efforts against the slave trade in the Soudan.

While at Gravesend in constructing the Thames defences, his house was a hospital, school, and almshouse, in turn. He established evening classes for the boys who worked on the river or the sea, and called them his "kings." He stuck pins into a map of the world hung over his mantel, which showed the course of the voyage of each lad for whom he had obtained a situation on shipboard. For each he prayed daily,

moving the pins from place to place as the lads travelled.

His large garden was open to the poor, to plant what they chose and take the products. He cared little for his food, a dry crust and tea being his usual meal. He was, like Shaftesbury, the idol of the ragged schools, whose favorite benediction, chalked on the fences, was "God bless the Kernel,"

When offered ten thousand pounds a year by the Khedive, as the proper amount for so high a position as that of governor in the Soudan, he would accept but two thousand. He bought slaves from the dealers, and sent them home or provided for them. They were so grateful to work for him, or to be near him, that they would strive to touch his hand or the hem of his clothes.

After his return to England, having been some time in India, it seemed best that he should be sent again to the Soudanese. They had rebelled against their task-masters, the Egyptians. Taxes were excessive, and collected by Bashi-Bazouks; many in power were profligate, and ruled harshly; famine was frequent.

The Khedive looked eagerly to England for aid to subjugate his rebellious people. Meantime a deliverer had arisen in Soudan, Mahomet Achmet, the son of a carpenter, who proclaimed himself the Mahdi, the long-expected prophet. He had amassed wealth through his followers and by means of several rich wives. Those persons who could not be won to his cause by persuasion were won by the sword. He fought battles and annihilated several Egyptian armies.

Gladstone and the Liberals felt that they had been forced into the Egyptian war, as a matter begun by a previous ministry, and determined not to waste more blood and treasure in the East.

Gladstone had said in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1877, in opposing "Aggression in Egypt:" "It is the fewness of our men. Ample in numbers to defend our island-home, they are, with reference to the boundless calls of our world-wide

dominion, but as a few grains of sand scattered thinly on a floor.

"It will still remain an effort beyond and almost against nature, for some thirty or thirty-five millions of men to bear in chief the burden of defending the countries inhabited by near three hundred millions. We must not flinch in the performance of our duty to those countries. But neither let us, by puerile expedients, try to hide from ourselves what it involves. To divest ourselves of territory once acquired is very difficult…. If then, we commit an error in adding to territory, it is an error impossible or difficult to cure."

The Egyptian government had been urged by England to evacuate the Soudan, but this they were unwilling to do. The former sent General Hicks, an English officer on the Khedive's staff, with seven thousand men, against the Mahdi, who had three hundred thousand. General Hicks and his forces were cut to pieces as the other armies had been.

Many Englishmen thought the prestige of their country was being weakened through its indifference or failure in Egypt. Some clamored for war. At last the press said, "Send General Gordon. He can make peace in the Soudan."

Gordon did not favor the removal of 29,000 Egyptian soldiers from the Soudan, thus leaving the Mahdi to control the vast country of 40,000,000 people. But he acquiesced, and started on his mission, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, "for the double purpose of evacuating the country by the extinction of the Egyptian garrisons, and of reconstituting it by giving back to the Sultans their ancestral powers, as I may so call them, which had been withdrawn or suspended during the period of Egyptian occupation."

Gordon left England, and practically alone, went into the desert country to bring order out of chaos. When he reached Khartoum, February 18, 1884, the people hailed him as the saviour of Kordofan. He at once burned the Egyptian books which recorded the burdensome taxes, and also the whips and

other instruments of torture. He released prisoners, some of whom had been confined for fifteen years. He permitted the holding of slaves, as he did not feel willing to impoverish the masters unless he had the money to compensate them.

He offered to make the Mahdi Sultan of Kordofan, but the offer was indignantly refused by the man who hoped to convert the whole country to his own belief. "I am the Mahdi. Will you become a Mussulman?" was the message returned to Gordon.

Baker Pasha had been sent by the Khedive to liberate the garrisons at Tokha. He had failed utterly, the Arabs spearing his men without mercy. After defeating his army they rushed upon the garrison at Tokha and massacred the 600.

England became alarmed over this and other defeats. Gordon was evidently in danger. He had had several skirmishes with the troops of the Mahdi. He had begun to fortify the town of Khartoum, 10,000 men who sympathized with the Mahdi being allowed to go outside the walls and join the enemy. At last, seeing that force alone could bring the Mahdi to terms. General Gordon urged England to send troops.

The Government was divided. Gladstone had desired peace, saying that the Soudanese were "a people rightly struggling to be free," and wished Gordon to retire if the Egyptian garrisons could not be liberated. Gordon felt it to be his duty to remain with those who had trusted him, and whom he had promised to assist.

All summer the heroic man stood at his post of danger. The press and people of England grew to white heat in their excitement over Gordon. Finally in August, Gladstone moved a vote of credit for £300,000, "to enable her Majesty to undertake operations for the relief of General Gordon, should it become necessary." Preparations were at once made. Eight hundred light boats were constructed to stem the rapids on the Nile,

Sir Garnet Wolseley was put in charge of the expedition.

He hastened to the Soudan. To reach Khartoum with his army was a toilsome journey. In December he encouraged his men by the words: "The physical objects which impede rapid progress are considerable; but who cares for them when we remember General Gordon and his garrison are in danger? Under God, their safety is now in your hands. Come what may, we must save them."

Meantime hunger and treachery in Khartoum were doing their work. On November 4, the Mahdi had called upon Gordon to surrender.

"Not for ten years," was the reply of the brave man.

The troops of Sir Herbert Stewart were crossing the desert, and had defeated the Arabs at Abu Klea Wells, January 14, 1885, though with great loss of British officers.

Gordon would soon be rescued. On January 24 the English troops were only thirty-six hours from Khartoum. They pushed on, and when within 800 yards of the walls, they saw thousands of Arabs wildly waving flags, while a storm of shot was poured upon them.

Khartoum, after a siege of seven months, had fallen, almost in the hour of her deliverance. Gordon had been killed on the threshold of the Government House, and men, women, and children had been massacred.

"Children were spitted on the Arab spears in pure wantonness," and "for an entire day the streets of the city ran with blood."

The gates of Khartoum had been opened by a traitor, who once had been under sentence of death for treason, but had been pardoned and reinstated in command by General Gordon.

The Mahdi died of small-pox at Omderman, near Khartoum, in June of the same year, 1885, and a handsome tomb marks the place of his burial.

The British troops departed from the Soudan, and for a time, at least, the Egyptian question was left to settle itself.

In 1884, December 6, Gladstone's Franchise Bill was passed, extending the franchise to 2,000,000 new voters, chiefly of the artisan class. The measure received the usual opposition from Conservatives. Mr. Chamberlain, the Liberal, declared the bill to be "the greatest constitutional reform since the Revolution of 1688."

The Liberal Government under Gladstone was succeeded by the Conservative in 1885, but the Liberals came to power the following year, 1886.

The Irish question seemed as far from settlement as ever. The Home Rule movement had been started in Ireland in 1870, sixteen years before. Its avowed object was "to obtain for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a National Parliament," "composed of Her Majesty the Sovereign, and her successors, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland; to secure for that Parliament, under a federal arrangement, the rights of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the Imperial expenditure."

Members began to be elected from Ireland on the Home Rule platform. The stronger the party in Ireland, the stronger grew the opposition in England, lest the separation of the Union should follow. The more the Irish argued and labored for self-government, the more they rebelled against the Coercion Acts of England, which each new Chief Secretary seemed to think a necessity to preserve order. But order was not thereby obtained.

Mr. Gladstone, one of the truest friends Ireland has ever had, felt that peace could only come to that distracted country through self-government. When it was announced that he would bring in a Home Rule Bill for Ireland, April 8, 1886, the excitement was intense.

On that day some of the Irish members arrived at the House of Commons at half-past five in the morning,

breakfasting, lunching, and dining there. When Mr. Gladstone entered, the House was crowded almost to suffocation. The whole Liberal party with four exceptions — Lord Hartington, Trevelyan, James, and Chamberlain — rose to greet the Great Commoner. The Irish members sprang to their feet and cheered him.

For three hours and twenty-five minutes Gladstone held the closest attention of the crowded House. His voice was marvellous; now low and soft, now strong and powerful. Mr. Gladstone said: —

"I ask you to stay that waste of public treasure which is involved in the present system of government and legislation in Ireland; and which is not a waste only, but which demoralizes while it exhausts. I ask you to show to Europe and to America that we too can face political problems which America twenty years ago faced, and which many countries in Europe have been called upon to face, and have not feared to deal with.

"I ask that we should apply to Ireland that happy experience which we have gained in England and in Scotland, where the course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory, but as practice and as life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build upon is the foundation afforded by the affections, the convictions, and the will of the nation; and it is thus by the decree of the Almighty that we may be enabled to secure at once the social peace, the fame, the power, and the permanence of this Empire."

The Home Rule Bill provided for an Irish Legislature to sit in Dublin, with the Queen as its head, to consist of 309 members; the Lord-Lieutenant, appointed by the Crown, to assent to or veto any bill; the making of peace or war, all foreign and colonial questions, army, navy, and some other matters, to remain in the hands of the Imperial Parliament; Irish members not to sit at Westminster except when

summoned back for special purposes; Ireland to pay one-fifteenth as her portion of interest of national debt, army, etc.

Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was bitterly opposed. Chamberlain and some others left the Cabinet. Mr. Parnell, speaking for his countrymen, said, "I am convinced that if our views are fairly met, … it will be cheerfully accepted by the Irish people, as a solution of the long-standing dispute between the two countries, and that it will lead to the prosperity and peace of Ireland and the satisfaction of England."

Eight days later, April 16, Mr. Gladstone introduced another great measure, his Land Purchase Bill, by which Irish landlords have the option of selling, the price to be fixed by a land commission. The State may buy this land and hold for or sell to tenants, and the British treasury may advance £50,000,000 for that purpose.

"The money advanced by the British treasury is to be raised by the issue to the landlords of three per cent stock at par. This stock is to be redeemed by the repayment of a terminable annuity for forty-nine years by the State authority."

Both the Home Rule and Land Purchase Bills were voted down, and Gladstone appealed to the country. The Conservatives gained a majority, and Salisbury again became Prime Minister in 1886, Gladstone having been in power only about four months.

As might have been predicted, matters in Ireland grew worse than before. A "plan of campaign" was adopted, by which tenants agreed to combine to resist rent if there were not suitable reduction. Absentee landlords refused to comply. Tenants were evicted; agents were shot; dynamite explosions took place; crimes increased; men were arrested, and lost health and sometimes life in prison. At last, under the Tory government, Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill was introduced March 24, 1890. The bill authorized an advance by the State of about £33,000,000 to assist tenants in purchasing from the landlords. The Land Department, after fixing the purchase

price, could at once make an order constituting the tenant owner of his holding. The tenant should pay an annuity of four per cent upon the amount advanced, for a period of forty-nine years. The Government proposed to secure itself by a guaranty fund, consisting of a cash portion and a contingent portion. The bill was opposed by Mr. Gladstone for four reasons, the first being that the bill was entirely unsatisfactory to the Irish people themselves. Mr. Parnell proposed that in the case of holdings of fifty pounds valuation, the landlord should reduce the rent of his judicial tenants by thirty per cent, and receive an advance which was to be spent in paying off the most onerous of his incumbrances. At this time, May, 1891, the House of Commons is eagerly discussing the Land Purchase Bill, and Ireland is awaiting the result.

Mr. Gladstone has persevered in his work for Ireland. He has passed the age of eighty-one — his golden wedding and eightieth birthday were celebrated in 1889, with gifts from rich and poor in both continents — still vigorous, still writing for magazines and publishing his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," and other books, still making his wonderful speeches over the country, still honored and beloved as the central figure in English statesmanship.

For the present. Home Rule has been delayed by the divorce case with which Mr. Parnell has been connected. When the Liberals again come to power, Mr. Gladstone will, it is hoped, be able to carry forward the great reforms to which he has devoted so many years.

Mr. Gladstone's life, with all its care, seems to have been a most happy one. Of his wife, who has been his constant companion in his speech-making tours, he said at a reception given him by the National Liberal Club: "No words that I could use would ever suffice to express the debt that I owe her in relation to all the offices that she has discharged on my behalf, and on behalf of those that are nearest and dearest to us, during the long and happy period of our conjugal union."

Eight children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, four sons and four daughters. Seven are now living. The eldest, William Henry, and the fourth, Herbert John, have been members of Parliament; the second son, the Rev. Stephen Edward, is rector of Hawarden; the third, Henry Neville, is engaged in mercantile pursuits. The daughters are Anne, Helen, and Mary; two are married to clergymen.

Mr. Gladstone has been offered titles and distinguished honors by the Queen, but he has preferred to remain "one of the people." In 1874, for pecuniary reasons, he felt obliged to give up his handsome home, Carlton House Terrace, London, where he had lived for eighteen years, and take a smaller one. He also parted with his valuable collection of china, and many of his pictures.

Mr. Pelham-Clinton, in *Once a Week,* says of Mr. Gladstone's London residence, in 1889: "It is in James Street, a curious little street that leads from Buckingham Palace Road to Victoria Street. The first portion of the street coming from Buckingham Palace has some delightful residences on the one side, while on the other high iron railings divide it from the parade ground of the Wellington Barracks, as only one side of the street is built up. The view is always a pleasant and animated one, though the neighborhood of the barracks must add greatly to the noise, the perpetual bugle calls and shouts of command being rather detrimental to perfect repose.

"The house itself is built of plain yellow brick, with gray stone points. The portico is sustained by four stucco pillars, and there is the usual railing around the area. The windows are all filled with boxes containing gayly colored flowering plants, which give the outside a bright, cheerful look, added to by the white curtains and colored ribbons holding them back, and which can just be seen….

"The hall is square, and furnished in hard wood, and brightened by red rugs. On one side is the dining-room, and at the head of the stairs is the drawing-room. Turning to the

right, however, a few steps before the drawing-room level is reached, a small passage brought me to the door of the study, which was standing open. Through it I could see across the room, and on a lounge at the other side, half lying down, was Mr. Gladstone, reading very intently. It seemed at first almost as if he was so intent on his volume that he could not bring his mind back to animate objects, as he did not catch my name, but when he did, his greeting was kindness itself."

Mr. Gladstone has always been an indefatigable worker. He rises early, and retires late. He is a most careful user of time. No one who has ever seen him can forget his erect form, with its quick, strong step, his wonderful power of speech, and his thoughtful, noble face.

Mr. Gladstone stands to-day a unique figure in the world's progress; a man of unsullied reputation, of lofty impulses, a master in eloquence, an earnest defender of Christianity; one of the few great leaders of the nineteenth century.