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THE GOVERNING CLASSES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS

BY

EDWARD M. WHITTY.

LONDON:

TRÜBNER & CO., 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

Price Eighteenpence.

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PREFACE.

FEW newspaper contributions bear republication; what is written for the hour is out of place the hour after. But the republication in this form of the following sketches, which appeared originally in the *Leader* newspaper, may be explained on the ground that they were written with a consistent political purpose, and that the topic is a permanent topic,—viz. the governmental system of Great Britain. Thus each separate sketch is the attempted portrait of an individual representing a class within the Governing Class.

Although venturing to suggest extreme truths at a moment when the "moderate" party includes all parties, the writer trusts that he has not exceeded the proper limits of free political discussion.

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

I.—H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.*

It is a great advantage to an English politician not to be an Englishman. A true philosopher cannot be a patriot; for patriotism, if your country is a little one, is only parochiality. A cosmopolitan is a character not often attained; for to the other requisite accidents of birth, various race on paternal and on maternal side, and descent upon a land which is the land neither of the father nor of the mother,

* This article was written in August, 1853, and would appear to have suggested some new views to some British journalists. At the opening of the present Session of Parliament (1854), Prince Albert had become the best-abused man in England! and the reason was, that two or three of the enlightened newspapers had discovered that His Royal Highness occasionally had some voice in English foreign policy! The charge was met by Ministers in Parliament with a full admission of the truth of the suspicion! It curiously illustrates the febrility of English politics that at this moment (March 1854) the public attention is turned in an entirely different direction; that there is, notwithstanding the Ministerial admissions, no longer a suspicious fear of the Prince; and that, in fact, he has resumed his powerful popular position.

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here has to be superadded the accident of that special shaped physique which permits a philosophical temperament. Perhaps the Jew is your only proper cosmopolitan; and we have seen in the career of Mr. Disraeli in Great Britain ample evidence of the advantage it is to an ambitious man to be without a country. He becomes the true citizen of the world—his genius expands with the consciousness of an illimitable public for an audience; and he sees all "questions" rightly, because national questions are questions of humanity, and he sees them in their entirety. But there is a near approach to the cosmopolitan frequently encountered; in those cases where the native of one country becomes formally and naturally adopted as a subject in another. Such is the position occupied by that admirable Prince who is consort to Queen Victoria; and to that happy position is attributable his remarkable success as an English politician.

English statesmen, for a considerable period, have been too much distinguished by the characteristics of islanders. When English kings owned the larger portion of France, English statesmanship had grandeur and comprehensiveness; and the tone of the talk of Normans had a magnificent universality about it. When the Tudors followed, and Henry the Eighth had to manœuvre for the benefit of Europe between Francis and Charles, it was noticeable that Wolsey and Cromwell had no narrow national prejudices, and that the Cardinal, who

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was a conscientious man, loving God and pitying man, and who believed that the world could be blessed were he Pope, would have thought it not only not wrong, but his duty, to sacrifice England if Charles would give him the triple tiara. When Elizabeth held England, and when the battle in Europe was between freedom of thought and slavery of thought—between Protestantism and Popery—her statesmen were less Englishmen than philosophers, and a Cecil or Essex thought it as much a matter of course to spend two or three millions of English money in destroying Philip in the Low Countries, as Sir William Molesworth thinks it advisable to spend half a million on a new metropolitan bridge, or as Lord Dudley Stuart would think it proper to send British troops to Hungary against Russia and Austria. Just before, in Mary's time, excellent Englishmen desired to see England a Spanish province, believing that a universal enlightened despotism would be best, however much their countrymen preferred parochiality, for mankind. When the Charleses had relatives in the Palatinate, whom it was only decent to sustain, England enjoyed the rule of statesmen who took broad views of the usefulness of England in Europe; and the second Charles certainly did not conceal his opinion that it was his personal interest to back the policy of the Grand Monarque with the map of Europe: Charles having got a good deal out of insularity of mind by his travels. When William of Orange got the English throne he proved a great

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man; and Mr. Macaulay, who himself has the advantage of a double country, admires William inordinately, because William sought England for the sake of the Low Countries. When a Pretender was added to the political characters of Great Britain, British statesmen, of both sides, Loyalists, and Whigs, and Hanoverians, were compelled to sustain themselves by cultivating personal and dynastic friendships in Europe: and this necessity raised the intellects, and enlarged the ken, of our politicians, as was visible in the philosophic tendencies, remarked. by Pope, of Bolingbroke, and the indifference of the great Marlborough, as remarked by everybody, as to whether the bribes sent to him were in French crowns or English guineas. But with Walpole began narrow-minded, insular statesmanship, in Great Britain. The two first Georges tried to counteract the increasing tendency not to look beyond strictly selfish English interests; and occasionally they got a million or two spent, and a thousand or two killed, on behalf of Hanoverian interests. But England was deepening into a nation of hucksters; and Walpole was sustained by them for keeping the peace in Europe, and bribing all the gentlemen of England (in Parliament) to be narrow-minded and selfish. Chatham, his real successor in power, was intensely an Englishman, and confessed his prejudices with the most amusing candour of belief that he was a great man because he said he did not care for either French, or Prussian, or Austrian, or Spanish policy,—all he wanted

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to advance was English interests; and undoubtedly this one-sided policy did increase the territory, and added to the practical force, of England as a belligerent against everybody. His son was a greater man; comprehended great causes; and nobly spent above five hundred millions sterling (which is now represented by a national debt worthy of a great empire) in suppressing that Corsican dynasty, which has been lately revived in Paris. But Pitt was the last of these far-seeing English statesmen; and a very insular series succeeded him. Peel was the impersonation of the English spirit—the commercial spirit, which sneers at and does not understand the grand *politique*—that spirit so exuberant in the distinguished statesman, Mr. Cobden; and indeed the greatest statesman in England in these days is a statesman who understands finance, Peel being Premier rather than Wellington for that reason, and Mr. Gladstone being preferred to Mr. Disraeli for no other reason. The compliment is sometimes paid to Lord Palmerston that he is above insularity of statesmanship, and is disposed to believe that the Russian system is a good system for Europe and the East; but attentive study of that eminent personage does not warrant the belief that he is otherwise than humorously British, evidencing this in his famous remark, that he would sacrifice everything in Europe to the promotion of the comfort of *civis Britanicus*. In fact when he went down to his bureau in the evening, his first solicitude was how he could advance the interests

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of Jones, and his second, only how he might throw in an occasional fillip to the destinies of humanity. And if an English statesman who has passed his life in the Foreign Office cannot attain to a cosmopolitanism of view, what can we hope of that ill informed (on European affairs) set of gentlemen who succeed one another as Ministers in this enlightened country, and whose completest acquaintance with the affairs of other countries is obtained by reading the clumsily written, but carefully incorrect, correspondence of broken down men about town, who are sent to various capitals of Europe by morning papers? Our statesmen are the Sir James Grahams and the Sir Charles Woods, and that class of minds; and their capacity to take the European view in politics was illustrated by their hustings speeches at Carlisle and Halifax, where, though privy councillors of a monarch in alliance with Louis Napoleon, they talked like tap-room British liberals about the blessings of constitutional liberty, and the villany of his Majesty the Emperor of the French in not instituting a House of Commons into which any patriot could buy his way. Our narrow political system is furthermore deprived of the advantages which might be obtained by bringing in our clever diplomatists—who know the affairs and have adopted the views of other nations, and who occasionally let friendly royal allies pay their debts—to expand the statesmanship of the vehement British clerks who are right honourable rulers, and whose acquaintance with the con-

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tinent is confined to a reminiscence that the plates are never hot in Paris. In our system it is necessary that a Minister should be an actor, and have a capacity to twaddle to order—"party government," requiring oratory, and oratory requiring training; and the result is, that our Henry Bulwers, and Normanbys, and Redcliffes, who, by long residence abroad, lose healthily a vast amount of insular notions, are excluded from our home bureaux and Ministerial benches. Even if they did get office, they would have to affect the Palmerstonian style, and be overwhelmingly parochial and patriotic; or if they did not, they would be treated as Lord Malmesbury was treated—hooted from the Orkneys to the Isle of Wight, because he wished to be friendly to Louis Napoleon; or hooted as Lord Aberdeen has been hooted, on the bare suspicion that he is enough of a sage to look beyond Bermondsey when he takes up a map.

If these views of the prevalent, perhaps because inevitable, tendencies of British statesmanship are correct, it will readily be admitted that our imperial polity could not but benefit from the accession of Prince Albert to a share in the British Throne. It is true that Queen Victoria has no British blood in her veins; but the Duke of Kent was a man who was without a policy in politics; the Duchess of Kent did not belong to a family with a cause, and was of a character which inclined her to domestic virtues: and her Majesty had the misfortune to be educated by a man who held power without a plan,

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who had no domestic or commercial policy, and assuredly knew as little of foreign policy as Lord Palmerston could help; and Lord Melbourne never had the energy—which Lord John Russell subsequently displayed—to conspire against Lord Palmerston. Her Majesty, besides, was educated in England, and saw little of the class who could have taught a young Queen, that as there was no policy at home to look after, the affairs of Europe might be worth her attention. Had she married an Englishman, as her Majesty's parochial subjects would have desired, the Bermondsey foreign policy was the inevitable foreign policy of this country; and even islanders, who are loyal, would not gladly have seen the English monarchy excluded from the freemasonry of kings—the "solidarity" which is the most perfect of all—that of dynasties. From such a fate—the fate of being pronounced bourgeois and vulgar, the English Throne was saved by Prince Albert. Perhaps he has not quite succeeded in impressing our public men—and, very wisely, he appears to think impressing our public men quite as effective as appealing to our public—with the full conception of the *blâgue* of the Bermondsey policy: but it is evident that he has done much good, and that he has aimed at performing, more gracefully, the *rôle* of William of Orange—the *rôle* in which Leopold of Coburg ambitioned to anticipate his nephew.

It is said very frequently in society, "What admirable tact is shown by Prince Albert in not

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meddling in politics!" That is the remark of Englishmen; for when they think of politics, they think of the corn-laws, income-tax, the cab-act, and the enfranchisement of Peddlington. Prince Albert, like William the Third, thinks that Englishmen are fully equal to tax Bermondsey; and he does not take any interest in, and does not interfere in, the arrangements which are made by a Mr. Walpole or a Sir William Molesworth with regard to militia franchises, and huts of Ann Hickses. In these respects we do not want the statesmanship of his Royal Highness, and we should have quarrelled with him had he not let us govern ourselves, through the means of the governing classes, in our own way. But we did want the influence of a clever, widely-informed, sympathetic, friendly, but not exclusively British mind, in regard to what is called "foreign affairs;" and that influence has been exercised, no doubt with excellent effects, by the Prince Consort. Exercised, no doubt, indirectly, but not less completely. We are suggesting no impertinence, and nothing unconstitutional in pointing out that fact. That her Majesty is good enough to take an interest in what the governing classes do for us, in other parts of Europe, was proved, to our national gratification, on the occasion of the quarrel between those distinguished statesmen, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, when it was unreservedly mentioned to the House of Commons by the former personage, that his Queen made it a rule to see every despatch of the

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Foreign Secretary before it could be forwarded to its destination. And the happiness of her Majesty's married life is so delightfully patent—her example in being happy is, indeed, so repeatedly urged on her subjects—that it would be affectation to express a doubt that His Royal Highness's counsel is often sought, and often adopted. Let us, at least, hope and be grateful, that it is so. Let us only imagine what might have been the intensity of the Bermondsey policy at the time when the Earl of Granville, an eminently promising young man, was promoted (*vid* the Board of Trade) from the Mastership of the Buckhounds, to the direction of the power of Great Britain at the Foreign Office. Notoriously, indeed, the appointment of that amiable nobleman was only excused by the governing classes—though it was admitted that he spoke very good French—on the ground that he was a friend of the Prince Consort's, in His Royal Highness's confidence, having been his chief ally and instrument in the direction of the Great Exhibition, and that, consequently, his Royal Highness would protect us from the possible errors of the inexperienced but well-intentioned son of that "talented" diplomatist, and obsequious ambassador, the first Earl of Granville, G.C.B.

Prince Albert has not only the advantage of being a foreign gentleman engaged in life as an English politician, but he has the personal advantage of having a policy. King Leopold may have instituted this policy, but the head of the family,

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and the leader in that policy, is unquestionably his Royal Highness. This chieftainship his Royal Highness owes, in the first place, to his position in this country; but, in the next place, to his intellect —one of the most accomplished, the most refined, and most candid of the age. This policy is called the Coburg policy. It is always called so; very fortunately for the Coburg Princes, so far as England is interested, for to the enlightened English mind the phrase—"the Coburg policy"—conveys a pleasingly safe, because indefinite, idea. The Coburgs are an extraordinary family; you cannot trace them forty years back as prominent historical personages, yet in 1853 they are the most powerful family in Europe. A Coburg married the heiress to the English throne, and when she died, another Coburg married the actual English Queen. A Coburg married the Queen of Portugal; a Coburg only narrowly missed—Louis Philippe was a very clever man—the Spanish Queen; a Coburg was the other day ready for that throne of Greece (which a Coburg once declined), if the Bavarian had disappeared; a Coburg has the throne of Belgium, and as King of Belgium, has had great power in England and France—in England, because he was the uncle of the Queen: in France, because he was son-in-law of the King; a Coburg—the son of the King Leopold—has just married an Austrian Archduchess. France being lost, King Leopold seeks German alliances. It is a Coburg plan that the future Queen of Prussia shall be a Princess Royal

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of England, and it is as certain, as things human can be, that daughters of Prince Albert will be sovereign ladies, in great abundance, on German thrones, great and small. Hence a family "solidarity," great now, increasing with every year, and an obvious dynastic policy. At any rate, obvious fulness of knowledge on the part of Prince Albert of all the Court movements of Europe, obvious extensive sympathies, obvious breadth of view; and the value of Prince Albert as a directing statesman in Great Britain, is, consequently, incalculable. This paper is written to put his position and his services in the point of view in which we may comprehend him, and be grateful to him.

This power for good, and the influence which he possesses, were not obtained in a day, and merely because of his station; he progressed by degrees, and he succeeded because he proved ability. Ten years ago, he was not a man to excite much respectful deference among the men of our governing classes; to-day he is stronger than any one of them—stronger in position—stronger in popularity. Prince Albert is probably the most popular man in this country; and it is a fact all the more remarkable that the popularity has been obtained by his discovery that the English, who firmly believed that they were long ago an enlightened nation, are barbarians in art, and in all the more delicate cultures of civilisation!

As a foreigner, he is enabled to detect and to counteract the Bermondsey policy; as a foreigner,

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in the same way he could see the coarseness, and the vulgarity, and the insularity, of our art manufactures. What tact, what consummate cleverness, must he have displayed while engaged—and he has been some years at it—in convincing us that we were uncouth and ignorant. Clearly, he thinks that though he cannot gratify that passion for power incidential to his birth, and station, and character of mind, in controlling Sir William Molesworth in Bermondsey, or Mr. James Wilson at the Treasury, there is consolation and compensation in the creation of a Ministry of Public Instruction—the office which he invented and holds, though unappointed with honour. He is revolutionising our art manufacturers; he is teaching a clumsy people to love grace as well as strength; to admire symmetry as well as power; and he is revolutionising the darkened popular mind without giving offence—nay, at the same time becoming the most popular man in England! Such a man must be a great man.

And such a man—may he not be exhibiting equal art, tact, and patience, in abolishing the Bermondsey policy,—in instituting a foreign policy for England? Let us hope that his foreign policy is as beneficent as his domestic policy: we cannot doubt that it is as artistic.

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II.—THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The Earl of Aberdeen is Premier of England. Yet not one thousand of his countrymen in or out of London know him by sight. That fact is a comment upon the governmental system of Great Britain.

The people of Great Britain are utterly ignorant even of the character of their first Minister. In no sense is he a popular man.* There is not an instance of his being caricatured: and not to be caricatured is to be in some respects a failure in this country. Not a saying of his is in vogue: not a speech of his is remembered: not a despatch of his lives. Up to 1853 he was regarded as a Tory: in 1853 he is believed to be the Chief of rather a liberal administration: but the enlightened country is in doubt. Half a century in public life, Lord Aberdeen has not had the good fortune to connect himself with a single great measure, good or bad. Except, perhaps, the last—the Coalition—a comprehensive measure: and, no doubt, Englishmen admire adequately the statesman who induced a

* A few months after this was written, Lord Aberdeen continuing Premier, had been abused and caricatured, over the whole country, as a Russian spy and an old woman. It was not until he had been sometime Premier that the people began to think about him; and then they thought wrongly.

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dozen other statesmen to sink their differences for the purpose of securing to each an average £4000 per annum. There is a vague belief that the man who heads such an Administration must be a good man, and an able man: and, from logical inferences, the country trusts Lord Aberdeen. But the country knows nothing about Lord Aberdeen. These are facts which comment startlingly upon the governmental system of Great Britain.

In this governmental system it is clearly not necessary that a man should be known to the country to be successful. There are governing classes in this country; and Lord Aberdeen has evidently considered it sufficient to be known to *them*. They know him, and trust him: and hence he is Premier of Great Britain. Yet, no doubt, so unknown a man has not before in this century occupied such a position. Other Premiers have not only consulted the governing classes, but have managed the governed. They have been respected or loved: or if they have neither been respected nor loved, they have been understood, and their policy has been appreciated; they have, in short, held a national position, and have had national influence, as representing party and principles. Lord Aberdeen represents neither a party nor a principle, which is the reason why in an age of negotiations he leads a coalition government.

Two causes have prevented Lord Aberdeen being known in England. First: he has not a popular genius: second: he has filled, in the state, those

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offices only which deal with the government of England outside England. A man who fills the Foreign Office has great advantages in making the acquaintance of, and gaining that sort of knowledge and prestige which influences, the Governing Classes. But the disadvantage is, that a Secretary for Foreign Affairs is kept out of domestic affairs. A Home Secretary or a Colonial Secretary, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer, is forced into contact with his countrymen; and deputations are like petitions: it is assumed that they have no results, but they direct statesmen. Lord Aberdeen, until this year, never received a deputation of Great Britons; and thus it is that, as his countrymen know nothing of him, he has had but a very indistinct notion of his countrymen. With the history of his country in his lifetime, he has had nothing whatever to do; and that cannot be said of any other man who ever held his post. First Minister, without the slightest influence—that is an extraordinary position. Our statesmen generally have some influence: even Mr. Disraeli, who is always acting, and is known to be an actor, and to whose opinions, expressed in speech, nobody affects to pay that attention which is paid to realities and individualities—even to Colonel Sibthorpe—has his influence, derived from his books. The most derided of our governing classes have their distinct position; and in that position are tangible and comprehensible. The Earl of Derby is felt to be an utterly unreliable man, who was turned out of

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office in anger; but the Earl of Derby has his believers, and his creed; and he has his influence. It is not equal to the influence of Mr. Macaulay, or Mr. Thackeray, who shape thoughts, and mould and modulate national history; but it is distinct, ascertainable, and visible. Lord Aberdeen, in this respect, is far inferior to the man he supplanted, and convicted of impossibility, the Earl of Derby. Perhaps the Coalition could not exist without Lord Aberdeen; but then the keystone of an arch is an unimportant fragment out of an arch; and, in fact, Lord Aberdeen is sustained in his Premiership not by his individuality, but by the reputations of other men, who are known and understood.

Lord Aberdeen, then, was not selected for Premier by the country, but by the Governing Classes, among whom we have, without disrespect, counted Prince Albert. And he was selected by the Court because he was unknown to the country; for the very merits which resulted from his never having, as statesman, been brought in contact with his countrymen. Lord Aberdeen, had he been Colonial Secretary, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, would have been like most ordinary British statesmen—narrow in view, parochial in patriotism, and devoted to the Bermondsey policy. But educated as a diplomatist, conversant with foreign affairs, and in office only at the Foreign Office, he became the least British of British Statesmen, and eminently fitted, in the circumstances, for the great station to which he has been appointed. Least

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British, he is the most large-minded of our statesmen, and is thoroughly competent to sympathise with Prince Albert. We can all remember Lord John Russell's greatly cheered insinuation at him that he was, in office, not the Minister of England alone, but also the Minister of Austria, and Russia, and France; and, properly considered, such a sneer from so merely British a man is a great compliment to Lord Aberdeen, as showing how large and lofty are his considerations in political action. He has, himself, illustrated the mental grandeur of his own point of view. He it was who discovered that in the English political world there were no parties, as we had long supposed, but that our differences were merely differences without distinctions; and upon that discovery, which a narrow-minded, purely British Statesman, would never have made, he based his project of a coalition. Intense and philosophic must be the contempt with which he regards the traditions of our historic party Government; he himself seeing, even more vividly than Lord Shelburne saw, that if the great families would only agree to agree, they might divide the Government of Great Britain, including its patronage, and the management of human destinies, between them. He cannot understand British rage in controversies about the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Very likely he thinks the Whigs, after being out so long, were clever fellows to discover that a Reform Bill was necessary; and he

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would candidly admire Mr. Disraeli now, if Mr. Disraeli endeavoured to re-create the Tory party by appealing to them to do what the Whigs did in 1830. But intensity about such small local matters is not congenial to the Earl of Aberdeen. Watching always all Europe, he only has a sectional regard for England. In a remarkable way, for those who observe and study him, he showed this in the discussions on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill: and he it was who made the Peelites powerful, by lifting them above the petty parochial passions swaying British statesmanship at that epoch. But more memorably was his character developed in the discussions on the Scotch Church crisis: and he failed in that settlement simply because his intellect was too comprehensive to understand the earnestness on small points which influenced parish heroes, such as Dr. Chalmers, on that occasion. Often it is made a ground of attack on Lord Aberdeen, that he disgusted all parties in that singular transaction: but, fairly considered, he broke down merely because he was so magnificently above all parties. He understands precisely what was meant in him for mankind; and he permits neither England, nor even Scotland, to have more than its share.

Lord Aberdeen was always a Tory statesman, because he is so essentially a liberal man. British liberalism is a very parochial affair: and the men who get their minds out of English routine are generally Tories. A Tory is a man who despises

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mankind: and it unfortunately happens that as men know mankind they cease to be ardent philanthropists. Lord Aberdeen went the grand tour at a remarkable moment, and studied the world under peculiar circumstances. The great event of his life—it was *his* Waterloo—was the destruction of Napoleon; and he accomplished that destruction by inducing half-a-dozen people, principally sovereigns, to become scoundrels. It was his mission from the British governing classes; and what was he to think of humanity, after succeeding? History has no parallel for the villany of the Austrian Emperor who set on Metternich to torture Napoleon into a rupture of his alliance with Austria—that alliance having been ratified by Marie Louise, that Austrian Emperor's daughter; and England was shown her business, in that transaction, by Lord Aberdeen. History has no parallel for the villany of Murat and Bernadotte, in deserting the man who had given them greatness; and it was to some of Lord Aberdeen's diplomacy to which the world was indebted for that matter. Triumphing in setting brother-in-law against brother, and father against daughter, could his estimation of mankind —he was not too old to be influenced—have been exalted? Could his Scotch notions of England —he is of a family who gained power by hating England—have been raised by observation of the career of England under Pitt? Could he have thought lovingly or highly of the country which was gratified with the Reform Act, and endur[illegible]

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the Corn Laws? You can see, watching Lord Aberdeen, that he is a cynical peer of the realm; and nothing he has ever done or said indicates a patriotic appreciation of Great Britons. Virulent was he always in detestation of the pretentious Britishisms of Lord Palmerston, while that distinguished statesman was at the Foreign Office, between 1833 and 1846, cleverly contriving to talk the Bermondsey policy, and act the continental system. Lord Aberdeen, dignified, philosophic, and honest, could never understand Lord Palmerston's affectations—never seeing that, consequent upon these affectations, Lord Palmerston was always able to promote unmolested the continental system, even better than Lord Aberdeen himself. Lord Palmerston understood as well as Lord Aberdeen that the Russian system was the only system which the British Foreign Office could uphold; but, being of a popular and felicitous genius, and disguising cynicism in *bonhommie*, he never said so, but said, indeed, quite the reverse; and the result was, that in his day liberty was always crushed, and he was always supposed to be a Liberal. Lord Aberdeen, more simple-minded, because more austere * (the young Tories want a Tory who is not austere, which is a mistake), acted

* The young Tory newspapers call Lord Aberdeen an "austere intriguer." The phrase is borrowed from the liberal French journalists who assailed Guizot before 1848; and it is suggested perhaps by the physiognomical likeness of Lord Aberdeen to the great Doctrinaire.

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at the Foreign Office upon his convictions, and the difference without a distinction between him and Lord Palmerston (at last discovered by Lord Aberdeen) is, that he did, and Lord Palmerston did not, express his convictions. Lord Aberdeen's Foreign Office theory is, that the policy of this country is non-intervention; and that is also, practically, the policy of Lord Palmerston; the distinction between the two being, that Lord Palmerston sees the expediency, and Lord Aberdeen does not see the expediency, of talking intervention, while acting non-intervention. Lord Palmerston is a popular man in England, because he is perpetually telling the English that it will be a great epoch for the continent when it adopts "constitutional government." Lord Aberdeen is too honest a man to talk such twaddle; and is consequently not a popular man in the positive sense, though decidedly not an unpopular man with a Cobdenite middleocracy. Lord Aberdeen knowing, from his acquaintance with the Governing Classes, how seats are got and voters are bought, does not think the British constitution, as at present existing, the most perfect or the most admirable of human institutions; and, calculating that the people of continental Europe are not more amiable or more honest than the people of Great Britain, he abstains from urging on continental Governments the desirability of abolishing paternal despotisms in favour of self-government by Governing Classes. Lord Aberdeen has no theories, certainly

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does not allow his theories to govern his political conduct. He evidently thinks that it is not advisable to tell the British people that they are not the remarkably enlightened and recklessly free people which they believe themselves to be; he clearly considers that it would not do to advise them to accept a paternal despotism which would destroy Governing Classes. He thinks that all forms of government are good under certain favourable circumstances, and has no constitutional prejudices. Thus, he does not hate Nicholas, or decline to be civil to him, because he is a despot; and he is averse to an alliance with Louis Napoleon, not because Louis Napoleon does not institute a House of Commons into which pecuniary patriots can buy their way, but because the Czar Nicholas is the more honest, more reliable, and more authentic man of the two. Lord Aberdeen comprehends accurately the monstrous absurdity of Lord Palmerston's theory—it goes no farther—of a British propaganda. Lord Aberdeen, loftily above Bermondsey views, perceives that great Britain is a power made up of conquests over nationalities, and scorns a foreign policy affecting to befriend struggling nationalities. Lord Aberdeen does not see why England, which has conquered and plundered India, and keeps India down for India's good, should set up for a hater of Czar Nicholas, who is a good despot in Russia, and keeps Poland down for Poland's obvious good. Lord Aberdeen does not see why England, which has

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crushed several rebellions in Ireland, should be fanatically angry with Austria for keeping down Hungary; and knowing that England forces an alien church on Ireland, he understands the eagerness of the Pope to plant Cardinal Wiseman in Westminster. He knows that we have had Kaffir wars, and does not think Nicholas a ruffian for thinning his army among the Circassians; he knows that we send off periodically rebellious Mitchells and O'Briens to Van Dieman's Land, and does not feel horror because Louis Napoleon institutes a Cayenne. Whenever he has to write to the Neapolitan Government about Sicilian affairs, he does not plunge into ecstatic liberalism, because he bears in mind that Great Britain has a proconsul at Corfu, occasionally denounced by parochial Mr. Hume.

Such a man is eminently fitted to hold the first governmental office in Great Britain; and undoubtedly it is a happy arrangement, a Coalition Government, which includes, with Lord Aberdeen acting the Continental, Lord Palmerston to talk the Bermondsey, policy.

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III.—THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

You could not pass Lord Clarendon in the street without perceiving at once that he belongs to the Governing Classes. Breed is the distinctive characteristic of his physiognomy and physique: you detect at a glance that he was born into the management of British affairs. You would be astonished if you saw *West Australian* between the shafts of a cab; you would be puzzled to meet *Sittingbourne* * as the off-horse of a 'bus; and you would stare, as at an incongruity, if you encountered Lord Clarendon anywhere but in the British bureaux for human destinies, which a special caste of Britons inherits,—constitutionally.

Lord Clarendon is to be regarded as the type of his class. Undoubtedly there are classes within the class. Great men are occasionally born to the Governing Classes: though not often, as every one will admit, who runs over the list of Premiers and Commons leaders since Pitt: and such men stand out conspicuous from the mass of men, and are worshipped, not as Peers, but as heroes,—as Wellington. Lord Clarendon is the type of his class, as an average class,—of its mediocrity. He is now K. G., and a Secretary of State—of course his Earldom gave a great impetus—in due order,

* West Australian and Sittingbourne were the favourite horses of 1853.

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just as Smith and Jones, in the Custom House, get their £200 a year pension, after so many years service. There is promotion in the Governing Classes for those who work and labour, and wait patiently, and have ordinary ability; and Lord Clarendon is high in office, merely by right of length of service. He worked so many years, waited so many years, and he "gets on," having claims. The governed classes say he is "a very able man," seeing him in succession in great posts; and, of course, he has done his business very well. Governing is a business—a profession in this country like any other; and if you compare a practised governor like Lord Clarendon, with an ordinary man who is only raw material for a governor, Lord Clarendon appears a very able man.

There is an average of intellect in trades and professions; but some professions require a training to be clever—a knack; and the unphilosophic world always thinks the men who have caught the knack are very able men. Young men are sent to the bar by accident; but middle-aged barristers are considered, by society, cleverer and abler than middle-aged stationers, or grocers, or merchants; whereas the difference is simply the difference of calling and training. In the same way in the Governing Classes: a dull boy is put to the trade of governing, and in course of time, as the effect of training, and acquired skill and caution, he "rises," and becomes "a very able man, Sir." This reasoning is as to the average men: as there are Wellingtons born among peers, so there are great journalists, great

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merchants,—in a word, first men, everywhere. But this reasoning is to show that an average Earl, becoming Secretary of State, and writing decent despatches, and making decorous speeches, is not one whit a greater man, or more "able man, Sir," than the average grocer, tailor, barrister, or editor. It is like talking a truism; but does the world not act upon a very different theory—believing that Earls are not only born into governing, but are born "very able men, Sir?"

Elegant mediocrity is stamped upon the face and physiognomy of the Earl of Clarendon. Slightly dreamy, slightly silly, in the expression of the eye and mouth, you see, as he passes to his "place," that that handsome nobleman never *won* the government of men. Watch him as he "rises" to make a speech, and you will notice that even yet, in his fifty-fourth year, he is not quite equal to the post to which he has been promoted by seniority—by length of service—and that he knows he is not fit. Study his career, and you will, however, not be surprised that he is where he is. It is only the very strong men or the very weak men succeed, in the large sense of success, in the world. The very strong men ascend by right of strength; and very strong men, having succeeded, have an aversion to comparatively strong men who may succeed, and have a partiality for very weak men, who never can be rivals. Very weak men are very amiable, and make friends: Lord Clarendon has passed his life in making friends; the world invariably taking

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kindly to men with weak mouths. So gentle, so excellent a character—which was never but once excited, and then became cruel, as weak natures do—as in the Irish affair of 1848—could never have been decisive or positive in politics; and thus Lord Clarendon made friends on all sides. So gentle, but so weak, a nature, would have got into great scrapes in the scuffle and temper of our Parliamentary life; but Lord Clarendon was kept out of Parliamentary life, and has no notion of it yet; and hence his qualities developed quietly in easy posts; and the abilities which are never required to be manifested are never contested—a very lucky thing for Lord Clarendon, and the secret of his reputation. Such a career as his, and such a character as his, fitted him, *par excellence*, for the Coalition; other men might sacrifice a point here and there, for the good of the country, and might forgive an enmity, for £5000 a year, but Lord Clarendon had nothing to sacrifice—no one to forgive. Long before the Coalition, when the Whigs were tottering, and when Lord Clarendon, with a great reputation for having put down a rebellion which never broke out, was in Ireland, he was pointed to as the possible Premier who could combine Peelites and Whigs into a safe Cabinet; and to have left him out of the Coalition formed last Christmas, would have been to have left the salt—or the oil—out of the salad. Can any enlightened Englishman, whose country is represented abroad by this Lord Clarendon, and who regards that

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nobleman as "a very able man, Sir," tell off-hand what Lord Clarendon's political opinions are? Of course he cannot; Lord Clarendon is the spirit of the Coalition, and the Coalition has only one opinion,—that the Queen's Government must be carried on; and that is its appeal to the Governing Classes. He is a Whig because he is a Villiers; but of his Parliamentary life I only remember one incident,—he spoke a speech which he had got by heart, and in which he broke down, because he was interrupted, in favour of the second reading of Peel's Corn-Law Repeal Bill. Never having been under the necessity of writing an address or standing on a hustings, to perform that low, mean, and laughable part, to which the Governing Classes, every seven years, degrade themselves,—for a consideration, Lord Clarendon has never been under the necessity of forming an opinion; and his habits, as a diplomatist, have naturally discouraged his coming to any conclusions with his conscience. Were the Earl of Clarendon suddenly called upon, this 1853, for a declaration of his political faith, by any body of his countrymen, he would probably mention that he was in favour of Free-trade: that would be the only principle that would occur to him. If pressed, he would very likely admit a firm conviction that he was a Liberal-Conservative, which he would explain, if urged, meant Conservative-Liberalism. This would be partly because the Earl of Clarendon is a diplomatist; a good deal because he really has no mind to make up.

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That we may form some notion of the statesmanship of this statesman, let us revert to the two great events of his life: his management of England in Spain, and his management of England in Ireland. It would, perhaps, be very unfair to suppose that Lord Clarendon was responsible for the policy, in either case: in the one country he was the mere frightened tool of Lord Palmerston, in the other the abject agent of the Duke of Wellington. But there were little episodical acts of his own, or, rather, little episodical speeches, which manifested the man. That Lord Palmerston ever believed in the cant of Constitutionalism, which he talked when it suited his purpose, to put down Don Carlos in Spain, is, of course, not credited, at this day, by any one beyond the charmed circle of those Liberal gentlemen who presented Lady Palmerston with her husband's portrait. But it is remarkable that Mr. Villiers, then our Minister at Madrid, did believe in the cant, and was an enthusiastic, though occasionally terrified, agent in the cause which crushed a most respectable Prince, and changed a dynasty in the name of constitutionalism. What constitutionalism is in Spain we now know; and how moral a Queen we have given to the Castilians is the gossip of good society. It was very natural that Lord Palmerston should succeed in rousing English ardour, exemplified in the gallant Legion, for the cause which was to give to Spain our own noble institutions, including a House of Commons, into which anybody rich enough

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might buy his way. But it is very astonishing that the English Minister at Madrid, who must have known something of the country, something of the tone of society, something of the morale of the priests, and a little of the peasant population, should have predicted that Spain would readily be converted into a free nation of rotten boroughs. When he got home from Madrid, and took his title and his seat (and it should be understood that if Mr. Villiers had not become an Earl, which was a lucky hit not originally calculated on when he was put to the trade of governing, he would have stopped at least short of K.G.), the Marquis of Londonderry—a nobleman whom I reverence, for he never affects to believe this a self-governed country, or that it is a free country—attacked Lord Clarendon for the silliness of his Spanish administration; and on that occasion the new Peer defended himself, and his defence consisted of a vindication of the fitness of the Spanish people for British institutions. His speech was rapturously cheered by the Whig lords: from what they heard they made up their minds that Spain was about to become a paradise, and that the people were only awaiting an opportunity to confess that they were angels.* He, however, did more than crush Don Carlos: the price of his services to the new Powers was a treaty, by which Spain engaged to suppress the slave trade; and on this point, too,

* Want of space alone precludes us from quoting this strange, and, read in the light of present facts, sufficiently ridiculous oration.—*Newspaper note.*

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Lord Clarendon insisted on philanthropic enthusiasm in England, which was accorded with the usual trust of this enlightened nation. That Lord Clarendon should have got such a treaty was proper enough; but that he should have believed, and encouraged English belief, that the treaty would be kept by Spaniards, indicates a calibre of mind hardly to be depended upon in a governor. Test again Lord Clarendon's peculiar innocence of disposition, as developed in his Irish government. The laudation of which he has been the object, for "suppressing the Irish rebellion," was always most ludicrous. What should we or he think of the chances of a rebellion in Spain, when all the priests were on the side of the Government? Yet Catholic Ireland is as much under the influence of the priests as Spain is, though the influence is of a different character, and there is no comparison between Spain and Ireland with regard to the advancement either of priests or populace; and in 1848 the "Irish rebellion," so called, had not the countenance of a dozen priests—probably because the priests knew that the people were not prepared. It was a rebellion of a few leaders of a section of the national party: the whole powers of O'Connell traditions being against the attempt, or even the thought of rebellion. There were 30,000 troops in the country; and England was at peace with France and America; so that the rebels were never even dignified with the chance of a conspiracy for foreign aid or even sympathy. It was a rebellion

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which lasted fifteen minutes! The personal character of some of the rebels—their intellect and their enthusiasm—should have made the heroism of the venture respected. Had the venture been of Hungarians in Hungary or of Italians in Milan, it would have been admired; but it was in Ireland, and it failed; and the earnest young gentlemen who had believed in human nature were laughed at —and deserved to be. Yet silly as they were, easy as the "suppression" was, strong as was the army the Duke had poured into Ireland, Lord Clarendon did not get through the business without those failures which result from the intellectual process termed, freely, "a funk." As he believed in Spain that the Spanish were English Liberals, he believed in Ireland that Irishmen were French Red Republicans! In his whole conduct he illustrated the morale of the British Liberal—the genus Lord Palmerston so felicitously, but so insincerely, sustains. In Spain, Mr. Villiers was an ardent Liberal; he was grandly on the side of a people throwing off a yoke which they did not like. But in Ireland, Lord Clarendon, really convinced that it was a nation he was opposing, was a perfect Russian in his despotic Toryism. Martial law in several provinces: the press put down! This, in the eyes of Englishmen, was "proper precaution" in Ireland; but in Italy, or Hungary, or Poland, or France, it is—despotism. Yet let us see what Lord Clarendon did besides;—Lord Clarendon hit upon a scheme of his own. He suppressed the

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revolutionary papers, in obedience to orders; but he hit upon a special measure—he suborned the quiet papers! This folly was fully exposed in a debate last session before the House of Commons, when the whole case of Birch *v.* Lord Clarendon was maliciously gone into by the Tory party. Fancy London in rebellion—the *Times* put down—and the Government offering a million for the support of the *Satirist!* Mr. Birch's paper was the Dublin *Satirist;* and this was the paper Lord Clarendon bought over in the cause of "law and order"—his own phrase. In doing this, there can be no question he esteemed himself eminently diplomatic; and it illustrates at once his statesmanship, and his knowledge of the world. As Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he was intensely and always the diplomatist; and the result of his ignorance of the world was, that he gained no party, and left the country —hissed by Orangeman and by Catholic. He is incapable of a comprehension of human affairs on any large scale; and he left Ireland, as he had left Spain,—in profound ignorance of the country he had so long resided in. Yet, for the one mission he became G.C.B.,—for the other, K.G. Contrast these rewards, for such services, heaped upon an Earl, with the miserable prize, grudgingly given by the Earl's class, to Sir Charles James Napier.

Earl of Clarendon is now Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and the elevation of such a man to such an office would be inexplicable, if we did not remember that strong men like weak men.

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Lord Aberdeen could not hold the office; Lord Palmerston could not; Lord John suited neither Lord Aberdeen nor Lord Palmerston: the Coalition, consequently, compromises, and elects Lord Clarendon. He is a man who had never committed himself, who can speak French, receives well, is gracious in his manners—he is a highly-finished English gentleman; and no better representative of a Coalition, facing Europe, could have been chosen! But how unhappy Lord Clarendon must be puzzled between the contending forces and policies! As mask of a single strong man, he would be felicitous and facile; but how cover so many faces? Four or five of the cleverest men in Europe are conspiring at, and cajoling, and managing him; Louis Napoleon, Baron Brunnow, Lords Aberdeen, and Palmerston, and Prince Albert. Fearful is his position—despicable his perplexity!

Since Snout acted Wall between Pyramus and Thisbe, or since Rabelais' dead giant served as a weapon to live Pantagruel, a less magnificent function has seldom been performed than that fulfilled by Lord Clarendon, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, between two ex-Secretaries for Foreign Affairs. Which suggests, that, after all, the Governing Classes, when they are ambitious without ability, have their troubles, also.

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IV.—THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Among the other benefits conferred upon his country by the late Sir Robert Peel, was the establishment of a belief in six or seven young men of light hair and sanguine complexions that they were the cleverest fellows in the world. Sir Robert was the shyest of men, but he instituted the most audacious of political schools. They have all light hair and sanguine complexions; they are all fluent, self-sufficient, and pushing. There is Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Frederick Peel, and the Duke of Argyll, all rather like one another in character and temperament—certainly all of the same political class. They are, *par excellence*, the "rising" young men. They were rising young men at sixteen, and they will be rising young men at fifty. Fortunate England with such a relay of such consuls.

The Duke of Argyll is a chief governor; he is a member of the Cabinet which governs the Governing classes, and arranges British destinies. Can any one tell why? can a self-governing country guess why? Not because he is a Duke, for there are plenty of other Dukes open to Coalition offers; not because he is popular, for the country knows nothing about him; not because he is wise and experienced, for he is only thirty, and very young of his age;

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not because he has great administrative capacity, for he is put into an office—Privy Seal—where there is nothing to do but tell the Premier that posterity will appreciate him; not because he is a debater, for the Duke of Argyll ranks as next bore to Lord Monteagle in the Lords' chamber. Why, then, is the Duke of Argyll in the Cabinet? The territorial influence of the Campbells is not as necessary to Queen Victoria as it was to George the First, and the Duke of Argyll is not a man to have family influence. A son-in-law of the Duchess of Sutherland* has, of course, fine prospects in this self-governed country, and Lord Aberdeen would probably not be indisposed, on a hint, to promote his young friend from the Western Highlands. But there would still be a mystery, as the Whigs would have had a vote when the Coalition was formed; and no truth ought to be attached to the story that Lord John let in the Duke of Argyll on condition of Sir Charles Wood being endured by the Peelites. The Duke of Argyll belonged as much to the Whigs as to the Peelites; in reality he was of neither party, of no party, and was just the man no one would have calculated on either Lord John or Lord Aberdeen running after. The name of the new Lord Privy Seal astounded and perplexed people; and no appointment is good which astonishes. The quidnuncs affected to trace the taste of the Prince Consort in the choice; but

* Mistress of the Robes to the Queen; and supposed to be as powerful as she is known to be beautiful.

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in this self-governed country, where the Government is as much an affair of mystery as it is in Russia, if not more, the quidnuncs are always wrong. The appointment was, to the governed classes, inexplicable, and, for that class, still remains so, which renders a portrait of the Duke of Argyll peculiarly apposite to a series with the moral attached to the present. A Cabinet Minister about whom nobody knows anything, is surely an interesting study for a self-governed country?

An old head on young shoulders is a disfigurement, of course; but it is a disfigurement which may be redeemed. It may be redeemed by the old head being a clever old head. It is made worse and more unsightly when the old head put on the young shoulders is a commonplace old head. When a young man has an old head on his shoulders, and the old head gives you nothing *but* the impression of age, his appearance displeases in the same way as the appearance displeases of an old woman with a young ringleted "front." Such an impression of incongruity is what the Duke of Argyll invariably produces. He is a young man who has never had youth: and that sort of young man is never popular. Eternally the world, however moral, will prefer the Tom Joneses to Blifils; and the young gentlemen who have never gone through a course of husbandry with wild oats, seldom attain to the acquisition of such laurels as are worth having. It was clever, no doubt, of the Duke of Argyll to write, at nineteen, a pamphlet on

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the question whether Bishops are more loveable than Presbyters; but the world, with unerring instincts, distrusts young men who do such things at the age when they should be ruining their constitutions, and getting philosophic views of life. You admire children who, at ten, can repeat a book of the Æneid, and beat you at chess; but you would prefer that they should be spoiling their clothes and rolling savagely in ditches. It indicates a bizarre ambition,—a young Duke seeking position among polemics and archæologists. It is quite right that a young Duke should bring himself up piously; and a Scotch young duke could scarcely avoid the contagion of ecclesiastico-scorbutics peculiar to that land of passionate Christians, and careful traders. But Mac Cullum More wagging his pow in a pulpit! We live in an age when we are not startled to hear the last of the Plantagenets, the Marquis of Chandos, praised as "a man of business;" but the ambition of being "useful" is an ambition in which the spirit of the times will sympathise,—the ambition of the Marquis of Lorn to share fame with Scotch Dissenting canters was a vulgarity which the good taste of the times condemns. And that first act of the life of the Duke of Argyll may be dwelt upon, because at nineteen he was old, and at thirty he is just the man he was at nineteen. As he commenced he went on, and is going on; and the Duke of Argyll, at thirty, may be described as a young man who has gone into the Cabinet, not as the organ of the Whig,

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nor as the organ of the Tory party—but, simply and grandly, as the organ of—the Tea Party. The Coalition includes all parties; and perhaps *that* is why the Duke of Argyll was made Privy Seal.

You see, at a glance, when you go into the House of Lords, any night in Session, that the Duke of Argyll is, of all the young men of this country, eminently fitted to excel in that party. You see that he is clever, but that it is commonplace cleverness. You can see such a head as his—large without being massive, and not effective, because so symmetrical—in any Convocation meeting, for it is eminently the parsonical head; and such a style as his you can hear at any meeting-house, when half-a-dozen gentlemen, connected with the Gospel, meet to talk professionally. It is fluent commonplace: good enough, in its way, if offered with the humility of mediocrity, but insufferable, from the air with which the speaker insists upon impressing it upon you, and from the obvious tribune of self-esteem from which the balmy orator is addressing you. It was said of an emphatic elocutionist that he talked in italics: the Duke of Argyll talks in capital letters, with a note of admiration after each sentence. A Duke has a chance of knowing something of the world, if he passes a not strictly Christian youth, and, in his early manhood, only dwells in decencies when he goes to his castles. But a duke who passes his life in studying the history of Presbytery, and the strata of the rocks

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about Inverary, the rocks trodden by Effie Deans and her sister, can have no conception of the thoughts or actions at work in the British empire. And this is visible in the tone of the Duke of Argyll, when he addresses that courtly House of Peers, which does not hiss, and cannot laugh. You hear a young gentleman, who is gifted with a certain sort of logical faculty, and who has read several books and all the papers (that morning), who has got up his subject logically, at secondhand, and who is pouring out his "views" just as Mr. Delarue's machine pours out cut envelopes—mechanically. Once upon a time even a Duke would hesitate before he addressed an educated body of men, unless he were quite sure he had some of the qualities of a public speaker: but the Duke of Argyll, knowing merely that he can talk fluently—in that lanky, loose, flaccid, Peel style, which is hideous—and that he can remember what he read in the works of that eminent divine, M'Yell, talks to the Lords with the confidence of a Chatham, and a good deal oftener. All this arises from the simplicity and the good faith of a good-natured young man, who is coaxed into conceit by his coterie of relations, and who has not the slightest notion either of himself or of other men. As a lecturer at occasional Mechanics' Institutes he gratifies—the populace is pleased to encounter a Duke who can talk like a book: in the Duke's case *very* like a book. But a Duke among peers is no great hit; and the Duke of Argyll has uncon-

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sciously drifted and drivelled into boredom. Such speaking as his, indeed, is possible nowhere; half homily, half leading article, it is chokingly dry and dull. He has no wit, no humour, no imagination, no originality of ken: it is all the high and dry level of a weary *quasi*-logicality, which is not even generalized, but is minutely and pedantically accurate; and all this with an Argyllshire accent which convinces that Mac Cullum More is a great gun in the General Assembly. Why, then, is the Duke of Argyll a British Cabinet Minister?

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V.—THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

THE career of the Earl of Carlisle is in exquisite consonance with the motto of his house: "Volo non Valeo;" and he is one of the most popular men in this country because of the Volo, despite the non Valeo.

To be a Peer of the Realm, with all the blood of all the Howards in our veins, gives one an enormous advantage in the cultivation of an ambition to please; and one is sure at least of the triumph accorded to the good intention. But the reward is given as much in pity as in acknowledgment; and if one fails, there is the more pity, because of the rank from which one has descended to the degradation of seeking popularity. All the blood of all the Howards cannot ennoble sots, or fools, or cowards; but to have all the blood of all the Howards is still an advantage if one would consent to confine one's pretensions to *that*. Rohan, who would not deign to be a prince, and who could not be a king, but was still proud of being Rohan, was a sensible fellow; he knew the certain advantage, and was resolute on keeping it, and on not risking it by competitions. And, at any rate, Rohan never thought of competitions *downwards*.

The manners of a century may modify the bravadoes of "blood." In our day, Montalembert

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is lecturing at the Institute, and the last of our Plantagenets is Chairman of the London and North Western Railway Board. Rohan, therefore, might in this day, consent to be a savant, or philosopher, or a millionaire, and a Howard may not necessarily betray his caste if he enters into lecture-room lists with Mr. Gough, Mr. Silk Buckingham, or Dr. Lardner. He may not necessarily degrade himself and his order—that is, if he succeed. But if he does not succeed—if only a lecturer among lords, not a lord among lecturers, then he is a failure as a Howard, whose pretensions he has abdicated, and he is a mediocrity as an orator Gough.

If our aristocracy were real and substantial, and felt itself safe, it would be still exclusive, defiant, self-reliant. But because it suspects that it is a delusion, and a shaky one, it descends from its upper atmosphere, and attempts the vulgar contentions of a struggling community. Our feudal barons were proud of being unable to read or write; their function on earth was not the clerk's function. The descendants of our feudal barons (descendants, but not issue) seem to consider that they have no functions, and they attempt to demonstrate right to the first place by—being as clever as small litterateurs. That they quite mistake their position is perfectly clear, since no one can have properly studied this country without perceiving that it willingly permits the classes who own the land to govern the realm. The Howards

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and Russells—the aristocracy—exist by implied capacity for government, and they ruin themselves and their caste by destroying their prestige—by elaborate proofs that they are only mediocrities. To the philosophic, their tendency to compete with the chance talents of society suggests their uneasiness in a false position, in which they do not sufficiently rely on the thorough baseness of British kind vaguely loving lords. On the crowd they force the thought that if a lord is inferior to Mr. Gough, Mr. Gough, perhaps, should not be added to the *ferœ naturæ*, as an attraction at the Surrey Zoological Gardens temperance fetes, and that, on the other hand, the Earl de Trop, K.G.B., has no right to look so enormously wise, comprehensive, contemptuous, and grand.

The crowd is, on this point, slow of conviction. Since they discovered that Robert Boyle, because he was the brother of the Earl of Cork, was the father of chemistry, they have always magnified the merits of nobles who have attempted a justification of their titular nobility. Coaxed into suicide with such encouragement, the present generation of lords and ladies are busy in the effort to illustrate an artistic, literary, and scientific century: and the result is, the complete condemnation of the aristocracy of this enlightened country. No argument will be used here to suggest that all men of genius are the sons of tinkers—the majority of successes in English literature having been the successes of well-born, well-bred, *gentlemen*. But

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the consecutive disasters of literary nobles are at once appalling and ludicrous; and, failing in books, they call in question their right to be the governing class, a right which otherwise the governed class would not call in question. There are able men who cannot write books, because to write a book requires a special training, and a professional knack: but the man who, not wanting bread, writes books which are not good books, supplies absolute proof that he is a man who, mediocre in literature, would be mediocre in everything. Richelieu would have come down to us as a man of genius if he had not written idiotic tragedies—all the more idiotic that he was advanced in age and power, when he sat down to be an author; and Lord John Russell might, in his manhood, inspire awe among his countrymen, but that earlier in life he wrote a play that was damned, and a biography which circulated all over Europe—as trunk lining. Pygmalion's statue (it is a pity she didn't keep a diary) was, no doubt, an absurd and a commonplace female, even in the eyes of Pygmalion, after she ceased to be a statue. Peers who descend from their pedestals, run just the risk of turning out vulgar and stupid, like the majority of the classes into which they have condescendingly intruded. Byron was only a lord by an accident; and his genius only proves the rule, to the discredit of his order—as Wellington in another direction. It may be a question if there has been even in politics a great man among the peers—peers by

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birth—since the king-maker's time; but what will not for a moment be contested, is, that there has not been a clever literary lord (with Byron's exception) since Chesterfield's time. Certainly, as lecturers and litterateurs, they are terrible mediocrities in our day. Lord Mahon stands first; and he is about as clever and as profound among historians, as Mr. Macfarlane, or Miss Strickland. Lord John Manners is first among the poets of the peerage; and, perhaps, in the whole course of human affairs no man ever indited such imbecility as has been printed under the name of Lord John Manners. Need the list be lengthened? What is to be said of an "order" of which Lord John Manners, Lord William Lennox, Lord Ellesmere are the most illustrious literary ornaments? To mention all the noble authors would require careful catalogueing of the peerage. They all travel, these men; and write; and they are all neglected, the women; and write. And not only do they not obtain great, they do not obtain moderate successes. The class has not produced one original, veritable, book.

Lord Carlisle, a man of impressionable nature, and sure to be the victim of circumstances, has followed the fashion of his class, and has been both the literary man and the lecturer. Like other lords who have gone down among the multitude to talk grammatically and simulate sympathy, he has been well received, and has attained, after twenty

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years' canvassing, something like a position of "popularity." For that he has worked very hard; sustained in the acting of the necessary part by the conviction that, thus, he was bringing the aristocracy *en rapport* with the democracy,—in a word, it is the policy of the whigs,—that he was saving his order, which was never in danger. In this way Lord Carlisle has been thrown out as a *tirailleur* by the great Whig families; and he has skirmished with the people, in lecture-rooms and at public dinners, with considerable success. To give him, in the lecture-room and the public banquet-room, the greater weight, the high Whig families have accorded him some subordinate offices of Government; made him Secretary for Ireland, because he has just the character to "win" a kindly-natured race; and Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster, because that is an office which would leave time to coquet with democracy. But his *métier* has been, not in the cabinet, but in the crowded and odorous halls, where the enlightened but not perfumed democracy collect, savage for first principles and enthusiastic for peers. Beautiful are the orations which Lord Carlisle then delivers. Precisely of that cultivated calibre of mind which finds its expression graceful and facile, Lord Carlisle, well prepared, pours out the most exquisitely sonorous speeches, the modulation perfect, the manner artistic. The sentences are often neatly, epigrammatically cut,—his lordship reads a good deal:—the whole style is elegant, pleasant, im-

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pressive. There is no speaker more successful: an audience, even a well-educated audience, is wrapt in listening to him; and he is cheered [a peer—and grammatical!] nearly as warmly as Mr. Gough is cheered by the enlightened Britons whose passion for sentiment is stronger than their passion for gin. But what does Lord Carlisle say? I have heard and read many columns from Lord Carlisle; but I have not much idea what Lord Carlisle ever says. He says, generally speaking, that human nature is a wonderful and most mysterious thing; that it is good to be good; that smells in towns ought to be got rid of; that juvenile offenders would not be criminals if they were Christians; that the soul of man expands under free and constitutional Government; that Roman Catholics would be better Liberals if they were less Tories; and that Pope is an author worth reading. That is the impression I have of Lord Carlisle's social, political, and literary philosophy; and it is faultless: and these fine generalities, which it is so handsome in a peer to concede, tell better on the audiences he likes than the most analytical or rational rhetoric. He acquires thus the reputation of being a liberal man, a generous-minded man, "your true sort of nobleman, sir." And so he *is* a liberal man, and a generous-minded man. Lord Carlisle has talked himself, and has been cheered into, a tendency to be ashamed of the shams of the civilization he helps to sustain. But one is inclined to exclaim with Sir Peter Teazle, after an oration from the

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Carlisles, "Oh, d——n your sentiments, sir!" Lord Carlisle, as lecturer, preaches pure principles; and as peer and statesman he serves as the frightful example to his text. The inconsistency with which he acts, and of which very likely he is ashamed, is the punishment for not contenting himself with the scutcheon of the Howards.

What has Lord Carlisle ever done? Nothing! That is so startling an answer to such a question about so popular and so amiable a man, that it is necessary, with the deliberateness which may provoke inquiry, to repeat—Nothing! For Lord Carlisle has been a Whig, as well as a Philanthropist: has been a subordinate Whig: and has gone in and out, up and down, with his party,—which, for twenty years, his time, has been a party without a policy, without a result. A man of talent would not, during this time, have been a subordinate Whig; if a Whig at all, he would have annihilated Whiggery. More; a noble, honest, man, acting his speeches, would not have been a subordinate Whig during this time. As tirailleur thrown out to skirmish, Lord Carlisle was not bound to be artillery too; but no man would serve in the light companies for ever, if he found the heavy companies never came up to fight. Lord Carlisle should not consent to talk his magnificent generalities if he found that his party would never allow him to work them out in practical government. The matter may be put this way: no candid English politician would talk Liberalism, because England

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holds an empire together by the principles of despotism; and no right-minded English nobleman would talk poetic speeches, because English noblemen are individuals in a class conspiracy to delude, degrade, and plunder a people. Yet, as said before, Lord Carlisle has such fine tendencies,—has so clearly the *volo*, that he is only to be pitied, for the *non valeo*;—for the want of energy, which would give him something more than his popularity as an amiable man,—would constitute him a power as a forcible man. It may be said, that every man who understood the Corn-law question, and was a Protectionist, was a grossly dishonest man; and that Lord Carlisle understood the question, and had weakly participated in the dishonour of continuing the Corn Laws, he evidenced when, in 1846, he at last broke out in a half-mournful, half-indignant, confession of shame and sorrow. He was only two or three days before the rest of the Whig party, but he was first. Whether his party would have permitted him or not, he would, in 1846, have renounced Protection; and that portion of his biography may be referred to, to show that he would, if he dared, act the sentiments he pours out at public dinners and "interesting occasions." Various opportunities are, at this moment, offered him to be bold again.

As a *littérateur* Lord Carlisle has not won the position which would justify his renunciation of the prestige of a Howard; but there would still be a beneficent career for him, would he but attempt

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to reconcile Lord Carlisle the Statesman with Lord Carlisle the Lecturer: in that way he would share the fame of the Howards by surpassing the Goughs, who can only talk and cannot govern. For his order is to be re-created powerful,—to be rendered something more than a caste of hereditary bureaucrats, clerks, and red tapists—not by the nobles being small authors, and graceful lecturers, but by the great nobles being great men—leaders, as the Barons were, of the people: like the Barons, keeping their places.

That however may not be of much use, if there is a fate which, in modern times, seems to forbid the great noble ever turning out a great man. The tendency to small books and nice lectures may exist, simply because the writers and the lecturers follow their instincts, and are fit for nothing else. Observing which, the governed classes may consider well, whether or not, in the coming electoral re-arrangements, the Governing Classes are worth the monopoly they will ask for.

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VI.—LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

Just now the British world is canvassing the advantages and the disadvantages of "Secret Diplomacy;" and just now, therefore, it may be worth while to consider the character and career of the most distinguished of Great Britain's very few diplomatists. Lord Redcliffe and Sir H. Bulwer are the only two of our diplomatists who have gained anything like European position: and Lord Redcliffe only, of the whole diplomatic service, has seen or done anything of European importance. He is a representative man of the system—the system of Secret Diplomacy.

What does "Secret Diplomacy" mean? It means the Government of Great Britain in regard to all affairs not strictly domestic, irrespective of the wishes, ideas, or cognizance of Great Britons. Great Britons would not like that definition: but, on consideration, they would admit it is a correct definition. Great Britons are brought up to believe that they are a self-governed people; and it is with the utmost difficulty they can be induced to face the facts of their political organization. They are allowed to talk of their political affairs; and they fall into the error of supposing that, therefore, they manage their said political affairs. To some extent they do manage their domestic politics:

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that is, of the many millions of them, 1,000,000 are allowed to have votes for Members of Parliament, which votes they dispose of to the richest or most reckless candidate; that is, they have a press, which is permitted to be impertinent, and to bark without biting; that is, they have the privilege of public meetings, and can generally get what they want out of their Parliament, after about seven or ten years of agitation. But in regard to affairs not strictly domestic, they have nothing to do with the position in which the governing classes choose to place England in the universe. Their national notion of such affairs is translated in the phrase, "foreign affairs:" and the Governing Classes see so well the advantages to be gained by cultivating insular pride and insular indifference,—that is, ignorance,—that the statesmanship of sublime selfishness in respect to all other nationalities is not only the statesmanship of Peers but of the popular tribunes,—the fact being, that Mr. Cobden has seemingly been coaxed into most of his recent follies by such subtle managers of democrats as Lord Aberdeen. For many generations in our history, our governing classes,—the classes who owned the land,—had systems, principles, and persons to sustain or crush abroad: and perpetually, active intervention, with money, men, or maxims, had to be resorted to. And, in these times, appeals to the people were necessary, taxes being necessary; and the ignorant islanders were asked, now to conquer France, their inheritance,

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now to uphold Protestantism, now to crush an anarchical revolutionary propaganda. But the policy of the governing classes of England being now the policy of upholding crowned despotisms,—these classes being travelling classes, and likin easy admission to society in all the capitals,—their cue is to suggest the policy of non-intervention: these classes being tolerably safe in saying, "Let kings and peoples fight it out," since they know the kings have the best chance; and the ignorant islanders easily adopt the cant, and readily sustain the selfish and cowardly cry. The state of the national debt justifies, to a certain point, the terrors which find expression in that cant: and the governing classes, who caused the debt in order to establish continental despotisms, are still perfectly logical in urging the people, sick from experience or tradition, of the last war, to be careful now to preserve peace—so far as they are concerned, peace being the condition of the continuation of those despotisms. Hence, despite a reformed House of Commons, and an intelligent, active, and, by interest, liberty-loving press, the deeply-rooted system of secret diplomacy, the country is not anxious about the details of the policy of peace, that policy having once been promised by the governing classes; and the press and "popular members" attempt in vain to overcome that barricade which the Foreign Office is right to rely on,—public indifference. In "negotiations," as the history of the last six months illustrates, the

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secrecy of British diplomacy is impenetrable. The House of Commons—that is, the few who care to tease a Foreign Secretary—has the privilege of asking questions; but Foreign Secretaries have the privilege of not answering them; and though the House has the constitutional right of explanations when the negotiations are all over, a clever Minister has still the option of withholding more than he tells—for the sake of the public service. A Parliamentary explanation from the Foreign Office tells only so much truth as is convenient; and human memory cannot recal a blue-book which was not well edited by a practised Foreign Office clerk. Then, who reads the blue-book? Who reads foreign affairs debates? The London newspapers throw away vast capital in attempting to collect information: and foreign correspondents are very punctual in notifying to their journals and the British public that "there is still a variety of rumours here." In fact, a newspaper correspondent, when sent to a foreign capital, is snubbed by the secret diplomatist representing his own country, and is elaborately *not* known by the diplomatists of the country to whose public he is very irregularly accredited. In London, the Foreign Office has organs, whom it instructs to mislead; and the Opposition organs try to generalise their profound ignorance and ludicrous curiosity; and every now and then they do annoy the Foreign Office with a fact or a theory, which they have neatly translated from a Paris, Berlin, or Vienna journal. Thus

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"secret diplomacy" deludes the nation and has it all its own way; and this liberty-loving, and more or less free country, finds, year after year, great gratification in having to boast, "We are the only free country in Europe." Certainly, as now, the public arouses itself when it gets frightened;—when the secret diplomacy, after six months' negotiations to keep the peace, is bothered and breaks down, it is not much wonder that there are a few public meetings, which of course, contribute greatly to the amusement of Lord Palmerston and a lively circle of governing classes in his country breakfast-room. And Great Britons think they are very magnanimous in crying, "Let us stand up for Turkey," when they have positively ascertained that they cannot help themselves. That is,—taproom democracy apart,—the majority of Great Britons are decidedly still in favour of letting Lord Aberdeen let Russia do what she likes. A nation of shopkeepers cannot realize national honour: a fact amusingly illustrated this week in the columns of the Shopkeepers' Journal. In one column appears an attack on Nicholas for attacking Turkey; in another, an article to show that what Nicholas is doing in Turkey, Lord Dalhousie, like all other governor-generals, is doing in Hindostan. The shopkeepers begin to perceive that Great Britain is an empire made up of plunder and oppression of nationalities: and if Nicholas can get hold of Constantinople, why they wish him "luck." Such a theory comes immensely to the aid of a Peace Society, and of the Governing Classes.

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These considerations account for the scarcity of great men in British diplomacy; and for the moderate success and minor position of England's at present, most distinguished diplomatist —Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The first thing for a politician to get hold of, said Fox to Canning, is—a policy. Our diplomatists, for the last thirty years, have never been quite sure that they had a policy; and hence their enormous and successive failures, personal and national. All our political literature and all our political gossip testify to the consistent and consecutive success of the Russian diplomatists: and a conviction has, of late years, been growing up that the Russians have some special aptitude for the political swindling termed diplomacy. Various reasons have been proffered to account for the phenomenon; we have been told that a Russian combines the Asiatic suppleness with the European tradition, the cunning of the savage with the wit of the *salons*. May not the reason be, that the Russian has a consistent policy, direct, clear, universal, to pursue and to strive after? Those who have studied the Russian system, and have got the key to present Russian politics, contend that the Russian diplomatists are practically the most straightforward of men. Diplomacy, when you know what you want, cannot be difficult: and if you are not ashamed of what you want, your diplomacy is frank, straight, decisive, and not secret. In late discussions, Cromwell has been contrasted by Great Britons with

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Lord Aberdeen; and we are informed, "Ah, Cromwell would have done so, and not been long about it." These insular gentlemen, who are always wrong in politics, because they always take the wrong point of view, arising from an excusable belief that this is a self-governed country, do not see that Cromwell had two great advantages, as a statesman, over Lord Aberdeen: in the first place, he knew what he wanted; and, in the next place, he was not ashamed to say what he wanted. Had Lord Redcliffe been in the Russian service, he would have held as high a position among diplomatists as Baron Brunow holds; and had he been in the United States service, he would have been as respected and envied among diplomatists as Mr. Bancroft or Mr. Everett. But because he has been a Great British diplomatist, he is an unsuccessful, an unhappy, and a mischievous man. Russia has a policy, the United States have a policy, and either policy can be proclaimed and pursued without subterfuge. But Great Britain has no policy; or, what is the same thing, she has one policy at one time, and another at another; and at all times the British diplomatist has to attain the objects of the governing classes without offending the prejudices and the feelings of the governed classes. Above all, he is fettered in this respect; he cannot at a particular moment run risks and be bold, because he may be repudiated (as Colonel Rose was the other day) by the governing classes, or be hissed by the governed; at any rate, may be left

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without the fleet and the army to back him, and thus rendered the laughing stock, not merely of Eorope, which he despises, but of the diplomatists, with whom he is engaged to dine. When such a man as Lord Palmerston is at the Foreign Office, the British diplomatist is in a most impracticable position. Lord Palmerston talks the Bermondsey policy, and acts the Russian; and though a clever, agile man, like Lord Palmerston, with an easy, insular race to deal with, can contrive adroitly to combine the purpose of cultivating despotism, and yet pleasing the British people, very few of the diplomatists can do as much: for, granting that they are as clever, they may be more scrupulous and more honest—say, like Lord Redcliffe. Yet Lord Palmerston only does in a bold, dashing way what every Foreign Secretary has to do; and thus the difficulty of our diplomatists is chronic and invincible. England is a constitutional country; therefore English foreign policy is to promote constitutionalism. But English foreign policy is also the policy of non-intervention, and therefore is a negative policy; and hence we have to pursue a negative policy, and talk positive principles—result, offending peoples and outraging kings; negative policy rendering England consequently a negation in Europe. Such is a broad description of English efforts abroad, and of England's position; but such a general description is subject to various modifications. England adopts the negative policy for the purpose of preserving peace; but, in certain cases,

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there may be a positive policy without endangering peace. That is to say, England has a negative policy with the big states—a positive policy with the little states. When France changes her government we accept the new government. Lord Palmerston, for instance, enthusiastic lover of freedom as he is, not only accepted but applauded Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. To Russia again we are very respectful, and the United States we take care not to offend—except through our leading journals. But our tone to the small monarchies is very different, and our theory of non-intervention amounts just to this—we will only interfere with the little states. We accept a change in the French Government, and we do not recommend Louis Napoleon to be constitutional. But we recommend King Bomba to imitate the institutions of a country which glories in a House of Commons into which any man with £1000 and a clever solicitor can buy his way; and we warn the Duke of Tuscany that he must not imprison Protestant tract deliverers, though tract delivering is an impertinence offensive to Tuscan institutions. In short, we talk Liberalism, and act respectfully in favour of Despotism, with the big states: practising bullying insolence with the little states; and even these mere pretensions to liberalism we contradict in our policy towards our own colonies. With no real principles, then, to lay down, and with a contradictory policy to pursue, contradictory to our antecedents and inconsistent to our contemporaries, what chance, in such confusion, has

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the British diplomatist? For the British diplomatist getting out of England, and out of reach of the Great Britons, gets a new point of view of his beloved country; and, hearing the startling sarcasms of foreign politicians, he begins to perceive that he has no right whatever to set up as the representative, *par excellence*, of a free country—as the natural propagandist of liberal institutions. He detects that England herself is not free, while enduring an electoral system which makes the landlord paramount, and a press system which gives a monopoly to one or two journals; and he ascertains that outside England, from Dublin to Madras, the British empire is an empire held together by a despotism—a paternal despotism. Conscious of the untenability of his position, the British diplomatist can never be a free agent or a successful man; he can never act without orders from home; and nine times out of ten he cannot accept those orders. And while he is bungling, twaddling, and trying to build up a false position, the Frenchman or the Russian is pushing on—and winning. That is the history of British diplomacy since the battle of Waterloo, and it accounts for the ludicrous attitude of Great Britain, in every capital in Europe, in 1848-9, and for the contempt for England which Czar Nicholas has manifested in 1853. A great Power ceases to be a great Power when she misses a policy; whatever respect remains to be paid her is paid to her material strength merely. On the other hand, the moral strength of Russia fights battles in advance for the Czar.

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Were secret diplomacy an advantage for diplomatists, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe would be a very successful man. In Paris or Vienna, a British Minister must negotiate to some extent publicly; for French and Austrian despotisms have this advantage over British constitutionalism—they confide more to their publics, having less reason for concealments in all foreign discussions: and the English diplomatist must then speak in society as well as write protocols, and must speak out. But Constantinople is the harem of secret diplomacy. There you have no tangible public, no "society;" no newspaper correspondent to worry and bore out small secrets and suggest hints of great facts, which hints have, now and then, to be officially contradicted —the contradiction being a hit for the correspondent. In Constantinople, too, a British Minister meets no one to upset his theories about his free country, and may talk with enormous conceit at half-civilized Turkish secretaries and attachés. There is no one to deny his assumptions and his assertions; and it is taken for granted that a British Minister sent to the Divan represents the positive ideas, the fixed policy, of a consistent, great nation. And, in a large degree, Lord Redcliffe has profited by all his advantages. He has, in fact, ruled Turkey just as an English envoy to an Indian court rules the Indian ruler; and Abdul Medjid has an immense notion of Lord Redcliffe, as also has Redschid Pasha. At Constantinople there is this further advantage for a Minister sent out there: his airs as the

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representative of a free country do not interfere with English policy in Turkey; and English policy in Turkey is tolerably clear, definite, and precise. England is protector of Turkey; and her policy is supposed to be—Lord Aberdeen differs with others of the governing classes on this point—to keep Russia out of Constantinople; and the mission of Lord Redcliffe to Constantinople was to represent that idea to the Sultan. And as the Muscovite is not yet in Stamboul, Lord Redcliffe is concluded to have succeeded. But Lord Redcliffe does not think so: Lord Redcliffe believes that England has gone down, and that Russia has gone up in the East; and he might find the reason in the fact, that the policy of England in the East was too closely confined to the technical preservation of Constantinople—as if Russia would not be tolerably content with the key of her house being in her own lodger's hands. Lord Redcliffe is not a man of startling strength of mind: but the faults he has committed are less personal, than attributable to his weak position—with no determined Government, or instructed people, behind him, to act his advice in the East. Inspired by a conscientious detestation of Czar Nicholas, who once refused to receive Sir Stratford Canning at St. Petersburg, an honourable, well-informed, clear-headed man, like Lord Redcliffe, could have conquered Russia in the East, had he ever felt the certainty that he would be sustained. But he never had this consciousness; and the result is, that indirectly Lord

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Redcliffe has been the ruin of Turkey. At a certain point, we do know that the genius of the Sultan asserts itself, and that he tramples upon the feeble technicalities of such a politician as Lord Redcliffe —wise only to the extent of being cautious, not wise to the degree of courage. Lord Redcliffe advised the Sultan not to shelter Kossuth; and in the same circumstances Lord Redcliffe would give the same advice for the same reasons—because, though representative of a great Power, the great Powers insist that he is only an individual. That is the fate and perplexity of all British diplomatists.

What Lord Redcliffe would do in a new capacity (he was spoken of once as Foreign Secretary), or on a nearer European mission (his former ones were unimportant), we may infer from two facts: he is an admirer of Lord Derby, and he is a "Protestant champion." Both these faiths are disqualifications. Long exiled from his native country, Lord Redcliffe may be excused for his ignorance of Lord Derby; while, at the same time, such an ignorance unfits him for a masterdom of English politics. But the man who has had so many opportunities of seeing that the Turk is a nobler fellow than the Christian, and yet considers that Turkey would be improved by nasal meeting-houses, declares his complete incapacity for the comprehension of the century.

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VII.

GENERAL VISCOUNT HARDINGE, G.C.B.

It is very unfortunate that that sublime structure, the British constitution, should be only a theory. It is scarcely less unfortunate that Great Britons, as a mass, believe in it as a reality. Let us do justice to the shrewdness of the Governing Classes. They not only drew up a better constitution than Sièyes ever hit upon; but they have, from generation to generation, succeeded in educating the governed classes to believe that their theoretical constitution was realized in laws, customs, and institutions.

For instance. Is it not a daily boast among the most democratic classes that "Thank God, sir, this is a free country: in this country the highest places are open to merit?" And they give examples, "Look at Charles James, Bishop of London—look at Hardinge." The other day some merchants of Liverpool, in a moment of coarse conviviality, cheered Lord Derby, when that nobleman, slyly answering a comparison previously drawn by Mr. John Bright, between England and the United States, was using the ordinary British argument, and mentioning, to prove his case, that his Chancellor, Edward Sugden, the son of a coiffeur, had

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become a peer of the realm. And the instances are so numerous which appear to sustain the theory, that ordinary men are as fully impressed with the idea, that the governing and aristocratic classes are not exclusive, as they are convinced that the Crown *is* an exclusive institution. The House of Lords, said Lord Derby, whom we may take as the shrewd exponent of most thoughtless British cants,—the House of Lords is open to all men. The answer is,—as the London Tavern is open to all men,—who can pay. The price of entrance among the governing classes is,—subjection to the governing classes. Excepting Lord Brougham, in respect to whom the circumstances were peculiar, no man ever got into the Peerage who did not go to the House of Lords as the agent of the Peerage. There are only two classes who get out of the mire into the ermine,—soldiers and lawyers. Soldiers are always Tories; or when they are not, as Napier was not, they are put down. Lawyers are always intense Conservatives, for obvious reasons: and the most Tory lawyers who have reached the Woolsack, have been Whigs,—like Lord Cottenham. Occasionally a millionnaire gets in, like Jones Loyd: and, notoriously, the most conscious of aristocrats is the parvenu Peer. Just as borough owners did and do send their servants, their toadies, their "agents," or their sons, into the "Commons," House, so the flatterers, the tools, and the orators, of the governing classes are permitted to get into the Lords' House. Every new creation which is a concession to the

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cleverness and worth of the basely-born ambitious, is a new coat of paint to the old House of Lords,—freshening it up in the eyes of the prone and gaping multitude: and the exceptions, which only prove the rule of exclusiveness, are loudly made use of to demonstrate the theory of the open Constitution. The Governing Classes have a distinct policy,—to perpetuate their class: and the governed classes are always applauding when they see the governing classes make use of mean men! Every able man can reach the highest place in this free country, said the enlightened journals of the governed classes when the governing classes (in each case with sensible distrust) made Canning Premier: made Peel Premier; gave Disraeli the Finance Office; a seat in the Cabinet to Macaulay; and Treasury work to ex-*chapelier* and able but complaisant James Wilson. But did any man ever get into the Cabinet who was pledged to realizing the theories of the Constitution? Did any man ever get a Peerage who was averse to Spiritual Peers, and indisposed to the Conservation of the Commons as an ante-room of the Peers? In fact only very few of the astute sycophants themselves get the reward of admission within the adytum of the British Temple. There was Burke who did good Conservative work at a risky period: and that amiable and brilliant Charles Fox, who did so few good and said so few clever things, never suggested a Peerage for the incomparable Irishman. That more recent Whig chief, Lord John Russell, lost and annihilated a party by

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his ungenerous coldness in rewarding useful brains. Beyond the discovery of Mr. James Wilson he never helped a plebeian in the path of ambition. Oh, yes. We beg his pardon. He actually made Charles Buller, who had the genius of a dozen Charles Foxes, a President of a Poor-law Board.

That Lord Hardinge is an able and a generous man, with a good deal of that heroic element which men worship, in his nature, there can be no question. But there can be as little question, that neither to his ability nor to his heroism does he owe his Peerage, his splendid position, the result of the great opportunities which were given him, and his ample fortune. Contrast his fate with that of Sir Charles James Napier. He was always as inferior to Napier as the Duke of Cambridge is to Lord Hardinge: and yet one died, the victim of a *doctrinaire* noble, Lord Dalhousie, and the other is Commander-in-chief as a European war is opening. Hardinge was Secretary of State for Ireland, while Napier commanded the garrisons of Chester and Preston: Hardinge, in 1847, went out as Governor-General of India: and Napier, in 1849, came back from India the scouted general of a sectional command, although in that command he subdued and organized a martial province, and fought the tremendous odds of Meanee. Lord Hardinge, like Lord Hill, got into the high places of British, political, and social life, by consenting to be a good Tory: by not only caressing the aristocracy with the instinct of a soldier, but by wor-

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shipping the chief of the aristocracy. Wellington created Hardinge: gave him all his chances, offered him all his opportunities: and the sincerest praise that the historian can give to Lord Hardinge is, that he was a good lieutenant, and tolerably equal to his opportunities.—That is, as a soldier: as a politician, he was an absurdity; for though, when he became Secretary for Ireland, he took Wellington's sage counsel, never to speak of what he did not understand, and never to quote Latin—which was supererogatory advice—he was as much out of place in the House of Commons as a soldier always is in a free and mixed assembly. Wellington had, indeed, the faculty of great men—of discerning great men, as he evidenced when, Hardinge being still alive, he spoke of Napier as being the only man to repair the disasters of another of his pupils, Sir H. Gough, on the Sutlej. But it is remarkable that he made no discoveries of great men, in fighting, or in politics, while his own fame as a general was fresh, and while his own position as a politician was uncertain. All his lieutenants were second-rate men: and all Napoleon's lieutenants were first-rate men. Lord Hardinge was the only one of his old officers whom he encouraged into politics, after the peace: and Lord Hardinge never was a rival in his path. But Lord Hardinge remains, still, the most successful of the men presented by Wellington to Great Britain: and the services which Lord Hardinge rendered Great Britain in doing for India what Great Britons think it so

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wrong in Prince Gortzchakoff to do for Moldo-Wallachia, justified his advancement, and earned his title. His campaign in India was more than brilliant; it was heroic: and to the end of time British historians will rightly tell heroic youth how Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, who might have stayed away from the risk to fame and life, rode into the front of the battle, with his gallant boy by his side, won a great victory, and gave the honour of it to a subordinate.

And now, as a European war re-opens, Lord Hardinge is Commander-in-chief: Commander-in-chief of that army which dare lose none of its prestige: first man, in a military crisis, of a nation which must go forward or disappear. And he is sixty-eight years of age. That is a serious fact. When forty, in the full swing of his energy and his intellect, no one would have dreamed of him for such a post, even had there been no Wellington his contemporary; but, in peace, he got his post, by seniority: and there he is—in that post, as war opens, at sixty-eight years of age, as inferior to himself at forty as at forty he was inferior to Wellington. However this enlightened country endured a Duke of York till a Wellington and a Nelson turned up; and must rejoice in a Hardinge till a Napier be found, or be employed. In truth, the selection is limited; the governing classes reject brains so emphatically, that most of the able men go into commerce, finding money to compensate for fame; and the unhappy question is—whom

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would you substitute for Lord Hardinge? Successful men in this country have to reach second childhood before they get peerages and crosses, and the governing classes would not dream of giving the Horse Guards to mere manhood and brains without a title and a cross. In that respect England is far behind the rest of Europe: merit travels faster even in the Russias; and certainly faster in the Turkish service than in the British.

A war now is to England far more serious than to France or Russia. England will be ruined by war if she does not win in it. And there are no evidences that her present rulers are the men to carry her through the war. In the last war Pitt and Wellington were both young; but now, not only her leading statesmen in office, but all her generals and admirals, are dangerously old men, and the chances are that before she begins to win she will have to kill off all the old statesmen and all the old commanders.

Youth is genius; it is energy. Age in action is a blunder, because it is not active. The influence of age is visible in the negotiations which have *caused* the now inevitable war; could such an influence be trusted in the conduct of a campaign! To suggest that sexagenarians and octogenarians are less capable than men of thirty and forty to conduct and manage a great war is no more to insult old age than it is insulted by the remark that beards grow grey. The men who would have to conduct a war now on behalf of England—Lord

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Aberdeen, Lord Hardinge, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston—would break down simply because a council of war, in which every councillor is seventy, cannot possibly achieve a victory. Experience has its advantages —but only when action is routine. Nestor talked more wisely than anybody else in the debates before Troy; but Achilles, a rash young fool, took the city. Austria, it may be said, was saved the other day by the octogenarian Radetzky; but she was also, before, lost by Würmser, fighting against a general of thirty, and against soldiers who had no shoes and no brandy. And if England gives way, first, as Radetzky did, her Radetzkys will never bring her to the front again. For Russia is not Lombardy; and we are not, like Austria, accustomed to be losers.

Gentlemen of from sixty to seventy years of age are so wise that they cannot be original; and if Englands's rulers and generals cannot now lift themselves out of routine into a conception of a great campaign, England is lost. And there is no evidence that our Cabinet or our Commander-in chief have got vigorous ideas about the war. They already talk through a leading journal, to the effect that as a war only brings the belligerents to a treaty, all the bloodshed had better be "skipped," and we had better begin with the treaty! And this is said the same day on which the Czar's challenge is bruited forth to Europe,—war to extermination! Starting from such different points of view,—the Russian seeking the extermination of his opponent,

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and the English Government aiming only at the truce of a Conference, which is likely to win?

England ought to accept the challenge, and exterminate Russia. If she fights only to conquer Russia in some pitched battle, then to coerce Russia into a temporary truce, called a treaty, she fights under a misapprehension. Russia, as a system which gives to one man the power which Czar Nicholas possesses and misuses, is the curse of mankind. We are about to make war on Russia as a public robber, plunderer, and breaker of treaties. If we beat her in a battle, or battles, and get a new treaty or treaties, we do not avert, we only postpone, that danger to Constantinople, which is the danger to Western civilization. Russia, enemy to God and man, is only to be conquered in one way—by being destroyed;—*La guerre à l'outrance!*

Wars are undertaken to procure peace; that is the best war which secures the longest peace. The existence of Russia—as a political system—being incompatible with peace, (and there is no peace while each power upholds vast standing armies, as the existence of Russia requires of every other power), that war would be a holy war which annihilated Russia.

Russia is one man, the master of 60,000,000 other men, whom he oppresses and corrupts, or allows to be oppressed; whom he retains in barbarism; whom he converts into the enemies of the rest of mankind. To destroy, therefore, the system by which this one man has power, would be to benefit not only Western Europe, but all the Russians.

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History applauds all the conquests accomplished by civilized men over barbarians. Rome benefited the world by organizing the world. William the Norman was a hero whom humanity blessed for conquering Saxon England. Henry the Norman was a benefactor for handing over Celtic Ireland to Norman barons. Pizarro and Cortes were heroes for carrying civilization among savages—by force of arms. Penn, the saint, was not the less a saint that he was a plunderer—of the lands of red Indians. The world would have been the gainer if the Crusades had been successes. The world has been the gainer that England conquered Hindostan from preceding conquerors. England is admired by Englishmen when she exterminates Kaffirs and New Zealanders, whose crime is, that they do not appreciate commercial settlements in their neighbourhoods. France is doing the work of civilization in routing out the Sheiks from Algiers. Brooke is blessed for slaughtering savages in the Indian Archipelago. Yet not one of these conquests has that justification which would attend a conquest of Russia. For Russia—the political system—is the common foe of all mankind. *La guerre*, then, *à l'outrance*.

But how annihilate Russia? We live so much in routine that the idea terrifies. We have no William the Norman, no Clive, no Cæsar, no Godfrey of Bouillon, among us to make the deeds of a great nation great.

Yet it is not a new idea. Napoleon not only

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conceived the thought, but he acted on it; and he would have annihilated Russia but for two accidents: a winter unparalleled for severity, and the fire of Moscow. England may take advantage of his experience to avoid all such contingencies.

He would have annihilated Russia, by recreating a Polish or Scalvonic empire between her and Europe, by giving Austria vast new territories towards the Danube, by despoiling the Russian nobles and organizing a new *people;* by enfranchising the serfs, and, if possible, by coaxing the Cossacks, and inciting other Russian nationalities into independence of the Czar. And he would have kept a French army long enough in Russia to have completed his new organization: and he would have made the Russians pay the expenses of that army, and of that army getting there.

All that Napoleon did, or sought to do, England could accomplish. With this advantage, that Napoleon had to march his armies from France to Moscow, the sea being closed against him; and that the sea is open to England. If she gives money to Kossuth, Kossuth will create the Sclavonic empire. If she gives money to the Circassians, the Circassians will not only repel, but will attack Russia. If she gives money to the Cossacks, their Hetman will do her will. The Danubian Principalities are easily convertible into a strong state: with a better and more real Turkish protectorate; and our own protectorate of Turkey could be organized more efficiently, by our sinking every

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ship the Czar owns, by destroying Sebastopol, and establishing a permanent fleet in charge of the Black Sea. But Russia would still remain; we have no army to go to Moscow. How did William the Norman collect an army? By promising the country to the conquerors. We got together a Spanish legion upon a-shilling-a-day promises. A Russian legion, with larger promises, would be collected in a month. The religion is not so much in the English as it was in Napoleon's way. An army of conquerors would not be pious; but, even supposing them ardent Protestants, — between Anglican Protestantism and the Greek Church there is no very ferocious difference.

The destruction of Russia means the creation of several new states, who would be good commercial customers; and thus not only would the annihilation of Russia, to which the Czar challenges us, be a blessing to the world, a guarantee to civilization, a benefit to the Russian populations, but — it would pay, as an investment. No argument, therefore, remains against the project. Except, perhaps, that our good ally, Louis Napoleon, would be too moral to join us. That is not likely: the project suits his interest, his morals, and the genius of his people, even better than it would suit England.

Such is a project, however, which would ill suit the habits of mind and the incapacity for action of the rulers of this enlightened nation.

It would not be etiquette to annihilate Russia; Russia therefore will have her chance of annihilating England.

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VIII.—THE EARL OF DERBY.

THERE is as little accounting for the special peculiarities of families as for the national peculiarities of peoples. But there is as little doubt of the idiosyncrasies of tribes as of the distinctions of nations. A strong, odd man, turns up, marries, grips land, and founds: and for hundreds and hundreds of years, his descendants retain, continue, and intensify his characteristics. It is unnecessary to give instances of a notorious fact: in every man's society the phrase is heard, "just like the family." Who of us, with a family tree, which we all pretend to have, does not excuse a failing or a vice in the same way as Lucretia; "I am a Borgia, and must have blood; my father sheds it." We do more than excuse ourselves; we pardon others from some such consideration; for, as Lady Shughborough said to Mrs. Norton, "The Sheridans were always witty and vulgar;" to which Mrs. Norton replied, that "the Shughboroughs were always vulgar without being witty." And it is such a consideration which is forced upon the notice in examining the character and career of Edward Geoffry Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby. Looking to the family, as well as to the individual history, we find that for several centuries there has existed the same man—occasionally, but not often,

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incarnated in a different figure; and that the present Lord Derby, accommodating himself to this century, is doing exactly what the first Lord Derby did in his time, taking the odds in history. For, as the Napiers are all Gascons, so the Stanleys are all sportsmen. "*Sans changer*" is truer of the clan than most family mottoes; true in the sense that every Stanley is whimsically versatile; so true, that the very motives which led the first Lord to desert his king, were visible on the three different occasions when the present Earl served three different parties—Whigs, Peelites, and Protectionists. "*Sans changer*," properly translated, means, "Every Stanley hedges. No doubt, however, that though the founder of a family propels his temperament through many generations, his brains do not always germinate: and so it happens that there have not been many eminent historic heroes among the Stanleys. The Earl of Derby is a clever man, and he has enemies only in those who are too solemn to comprehend him. It is absurd to censure with gravity a man for the shape of whose cerebellum, as for the shape of whose legs, thirteen queer Earls are accountable, and whatever the jerks of his career, and the mischief of his capers, there is neither frowning nor laughing at a man who looks upon politics as a scrimmage, and history as a spree. Your laws, in establishing a senate of hereditary legislators, took the chances of temperaments; and if Lord Derby looks upon life as a joke, and chooses to poke fun at posterity, who is to blame

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—you or he? If you don't take the joke of his career, you are very dull. But even if you prefer to talk unreal twaddle about the "character of public men,"—talk utterly out of place in an age of Coalition, which means an age of no opinions,—and to refer to the inconsistencies of Lord Derby, his admirers, of whom I am one, have no difficulty in his defence. For if he has passed his life in deserting his colleagues, yet this is true—that he always left a winning for a losing side; or that, as in the last case, if he gave up a hopeless party, it was to take to a principle still more impracticable,—to be the Mrs. Partington of the ocean of Democracy! History (Mr. Macaulay's) intensely admires Lord Halifax, who, though a trimmer, had a fine prejudice in favour of impossible causes; and similarly chivalrous has Lord Derby always been;—his political book has always been so made up, that under no possible circumstances could he ever win. A Vicar of Bray, who changes to keep his living, is contemptible; but heroic is the inconsistency of him who goes forth into the political world as knight errant of dead principles and damned projects.

We may consider the career of this remarkable man with the impartiality of posterity; for as a politician, he is apparently defunct. He had his opportunity when he was allowed to be Premier, and he threw away the opportunity; and a man seldom gets two chances. Reviewing his career without partisan passion we see much to excuse and much to respect. And whatever has to be said of

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his character, the distinction is not to be denied him, that he is the only clever eldest son produced by the British Peerage for a hundred years; Lord John Russell being the only clever younger son of the British Peerage during the same period. Smart, clever, dashing, daring, he always was; and there is no use in saying he was not more, for he never pretended to be more; and if his order and the Conservative classes plunged at him and made him Premier, greedy to get hold of the only clever born Earl known in the memory of living man, why he was the person in the realm the most astonished; and if he made a mess of it, as he knew he would, who was to blame—you or he? He must have been immensely delighted at the joke of sending him, a breezy young fellow of thirty, to govern Ireland, the most ungovernable of countries; but if Parliament and nation did not see the indecency of it, why should he not enjoy the joke—and go? He did go, and passed a very jolly time; and if he set north and south by the ears, and drove O'Connell into chronic insurrection, why that was Parliament's business—not his. When Lord John asked him to govern the Colonial Empire, a year or two after, he accepted the office with a chuckle; it was a joke for a man who had never been out of England, except to Ireland, and who had never read a book, except Shakespeare's historic plays and the *Racing Calendar*, to be asked to organise the most complicated Colonial system in the world; and if he very nearly destroyed

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the Colonial Empire, why how absurd to impeach *him*—who asked him? Does not know where Tambov is! Well, did he ever pretend to know where Tambov is? Did he ever set up in the Colonial Office to know anything? Did he ever presume to be wiser than the clerks? Did he ever contradict King Stephens in his life? Of course he never did. There was never any concealment or sham about *him*. He found he was born into a seat in the Commons and then into the Lords, just as he was born into Knowsley and a third of Liverpool; and he always said he did not see why he should not amuse himself in governing—it was as good fun as racing—and besides, he could do both, as he always has done, at the same time—running losing horses in both. He hated work, as he told everybody; he would fight in the House as long as they liked, and whom they liked—it was all the same to him—but drudge, as he always said, he would *not;* and if they chose to give him office, why they must look out for a deuce of a mess—and there always was a deuce of a mess. He liked office, of course; it enabled him to provide for friends and relatives; it added to the social distinction; and it must be pleasant, on a death-bed, to recall that one has been Secretary of State and Lord of the Treasury. Besides, it enhanced the fun of the history which he was requested to act. The race is more exciting when you have something to lose; and taking office was, with Lord Derby, regarded as a sort of bet with the Opposition. Those who

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study the drama of politics in the theatre, and not in the closet—who judge of an actor not by the dialogue, but by his look and voice—and because so few do, there is in England great knowledge of politics, but much ignorance of politicians—have ever come to the same conclusion about Lord Derby: that in public life he is merely the sportsman and the gladiator. He used to call O'Connell a "heavy weight," and his great attacks on that eminent giant, "rounds." Lord Derby was—he is growing bald now— the ideal of a "sparrer." When he spoke in Parliament, his lithe, sinewy frame, "breed" in every fibre, and his handsome face, lit up with a daring smile, suggested "fight;" and his style was always a fighting style; he never argued—he replied and attacked. Even when Premier, and steadied into a good deal of discretion, he could not keep his hands off tempting faces. And the moment he left Premiership he breathed freely again, and relapsed. As he quitted office, he made an assault on Sir James Graham, merely because Sir James Graham happened to be sitting in the gallery, killing time; and since Lord Derby has been in opposition again, he has twice driven Lord Aberdeen, and once Lord Clarendon, and every day the somebody, into a passion. Nor has he done with the Coalition yet; for though exploded as a political chief, he has still a career, as a veteran bruiser, to train young Tory peers, who have very small heads and a venomous belief that a hatred of primogeniture is at the bottom of Radicalism.

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Mr. Stanley became a Whig because the House of Derby, with its inveterate tendency to the weaker side, was Whig: and while the Whigs were struggling at the era of the Reform Bill, Mr. Stanley was a capital Whig. It is an historical incident how he leaped on the table at Brookes', and poured out his passionate nonsense to keep the waverers together—which the nonsense, being a future Earl's, really did. But he became a waverer himself directly the Whigs got safe into Downing Street; and the moment that they were going to make Ireland sure for ever to England, by the ruin of the Irish Church, off he went, a desperate young Tory. His father, a solid Whig, who voted for Lord John to the last day of his life, shook his venerable and worthy head, and took to ruining the property by collecting the Stanleys—all the oddities—of the brute and bird creation into a menagerie at Knowsley, which was the admiration of Lancashire, and the terror of Africa and Asia. But neither the remonstrances of family connexion, party, nor purse, stopped the chivalrous defender of that ecclesiastical institution, the most dishonest, and disgraceful, and despotic, which modern mankind have permitted to exist; the Whigs were getting too strong, were really annihilating the Tories, and a Tory champion would Lord Stanley therefore be. That pugnacity had its consequences —it ruined the Whigs. They could have done without the intellect and the honour of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham; but Lord Stanley

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made such a clatter in his desertion that the aristocracy got frightened; the Whig lords told the Whig leaders that Radicalism would not do; that they were getting on a little too fast; and from that day to this the Whigs never proposed a bold measure! — were passed by the Tories, in bold measures, and have sunk behind the Tories in a Coalition. Peel flourished when Stanley joined him in Opposition; and Peel, Graham, and Stanley gave tone to Opposition, re-collected a Tory party, and much as Wellington did for Conservatism, it is probable that Peel owed his rapid return to power in 1841 more to Lord Stanley than to the Duke. A clever peer is such a card for an ambitious parvenu, and poor Peel had so very few! Then Lord Stanley went back to the Colonial Office, to the great delight of the clerks and the horror of Canadians, Australians, West Indians, Ionians, and in fact all the outlying subjects of Her Majesty; and there for two or three years Lord Stanley, in the intervals of racing, amused himself enormously, and, according to those who have studied his proceedings, developed an amazing genius for confusion—the Topsy of the Colonial Office. Colonies were to him games and counters; and Government a *rouge et noir*. Dealing with them, there came out the inveterate combative spirit of his family; and it was a matter of course that he should set one against another, and all of them against England. His grandfather died, and in bed, in witnessing a pair of game cocks (the Derby breed is celebrated in

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the north) spurring one another to death on his coverlet. And the grandson enjoyed the dignity of his position—having colonies for cocks. In his consulship, in fact, appeared the school of colonial reformers, and Charles Buller, Lord Howick, Mr. Rintoul, and Sir William Molesworth, spoke and wrote a great deal in the amusing apprehension that they were making the Colonial Secretary very angry. Then came the Maynooth and Irish Colleges question. The same Lord Stanley, who would not appropriate the revenues of the Irish Establishment, should now have resigned, as Mr. Gladstone did, on an attempt to endow and organize the Irish Roman Catholic Priesthood; and so Lord Stanley would have resigned but for one reason—the Peel Ministry was tottering in consequence of so daring a proposal. Desert the weak, of course he would not, so he stayed and carried Peel through that crisis; for the old Peers and young Conservatives, both with remarkably small heads, which is the characteristic of British aristocracy, had now all the more confidence in him that he had once been a revolutionary Whig, besides liking and loving him for his nature and his manner. But then came Peel's proposal in the Cabinet to repeal the Corn laws. That carried in the Cabinet without a dissentient would have carried Peel as Premier to the end of his days; would have made the Ministry eternal; would have consolidated the Tory party, and taken the ground from under the Whigs. Now, then, was Lord Stanley's time—

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go on winning for ever ? Not he; he resigned. Singular that such a man should have such power; but the history England is now living is the consequence of Lord Stanley's resignation in 1846. He had ruined the Whigs, he now ruined Peel. Lord Stanley's was a name; without it there could have been no presentable Protectionist party; with his name to rally round, a new great furious party was a matter of course; Peel was separated from the Tories; all the skilful administrators who had adhered to Peel, like honest men, were separated from the Tories; and now, as the result of all that, we have a Coalition—not of parties, but of men; so that Lord Stanley, by virtue of simple recklessness, has been enabled, in a short lifetime, to destroy every party in turn! How he must enjoy all that! He, certainly, enjoyed the Protectionist fight—simply because it was so hopeless. The glee with which he must have brought out Lord George Bentinck, whom he told to go in and win!—that sporting nobleman going in accordingly, and *not* winning, with glorious animal energy and strength of lungs. Peel was so slow and solemn, and discreet and good, that Lord Stanley must have pined, when sitting by him in the Cabinet, to show him up—or to double him up; and he must have read Disraeli's superbly malignant Peelics with tears in his eyes. It is only a Lord Stanley who would have encouraged such a man as Mr. Disraeli to hope for great office; but of all the jokes Lord Stanley had encountered in politics, the joke of presenting Mr. Disraeli as

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leader of the bigoted Tory and Protestant party, must have struck him as the most uniquely sublime! Mr. Disraeli was a man after Lord Stanley's own heart; and the way he kept him up—despite the consternation and the remonstrances of the Inglises and the old Peers of his new party — does the highest credit to his character as a wag. Notoriously all the dull and decorous small heads were for giving Mr. Disraeli a small office out of the Cabinet, when in consequence of the royal row between Lord John and Lord Palmerston, the Protectionists—because there was nobody else—got in; but Lord Derby had a screw to lift Mr. Disraeli, —he threatened to go down again to the Lords and tell them,—the truth,—that in the whole Tory aristocracy of England there was not a man fit to preside in a Government bureau! He said that once as a capital joke; and he was just the man to say it again if they would not let him have his way! So he landed Mr. Disraeli into the lead of the Commons: and we can fancy Lord Derby saying to himself, "I have completed my fame, as a joking peer of the realm; I have made a fashionable novelist Chancellor of the British Exchequer; and now I can die happy!" Yet he was not content, even with that; he made Mr. Walpole a Secretary of State, and put him up to proposing a Militia Franchise! More; he took all his squad down to Oxford and made them Doctors! As a collective joke, perhaps *that* was his finest. But his ministry was altogether a practical joke. In a minority in

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Parliament, detested and despised in the country, he appreciated the furious joke of persisting in remaining in power in the face of the opposition, not only of Parliament, but of people—he looked upon the whole buisness as a fight—as a race, and he did his best to win,—taking the odds—and ends, as in Major Beresford. He posted his money; he made all the rich peers post their money; and he got together an enormous sum of money, and he did his best to bribe the majority out of the electors; and he did get 300 for a laughing chorus, and would have got all, but that the Whigs bribed enormously too, and that there are certain places which would not be bribed, which would not take the joke, and which did send up Radicals;—Whigs, Radicals, and the floating balance of Roman Catholics and waverers accordingly turning him out. They turned him out because he did not know when to stop joking. Mr. Disraeli's was a funny Budget; but Budgets are serious things; and the result was, that such slow men as Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone came in—to govern us seriously. And the worst of it was, that Lord Derby had joked away his own party too; for in putting up Mr. Disraeli to laugh at the notion that Lord Derby had ever been a Protectionist, the country might have been amused; but the Newdegates (prices were not as high then as they are now) were disgusted. So that when Lord Derby left power he left party; and the Coalition carries all before it. Perhaps, therefore, he is now,

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for the first time in his life, beginning to think and look serious; for there is neither a party to desert nor to join! In his desperation he has undertaken to anticipate a party—a democratic party—to whom he bids defiance valiantly. But that's hardly funny; all jokers overstrain the point now and then.

Yet the satire is very fine. It *is* a very rich notion—a Democracy in England!—a Democracy in a country which has seen Lord Derby a Minister, and made him Chief Governor! A Democracy in a country which permits such an electoral system that a man like Lord Derby can break up Ministries by leaving them, or by joining them! Until we realize what a thoroughly ludicrous people we are, we can never understand such a man as Lord Derby. English politics *are* a joke; and he only evidences his superior honesty in openly laughing at all the shams, and grinningly taking advantage of them. Were we, indeed, a self-governed, self-reliant people —if we were thoughtful and wise—if we were free at home, and did not adore our nobility—if we had a policy abroad, and had the manhood to work it out—Lord Derby would be steadied into respectability by respect for his countrymen. As it is, he is tempted into intolerant Toryism by his very derision of them.

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SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART.

But that it is considered, in England, extremely indecorous to put into print what every one of those who would read the print say perpetually in private, a very interesting chapter might be written to show how curiously personal appearance affects public life. There are men who owe everything to their "looks:" and there are men who never get over their "looks." It has always been my opinion that the *regime* of the Three Days fell in France because Louis Philippe, as he grew old, grew so ridiculously like a Pear; and many instances might be mentioned, only that it would be impertinence, of eminent Great Britons who have risen or declined because of a mouth, or because of a nose. This is the result of a political system which permits of caricatures; no constitution can stand an H. B., or a John Leech, who bring political heroes into contempt. The mischief is very serious when the populace judges of a character by a contortion:—as, for instance, in Ireland, where Peel could never make way because O'Connell gave this picture of him to the multitude,—"A big-bellied man, with two left legs." Mr. Disraeli, a man with a splendid countenance and a graceful figure, was kept down for years in this country because of the cruel caricatures of *Punch:* and Lord Jocelyn, one of

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the handsomest men of the age, has failed in life because he never had the courage to cut off his moustache. These are instances which may be referred to without offence, even to the individuals; and the cases serve to suggest what is meant.

In regard to many statesmen, living and dead, you think of their policy and not at all of their persons. But Sir James Graham is so intensely associated with Sir James Graham, to the exclusion of any other association, that, in turning attention to him, you consider only the statesman—there being indeed little statesmanship to consider. The impression he has made in his time is altogether an impression of physique: and the epitaph which one of his present colleagues proposed should be written on him, in due season—"He had the largest appetite of any man of his day"—explains to the philosophical nearly all his celebrity. As John Kemble said, when asked his opinion of the new Hamlet, "Why, sir, he seems a remarkably tall young man"—so the usual inquiry made about Sir James Graham, when an habitué of the House of Commons goes down to his cousins or his constituents is,—"a very big man, isn't he?" Sir James Graham is a very big man; and he has got to a first place in politics, just as he would get to the first place in a crowd—by weight and breadth: becoming Peel's lieutenant, as Little John became Robin Hood's. That is to say, born into the Governing Classes, and having only mediocrities to compete with, he got first among the mediocrities

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—in other words, next to the champion Peel—merely by the greater force and stronger endurance derived from a massive chest and an animal head. That is, by work: for a great administrator is only a great worker; and the great workers are only found among the strong men. "Perseverance" is the virtue recommended to young men by their friends; but perseverance means simply endurance: and it would consequently be as rational to recommend, "Large lungs, my boy."

That Sir James Graham's chest without Sir James Graham's acres would not have sufficed to make him a right honourable and a ruler, is evidenced in the different career of Mr. Ford, of Doncaster, Sir James's image, as Sir James knows to his cost; and it is said even a cleverer man—the Dromio of the Antipholus. But with such acres and such a chest, a good name and a smooth voice, the success of Sir James Graham in public life was assured; and the success would have been more complete, had Sir James learned soon enough to rely simply on those natural advantages, instead of endeavouring to become a man of genius. Not content with the reputation of being a great administrator, he has ever aimed at the position of a great statesman; and though he knows the tendency of the multitude to confound the one character with the other, he has ever been discontented that not one of the many parties whom he has joined would accord him chieftainship. In public life in England, an investment of labour is always certain of its results.

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Government is a profession—a guild, monopolized almost entirely by the land—and when a man with a title and an estate gives himself up to the House of Commons, the House of Commons gradually gives itself up to him, sooner or later. No man has worked harder than Sir James Graham in legislating; and let the governed be grateful. In this country, every heir to a large estate goes to Parliament, as he goes to a good club; and all the best of the heirs, after a season or two, in which they destroy their stomachs, and discover that society is a delusion, stick to their seats, and take to governing the self-governed country as the best-going excitement,—more gentlemanly than the turf, safer than the table, easier than the sessions.

Sir James Graham, born in 1792, reached his majority and his property in due course, and by the same system which suggested beef and bonfires, a borough returned him in celebration of the important event, and from 1826 to 1853 Sir James Graham has incessantly devoted himself to his country. He must in his thirty years of government have sat about 100,000 hours in the bad atmosphere of the House of Commons, have sat twenty years in Government bureaux, seen 1000 deputations, written many millions of letters, and made speeches so numerous, that if collected they would fill several libraries. You cannot remember a sentence, not a saying, not a thought of those speeches; but that consideration does not lessen our astonishment at, and our admiration of, the *work*. Our political

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constitution might be improved, and our electoral machinery might be improved, but no system could turn up a better workman, a more splendid administrator, than Sir James Graham; and such a reflection may influence us when we reach next session and the Reform Bill. And our admiration of the athlete is enhanced in observing, that thirty years of work have not made the slightest change in mind or body. The thirty years have been a perfect circle. That giant frame is as fresh, and that copious countenance as complacent, as when first in 1826 the Knight of Netherby went in for the British Lion! And, singular completeness of a felicitous career, he is now sitting for that Carlisle which first wooed and won him; and he holds at sixty-one precisely the office which was given him —his first—about thirty years ago! The young Tories who think that they are serving the cause by representing that the Conservative leaders of 1841-46 were all rogues or fools, are partial to the depicting of one of the shallowest of men as a Talleyrand; and they may take the hint to suggest the Chaldean serpent for the Netherby crest, if only as the symbol of—nothing.

For, a great clerk—otherwise a great administrator— is always a great clerk; experience only diminishes the clerk's chance of being more than a clerk. In a nation of settled society and established principles, Sir James Graham would have been a statesman; but in England, which is a nation where class eternally wars against class,—which is

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a pity, but a fact,—a Sir James Graham inevitably becomes confused, and, if he aims at statesmanship, assuredly makes a mess of it. Sir James Graham's career, as a statesman, is one of the most marvellous messes even of modern British politics; and it is a painful proof of the paucity of genius in the Governing Classes, and of the ignorance of the governed classes, that this eminent and worthy gentleman is still in high office, and still supposed, by many, to be a reliable leader of a great people.

Sir James Graham has lived through the long war between the middle class and the landed class, and he is a complete failure at last, because, attempting to *finesse* between the two, he has lost the confidence of both. A cleverer man might have failed in such an attempt, but Sir James Graham's failure has been ludicrous, for nature never fitted him to be an intriguer. He attempted to reconcile the theory with the practice of the Constitution, and that was a hopeless undertaking. A Liberal-Conservative is a possible politician only to the man who is Liberal one year, and Conservative another year; but the danger is that, in the third year of the transformation, both sides find him out. And Sir James Graham has passed his life in getting found out—in candidly inviting discovery. The honest man solicited the notice of Diogenes: wherefore Diogenes passed him by.

You can, in England, serve two masters, Crown and Parliament, like Lord John Russell. But you cannot serve Crown, Parliament, and People. You

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can be a Conservative Minister and talk Whiggery to Mr. Speaker. But you cannot be a Conservative Minister and talk Democracy to the mob at a hustings. Sir James Graham has tried this, and has not succeeded: is hated by the land, not trusted by Manchester, and not known to the people. This is because Sir James Graham always lives so completely in the present. His political past is last week, his political future, next week—at furthest, next Session: he looks, therefore, neither backwards nor forwards, is, consequently, always vehement, and is generally, therefore, unwise. Perhaps, on the whole, he is the indiscreetest man who ever lived; he is always burning his ships behind him, and always escaping in a cock-boat. To give one among a thousand illustrations; for instance, his sillier explanations of his silly hustings' speech, against Louis Napoleon. He is always willing to please, but as to whom he pleases, it is who comes first, or who speaks loudest. He goes down before a league; but he is very resolute until the league comes up. He takes care of to-day, and trusts to to-morrow to take care of itself—in legislation. He hopes the Constitution will last his time, but, if not, and he is pressed to lend a hand, why he will work hard at its demolition. As in the Admiralty, the *Duke of Wellington* is an incomparable Screw, while her superior is on the stocks, so, in the House, every thing is perfect, until the time has come for a change, That is Sir James's phrase—"The period has now arrived, Sir." No revolution takes

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him unawares. If the Day of Judgment were to arrive during his term of office, he would be prepared to suggest "the exigencies of the occasion, Sir." Hence, though he is supposed to be a Talleyrand, he is always simple and sincere. He defended the Corn-Laws with sincerity,—with pathos: and he attacked them with as good faith —still with plentiful pathos. He grew red in the face with hearty British indignation when he assaulted Louis Napoleon: and he opened Mazzini's letters, to oblige Austria, with unflinching complacency. He insisted that the paupers of Andover got on capitally on bone-dust; and he wept when Peel, in his resignatory oration, talked of the bread that was to be eaten by the poor man, "unleavened," &c. He has unsaid everything he ever said, and indeed everything he ever did,—and remains an honest squire, still—being only a dull man, not a dishonest one—an ambitious man, not a tricky man. It is not his fault that he has an animal head, only, and not an intellectual head. If he had principles, he would be glad of them: but he has not; so he works: and when a difficulty turns up, gets over it as well as he can: talks gently at the House, and leers at the nation—and does not regret his choice of a profession, particularly not when in office. He would feel pleased to be considered a Talleyrand; but there's an awful fear at his heart that men are just, and only suppose him to be heavy.

What Sir James Graham's future is to be—for

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he will stick to the House ten years more—it is easy to delineate; it will be like Sir James Graham's past—athletical dodging between perplexities, as they present themselves. That he does not comprehend his time or his country is very clear; and now he is not so well placed as he was in 1841-6, behind Peel; he is in a Coalition which has no chief—and there is great danger when Sir James has to take an independent course. Perhaps in a career of consternations, Sir James was never so puzzled as at this moment: for at this moment he is not only without a chief to command, but he is in presence of a country without a cry.* Yet Sir James is pledged to Reform: he bid as high as Lord John, on the spur of the moment, one evening in the House of Commons; and very likely he will continue to pass the same word to the Peelites which he passed from 1846 to 1851, "always top Lord John"—Lord John to propose, and Sir James to dispose. But what statesmanship! Our public heroes must be tested in that way. Let any Great Briton of good memory sit down and endeavour to realize his vague impressions about his crack statesmen. For instance—what are Sir James Graham's

* Sir James Graham has got a cry now—War! and is working hard and well at the Admiralty. But his indiscreet nature was evidenced the other day in the debate on the Eastern question, in his entreaty to the House of Commons not to "potter" over blue books,—a silly insult, which, as suggesting a hard truth of the House's impotency, the House will resent and remember.

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principles, his policy, his convictions, his intentions? Sir James Graham stands at this moment unpledged to everything but cutting down salaries at the Admiralty, and Parliamentary Reform; and his pledge on Parliamentary Reform amounts to this;—that he would extend the suffrage, but only in such a way as would be "consistent with the conservation of all our institutions." Are there not a few other questions of the day for a great people? Sir James hopes that there are; he likes work; and has no weak shame about inconsistency; but he is not going to answer them until he can hear them distinctly when sitting in his bureau. No man will be more frank or more energetic, when he is spared the trouble of thinking by an explicit national order to act—even if the order be directed against any one of the institutions he now considers ought to be conserved. Did he ever refuse to obey the popular will? He has been the tool of the middle class since 1830; and now that the middle class have got all that they want, and are turning conservative, why Sir James will be the tool of the working class, when they are ready. Mr. Crowe, in that brilliant political novel, 'Charles Delmer,' makes the profound observation that henceforth the democracy of England has to play the middle class against the aristocratic class, and to see which will bid most for the popular support: in such tactics would not Sir James be an excellent democratic leader?

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X.—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE REST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

A correspondent of the leading journal, being a gentleman who rides in hack cabs, and therefore cannot enjoy the parks of a free metropolis, complains that Buckingham Palace is more mysteriously exclusive than an eastern seraglio; and he points out that if Buckingham Palace were in either of those despotically governed capitals, Paris or Vienna, the grounds of the royal residence would be open to the public. "Hack Cab," in short, is horribly annoyed that her Majesty and the Prince like to have their house and garden to themselves; his obvious tendency being to insist that the mob should have the right of entrée to all the private apartments of the Palace, and that Victoria's faithful subjects should enjoy the privilege which Marie Antoinette's subjects assumed—of seeing every night whether the children had really been put to bed. But the "Hack Cab" class of Englishmen betray, in these despicable impertinences to the Sovereign who cannot answer them, a pitiable miscomprehension of the spirit and position of the British Court. That gloomy and austere exclusiveness of the gardens which so offends the prying and pushing "Hack Cab," is in perfect keeping with the tone of the Court; and if the grounds were made public the privacy of the

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audience chamber would disappear: the Reynoldses would follow the Boy Joneses. The British Crown is so respected because the British Court is so exclusive; and the exclusiveness is requisite in a capital which is a commercial capital of shifting principles and uncertain aristocracies. The Grand Monarque might use the tweezers in his dressing saloon at Versailles, in the presence of two hundred French gentlemen; but then they were gentlemen in as well ascertained positions as his own, who had had Sieurs, Ducs, and Comtés before them, and who would leave (it was thought) endless lives of precisely the same personages after them. Edward the handsome might stroll through Cheapside, to see the citizen's wives behind their lattices; Charles might saunter down the Bird-Cage-Walk to feed his ducks, and air his dogs, and walk off his last night's orgie; and George, the country gentleman king, might show himself, with one of the unpleasantest old ladies in Christendom on his arm, to his loving subjects who could get within sight of the terrace at Windsor. These were days when Kings were kings by grace of God, as the loyal believed, and when society was kept down in stiff demarcations. But in these days Courts have to be circumspect; they think that familiarity breeds contempt; and so it does when the familiars are contemptible. Joseph of Austria set a terrible example of *bonhomie* to continental sovereigns; and that free and easy style of royalty has destroyed the principle of monarchy in Germany. Haroun

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al Raschid is not a model for a European king, for Haroun al Raschid was always followed in his peregrinations by an aide who was an adept at the bowstring. We see that the *parvenu* Emperor of France, while affecting a belief in a new set of royal ideas, goes back to the traditionary etiquette of the *ancien regime*, and if he cannot have gentlemen, has at least gentlemen's dresses, and shutting himself up with them in his palaces never shows himself to the people. Our Court can afford to throw off the restraints of etiquette when out of town; and we all admired Queen Victoria more than ever when we heard how she went about gossiping with the peasants in the Highlands, or how she scampered up to Dargan's house and shook him heartily by the hand. But in "town" boy Jones must be handed over to the police, and Reynolds must be ignored; every act is a precedent, and rigid routine is self-defence. We have no aristocracy to constitute "the Court" proper, and in a commercial capital royalty would be compromised by cultivating the casual Robinson who has made a great fortune, and opened a great house—for Robinson may be in the *Gazette* next year, or may take advantage of courtesy to propose a statue. Our Court, under the influence of one of the most accomplished men of the age, encourages arts and letters; and proof that Prince Albert is a great man, is in the pleasing circumstance that when he leaves the routine of a prescribed list he seeks the society of successful writers, artists, and savants. But these are ex-

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ceptions sustaining the rule—that the British Court is the most exclusive Court in Europe. Hence extensive popular ignorance of the Court; extreme vagueness in speaking of the royal family; and immense inevitable error in the popular opinion of the most influential of all our Governing Classes.

Fuseli said, that there were many reasons why Petrarch was not popular in England, but that the principal reason was, that the English knew nothing of Italian. There are several reasons why the subordinate members of the royal family of England are not popular; but the principal reason is, that the people know nothing of those royal persons but their names. There is a *Court Circular* to give us a cipher to explain the national affection for the Queen; and we can, at least, deal with Prince Albert historically, and judge of him as we would of Prince Rupert—from what we can make out of his acts. But what can the people know of the public characters they pay for who lead a profoundly private life? When they are dead and gone we make surprising discoveries; and the other day we found Mr. Landor remarking quietly that the Duke of York, who was generally cheered in the street and caressed in society, was a "swindler"—the very man who was declared by three Bishops as the "only hope of a Protestant land." There can be no doubt that he was an equivocal personage; but should we not have known that at the time, or before we put up the monument that stands in Waterloo-place, London, like a note of exclamation upon British enlightenment and

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Protestant faith? He had a large salary for a long time; as had also their Royal Highnesses, his brothers and sisters, who perhaps, on the whole, were scarcely worth what they cost—being, as a family, perhaps not the most respectable of all families who ever enjoyed the privileges of this free and happy land. The perfect secretiveness of royal personages as often does them harm as good: for, as in the case of the Duke of Cumberland, a frightened public easily gets into the habit of believing anything bad of a man who, in the beginning, got a bad name, and was never frank enough to explain it away,—a Reynolds only finding opportunity for the mysteries of a court which is mysterious. If a gentleman of taste and authority is hear-heared in terming her Majesty's uncles "swindlers," we may rapidly get used to that sort of candour: and there are a few things to be said of an extremely painful character both of the gentlemen and the ladies who sprang from the union of George III and Charlotte. It is historical justice; but it is a pity we have to wait till men are dead to attack them—being besides too late to reform them. We ought to be encouraged by Mr. Landor to candour towards the living illustrious. There was poor Mr. Hunt sent to prison for mentioning that his Majesty George IV was an Adonis of fifty, or something of that sort; and though we have progressed so far as to be able to suggest now that he was an unworthy King—or as Mr. Landor, who is forcible, says, a "swindler"—we are not much bolder with his relatives who survive—even when

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we know positive discreditable facts. We are a moral and a religious people; but we assented complacently to the ennoblement and endowment of the illegitimate children of King William: and should, indeed, feel flattered to be noticed by them in society. We admire Thurlow for attacking "the accident of an accident," and we wonder at the profligacy of English manners when Charles II could make his bastards Dukes; but we were by no means astonished when a gentleman whose pedigree did not go beyond the delightful Mrs. Jordan, was made an Earl; and the other day we witnessed without horror a high Indian command conferred upon that nobleman's younger brother (an energetic officer)—also a Lord by "courtesy" of a generation of what Mr. Thackeray calls "snobs.' Our Queen recognises those cousins, and why should not we? We should be shocked if we were asked to dinner to meet the Gräfinn von Lansfeldt, but there are a couple of British Dukes who are descendants of celebrated prostitutes, who are not ashamed of their origin, and we as a people are rather proud of them, or else we should not pay, as we do annually to this day, for the maintenance of their dignity We are, therefore, very tolerant of Royal foibles, and it is to be regretted that we are not more confided in by our contemporary Princes of the Blood. We are very glad to see them when they come among us "public." Perhaps a less brilliant or less fascinating old gentleman than the late Duke of Cambridge never existed; but we loved him, he came so often to our public dinners, and on those

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occasions used the privileges of his nearness to the throne to mangle her Majesty's English. In the same way the Duke of Sussex, who was also condescending, was a very popular man; and we deeply regretted our laws which prevented him marrying whom he liked, as his brother George did—and denied.

However unworthy a royal duke might be, we would like him: and a royal duke would, consequently, lose nothing by letting us know the truth about him. We had a strong suspicion in George IV's lifetime that he was an objectionable gentleman; but we can remember how we cheered him, particularly in Ireland. The Duke of Cumberland got on, despite his reputation, and all good Protestants wept when he was found out in an Orange conspiracy.

The Duke of Cambridge of the present period costs the country about £30,000 a-year; and we are really entitled to know a little of so expensive a Prince. He ought to come to our dinners and our meetings, not that we should find out anything about him then, but that we like to see our princes, if only as figures in the pageants of our public proceedings. Archbishop Whately could succeed in proving that there never was a Napoleon Bonaparte, and would have little difficulty in demonstrating that the Duke of Cambridge is a myth. He has been seen in a private box at a theatre, and rode a great many people down on the day of his first battle—the Wellington funeral; but doubts about his existence would have their justification. In a few years

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he will have the Horse Guards; and then we can go and satisfy ourselves any day at four o'clock, that our best dragoon officer — (he really rides people down very well)—is really a royal Duke. But, meanwhile, it would be well if he threw himself into some movement of the day which would bring him occasionally face to face with the people. We are much obliged to him for commanding a cavalry regiment and ranging a park or two (before dinner); but Prince Albert commands regiments and ranges parks also; and finds time to be the leader in the great movement of the century. A royal Duke should have a pronounced character,—even if only a character for liking dinners; and the present Duke of Cambridge is unfortunate in that his name conveys no idea of personality to the enquiring popular mind. Nobody will be bold enough to object when he succeeds Lord Hardinge; but it will nevertheless be felt by a self-governed nation that it ought to know a little about the man who fills the office which has been held in turn by Hill, Wellington, and Hardinge.

With respect to the "rest of the Royal Family," who could tell even their names? But I have drank their health very often: and am quite sure the toast, as the Chairman always observes, needs no introduction:—that is to say, that as we know nothing about them, we had better continue respectful and solemnly silent. As the toast is always drunk with three times three, we may conclude that that is the number of the persons we reverence,—which is something to be sure of.

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XI.—THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

When Franklin first went to Paris he was fêted, not by the people, but by the young nobles and the old women; and he wrote to Boston that certainly France was the most enlightened country in the world, since, there, even the aristocracy was republican. Franklin lived to find that republicanism was only a fashion among the French nobles: Coblentz, some few years after, receiving the same young nobles and the same old women, no longer talking of Rousseau and Paine, but exclusively of the Duke of Brunswick and of Pitt. What the young nobles of France were saying and doing in 1770-1790, the young nobles of England are pretty nearly saying and doing in 1840-1860: shamming sympathies incompatible with their own existence. The boast of the repentant, but still gay Duchess, that she would bring virtue into fashion, was a very good bravado; better have virtue as a fashion than not have it at all. But the worst of affecting to be good is, that you are expected to be good; and the tests occasionally applied to that fancy dress of politics worn by the noble school of Young England, have subjected the wearers to the inconvenience of anachronistic costume. When Cœur-de-Lion leaves St. Julliens' to smoke a cigar in a beer-house, even cabmen are

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afflicted with a sense of contrast; and when a naturally austere nobleman leaves a love and charity meeting to give an unreserved Tory vote in Parliament, he suggests the ridiculous, even to the well accustomed clerks at the table. Young England writes and talks fraternity all the morning, and goes down to the House to play the elder brother, all the evening.

The Earl of Shaftesbury may be classed among Young England; not that he ever formally entered their Church, or accepted their new testament drawn up by Mr. Disraeli; but that his instincts led him, coincidentally with their analogous contortions, to enact the part of the Christian peer—a character for whom the precise historical parallel as before suggested, is in the Rousseau-raving French noble. And Lord Shaftesbury has survived the school, just as Colonel Sibthorp has survived *his* school,—because more earnest, more honest, and less sensitive than the rest, he has never seen the anachronism. There is not a peer of the realm more devoted to his order; not a Protestant more zealous for Protestantism: not a sociologist more afraid of socialism; yet the Earl of Shaftesbury has done more harm to the peerage, more mischief to the Church, and given a greater aid to socialism, than any man of his time. He has talked very democratic prose all his life, without having had a suspicion of his tendencies: and when he has accomplished his mission he will recoil from the results with the most pious, yea, the most prayerful, horror.

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Although this excellent nobleman takes from his brethren the same title which he accords to his Maker, he may be referred to and studied as the model of a Christian gentleman. And that is his sin to his order; for if, as he tells every public meeting, in return for the vote of thanks given somewhat to the saint, but a little to the earl, he is only doing his duty, what must his father and his noble friends have been doing, all their lives, and what are the spiritual peers doing? It is the failing of this country to disbelieve in publicly professed goodness: it is never calculated that a pharisee may occasionally be the real thing; and it must be confessed that there is enormous scepticism in British society with regard to Lord Shaftesbury. This arises from so comparatively few of those who talk in this manner, ever having seen or watched the man upon whom they pronounce with such derisive emphasis. A fixed impression in the British mind is, that the Earl of Shaftesbury is a man who is always thinking about the Pope, who has a snuffle in his nose and a great surface of white in the region of the eye and the throat. And, no doubt, this enlightened and religious country detests such a figure,and, as a peer, would infinitely prefer the whilom Marquis of Waterford, in a carter's frock, fastening a publican's sign to a church door. But the Earl of Shaftesbury is strongly believed in by those who meet him at his meetings, and that is, perhaps, more than can be said of any other hero of the same scenes. He is, clearly, a man heartily

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and nobly in earnest; and though, with great faults of temperament, that forbid a graceful manner, and a rigid countenance, that suggests a champion not readily to be put down by Satan, he impresses you with a conviction that he is an enthusiast, perhaps of the Knox sort, but still a practical enthusiast. As far as any man's life affords evidence of purity of purpose, Lord Shaftesbury's evidences the sincere—shall we say?—fanatic. Men do not work as long and as hard as he has worked, without direct profit in what he would call this world's goods, for a whim. A "man of the world," as the most stupid of Britons denominate themselves, when they have found out human nature,—viz.—themselves,—has a right to suspect a bishop, who is virtuous: it is a bishop's business. But it may be shown by those commercial lights which alone illumine the mind of your average Englishman, that Lord Shaftesbury cannot be a hypocrite: for, that at any rate, the hypocrisy does not pay. Your poor peer in England has various methods of inducing his order to keep up its dignity, by handing him public money. He can get a ship, or a regiment, or a governorship, or a sinecure. The late Lord Shaftesbury got £5000 a-year, with great ease; and the present Peer, being started in the governing trade, was getting on with the usual success, and would have had his sinecure in due course, had he not deliberately, and in the prime of his manhood, resolved to be good: which means impracticable, and which therefore means his exclu-

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sion from all the pleasant things going. You could not convince them at a tradesman's club that the Peels and Russells do not go into public life merely for the £5000 a-year; but what Great British bagman would refuse this astounding evidence in Lord Shaftesbury's favour—that there is no salary attached to his walk of piety! In several novels, Lord Shaftesbury is sketched in virulent colours; he is described as a mere platform Christian, in his place on the platform, but useless elsewhere—in other words, not the sort of pious personage to apply to for money. Because he only preaches, and does not give, his sermons, it is suggested, very often are shams. Now, Paul occasionally had, unquestionably, to throw into his waste basket impossible begging letters. If Lord Shaftesbury were so blessed as to be enabled, like his Master, to distribute interminable loaves, he would, with the best heart in the world, frightfully derange the flour market. But if he has not the money, and cannot work miracles, should he therefore cease from preaching? The world in England seems to be divided into two classes—the class who talk unreserved Christianity and act inevitable hypocrisy, and the class who do not talk this Christianity, but who act not a whit better than the men they attack. The defenders of Lord Shaftesbury are met with this sort of taunt: "Were he a true Christian he would share his loaf." That is to say, he would never have more than one to share! How an austere Peer of the realm, with his prejudices and his lady to

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consult, can get over such a technical dilemma, it is not easy to say, though it is clear Lord Shaftesbury's conscience is reconciled to keeping a decent house over his head, and most respectable livery servants to wait upon him. And assuredly it would be a melancholy thing for thousands if, from a pious punctilio, Lord Shaftesbury withheld himself from the complacent career, in which directly, but more indirectly, he effects such vast and to him unexpected benefits. It is a shame, of course, that our bishops are clean, and do not live in Rag Fair, and do not sustain their spirits on "polonies" and Thames water: but until the spiritual Peers take their places with last year's lawn, we may excuse Lord Shaftesbury keeping a good coat on his back, and sending the little Ashley Coopers to Eton.

A man like Lord Shaftesbury as often goes wrong as right; but he at least confers this good,—he shows that society is not so heartless as it is supposed to be. In a country like England, such a man is of inestimable value; he leads where nearly all are ready to follow,—in the aid of misery. His Christianity may not be absolutely accurate, but, it would seem, the best we can get, and as near an approach as possible to the sublime impracticability of the Apostolic period. He does put up prayers to Providence to arrest the cholera; but he does cleanse the sewers too, so far as *he* can. In looking thus at his character, we are considering Lord Shaftesbury solely under his aspects as the social reformer. Lord Shaftesbury, the Protestant, is

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doubtless an illogical, because a parochial personage; and how the social reformer who is perpetually pointing out what a dead failure is Protestantism, can so eloquently urge the necessity of looking after the heathen, who does not seem physically so badly off as the Christian, is a perplexity which must be left to the solution of those learned in Exeter Hall ethics. A Protestant gentleman who demands religious toleration in Italy, and insists on an Anglican State Church in Ireland, and demands that Roman Catholic bishops shall be *in partibus* in England, is in an unsyllogistic state of mind, in which, if he be a good, and well-meaning, and earnest man, it is best to leave him, no logic being likely to have the slightest effect where Protestantism is mere parochiality. But watched in his parish, Lord Shaftesbury becomes admirable. So far as he has seen his way, he has accomplished miracles. The parish is in a frightful condition of social anarchy, and he has not set all to rights yet. But he has insisted on a recognition of the facts of our appalling civilization, and *that* was a good deal to do, which none other than a Peer and crack Christian could hope to do; for who would attend to an infidel mentioning that Christianity had broken down, or to a Radical suggesting that our enlightenment was a swindle? Lord Shaftesbury could afford to admit the hideous truths he encountered in English life, for he had no system to substantiate, no principle to defend, no theory to manipulate, and he does not concern himself with

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either causes of the misery or effect of his remedies of it,—he only wants to get at the immediate, swift remedy. Reckless of politics and of political economy, he sees suffering, and he makes his appeal to meetings, to literature, to Parliament: and he says "Let us subscribe." And the answering subscriptions have been grand. He has flattered the rich by appearing to believe in their interest for the poor; and the interest has turned out to be a fact. The divisions in the social scale in Great Britain are awful; the "two nations" are terribly distinct. But the rich did not master the poor by treachery, and do not remain the rich by a conspiracy. Equally victims, with the poor, of the rush and crush of the "progress" of "civilization," the rich lament the anarchy, even more than the poor—perhaps because the rich are men, and men in the mass are sympathetic and noble—but partly also because the conviction deepens daily among the rich that it is not their interest to have this anarchy. If the successful could see their way to put the failures on their legs, there would be no suffering in the world; but there is political economy, inexorably warning off sensitiveness in life; and the profoundest cynic must recognise, from his daily experience of the latent holiness in the most careless, that even those who gain most rapidly, by existing social disorganization, lament that that organization is so dismally inchoate. As men grow rich they refine; poverty is odorous; misery is ugly; and the front streets do not prefer the back streets as backgrounds

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—would revolutionize choleraic towns into valleys of peace—if they knew how. But they do not know how; and perhaps the truth of a man's apathy, which grows gradually into blind hardness, in the presence of nineteenth century horrors, is—despair. The Christians who go to church in grand clothes, and eat a good dinner, are not necessarily hypocrites; all men are struggling to keep their places in the crowd; not being even sure that the devil *would* take the hindmost, we must keep our places as near front as as we can; and the true interpretation of the good Samaritan story is—that all the other passers-by had appointments and could not wait. We, men of the world, Englishmen, enduring lectures upon our villany, on one side from Shaftesbury, on the other from Carlyle, are not by any means as bad as we flatter ourselves we are. Testing national virtue by national sacrifice, we are a magnificent race. Charity properly covers a multitude of sins; we have time to give, but not time to remedy; and in public charity England expends the revenues of a first-rate empire. Our poor law may be a blunder as an organization; but in principle and in intent it is a sublime institution: it would be better not to create the poor, but the next best thing, after the creation, is to help in some such way. And the poor-law is *law* demanding charity; but M. Guizot said truly that our "voluntary contributions" were our glory. And that is not all; ceaselessly would the affluent give if they knew to whom, how, or when; ceaselessly do they

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give, pity, sustain, struggle, and legislate when a Shaftesbury presents himself to lead; to do Samaritanism by "association;" to undertake Christianity by contract. There is no faith in private charity; not only does political economy condemn it, but we ourselves observe its mischief. "Voluntary contributions," associations, benevolence, are not justified by political economy; they do also a vast proportion of mischief; but it is less mischief than to leave things as they would be without associations and public dinners; and so long as the State —the nation—will not extend the principles of the poor-law, and organize social organization, we must be grateful for the discovery of a Shaftesbury. In George Sand's beautiful fable of "Mauprat," the rustic charities of "Edmèe" are described in language which is universally applicable:—"On les trompait tous les jours, en leur tirant de l'argent pour en faire une méchante usage, tandis que les journaliers, fiers et laborieux, manquaient de tout, sans qu'on pût le savoir. Elle craignait les humilier en allant s'enquerir de leurs besoins: et lorsque de mauvais sujets s'adressaient a elle, elle aimait mieux être leur dupe que de se tromper au detriment de la charité. De cette manière, elle dépensait beaucoup d'argent, et faisait peu de bien." It is a social mistake to continue the necessity of one class protecting the other: but there *is* such a necessity; and while England lives on in the glorious conviction that she is the freest and most enlightened of nations, let us—it cannot be too

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often repeated—honour Lord Shaftesbury, noblest of national almoners.

May he long remain in innocence of what he is doing! The Ten Hours' Act was an act of State Socialism; the Lodging Houses Act, and the Shoeblack Brigade Association were the deeds of a desperate communist. For his advances in this direction it would be premature and not practical to rejoice. But we may rejoice that he, more than any living man, has convicted the Church of being a delusion and our civilization of being a mockery. In time he may make us religious and rational; and if he succeeded in that we might even forgive him for maintaining to the last both Bishops and Peers.

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XII.—LORD HENRY LENNOX.

In a not splendid simile, Lord Brougham compares society—meaning the State—to a sow with more piglings than teats; and antecedent to his cleverly-reminiscent Lordship, Gilray has a caricature, significant as to disappointed place-hunters, in which, there being a surplusage of piglings, several are attempting nourishment from the tail of the fainting mother. Such are the coincidentally painful and ludicrous attitude and hope of the younger sons of the British aristocracy. They are, indeed, as a class, so completely the jest of other classes, that they are a jest to themselves. Yet the joke is a serious one to the public, for their contemptible position, leading to loss of self-respect, leads to defective *morale* in the public life in which they are actors; and it may readily be shown that if the Peerage had no younger sons, it would be much more pure and patriotic. The "detrimental" is a stock character in the fashionable novel, and also in politics, and it is because the younger son has small chances as to heiresses, that he is turned into the government of this free people. The younger son has no taste for politics: but what else is there for him to do but govern England?

Assuming that the British aristocracy includes the great landed commoners, there are many thou-

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sand younger sons in each generation to be provided for; and the Church being limited, besides being dull, and the Bar requiring cleverness, besides being unfashionable, and the army being poor, besides taking one out of London, what *is* a detrimental to do but take a *précis* writership, *attaché*-ship, private secretary-ship, good clerkship, or colonial appointment? Notwithstanding our Venetian constitution, our nobles consider commerce vulgar; they marry merchant princesses, when they can get them, but disdain to become merchant princes; and no University man ever thinks of pushing on to independence through a counting-house. Public life,—and Moggs, of the Colonial, fully believes that he is a statesman when he ponders at ten A.M. over the *Times*,—is all that is left to the young gentleman who is of a good family. The detrimental, when you meet him hanging about the club all day, will tell you that a feller must live, you know; and it is only because he sees no other chance in life that he bores all the kith he hath to bore the minister. A young English gentleman of this class is as fine a fellow as there is in Europe, from twenty to twenty-five years of age; unconscious of the constitutional delusions on which his "governor" has thrived, he never thinks a meanness, and would scorn to measure his private career by considerations with respect to a taxed but complacent public. But he gets into debt, of course, and then the public must pay. Public offices must be filled, and he does not see why he should not

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have an easy £200 or £300 per annum, which, with what the disgusted and overbled governor still consents to allow, will keep him till—till something turns up. Certainly he has no particular qualifications for anything in general. He has read Paul de Kock, and has French enough for a *précis* writer, —which is periphrase for copying clerk, who knows the difference between grave and acute accent. He would be puzzled to tell you where the Mauritius is, and would be longer than Di Gama in rounding the Cape, if you put a globe before him. But, never mind: he will go to the Colonial Office, with pleasure, and gets accustomed to Grey's or Newcastle's autography, with great quickness. As to education, has he not forgotten as much Greek as Liddell remembers, and can he not very nearly translate his chief's Latin quotations, in the House? His general "information" is extensive: he can tell you all about Bals Mabille and the Argyll Rooms, and why Colonel Weel gave up his stud; and he is convinced, over his cigar, in the evening, that Palanque is a wonderful cook, and that the French people are not fit for liberty, sir,—not a bit of it: while he is sure that the British Constitution is stunning. He has made up his mind about the Manchester school: low, sir, narrow-minded, think of nothing but money; and he has a hankering after pitching into Cobden, and no doubt would, but that he thinks Bright might come up. On the whole, perhaps, he is a very ridiculous animal.

The British aristocracy is, obviously, not clever.

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Except Lord John Russell, no younger son has distinguished himself for years, and the present house of Derby offers the only really prominent eldest sons, for several generations. In politics the Cannings, Peels, and Disraelis—the clever parvenus who consent to be the tools of the aristocracy—get the first places, and elsewhere the aristocracy is utterly unillustrious. Throughout the Peninsular war only Paget, of the whole peerage connexion, got a first position; and, in India's military service, no lordly name is known since Wellesley. In diplomacy we may count Lord William Bentinck, as the only great man that has turned up, from the peerage, in behalf of the British people. In the Church what honourable, beyond Mr. Noel, ever gained even a respectable place? At the Bar Mr. Norton (through Mrs. Norton) got a metropolitan court, and Mr. Wortley, by cultivating a knowledge of fish dinners, became City Recorder. With regard to commerce, as the Irish officer "died of love (through drink) last year," the Duke of Bridgwater made a fortune, by an inevitable canal; and Lord Alfred Paget, having once wandered to Shoreditch, was pounced upon, and made a railway director, to his astonishment—as his countenance evinces ever since. True, a Plantagenet is Chairman of the London and North-Western, but that may be put down as a railway accident. Then, in literature? Byron, it has been often said, was an accidental Lord, who owed his brains to a vulgar Scotch woman; and, since Byron, not a presentable

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poet from the titular grandees, except Mr. Julian Fane, who, perhaps, may get some laurels for his orders. As to the crowd of younger sons, sprung from the land *consumere fruges*, they, with all their start and advantages, are beaten into back places, even in the easiest work, by vigorous new men, thinking less of the glory of having had a grandfather, than of the honour of leaving a fortune for a grandson. The fact is, that the detrimentals wont work: born into shifty affluence, it is easier to struggle on in a false position than to struggle out of it; and, in our generation, "fast" is so much the vogue, that a man of thirty thinks he has gone through enough, and is entitled to lounge away an existence not enjoyed because *not* exhausted. The detrimental is, in short, "a swell" till his waist becomes bulgy and his hair thin, and his pulse twittery; and then, to use the fine expression of Macaulay, having lost his youth, he throws his manhood after it in despair: toddling on, accordingly, to malignant fogydom. The utter inutility of younger-son-ism, as a class, fills a philosophical spectator with melancholy; and as idle men of unrigid careers are mischievous, such a spectator, deploring the expense of such a class to the people, must also speculate upon the effect on "society." The honourable Mr. de Trop, who has been in all the capitals of Europe, and has become a man of the world, will tell you, frankly, that society is in an awful state, sir,—cuss him, if Princesses are not as available as grisettes—that is, *crême de la crême*

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for the strawberry leaves; and as to the West End of London, why, hang him, if it isn't a doosed deal worse than Venice ever was. Why? Because younger-son-ism counteracts the holy influences of our reformed religion.

The parliamentary younger son is essentially of the class, with the class characteristics; and Lord Henry Lennox may be taken fairly as a specimen of his order. Nobody ever heard of Lord Henry Lennox: and that is the very reason why he should be selected as a sample of the social and political detrimental. Lord Henry Lennox is a son of the Duke of Richmond, and has no appearance of being ashamed of his ancestry. Mr. Wickham, the celebrated Radical, having been intrigued out of Chichester by his Grace the Duke, his Grace succeeded in returning Lord Henry for that highly independent borough; and as member for Chichester, Lord Henry Lennox sits, or rather strolls, a component part of the British Legislature. As an M.P. he is not eminent, and his principal Parliamentary act was in running out for, and running in with, a tumbler of cherry brandy for the refreshment of Mr. Disraeli, when that remarkable financier was reaching the fifth hour of his immortal Budget. For that act Lord Henry Lennox got £1200; that is, he was a year in office, and he was a Lord of the Treasury. For he is a Derbyite, or was; he may return to the allegiance of Lord Aberdeen, who made him once a *précis*-writer. Lord Henry Lennox parts his hair in the middle,

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and is doubtless in favour of a *juste milieu* policy. Generally speaking, Lord Henry Lennox, like a large majority of the inhabitants of clubs, is in favour of £1200 a year. He is also against the endowment of Roman Catholics, their teaching, in his opinion, being immoral; and you may see him, any evening during the season, in the omnibus-box of the Opera, or in the stalls of the Haymarket, with his back to the stage and his hands in his pockets, looking vaguely senatorial in the eyes of the free people in the galleries. He considered, for some years, that the unrestricted importation of foreign corn would be ruinous to this happy nation; but he would now prefer a "revision of taxation" to a return to the corn laws. That is to say, he puts that opinion in Dod; he was never known to mention anything in the House; and at Chichester he is not confidential—certainly not voluble. When he needs relaxation from studying the complicated action of British politics, he goes on the turf; and he is said to be better able to make a book than a speech. His career, political, consists in cheering Mr. Disraeli and advising Lord Stanley to go ahead. He has a great horror of Sir James Graham, and thinks, or thought, the Coalition "mean." He hates Mr. Bright, because he is so personal, and laughs at Mr. Hume, because he is so scrupulous; and on the whole, he does not believe the Radicals are in earnest in deprecating bribery, while he is sure the Whigs are sham Liberals,—and he hates shams,—as he told the

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people of Chichester when, just after his election —they pelted him. He thinks Lord John Manners a fine poet, and agrees in the importance of saving our old nobilitie; and he is proud of the British constitution, but still thinks it twaddle to abuse Louis Napoleon, and considers Kossuth and those fellows humbugs. What is to become of this country he is not quite sure about; but he knows this, that the Radicals would render Great Britain ungentlemanly. He does not mind the people having a small, subdued, voice in the House; he supposes he cannot help that; but he thinks our statesmen should be more contemptuous of the pressure from without. He is also disgusted that the big constituencies send up men who are able to talk. There is his brother, March, and his brother Alexander, and himself—three Members, sir, and representing a whole Duke—why the three never occupied an hour in talking to the House—not altogether between them; and he would like to know if the large towns ought not to be as moderate. Their votes are equal to all the Manchester together with half the Liverpool representation; and yet they never intrude, except when a change of Ministry occurs, and then surely three votes are entitled to £1200 a year between them? He is not altogether opposed to the coming Reform Bill. He will not deny that it was a good thing to sweep away the rotten boroughs; and he is sure the county franchise ought to be extended to counteract the radical fellows. At the same time he is

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not so sure that the Radicals are the popular men after all. He should not wonder if Disraeli were to propose universal suffrage; and, by Jove, he believes the rabble would prefer lords to mill-owners after all. Meanwhile, even when without the £1200 a-year, he is for keeping faith with the public creditor, and all that sort of thing; and he's hanged if he will not always vote for keeping up the Church, and all that sort of thing.

And that sort of thing is just as popular and safe as any other sort of thing. Whence doubts as to British privilege to dictate to Tuscany and appoint Colonial Bishops.

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XIII.—VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

The difficulty of daguerreotyping Proteus would be comparable with the perplexity of a biographer in attempting a sketch of the career of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston. For, though the individuality is, at all stages, identical, there are four different personages to deal with—Palmerston, who was the raging young Pittite; Palmerston, the adolescing Canningite; Palmerston, the juvenile Whig; and Palmerston, the attaining-years-of-discretion Coalitionist. There is none of the Ciceronian symmetry in the career; beginning, middle, and end—it is all beginning. Lord Palmerston, it is said, was born in 1784, and, it is known, has grey hair and is slender about the limbs; but if he is old, it is in the same sense as some of Pugin's churches are in ruins, or as Birkenhead is a premature Palmyra. Youth, with all its virtues, as well as with all its vices, is the principal characteristic of Lord Palmerston; and, as his eternal youth cannot, in a material age, be supposed to be the gift of the gods, the political physiologist must attribute the ever-during felicity of this felicitous man to the complex accident of a good stomach and a bad memory, the last ensuring a perpetual fresh start, without the slightest *arrière pensée*, at every period, and in all predicaments.

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The daring and the indifference of youth are the salient points in a character which is indebted to its coolness for most of its conspicuousness; and it will be found, in consequence, that from the early period when Lord Palmerston, on behalf of Canning, undertook to crush "the Duke," to his most recent manifesto, when he announced his intention to put down Providence,* Lord Palmerston has always in that sense been the same. But his mobile intellect has taken so much the hue of each period he has passed through, that, beyond the unfading vivacity there are only traditions and statistics to assure us that the perpetual Palmerston is one personalty.

The late Dr. Maginn, writing of the mythically old Mr. Rogers, said, that "after passing the first eighty or ninety years of his age in the usual dissipations of youth, he began to bethink him of a profession;" and in the same way the biographer of Lord Palmerston has to mention, that the illustrious career commenced when his Lordship was attaining half a hundred years. Some men only begin to be great with the gout, as if it only occurred to them to look after immortality as they feel the approach of death. Indeed, as the animals and plants which grow slowest attain the greatest age, so an Admiral Blake may be more eminent

* Some Scotch clergymen petitioned Lord Palmerston, as Home Secretary, to advise her Majesty to fix a day for national prayers to the Almighty for the cessation of cholera. The answer was, It would be better to look after town drainage.

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than a Don John of Austria, and Lord Palmerston may be a greater man than Mr. Pitt. Nations, we are told by writers who do not believe in opinion, and therefore appeal to poetry, should rely upon their youth; but nations do not, they open Casinos for their youth; and so sceptical are mankind of that precocity which is wise at second hand, that not one in a million ever gets his chance before he is forty. Lord Palmerston, a Peer at eighteen, was in the House before he was in a beard; but the silence of twenty years intimated his profound conviction that the Romans were right in admitting to the senate only those who had attained to the dignity of forty years: and, in fact, he was only politically of age when, repudiating his guardians, the Tories, he discovered (in 1830) that "life" was only to be seen with the Whigs. Among the Whigs he *has* lived recklessly and gaily; and, at this moment, we encounter him, his hot blood tamed, returning to the connections he forsook, and acknowledging that conservative morality which he once, when the Duke was meddlesome at the War Office, so fervently despised. That Lord Palmerston has had his wild oats is very certain: and as wild oats should always be green, it is perhaps to be regretted that his wisdom was all in his salad days, and his folly all in the sere. But he selected silence as his talent when other men are most talkative; was for twenty years (from 1809 to 1828) a mere official subordinate; and we can only criticise him from the moment when he

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commenced to perform. If, indeed, we were to study the official, as well as the statesman, we should find material for sustained astonishment. He was the Secretary at War who signed warrants for the conveyance of Napoleon I to St. Helena, and he was the Secretary of State who offended his Sovereign by recognising that Napoleon III had commenced to reign. He was about nineteen years in office under the Tories; and about sixteen years in office under the Whigs. As Tadpole would say, he is a wonderful man,—he has had the longest innings on record,—and he is wonderful, not for his batting, but for his baulk. And as Lord John Russell says in his "Fox," of another Whig, the retention of office is attributable, not to the desire for its emoluments, but to a "love for its activity." His offices assuredly have been no sinecures; and that, whatever the office, Lord Palmerston would be officious, is evidenced in the circumstance, that when they put him into the quiet Home Department, he insisted upon dealing with Providence as a Foreign Power. He was Secretary at War in war time; and his sixteen years of foreign secretaryship were sixteen years of attempts to break the peace. He has a passion for work; and he has indulged it without, as yet, any of the ordinary dismal results of obeying Nature. There is age in the hair, the limbs, and the voice; but this is physical decay only,—the intellect is unconscious of decline; the sword is not less sharp that it gradually cuts through the scabbard. If the Duke

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of Wellington was a marvel at eighty, Lord Palmerston, at seventy, is a miracle. And he is happy in the foils supplied by the *fadeurs* of some of his present colleagues.

It may, nevertheless, be remarked that, Lord Palmerston's statesmanship has been chiefly illustrated in keeping in the service of the State. His career has been all beginning, because he has never had anything to finish; and a not unnatural estimate has been formed of him that, as he has kept in to baulk and not to score, his ambition is rather that of a busybody than of a philosopher. In other words, it is said that this illustrious man has, with all his chances, been a failure. But this is unphilosophical. For that life cannot be pronounced a failure which never had an object. Lord Palmerston has never had a policy; and, therefore, has been so politic. He has been *homme d'état*, not statesman. Born into the governing classes he consented to the work of his caste as the Chinese son of a Chinese house-painter consents to live the adorner of mansions; and it will not be denied that he is one of the most perfect governors of modern times. His faculties are critical—not creative; administrative—not originative; and his forte, as every member of Parliament knows, is to answer, not to propose, questions. This is not to say that he is a clerk, like Sir James Graham; but it is to say that, with all his vast vigour, unbounded knowledge, and relentless logic, he is not of so fine an order of mind, even

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as Lord John Russell, who, with antithetical feebleness, holds a higher place in the world's estimation, simply because of the episodical possession of the poetic intellect—at once creative and analytical. Lord Palmerston's genius is nothing but a genius for common sense. He is said to be the only Peer of pure Saxon descent; and he has always struck me, as being the intensest Englishman in English public life. The Duke of Wellington was said, in the same way, to have been the impersonation of the English character; and, considering that he, like Lord Palmerston, was an Irishman, this is peculiar; and I fancy, that if the Duke of Wellington had had a parliamentary, in lieu of a military education, he would have been much the same man that Lord Palmerston has so long been. The man who discovered that great first principle, that the Queen's Government must be carried on, indicated his fitness for the carriage; and that is the principle which is to be detected as the key to the career of Lord Palmerston. Never left sufficiently long in Opposition to study into crotchetiness, he was early imbued with a reverence for the practical and a partiality for the possible; and never having acquired a prejudice he, like all men to that extent wise, was never hampered with a principle. Official life, in a country like England, governed by an oligarchy, leads to very concrete politics. In such a country, there is an esoteric system, which only the Ins can learn, which only those who have been years in

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fully learn, and which once thoroughly mastered, obtains for the adept the awe and the veneration of Radicals, eternal Outs, who only know one-half of the game. The high position, therefore, of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, is attributable, not at all to any conviction that he is a first-rate intellect leading the century; but is the result of a well-founded belief, that he is of a most emphatically "practical" character, polished into something like statesmanship by the awful experience of forty years of responsible "office." And he would seem to have been sought for in every Cabinet, not as the man to steer, but as the man to trim the sails—not as a man who could tell you very well where he was going, but as a man who could snuff, and rather relished, a gale of wind. Thus, Lord Palmerston has always been a departmental minister; and having lived, during his most sagacious years, in that department, the functions of which best enabled him to subordinate the preposterous pretensions of his countrymen to European priority, he appears never to have ambitioned the *rôle* of leader or arbitrator in the petty squabbles and parochial competitions of Tories and Whigs, Conservatives and Radicals. Distinguished by an aptitude for the management of men, that is to say, a happy manner, enabling him to use his knowledge of men, he has always contrived to be a popular minister; his felicitous concessions to current cants, being all the more impressive and enduringly influential, from the significant sparseness of his Par-

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liamentary appearances. But his management of men has been illustrated chiefly in private, and not in public; wisely he arranged for the plaudits of the chorus; but wisely he has always considered the confidence of the Governing Classes most desirable for a Government. The temptations to Lord Palmerston to become a Parliamentary chatterer have been considerable. With great volition, self-possession, and knowledge, he was always fluent; practice gave him, in perfection, the knack of the place; and prolonged habits of dictating despatches bestowed upon him the fortunate peculiarity of being a Parliamentary personage who spoke sentences not needing the emendation of the poor gentlemen in the gallery. Lord Palmerston, however, fully comprehending the delusions of Parliamentary government, has taken little care to conceal from the *habitués* of the "House" his accomplished contempt for the constitutional doctrine, that the *ignorami*, Brown and Robinson, because they are elected by the boors of Swillshire, or the barbarians of Bribeton, are consequently entitled to voices in the direction of the affairs of the British empire. Whatever the office he might have happened to hold, he would have cleverly checked the encroaching conceit of his countrymen; but, educated in the Foreign Office, into the accurate annals of England, made conscious in that department of the absolute despotism of a British Cabinet, he has always taken advantage of his position to subdue our notions

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that we are a self-governed people. He can talk, he has always talked, with well-acted vehemence, the Bermondsey policy—a policy which has its inspiration in the belief that Britain is the first and freest of countries. To Islington deputations, indeed, and to other deputations of Britons, who "sympathised" with Kossuth while applauding Ward in Cephalonia, and Clarendon in Dublin, Lord Palmerston has been satirically revolutionary. But the Bermondsey policy never got into any but those despatches which were manufactured for the eventual Blue Book, compiled to mislead. It costs very little trouble to deceive a people at once conceited and confiding; it is only necessary to flatter them; it is only dull men, like Lord Malmesbury, who cannot, at the same time, conciliate the Continent and command England. No doubt, however, a man must be Whig to be a successful English Secretary of Foreign Affairs. "Le Whig," says Balzac, "est la femme de votre gouvernement (Anglais)." The Whigs are those weak-minded members of the Governing Classes who took to cunning to compensate for want of power; and it is only the Whig, practised at home in playing class against class, who has the adroitness to preach liberalism, and act the frightful example, in the Foreign Office.

Those who have been careful observers of Lord Palmerston, impartially balancing words against deeds, are not disposed to coincide either in the creed of Mr. Urquhart, or in the credulity of the pre-

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sentors of the portrait. The impression produced by Lord Palmerston, both as a respondent to questions and a controversalist in debate, is, that notwithstanding all his acumen, he very often improvises his convictions; in other words, that he is an impulsive man, in the sense, that having no principles, he is uncertain in action. In home politics, even his countrymen have perceived that his views are broad, vague, and comprehensive, as taking a nation in; his career affording proof that he cannot conceive the distinctions between "parties." And certainly there is room for an inquiry, whether his foreign policy has not been just as unsystematic as his home policy? To attribute to him a design, abroad, would be to attribute to him a faculty of statesmanship which he has never exhibited at home. Abroad, he has displayed, when occasion arose, the most consummate tact, the noblest courage, and the craftiest comprehension of the immediate problem; but there is no evidence, beyond Urquhartly concatenation of accidents, to indicate the foresightedness, or the afterthoughtedness, of a great patriot or a great renegade. There are, unquestionably, some grounds for the Gallic belief in the perfidy of Albion. There is an enduring English, as there is an enduring Russian, policy—the secret policy of Britain always having reference to the commerce of Britain, as Frenchmen, to the surprise of British Radicals, have discovered; and certainly Lord Palmerston would not be so popular as he is

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on the 'Changes of England, if it were not that he, more than all his contemporary competitors, understands the sanctity of British trade. That general traditional policy of the Foreign Office he has followed with victorious fidelity. He has also been perfectly consistent in his explanations (at home) in recommending the unenlightened communities of the Continent to try Constitutionalism upon the English model, including the heaviest debt in Europe,* and a House of Commons into which any man can purchase an entrance. But beyond this simple action, sustained by this British affectation, the rest of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy is vagary. We find that he has two classes of assailants: those who believe he is in the interest of despotism, and those who are convinced he is an agent of democratic revolution: and the explanation is,—that sometimes he is one thing, and sometimes the other. The Germans sang, in 1848 and 1849,—

> —— "Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
> So ist er, sicher, Palmerston:"

men like Blum, and men like Schwarzenberg, entertaining, upon exactly opposite grounds, precisely the same aversion. Those kings, and ministers, and bureaucrats, who were submerged in the storm of 1848, traced the European catastrophe to the

* A leading and liberal journal the other day amusingly quoted, as a compliment to the British people, the maxims of a foreign financier, that it was only upon such institutions as the British that a Government could raise large loans!

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design of Lord Palmerston, Minto being universally regarded on the Continent as the dyspeptic Œolus: and again, when reaction set in, the patriots everywhere recognised as the original reason the duplicity of Lord Palmerston—his lordship, no doubt, showing really curious delight when Louis Napoleon put the seal to the popular disasters. But in the inconsistency of the conduct is the acquittal of the accused. Excepting that commercial by-policy already referred to, England has no general broad system to carry out: her constitution being a delusion, and her social life a horror, she does *not* teach the Continent how to live, while, on the other hand, she is, in political and social liberty, a thousand years before Austria or Italy. Whoever, then, holds the seals of the Foreign Office must wander: and when the Secretary is, at the same time, a man who merely applies his common sense, irrespective of past and future alike, to circumstances as they arise, British foreign policy would be exactly of the delirious character of Lord Palmerston's. That, thanks to the continued freshness of his soul, and youthfulness of his intellect, he would, despite all the lessons of his experience, enfranchise all mankind, his countrymen included, from all the tyrannies of creeds and "constitutions," there is, I think, very little doubt; that is to say, that his taste lies that way; and it is not his fault if mankind are unfit for or unprepared for the maxims of his magnificent common sense, or the workings of his fine sympathies. But as he is a statesman

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whose statemanship is to keep in, he controls his impulses; and has played with profound tact, between the various influences which beset his career at the Foreign-Office. He has reconciled, with more success, than any other man, the necessities of the trading, with the tastes of the governing, classes: he has known better than any other man how to defend some commercial object (as, for instance, the African squadron) upon a lofty ground, either of religion or of constitutionalism. Occasionally, as was inevitable, one side or other would be enraged with him; the aristocracy, led by Lord Derby, once tried to crush him; and the Crown, whose family penchants he had been compelled, for greater objects, for a moment to forget, attempted in 1852 to annihilate him,—and only annihilated the Whigs, which the Crown will regret. But he had acquired, in his long retention of office, *knowledge;* and such knowledge in English politics is omnipotence. He is the stronger for his rebounds from every blow: and at this moment is the most popular of British statesmen;—and—were I a young—and therefore a perplexed—member of the House of Commons,—the politician whom I would most watch.

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XIV.—MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

When Napoleon asked Cambacères whether a certain man could be trusted, Cambacères answered, "Why,—really—his linen is remarkably white,—and—I believe he is gourmet." The first impression about that illustrious statesman, the Marquis of Lansdowne, is, that he is very clean, and is a great patron of the Arts and Belles Lettres. Particularly he is very clean: and only that Robespierre, who never soiled his boots, was partial to the guillotine, one would judge of the Marquis of Lansdowne's character by the consistent purity of the Marquis of Lansdowne's dress. He would attract your attention, any pleasant Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday evening, during the "season," when he is picking his way up Parliament Street at about seven, on his way from legislation to dinner, is the cleanest old gentleman you had ever beheld. The specklessness of the costume is that of Sèvres ornament: and the cold, calm face increases the effect of the clean glitter—dazzling in a dirty town, street, and among soiled Londoners, as a meteor—iced. It is a great thing to fix, without offending, attention; and though the Marquis of Lansdowne is not noble in aspect, is only plain and gentlemanly, yet most people

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turn, pleased, to look at him as he passes in a crowd. And they are not surprised when they find that is the great Marquis of Lansdowne: he fulfils, in air, dress, and manner, the public notion of the man. Chief in precedence, and last in fact, of the Whigs—that is precisely the sort of man such a man should be. The Whigs were always famous for neat dressing: and the Marquis wears what might once have been the common dress of the party. You see he is clothed in a cover of the *Edinburgh*—buff and blue.

As to the Marquis's other characteristic, the characteristic of Mæcenas, it is just as conspicuous. His Whiggery is attested by his coat: and his love and patronage of the ingenious arts is demonstrated by the letters (in Burke) after his name—D.C.L., F.R.S.:—further evidence being, on the same authority, that he is President of the Literary Fund Society, a Trustee of the National Gallery, &c. Then there is the story that he was "præsidium et dulce decus meum" to Moore, to whose fourth baby he stood godfather (giving the nurse a £10 note, half of which Mrs. Moore kept, with the poet's assent), and to whom he gave a cottage—magnanimous man!—for he only owns two or three counties. Moore records several literary conversations with the Marquis, all of which show that his Lordship's literary profundity was very much like Marshal Murat's, who, hearing Virgil named, exclaimed, "Ah que j'aime Virgil! ce grand poète! quel beaux vers! Tityre tu patulæ," &c.;

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though, indeed, the Marquis had principles of taste, analogous with his principles of politics,—possessing a Whiggish desire to ridicule the ancients, because they were ancients. The Marquis of Lansdowne loved arts and letters because he was a Whig. That was the sort of thing the Whigs set up for in his time; and he followed the fashion, just as Lord John, with as little capacity, did much about the same time. Why the Whigs should be literary and the Tories only political, cannot be easily explained. Gifford used to say he wished there was a Holland House on the other side: which would have been a pity, because the Tories got such great trust simply by establishing a reputation as best men of business: but the reason was not that there were not cleverer Lords than Holland among the Tories, but only because they none of them had got into the habit of cultivating social fascinations of the Holland House sort. Whig love of letters was only a habit: in later times Peel's was the Holland House:—Peel being, certainly, a nobler patron of literature, and enjoying a finer appreciation of science, than Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, or Lord John Russell. The Whig habit of Mæcenasing was acquired in Fox's time. Fox's father and family were barbarians,—like the best English nobles of that day, Horace Walpole, who was not of the Whig genius, excepted; but Fox lived, in his youth, a great deal abroad, and in the cultivated good society, saturated with Voltaire, of Paris and Italy,

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and he acquired tastes and faculties and sympathies which puzzled the then Holland House, and also Brookes', when he got home—his French verses, of which any fairly educated English youth of twenty of our day would be heartily ashamed, being regarded by a British society not very well able to spell, as proofs of surprising genius. Fox became the idol of the young fellows; and as Fox read everything, particularly novels, it became a fashion to be clever—especially with the women. But the other heroes of the party were literary. Burke first, and then Sheridan, sustained and intensified the tone imparted by Fox to the party—men like Barré and Francis having prepared the way for that allusive and "smart" style of debating which Gibbon deplored, and which reached its perfection when Sheridan thundered a quotation from Demosthenes, which he subsequently confessed was in the Irish tongue, or as near an approach as he could remember to that enthusiastic language. That the fashion did as much harm as good to the Whigs is quite certain. Every young Whig wrote something when he came of age: and the majority of the young Whigs made great messes of literature—or if they succeeded, got spoiled as politicians. Lord John wrote a play and a biography; and has ever since, no doubt, deeply regretted that he thus offered a real test of the extent of his capacity. On the other hand, Shiel, who was, if anything, a Whig, like all the young Irish collegians who worshipped Grattan, wrote a play which spoiled him—

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he acted all his life after. For a certain time the literary reputation of the Whigs gave them an artistic position as a party: and they derived immense advantage, as the reading public increased, from the accession to their cause of all the clever fellows who turned up. Holland House was somewhere to go to: and the poets on town decided on Whiggery. To have Moore on their side was worth fifty votes to the Whigs; and how easily astute nobles could contrive to silence all the dangerous pens, was illustrated in Moore's career—for by a little flattery, a little cottage, and a little aid of directer sorts, they kept him quiet, intense Irish patriot as he was, even after Sheridan was deserted —and even while O'Connell was being prosecuted. Very slight management, and a few dinners, secured Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham: and the *Edinburgh Review* got the intellect of England alongside the Whigs. "All the talents" were so obviously Whigs, that every man of genius took to the party as a matter of course. Byron was no Whig, either by connection or by nature: and yet Byron was flattered and petted into doing enormous service to the Whigs by doing enormous mischief (more out of England than in it) to the Tories —strong Tories, too, like Castlereagh and Wellington. Mackintosh was taken up by the Whigs because he attacked Burke (whose style, all the Whigs said, had fallen off—as soon as he left them): and yet Mackintosh had as little sympathy with Whig principles as with French principles.

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Canning lounged into the Whig party as an inevitable thing; it was only when, matured, his vigorous and honest genius discovered that the Whigs were *dilettanti*, that he sought the more masculine sympathies of Pitt. In those days the Whigs, eternally out, and forced to cultivate external alliances, managed the press excellently. They sent Perry gossip and invitations, and, what is more, dined with him: so with Hunt, and as clever and influential men of the same class; and the result was, that the press—which, in these days, neglected, is abstract and to party useless—educated the rising generation to believe in the Whigs. We wonder now when an editor of a great journal dines with Lord Aberdeen: in those days royal Whig dukes went to dine with editors—and the editors did not chronicle the fact.

And, after all, this patronage of literature, at first an accident, and then a policy, was very definite,—or rather very indefinitely small, in substance. There are few instances of Whig liberality to men of genius; whereas there are many instances of Tory liberality to men of genius. Canning and Disraeli, one the son of an actress, the other the son of a Jew antiquary, got the "lead" of the House of Commons: are there such instances on the Whig side? When the Marquis of Rockingham died, Burke was the natural heir to the party; but he was pooh-poohed into a fourth or fifth place, and set aside in favour of Charles Fox, who was a mere Lord Derby: and it

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was when Burke discovered, in the very zenith of his genius, that an unfamily-ed "adventurer" had no chance with young nobles addicted to declamation on the rights of man, that he left the Whigs,—taking on them a terrible vengeance by arresting the French Revolution! Sheridan's is a parallel case. Too much has been made of his sorrows: he was not more worthless, or half so immoral as Fox; but he was worthless and he was immoral: and he died friendless, because he had never deserved to keep a friend. But he served the Whigs for years: served them when he could have got from George IV what he most needed,—money—to desert them: and yet they never gave him a first office or seat:—and on his death-bed he cursed them and the hire for which he had sold his genius. Prophetically, with justice: for when he died they maligned him: and Lord Holland, the hospitable Lord Holland, tells, in his book, how "Sherry," when his guest, used to take a bottle of wine and a book—"the former for use"—up to bed, and how he would stop, the next morning, on his way to town, at a Kensington public-house for a "drain:"—interesting details, but hardly worthy of the narration of a hospitable entertainer. The Whigs bought Moore, and made him eternally contemptible,—a traitor to the creed and the country to which he lavishly professed devotion: but at how small a price! They gave his father a guagership; they gave him £300 a year. That as a party; and as individuals they did less. When

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Moore was flying from the Bermuda storm—"still vexed" in the law courts, too—they made him offers of help so small that he was compelled to decline them. Lord John Russell proffered him the copyright of the dismal Biography, not adding —strangely enough—his share in the receipts during the performance of *Don Carlos!* Not a Whig followed Moore to his grave; and Moore's legacy to the Whigs,—that they would make such use of his MSS. as would bring his widow a small annuity, whereupon to end her days,—is so nobly appreciated, that rather than club £100 per annum between them, they soil his memory by pitching to the public the undigested mass of his essentially private papers. So on to the end of the list of Whig agents. To Mackintosh, as to Macaulay afterwards, they gave a second-rate Indian appointment. They attempted to retain Brougham as their abject tool: and because Brougham resisted, they reviled him. They never could bear great law officers: as Fox hated Thurlow and Dunning, Lord John Russell has sneered at Brougham and suppressed Roebuck,—wherefore Brougham dictated, and Roebuck wrote their 1830 history. The Whigs were always promising to promising young men: but seldom fulfilled a promise. Mr. Fonblanque was, for a space of twenty years, the greatest of the "Liberal" "Wits," before he was found out by the Whigs; and excepting Mr. Fonblanque, not a Liberal writer, who was not also one of the caste, has, in later

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times, received at the hand of the Whigs a passport to the service of the country. And those who were in "the House" fared worse; for their ambition was the more conspicuous, and their disappointment the more glaring. Charles Buller was a surpassingly brilliant man. At one point in his career, if he had headed the Radical party, he would have effected wonders. But he sank all his energies, all his genius, all his honour, in the service of the Whigs: perhaps because he was very poor, but I believe because he was misled by the *ignis fatuus* of the historic glory of the Whigs. Such a perfect parliamentary man had not turned up since Charles Townsend; he was created for the House of Commons. Yet he died, full of remorse and misery; he had been kept down, while *Crétins* like Lord —— had been put up. The catalogue (and it might be amplified to pain) is as long as the list of Margaret's lovers—used, and then scorned—who floated down the Seine, below the Tour de Nêsle. Lately, Holland House became shunned as the Whig Tour de Nêsle: and in our day the old Whigs broke down, because every young Liberal — a premature Ulysses — found that though the Syrens made pleasant music —they kept their places. A terrible chapter of history would be "the Whigs and their Victims:"—

> "In verdant meads *they* sport, and wide around
> Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground."

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Old parties need new blood: but blood is simply the product—of food.

Whether the Whigs have not always been as unreal in their politics as unearnest in their patronage of letters, is a question, appropriately raised in discussing the career and character of the amiable Marquis of Lansdowne, which will never be fairly discussed but by some man like Guizot, who without being an Englishman, comprehends as thoroughly as any Englishman does, English history. At this period it is a question to be raised by Liberals, without the slightest danger to the Liberal cause. The English people have no longer to seek popular triumphs by playing different sections of the aristocracy against one another. In our day our democracy has to pit Manchester against Downing Street,—the ambitious middle class against the whole of a worn out aristocracy. Mr. Disraeli said, when turned out, that he was sure of one thing,—that England had never loved coalitions: but between the last and any preceding coalition there could be no parallel. This last was a coalition, in fact, of the whole of the aristocracy —of Whig and Tory; all others were coalitions of sections of Lords against other Lords; and though, even in this case, a clique of Lords are left out, they are Lords without a party or a principle, and, consequently, leaving out Lord Derby means as little in history as leaving out Lord Grey—losing Lord Palmerston as little as leaving out Lord Grey. And by such a coalition the Whigs commit suicide; or

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rather, the alliance of a Tory leader like Lord Aberdeen with the alliance of a Whig leader like Lord Lansdowne, is the alliance of Mezentius with a corpse: and hence the propriety of an inquest on Whiggery. And an impartial investigation does not lead to the conclusion that the Whigs have ever been respectable. That the empire is indebted to them for every advance in liberty and organization since the Revolution of 1688, is palpably true, —and that at this moment the whole aristocracy is, so to speak, Whig—and that we have a coalition dependent for its chances upon a competition, with the middle class, in Liberalism,—are beyond all question. But the Tiger fought with the Lion for the Lamb, not for the Fox's sake: and the Fox eat his Lamb without a thought of gratitude to either of the combatants. "Civil and Religious Liberty" has never been more than a cry with the Whigs; whereas "Church and State" was more than a cry with the Tories—their interests were bound up in Conservatism, and their interests were the interests of their class, which included the Whigs. The "glorious revolution," with which the Whigs always began their congratulations, was a colossal imposture on the people. The result was to make the House of Commons omnipotent, and gradually the House of Commons got more and more afraid of the people; but, in intention, the Whigs, who comprised most of the titled nobility, meant merely to destroy a Monarch who had resolved himself to rule, and not to let the

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Aristocracy rule, the nation. How far religious liberty was meant, was proved by the penal laws against the Papists in Ireland; and Scotland, in an early massacre, and often afterwards, ascertained the extent of Whig and Dutch devotion to civil freedom, while England, becoming a Dutch Treasure House (and always,—is not the same feeling exhibited to this day,—abhorring the rule of a "Foreign Prince"), perceived how much finer it was to be governed by a Stadtholder than by a Pope—though the price of the Stadtholder was a new national debt. The reign of Anne (and even that soon the aristocracy had split again, so that her Parliament, when she died, was the most High Church and Prerogative Parliament since the time of Charles II,—which suggests the "progress" made by the glorious revolution) has been called the Augustan age of England:—and so it was—for liberty, civil and religious, was dead. The Whigs held power during the two first Georges' reigns, not because they were for civil and religious liberty, but because the Tories were Jacobites, and because the Kings were ignorant and brutal foreigners, compelled to rely on the aristocracy. Their reigns were the dark ages of England: the tone of England was Bœotian; and had there been a clever man in France during the period, we should have been beaten both in India and America, and robbed of Ireland and Scotland—shut up into the impotence of the Isle of Man. And the Whigs made their next appearance exactly under similar circum-

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stances to those which first created the party. George III, educated in England, and comprehending England, could have done without the two or three great families: and when he gave those families to understand his views, they became virulent Whigs, appealed to Parliament and to the people. Why? There was no question at issue beyond a personal contest. First Bute, and then Shelburne, offered to become the Sully of the Henri Quatre: and a very good King, in his young days, when he loved and was beloved, would George have been. But Pitt put down Bute, and Fox put down Shelburne; and it was only when the King got the country on his side—in the long French war,—that his Majesty secured his Sully—in that flaming young Liberal, the second Pitt. The pretence that the Whigs were for civil and religious liberty at this period, because they were against the American, and against the anti-French war, has no foundation whatever in historical fact. Chatham howled in fine orations, which nobody now can read, against the employment of savages in the American colonies: but Chatham was head of the Administration, if only a sleeping partner, which imposed the tea tax, and, to the last, he was in favour of vigorously prosecuting the war,—it not being in his nature to give in. Not a Whig opened his mouth against the war until after several defeats of English armies, and until a French and Spanish fleet had got between Admiral Darby and Plymouth. The Opposition of that day, being Whigs, opposed

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the War, just as the Opposition of this day opposes the Peace—because it was the Opposition. And the Whigs were wrong and the King was right. England should have beaten, and could have beaten, the colonies. To impose taxes on the colonies was infamous: but the colonists were only three millions; and to be beaten by them was a disgrace which degraded England, and but for one or two naval victories, which we may conclude were accidents, seeing what sort of a man Rodney was, would have destroyed England. There never was such a mismanaged war as the American war; and it was because, with such management, it was hopeless, and not because it involved any principle, that the Whigs took advantage of the cry to turn events against the King and force him into a peace. It reads very splendid,—that page in the History of our British Parliament: Dunning moving that the power of the Crown was increasing and ought to be diminished, and Fox laying down the Whig principle that taxation without representation was robbery. But the King was only gallantly defending the dominions he inherited, and avoiding the dictation of young *roués* and roysterers like Charles Fox. The crime of the King was in distrusting the House of Commons which listened to these magnificent sentiments: and that House illustrated by example the Whig principle that a body of men taxing an unrepresented nation was a body of robbers. Every third member held a place which was generally a sinecure; two-thirds of the House con-

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sisted of members of rotten or close boroughs; and, on the whole, it as little represented the people of England (who were *for* the American war) as the Senate of Louis Napoleon represents the people of France. Undoubtedly, Charles Fox, by his ruffianly daring, and reckless swagger, fresh from faro to talk the rights of man, or from an orgie to vindicate the Constitution, saved England from a despotism: for he and his party had to appeal to public opinion, had to create it, and therefore to be governed by it; and in organizing an opposition, within and without, in Ireland as well as in England, in the press as well as in the House, he made "cries" living principles which took root in the world. And, as the French Revolution rushed over the earth, Whig talk caught the contagion: and as William Pitt was in, with a masterly intention to stay in, with a King behind him, and all the land and all the Church alongside him, the Whigs had only one game to play—to head the advancing liberalism of mankind. They talked "public virtue" and got drunk, to secure him, with the meanest prince of modern times,—George III's heir; setting son against father being no crime, when politics are concerned. They criticised the war with acumen, and contended that an unjust war could never succeed—until it did; and Mr. Fox could see no treason in a polite correspondence with the most deadly enemy England ever possessed—Napoleon. The Whigs were wrong and recreant in opposing the French war, as they

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had previously been in opposing the American war:* for it is demonstrable, so far as any logical prediction can be, that had Pitt not struggled against Napoleon, Napoleon would have got Ireland, India, and the whole of the West Indies. And when the 1780 Whigs had all disappeared,—when their principles had become enlarged by the growth of the mind of the empire,—when decorous Lord John Russell had succeeded to wild Charles Fox,—and when Shelburne, the "Jesuit," the most roguish Minister who ever got power, had died and given up his title to the present cultivated and conscientious Marquis of Lansdowne,—what did the Whigs do? To get into power they headed, still, the nation, and talked civil and religious liberty. To them, though not yet in power, was Ireland indebted for Catholic Emancipation, which was a measure in the teeth of Whig principles of 1688: and, as we subsequently found, of 1851,—when the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was proposed by Whigs and opposed by Tories. To the Whigs was Europe indebted that the Duke of Wellington did not, in 1830, when Waterloo was undone, and his glory ridiculed, force on a new anti-revolutionary war—this time without a justification, because the Napoleon was the Napoleon of Peace. England did endure a practical despotism during Castle-

* This is of course written from the Whigs' own point of view. As a Liberal, in the largest sense, the writer sympathises with the Americans' success,—as he would rejoice, for analogous reasons, if the Irish, in 1798, had succeeded.

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reagh's reign, when Sidmouth's Six Acts rendered London as free a city as Pesth is now: but what would have been the Government, but that there were Whigs to criticise, in the sacred freedom of Parliamentary speech? And though the Union Act, in 1800, which made Ireland as completely an English province as was Wales, was an act of despotism, yet but for the Whigs would it not have been an unconditional piece of despotism? But the question recurs—What did the Whigs do when they got into power? They fomented a Revolution in 1830, and they passed a Reform Bill, which will remain for ever the test of their ceaseless liberal chatter. The Reform Bill was another Revolution of 1688: a stupendous delusion of a people; twenty years after unreserved confession being made that the Reformed House of Commons is more corruptly elected (for a rotten borough is no borough, and a close borough is not so bad as a saleable borough) than the House of Commons of 1782,—and more corrupt, because upon smaller temptations, if Mr. Hudson, our South-Sea speculator, has told the truth. With an interval of five years, when Sir Robert Peel, essentially a democrat, reigned, the Whigs have had from 1831 to 1851 the power they so long plotted for: and *Cui bono?* They cannot boast of a single great measure; and, as they had no difficulties,—no Sovereign to struggle with—and no violent reactionary party, Sir Robert Peel having always led forwards,—to contend against,—the fact that they resigned the

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lead of the nation is the most conclusive proof that there was no earnestness in their principles: in other words, that they were a mere oligarchy, and not a national party. Sir Robert Peel passed Catholic Emancipation, the Test Act repeal (which Lord John Russell only proposed,—as Canning proposed Catholic Emancipation,—and there never being a real difficulty about it,) and the Free Trade measures; and the twenty years' history supplies no other great topic. The civil and religious liberty principles of the Whigs were illustrated in Ireland by sustaining the establishment of an alien Church, and abroad by leaving the Continent, when they gave up power in 1851, less free than it was the day the treaty of Vienna was signed. In England they never stirred an inch for education, nor attempted to enfranchise the press; and whatever enlightenment we are indebted to for new principles of taxation, has been the enlightenment of Peel and Gladstone—not of the Whigs. They are dead: and they deserved to die; and, for all ages, they are damned—the Thugs of liberal principles.

A sketch of the modern history of the Whigs is an account of the Marquis of Lansdowne. He followed Lord John Russell into the coalition, as chief mourner for Whiggery. Politically, then, the Marquis has lived an imposture and a failure. But as a Peer, since 1809, he cannot be considered responsible for the decay of his party. It was the business of the Commoners of his Cabinets, who

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were face to face with the nation, to comprehend and to manage the nation: he never aimed at a more ambitious *rôle* than to act as a courtier-statesman, forming the link between the throne and the tribunes. And that part he filled always with grace, and to all men's admiration. For forty years he has been a favourite, first esteemed, then reverenced, in the House of Lords, for whose tone and climate his accomplished, but not energetic, and not original, intellect, admirably qualified him. If the nation had been more worthy, he would perhaps have been more liberal: and it is not a great fault if he—always contentedly following bolder, more presuming, and profounder minds—made the common human mistake, while wanting power, for himself and for his party, to fancy that he was a better man than he turned out to be, when tried. At least he has lived, as a private nobleman, nobly: and there is none to deny him the glory, whatever the deficiencies of his intellect and the faults incidental to his caste, that he has served his Sovereign and his country with one aim —the purest hope of public good. The public should have less reverence for peers: and more reverence for intellect: but the Marquis of Lansdowne is as little responsible for the system of the Whigs, as Louis XIII for the system of Richelieu, or as the Marquis of Rockingham for the system of Burke.

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XV.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

There are painful difficulties in the way of any-one who attempts, in order to illustrate a system, to sketch the portraits of contemporaries. If you praise, you are suspected of flattery; and if you sneer, you are supposed to be guilty of the partiality of a political opponent, or of the impartiality of a private enemy. But there is this excuse for painting your contemporaries—you paint men who have sat to you. It is a cant to contend that you can draw accurately the features of those only whom you see at a vast distance; and to extol the impartiality of posterity. The impartiality of posterity is the impartiality of those who are uninterested in the verdict—of judges who notice facts, and not feelings, and therefore never see the facts from the right point of view. And, at least, it is good that contemporaries should mention their opinions of one another, or how would posterity obtain material for arbitration? Those who have laudations to offer do not hesitate in presenting them; and would it not be an injury to posterity, if those who do not coincide in the praise, were to withhold their criticisms? Certainly, whatever the disadvantages or the improprieties of the system, we find that no scruples of delicacy restrain either sycophancy or indignation; and it is a mistake to

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suppose that in the gallery of the "Governing Classes" the writer has done anything unusual. We live in an age when it is decorous to refer to a spade merely as a garden implement; but cautious criticism is not the characteristic of a free country, and we see bold exceptions tolerably applauded. It is to be observed, too, that there is no decay in the exercise of our immemorial privilege of political insolence. Rather, indeed, a salutary improvement. Fox was more severe on North than Junius on Grafton. There is nothing Fox said of North so severe as Canning said of Ogden, or Brougham of Canning. And there is nothing in our Parliamentary history comparable, for vehement impertinence, to Disraeli's 1846 assaults on Peel. And nothing Mr. Disraeli said of Sir Robert Peel was so severe as genteel Tory organs say, daily and weekly, of the present Prime Minister. The justifications for this free speech are ample. We are ruled by an oligarchy; and, during a recess, when representative institutions are taking rest, we do not know what is going on;—but at least we possess the glorious right of freemen, to suggest Tower-hill for Peers who will not let us, a self-governed people, into the secrets of the State.*

It is a painful thing to approach a deliberate comment on the career of Lord John Russell. Not only for the ordinary reason, that you tread upon ashes underneath which the fire has not yet

* There was Tory talk at this time about impeaching Lord Aberdeen.

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been extinguished, but for the special reason that, if he has disappointed a nation's hopes, it may be because the nation never had a logical basis for its belief in him. There is also a present reason for delicacy in reference to him. He,—

"As a Minister of State, is
Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis;"

he is taking care of the Constitution without a salary, which is very good of him, and to a great extent disarms those public writers who are entitled to bully the moment the victim takes public money. But there are precedents for abusing Lord John Russell. His best friends have all their lives been ridiculing him; and there is good ground for surmising that he does not mind it. He prints, himself, Moore's remark on his great fault—his irresolution and vacillation; and in his new preface to the sixth volume of the Moore publication he interjects an *éloge* on that Sidney Smith who made such cruel *mots* on Lord John that the Tories are for ever quoting them. Either from great magnanimity or great conceit, he is indifferent to what the world says of him; and that is a great encouragement to historical students when engaged in the dissection of so distinguished a man. How the world could ever be in doubts about his character, after the evidence of those who knew and know him best, is very surprising. It is not surprising, that he should undertake the government of the State, seeing that we have the assurance of a high authority who knew him intimately that he was the sort of man who would undertake the command of the

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Channel fleet, or an operation for the stone. But it is surprising that we should always have been expecting great measures from a man who, we were informed, is "squirrel-minded," and "made up of well-regulated party feeling." It is astonishing that we should be disappointed in the son of a duke, the chosen leader of the great Whig families, not turning out as decided a democrat as we would have desired. It is marvellous that we should be disgusted because a feeble nature and a cold temperament never took to enthusiastic Liberalism, and ardent Radicalism. It is wonderful that we should be angry because a man of scholarly taste, and refined tendencies, and cultivated piety, would never sympathise with the political school which has no traditions, civil or religious, and no etiquette, and which would govern in a vulgar way. When the Sandwich Islanders burnt the ship's figure-head, which they had set up as a god, because the figure-head did not oblige the islanders by keeping off a storm, as requested, great injustice was done to the Gosport carpenter who originally, very innocently, carved the statue. Is it Lord John's fault that he is only wood,—and not a divinity? When he was put up by the old Whigs to propose the Reform Bills of 1830-2, his simple object—clever young man—was to pass such a measure as would enable the Whigs to keep in for ever. But the country insisted that he was a young Republican, of unheard-of patriotism and purity; and ever since, the country has been debating him, because, after all, he was found to be a mere Whig. Lord

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John Russell is, in fact, in character and morality, only an average member of the governing classes; a little cleverer than any of the others, and therefore in a first place. Of course, it is rather wrong that he should have deluded a great people with his Reform Bill, and that he should continue to govern, indifferent or inactive, in the midst of English social horrors and English political shams; but a people is generally responsible for its own position. A Whig party is, doubtless, a real political swindle; but a Whig party could only exist among a base and barbarous people. But that this remarkably enlightened nation is so attached to Peers, the Peers would be better persons than they are. If a Marquis of Exeter returns Members for Stamford, it is not because his Lordship is a villain, but because the inhabitants of Stamford are unworthy. And Great Britain is the Stamford of the British Aristocracy.

There would be nothing to say against Lord John, were it not that the Whigs are for ever proclaiming that he is a man of genius. Unfortunately, he has written himself down. Had he been content with politics, he would have lived and died with as high a reputation as Charles Fox (who carefully wrote little). But he possessed a taste for reading, and would write; and what he has written, though, like his most important speeches, it suggests and indicates a capacity superior to the clerks and administrators of his caste, must be pronounced, on the whole, the emanations of a

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mind not of the first order. The Whigs say, that the man who wins the leadership of the House of Commons must be a great man. There is no ground for that conclusion. The House of Commons is an assembly where prominence is obtained by those who devote themselves to it; who work for it, and obtain the "knack" of the place—the knack of statesmanship, or the simulation of statesmanship, being obtained by a certain class of not necessary brilliant intellects with the same facility as the knack of special pleading, of journalism, or of actuaries. And, strangely enough, the House of Commons [both sides] has generally been led by notoriously inferior men. Walpole was not a first class intellect; and certainly Pulteney was not. The first Lord Holland was not a first-rate man; nor was Lord North. What clever leader have the Whigs had since their idol, Fox, who, we may assume, was as able as Lord Derby? Tierney left no impression upon history. Lord Althorpe was decidedly dull. Why, then, take for granted that Lord John is a great man, because he got a position, obtained perhaps, by a technical cleverness, and the accident of birth? The most successful "leader" the House of Commons ever possessed was Sir Robert Peel, both as Opposition chief and as Minister; and yet a comparison between Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell would be favourable to the latter. Lord John is hardly so able a man as Tierney was, but he has had this advantage—which accounts for most of the mistakes about

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him—over Tierney: that Tierney died before the Whigs got in; and that Lord John has had his name connected, not only with great debates, but with great measures. Lord John, at this moment, does not at all occupy the first place in the House of Commons. His defects when pitted against Mr. Disraeli are conspicuous; and a comparison with Mr. Gladstone would be disastrous to him. He has a rarer capacity, and a more philosophic intellect, than Lord Palmerston; he has a higher character than Sir James Graham; he is immeasurably superior to the Sir John Pakington species of member; and he has the advantage of the Cobdens and Brights in knowledge of, and sympathy with, the House. In contrast and comparison with these and their class he shines, and is generally supposed to be a very able man—particularly when he speaks from the right hand of Mr. Speaker, for then there is always a corps on duty to cheer him. But an accurate uninfluenced observer can only come to the conclusion that Lord John is, as Mr. Moore said, "always mild and sensible"—nothing more. A perfect gentleman, and an accomplished man, with a pleasant style, which is distinctive, and not mere Parliamentary slang, like Graham's or Pakington's, he gained the affection of his party and the good-will of the House—a not very difficult feat, since he could always command attention as the confidential mouthpiece of the great Whig families, and often could command attention as the Minister of the

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Crown. During the last two or three years, Lord John has perhaps hardly been equal to his fame. But, in forming an opinion of him, we must remember the Lord John of 1830 as well as the Lord John of the Durham Letter, the Militia Bill, and the Villiers' motion. When he was writing to Mr. Attwood, of Birmingham, approving of the intention of that gentlemen, and other members of the Union, not to pay taxes till the Reform Bill was passed, and suggesting that the "whisper of a faction" (viz., a large majority of the House of Lords, the Crown and the Church) could not prevail against the "voice of a nation" (which abolished old Sarum and left Stamford), he must have been a magnificent young fellow, quite prepared for being a Mirabeau, if there *was* to be a revolution. He was still a splendid and vigorous party leader when he backed out of the appropriation clause, and when he made the sudden discovery, one recess, that the Corn Laws were a cheat upon the people. We cannot forget these things. Sculptors and painters, in arranging to hand down heroes to posterity on canvas or in marble, do not depict the decaying hero—grey hairs and the palsy, but take the countenance and the costume of lusty manhood. When we think of Napoleon, we think of the man of Marengo, not of the man of St. Helena; and we must remember, in considering Lord John Russell, the hero of the Reform Bill—not the martyr of the Durham Letter. We have also to bear in mind that there is to be another

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Reform Bill, and that the heroic politician may then re-appear.

As a statesmen, Lord John Russell is to be regarded under two aspects; and we have to inquire, first, what has he done for his country? and next, what has he done for his party? The answer is, that he has passed his life in leading his country into quandaries; and that he has finally landed his party in a *cul-de-sac*— a coalition. Tested, in the first place, by what he has done on reform, this is so far only apparent that his work of 1832 has to be done over again in 1854; not because of the multiplication of population, redistribution of property, or increase of intelligence, but because the Bill of 1832 failed in all that it pretended to do— being a sham in schedule A, and a still greater sham in schedule B, while the aggregate representation of the nation remains as completely delusive as in the days of Walpole. That Lord John has to reproduce himself in 1854 is discreditable; but what is most discreditable is, that the necessity of the reproduction having been seen in the general election which brought Sir Robert Peel into the Premiership, Lord John has so long delayed an inevitable work,—more particularly as the delay destroyed the Whig party. For his mismanagement of Reform he has no excuses. He studied the question, to the exclusion of nearly every other question, from 1821 to 1831, having over and over again, in the interval, proposed various "cobbles," as Cobbett called them; and when he was selected

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by Lord Grey's Cabinet of which he was not a member, to arrange and propose the great Bill, he, whatever the ignorant errors of the Parliament and the people, could not but have been thoroughly aware of the exact nature of what he was doing. For party purposes he hoaxed a great nation confidingly worshipping its possible Astyanax; and though party purposes—if he could only have perceived them before it was too late—have since perpetually provoked a new hoax, and though, from irresolution and feebleness, he has never seized the opportunity, yet is he not to be forgiven. It has been more than a crime in him to distrust England—it has been a stupidity. Something near universal suffrage could have been safely conceded in 1832. The people worshipped the King and adored the Whig Peers, to the detriment of democrats like Orator Hunt; and all that Lord John Russell did was to answer a demand for a revolution by creating about a mass of additional votes, 250,000 of which were certainly left as votes at the disposal of great lords and landowners. Again, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the nation was fully entitled to a new charter, and in passive loyalty and humble love of lords, was quite worthy of confidence; and still Lord John Russell left the people unrepresented,—and, so, cleverly played the game of the Tories. At this moment the state of the representation of Great Britain is a mighty scandal in Europe; and still Lord John will adhere to a petty "cobble,"—acquiescently creating suffi-

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cient capital for the Peelite Tories,—and not for himself. And all this maladroitness is the result either of gross ignorance of the character of the English people, or of criminal intention to continue the reign of a stupid oligarchy and a rotten system; and, in either case, Lord John Russell is deserving of condemnation—as a simpleton, or as a conspirator. It is unjust, however, to judge him for one lache; and if we examine his career continuously, we shall find reason to suspect that he is not grandly criminal enough ever to have had a plan. Inheriting "Whig principles," he has talked them eternally, and they have sounded very well; and no doubt he has carried them out: but the only uniform result they appear to produce is—confusion. Since the Reform Bill there have been three difficulties for the English Government—Finance, the Colonies, Foreign Policy; and, in each direction, Lord John, with the aid of his friends, has admirably broken down. In Finance, Lord Melbourne's Government succeeded so far, that it left power in 1841, ten years after a Whig Reform Bill, because it was yearly adding a deficit of a million. Whig principles, which were, in finance, founded on Adam Smith's, should have suggested a repeal of the Corn Laws. But the Whigs were Protectionists up to 1846, then became Free-traders merely because a party manœuvre (which failed) required it, and to this day shake their heads and say, "Pity the Tories would not take our 8s. fixed duty in 1846." And

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their Chancellor of the Exchequer, who succeeded Baring, was more disastrous even than Baring; though yearly, consequent upon the arrangements established by Sir Robert Peel, he had a surplus, and not a deficit, to deal with. Sir Charles Wood had no system, and none of his budgets grew out of the preceding ones: and if there are sound principles of finance now fixed in the public mind and in the public accounts, we are indebted to Sir Robert Peel and his Conservative pupil, Mr. Gladstone. And for the failures of Whig Finance, Lord John is accountable; or, if his friends maintain he was above finance, then, manifestly, he was below his office. For the Colonial system of the Whigs, he is fully as responsible as Lord Grey, and clearly, in the colonies, Whig principles led to general insurrection—in Canada, at the Cape, in the Australias, in the Ionian Isles. In India the Whigs never succeeded; and during all their rule they never sent a first-rate man or a first-rate measure there, the Bill of last session which Whigs drew up being in the old Whig way—a complicated, temporary cobble. Then, in Foreign Policy, Whig principles have led to the Russianising of Europe. One or two other questions have presented themselves during Whig rule for adjustment, and have been dismally dealt with. For instance, the question of Religion and the question of Education. Whig principles, which could permit the encampment of an Alien Church in Ireland, and the maintenance of church-rates leviable on Dis-

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senters in England, have led to an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, a dead letter as a statute, but a living insult as a protest; and the solitary justification of which, as urged by Lord John Russell, was, that it was a measure rendered necessary by a continual conspiracy against England; this conspiracy being, of course, the consequence of Whig foreign policy. Whig principles have served but slightly to promote the cause of education. A revenue of a million and a half has been obtained by the taxation of the press—an odd feature in a Whig civil and religious system—and not one-half that revenue has been proffered by the Whigs in aid of national education. Shortcomings such as these are attributable to the deficient character of the leader and chief of the party—to his want of grasp and to lack of principle. Weakness, contagious in a party, was to be seen always in Whig manipulation of departments. They never did anything well—they never did anything thoroughly. The most striking illustration of their style of business was their mismanagement of the navy—of the defences. It took the Duke of Wellington ten years to talk them into a militia which, in the end, was so ludicrous an abortion, that they had to go out on it; and there can be very little doubt that if a general war, as was a probability, had broken out in 1847-1850, the English navy would have been beaten by the French navy,—for a time.

Lord John's crime to his party is identical with

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his crime to the country; for, as he governed badly, feebly, and foolishly, he destroyed the reputation of the Whigs, and sank them in their competition with the Tories. The Whigs have disappeared in the Coalition; but they entered the coalition, simply because they could not stand alone. To maintain an appearance of equality with the Tories in the Cabinet, the two leading Whigs, Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell, occupy seats without holding offices; and Lord John is supposed to sustain his position by not taking a subordinate post under Lord Aberdeen; and in pursuance of this petty policy, Lord John has now refused to resign his nominal rank, taking the Home Office, which Lord Aberdeen astutely offered him.* But the country does not comprehend these refinements, and does not forget recent Whig history. The confusion of party politics compelled by Sir Robert Peel's Free-trade conversion, forced an endurance of the Whig Ministry of 1846-50; but it was, undoubtedly, one of the most unpopular Ministries which ever held power in England. England, in that time, was governed not merely by an oligarchy, but by one family—the clan of Russells, Elliotts, and Greys; and as this offensive nepotism was not redeemed by any display of intellect or energy, either in general policy or in particular departments, the national loathing was indulged without disguise. Without national support, without a policy of any sort, and pressed in the House

* On Lord Palmerston's temporary secession in November.

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by Mr. Disraeli, who, in four years organised an Opposition more formidable than that organised by Sir Robert Peel between 1832 and 1841, this Whig "family party" could not stand—and fell out of utter rottenness, impotence and idiotcy, amid the rejoicings of the country, which even preferred Lord Derby, and amid the contempt of mankind.

In the extremity of his bewilderment and despair, Lord John Russell, in a party perplexity, has attempted to play over again the game of 1832; and, with a Reform Bill, now seeks to revivify a dying faction. But there are two obstacles in his path likely to defeat his scheme. There are two classes who have found out the trick—the country and the Tories. If the country be again induced to believe that an oligarchy can be desirous of enfranchising a people, the country will deserve an eternity of Russells and Greys. If the Tories be induced to believe that there is danger to property or religion, by abolishing the Stamfords and making boroughs of the Burnleys and Birkenheads, the Tories will deserve the degradation which they endured from 1820 to 1840—unpopularity. But there is now as little chance of the one being deluded as of the other being misled; and we see, accordingly, that the people are suspiciously apathetic, and that the Tories are suspiciously liberal.

In mid career, about to open up a new chapter in our history, Lord John Russell cannot yet challenge a definitive verdict upon his character or

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his services. And if—Whiggism being for the future impossible—he should be enabled, free from all party, to be simply an Englishman, and to devote himself exclusively to his country, the historian may, after all, have to count him among the greatest of British worthies. Vast, even yet, are his opportunities.

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XVI.—THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

I ONCE met that celebrated political critic, the "intelligent foreigner." He was desirous of studying our free institutions; and I, proud of the privileges of a Great Briton, obtained him "orders" for the galleries of both Houses. It was a double debate night: both Houses were sitting; and the Lords sat late,—there was no opera that evening, and our noble aristocracy were consequently being so good as to arrange the destinies of one of our finest dependencies. We got first into the Commons, the People's House of which we are all so gratified to speak, and I pointed out in succession, to the intelligent foreigner, all the young Lords and Honourables with those names I had the pleasure of being acquainted. To information of this kind, the intelligent foreigner, puzzled, as he always is, merely replied, "Ah." I then directed his attention to other Members, such as Mr. Bright, Mr. Osborne, and various plain Misters—I am afraid I even said "Cobden," "Ricardo," "Smith," and so on; and apparently, not struck by the sight of these far-famed deputies, the sagacious but perplexed foreigner still confined his comment to an ejaculation hardly worthy of his well-known intellect. When I found that I had shown all the notabilities,

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—those whom *I* knew,—I proposed that we should have a look at the Upper House. Fortunately for my talented but not loquacious friend, this chamber was full,—Lord Derby was speaking, Lord Lyndhurst had been, the Duke was expected to speak, and Lord Brougham had spoken several times. Here, also, I named all the names, and with a facility which convinced the strangers around me, who grew respectful, and made inquiries beginning with "Sir," that I must at least be a cousin to a peer. But I made no impression on the intelligent foreigner. His eyes expanded; he was wondering with his usual vigour. The division came, the House decided that the colony could not possibly judge of its own affairs, particularly not whether the Governor was an assassin, though he had hung ten per cent. of the inhabitants—and we were turned out. The intelligent foreigner was tired; and we walked home, being bullied out of the building by policemen, who incessantly discovered that we were in the Peers' way. Timid at the prolonged taciturnity of my companion, and afraid lest he should have been led to unfavourable notions of our free institutions, by the slight respect which the police had exhibited to me, a freeman, I did not venture to put a decided question to him for some time. He, at last, having made up his mind, answered thus:—(I do not attempt his picturesque English)—"The difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords is, that in the House of Commons only half the deputies have small heads,

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and that in the House of Lords all the deputies have small heads."

Struck by this remark, which applied to our illustrious aristocracy, who so patriotically practise silence and stares in the Commons in order to fit themselves for the duties of their rank in the Lords, I subsequently studied, with peculiar interest, this feature in our institutions,—the small heads of our Governing Classes: and as I found that the intelligent foreigner was right, as he invariably is when out of his own country, I was enabled, possessed of the fact, to account for many things which had previously puzzled, and, indeed,—as I fully appreciate the sentiment of that gushing poet, the Right Honorable Lord John Manners, with reference to our old Nobilitie,—distressed me. This was a fact which answered the question—Why so few of our noble families, though they are all the ornaments of society and the glory of our country (whatever the town may say), obtain distinction in the world,—why even in their own political world they have to hire statesmen as they hire cooks? Can it, indeed, be true that our aristocracy is worn out,—just like all preceding and contemporary aristocracies? It is a humiliating conclusion; but every physiologist is a democrat, and it is to be feared that this conclusion is not to be resisted. Small heads are a beauty, as also are small extremities; small heads, like small ears, parts of the head, are the evidences of breed, or of what is called "blood:" and it is obvious that the physical

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refinement which is the characteristic of an idle class is a proof of mental degeneracy. The man who founds a house must be a first-rate man, and his characteristics continue long through his race; but as soon as the house gets settled it gets dull:—strength only coming after struggle,—brains with labour. Clever men have seldom clever sons, for the sons have place and fortunes ready made, with no need for effort: and how can we expect a clever man to have a clever great-great-grandson, unless the earlier descendants spend all the money, which the British aristocracy provide against by entail? And when three or four generations go on, reposed in facile grandeur, the big-headed founder is represented by a little-headed peer; if he is a tenth or twelfth peer, probably slightly cracked, somewhat cretin, and tolerably inutile. Some aristocracies hold out a long time. The Roman and the French kept themselves fighting, and in tolerably good mental order, until the Marius and the Richelieu period, when it became a fashion to be, not heroes, but dandies. The Venetians were magnificent at two periods: when they were fighting for their State's pre-eminence in Italy, and when they had to fight for their own existence,—a struggle for life being as good as any other struggle to cultivate the mind. For a similar reason cleverer nobles went back to Paris with the Bourbons than fought against the Republic with the Duke of Brunswick. For a similar reason the Orleans Princes were always cleverer than the Bourbon Princes; as,

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for a similar reason, the youngest son of a peer, dull dog as he is, is generally not so dull a dog as the eldest son; while peers' daughters (particularly poor peers' daughters) are always cleverer as women than peers' sons are as men. It is well known that the Whig peers of England are ordinarily cleverer than the Tory peers; and the palpable reason is, that the Whigs were so long in opposition—an opposition being invariably more brilliant than a Ministry; and Radicals, like Sir William Molesworth or Bernal Osborne, caught and converted into Conservatives, ceasing to be talented the moment they got on the right of Mr. Speaker. The English aristocracy are comparatively fortunate in some preservatives. They hunt, shoot, ride, and walk a good deal; and in that way, they somewhat counteract the vicious results of their birth and youth,—born of women who are luxuriated into the delicacy of Eastern sultanas—and bred at Universities where the countenances of the preceptors and the hints of the immortal classics drive the honestest youth to bitter beer, tobacco, Curaçoa punch, and a season in Paris or Vienna—London society finishing the education as a liqueur concludes a dinner. Then there is some slight mental education to stimulate into partial exploration faculties flaccid with excessive fortune. He must be a hopelessly idiotic young man who does not get some social knowledge from French novels, and some political sagacity from a session of Lord John and Disraeli,

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Bright and Bernal Osborne; and large numbers of the Governing Classes learn French from ballet girls, and get elected by close boroughs. Our male aristocracy do move about in the open air, and do hear or see a great deal of politics;—all their "governors" being political conspirators, on one side or other; and the result is, at least, that our male aristocracy are well made, though they are slim, and can say all of them a little, as well as write a little. But if a class is to be clever it must think; and the art of thinking is not practised, because it can be done without, by our peers and our detrimentals,—the latter being, at all events, tolerably sure of a place after forty, and up to forty calculating on an heiress. Only the middle classes are compelled to think, —by trades requiring thought, and observation of men. And the cleverest classes are specially intellectual,—the solicitor, the barrister, the physician, the actuary, and the journalist. There are, certainly, instances of clever peers, even of long descent. There is the Earl of Derby; but it is observable he belongs to an Opposition family, and that he was trained as a Whig. But the instances (modern) of intellectual aristocrats are very rare: and may generally be pronounced accidents—like seven-legged Merinoes, or modest Frenchmen;—a Derby being possible among earls, just as a Burns is among ploughboys. What would become of the British aristocracy but that wives are repeatedly imported from the city, and

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that the "blood" peeresses pass winters in Italy and Paris, it would be impossible to say. For the sake of its influence on the State, the Church might be disposed to agree that, speaking with reference to physical laws, immorality is desirable for an aristocracy.

General reflections like these are fully borne out by observing that the higher the grade—that is, the longer the descent—in the Peerage, the less is the intellect. There are more clever barons than viscounts; more clever viscounts than earls; more clever earls than marquises; more clever marquises than dukes—there being only one duke who can speak English, and he (Newcastle) being the first born duke who has been able to do so since his ancestor, the managing Pelham, used to make the tapestry shudder with his blunders. The ducal condition in this country is, indeed, very melancholy. We have several dukes whose houses were first vigorously founded by royal bastards—and an aristocrat's bastard is always cleverer than an aristocrat's legitimate son, for Falconbridge's reasons; and we have one truly British duke who descends from a solid Dutchman,—the house having supplied two clever men (younger sons)—Lord William and Lord George Bentinck. But a frightful fate seems to have overcome all our dukes, except the present Duke of Newcastle, who has had reasons to keep off the usual mental sloth of the class. Not a duke has openly participated in our political history since the last duke of Newcastle did what he liked

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with his own, and since the present Duke of Norfolk, eight years ago, proposed, with an ingenuity which exhibited the characteristics of his order, that the corn-laws should be tempered with curry powder. The dukes would appear to hide their heads in their coronets; or, at any rate, to agree with Pulteney, that heads of parties are like heads of snakes—best carried on by the tails. A duke occasionally gets into office; but we saw, in the recent case of the Duke of Northumberland, what are the notions with which he enters on his functions, and how absolutely a duke looks to his Stafford "to—ah—in short—in point of fact—see after what is going on" (thus said the duke). A duke is, no doubt, rather a tremendous social personage. One travels, if one is of democratic opinions, with great awe through the Dukery—down in the midland counties; and one writes, if one is devoted to our glorious constitution, with great vigour to the papers, when, a duke dying, and his successor is hurrying to the deathbed, the brutal directors will not absolutely stop an express train, bearing the new duke, at the most convenient, though it be not a time-tabled, station. The dukes are humourously rich; even the late Duke of Newcastle would have been rich if he had not done what he liked with his own; and the present Duke of Buckingham came into possession of a few counties and a dozen or two of palaces. (In a parenthesis it may be remarked, to sustain the theory suggested, that the moment the Marquis of

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Chandos was ruined, he discovered capacity, and becoming insolvent, was at once demonstrated to be clever). Every duke owns a hand of close boroughs: can affect a pack of boroughs; and indirectly wields enormous social and political influence. You may laugh at dukes: all statesmen do; but the first thing every statesman does, also, on being sent for by the Queen, is to send for a duke. No man can undertake to form a Government, unless he can play a couple of dukes: they are the coloured cards of the political game.

The Duke of Bedford is a most imposing duke. He can shut up Covent-garden, and he can form a coalition. He could pull down half Bloomsbury: and he did pull down Lord Derby. Wonderful man! Who is he? Nobody knows. Did anybody ever see the Duke of Bedford? Nobody. Did anybody ever hear of him? Never: until we, self-governed people, were informed, this time last year, that he had altered our history, destroyed the Whigs and destroyed the Tories, and formed a coalition. Surprising person! What should we have done without the Duke of Bedford? Towards the close of 1852, politics were at a dead lock: Mr. Disraeli had come in with the pantomime season; but his wand had lost its power,—not one of the tricks would work,—and the last thing men concluded was, that Pantaloon and Clown, in the shape of Aberdeen and Graham, would have kicked Harlequin Derby and Columbine Walpole—bewildered with turning—into the gallery. But the Duke of

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Bedford stepped from the clouds like the Genius who always comes down in a car with a run at the end of the piece: and—whirr—everybody was dancing with everybody.

Mr. Osborne was on the top of Lord John's head, Sir William Molesworth pitching hysteric somersaults, and the curtain fell on the most exhilarating tableau of modern politics,—a blue-fire serpent squaring a red flame circle. The Duke of Bedford must be a profound man—for a Duke. Solomon was shrewd in offering to each mamma the half of the putative child. The Rabelaisian gentleman was knowing who decided the dispute about the oyster by according to each disputant a shell, and himself masticating the fish. But the Duke of Bedford was the first who acted on the celebrated hint of a perplexed leader—that if the great families would only agree to share, they could both enjoy the plunder of the nation at the same time. But why did he not, why does he not, come forward for the national thanks?—for is not the Coalition popular, on the peace-and-quietness principle? Is he merely the John Doe of the political cause; or is he a *bonâ fide* personage? And if he is a reality, how is it that he has such great political power as to twist European history? Why a Bedford more than a Norfolk? He cannot be cleverer than Norfolk: a duke as a duke is undistinguishable from another duke. Yet on consideration he may be a cleverer man. Is it not a British belief that the house of Russell is "illustrious?" Is not their

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name written on the banner of Civil and Religious Liberty? Ah, yes. Let us not forget the glorious traditions of this family—a family which, as Macaulay said, incorporate and incarnate the magnificent principles of Milton and of Locke—a family which has given two martyrs to liberty, including a neck to a Stuart. Certainly the Stuart martyr took French money, and sneaked out of a party responsibility. Certainly, the family is rich by the plunder of church lands, which once sustained the poor. Certainly, the family produced the Lord John Russell, who deluded a trusting people with the Reform Bill of 1832, who maintained an alien Church in Ireland, who wrote the Durham letter, and who Russianised Europe. Certainly the family hold an odd number of rotten boroughs; and from 1846 to 1852 insisted on a monoply for its clan of the whole patronage of Great Britain. Certainly the family was intensely Protectionist and therefore depredatory of the people, up to 1846, and has at this moment sighing souvenirs of a fixed duty. And certainly this illustrious family never produced a better man than the Earl of Bedford, who conducted Philip of Spain to an English Queen's arms, a nobler man than the Lord William Russell, who took French gold, or an abler man than the Lord John Russell, who led the Whig party into a *culde sac!* But it, nevertheless, believes it is an illustrious family—and is believed to be an illustrious family; and that tradition may have some effect in sustaining the intellect of its successive dukes; not

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to mention the invigorating animus imparted by a constant fear lest the Pope should recover England, and repossess himself of Woburn. There are circumstances which may distinguish the Duke of Bedford from other faineant dukes: and, no doubt, a Duke of Bedford is politically more powerful than other dukes, so long as he has a relative who leads, not merely a party, but the House of Commons.

But should not the fact that there is a Duke of Bedford, of whom we know nothing, influencing vitally the movements of the state machine, suggest caution in our conclusions that we have progressed beyond the day when a Sarah Churchill, or a Mrs. Masham, or any other old woman governed a queen who governed the country? We hear, from Great Britons who have no chance of getting a consulship, a good deal about the evils of secret diplomacy. But is the Foreign Office the only one of our Government bureaux, whose agencies, and whose policy is secret and mysterious? Secret diplomacy is only a branch of reserved Government; the evil we suffer from, is the evil of—Secret History. The moral of the Palmerston episode in the Coalition annals is instructive to those who have faith in our political system; the whole incident is ruinous to our political pretensions. In a "recess," when there is no Parliament, and therefore no Ministerial responsibility even in appearance, and when the people of England know as little of the causes of the war into which they are drifting as the people

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of Russia know of the causes of the war into which they are dragged, a principal Minister retires from office; and after a dismal interval, in which the moanings of curiosity of the leading journals indicate the measure of our self-government, he returns to office; and of the reasons of the first step, as of the reasons of the last, and of the meaning of the whole manœuvre, this great and remarkable enlightened nation is profoundly, not to say elaborately and ingeniously, ignorant. Why? Because the House of Lords having packed the House of Commons with sons and clients, to resist the towns, the dukes and great peers can afford—to keep out of sight. We are a clever people—even duller than our own dukes.

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XVII.—LORD STANLEY, D.C.L.

"Sir," said the first Pitt to the first Horace Walpole, in the course of a debate, "the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such decency and spirit charged against me, I shall neither attempt to palliate or deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. (Cheers and laughter.) Whether youth, Sir, can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining. But, surely, age may become justly contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement; and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. (Cheers and laughter.) The wretch that, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely either the object of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruins of his country."

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This spirited and Johnsonianly-reported protest of the celebrated cornet against the conceit of Fogydom is worthy of prefacing a sketch upon a statesman whose principal distinction is, that he is a young statesman. Whatever the vices or the stupidities of our illustrious aristocracy, the most cynical of democrats can have no reason to complain that they are occasionally young: for if it be urged that the Governing Classes commence to govern very young, the reply is, that if our People's House is to be half filled with Lords, it is better that they should be distinguished from the Peers' House by their youthfulness,—and, further, that a noble is most generous when young,—and that an old Parliamentary noble must get his Parliamentary experience. There is, therefore, no objection to be made to Lord Stanley because he entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-two years. Perhaps it is not enlightened in this country to be governed, in a large degree, by the votes of boys: but it is really creditable to our aristocracy that the young fellows do wait for the legal majority before they take their seats. This is an improvement: before the Reform Bill they never had such a scruple:—Fox, for instance, always having boasted that he was a Parliamentary success before he had done growing. Were we sure that, if our independent boroughs rejected lordlings, they would elect clean and middle-aged gentlemen of the middle class, with "views" on political economy and plans about railways, then no doubt we should be right to insist

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on that Roman rule which excluded fathers under forty. But, in fact, it is a piece of luck to get a young lord; for until the young lord is ready, the seat is invariably filled by an old warming-pan. And this is further observable—that the old warming-pans will talk, and that the young lord generally up to thirty cannot. If we must be governed by an aristocracy, then, let it be by themselves, and not by their stewards,—by the Stanleys, and not by the Rigbys. Besides, why a law against young aristocrats when there is no law against young democrats? In this country, if a green democrat desires to be in earnest, there is a free stage for him to shriek his impotent ambition; for which reason I rather sympathise with young lords who break down in the opposite political hemisphere—the more that *they* are able to get up again.

There can be the less objection to Lord Stanley that he is a young man without youth: and there can be the less objection to the system that he, returned by it, was enabled to become a House of Commons' personage before he was twenty-five. And when his career, brief but significant, is studied, all the objections will in his case disappear. He is not one of those who lounged into the House as into any other Westminster club: and who took to government as a privilege of his order. We could not expect that he, heir to a peerage, and of a name in our day so distinguished, should refuse the opportunity soliciting his rank; and, at least, we must admit that the first was the only advan-

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tage he has taken of his birth. To deserve that position which he could have kept, like so many of his class, without desert, he appears to have resolutely set about learning his business as an hereditary legislator. A Public School and University education had, of course, incapacitated him for comprehending anything of current human affairs: and it is to his credit, that the moment the mysterious custom of his caste, which compels several years' residence in one or two of the most vicious towns in the empire, had been duly complied with, and that he discovered his alarming ignorance, he immediately began his own culture—unlearning as much as possible in the first place. In a young gentleman of twenty-two it was a bold course,—to proclaim that having "finished" his "education" he was quite unfit for English life until he had seen America, India, and the West Indies, and gone through the sugar and cotton questions. How is it that with all our experience of the ruinous effects of schools upon the mind, "education" is perpetually proffered as the only proper test of man's fitness for the possession of political privilege? The educated classes are notoriously the most ignorant—politically: no body of working men would commit such errors in political economy and historical deduction as a body of either of the Universities when they have to deal with a contemporary political question. The educated classes are eternally opposed to reforms of all sorts; the educated classes supply our statesmen:

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and the careers of all our statesmen are careers of contradictions and inconsistencies. The educated classes fill our House of Commons; and our House of Commons cheers courageously all the current drivels and all the established delusions of exploded political philosophy—until the manufacturers and the mobs carry their uneducated convictions. We are asked to confer a special franchise, and special representation on our "learned" bodies; and we are to hope that such confraternities would, in election times, rush to the philosophers (on finding their addresses) as the members of their choice. But what sort of men do the learned bodies prefer now? Is the intellect of Sir Robert Inglis the measure of the advance of British civilisation? Is Mr. Goulburn the sage of the day? An utterly uneducated artisan might vote for Socialism; but a frightfully instructed master of arts votes for Inglisism; and which voter is the most frantic—which system the most practicable? All these things Lord Stanley would seem to have discovered in time; and a course of blue books was prescribed by himself to break up the mental stagnation of his University degree,—draughts of Hansard completing a cure, commenced by the committee calomel. He enlarged the grand tour by taking in Asia, Africa, and America: and though a man, as Mrs. Crewe said, may go round the world, and never be in it, yet Lord Stanley seems to have had a talent for seeing, and, in consequence of actual inspection and study on the spot, became at once in the House of Commons, crowded with men who

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could have corrected mere "cram," an authority on two classes of question of the highest importance—questions relating to India, and questions relating to the sugar-producing colonies. Knowledge, the most flimsy person will tell you, is power; but not one in one thousand, however conscious of the advantage, will work for that pre-eminence which *he* attains who is master of his subject. No one, whose tastes lie in the direction of political research, can attend the discussions of the Houses of Parliament without observing, with astonishment, the general ignorance of the mass of speakers on the history of "questions;" and the apparent reason is, that only the fluent and the clever speak, and that the fluent and the clever trust to their fluency and their cleverness, and their grasp of the mere current topic, to carry them through successful statements, and—still easier task—successful replies. Lord Stanley, inheriting fluency—and although, in our day, fluency alone would not suffice to obtain power—could have got on very well in well-set speeches, based upon the chat of a dinner-party, and the hints of a newspaper. But he seems to have been guided by a solid ambition to obtain a substantial position. He was quite right: from year to year the tone of our Parliament is necessarily becoming less oratorical and more precise. For reasons not now to be dilated on, but which have reference to the circumstance that the House of Commons is ceasing to be a Senate, and becoming a Board, Lord Derby, when he entered Parliament,

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was compelled to be less reckless than was Charles Fox, when Charles Fox commenced: and Lord Derby's son, influenced by the gradual change of the times, was compelled to be more careful than Lord Derby was. Taste, rather than tact, may have dictated this. All the Stanleys, it has been noticed, are combative, and appear to conceive that only that amount of science is necessary which enables to spar. But the last Stanley—the present one—seems to have started with a fresh idiosyncracy: and a grave demeanour, a compact manner, and a courteous style, never suggest the sneer with which mediocre age always welcomes ambitious youth. It is the old members who go about whispering that this coming man is actually arranging for the arrival; and, indeed, it was a pleasant picture, last session, to see Lord Stanley seated on the gangway step, compressedly listening to the experienced private common-place of the revered Mr. Hume. For one thought that this Alcibiades was sure to have the chance of putting into political history this Socrates' gossip.

Why, however, elderly persons will ask, so much writing about so young a man—a young man who has not been a young Pitt—and whose solitary Parliamentary monument is a sugar-loaf? Why in 1815-20, an observer would have wished to talk about a slim, sickly, little noticed, young man, known at Holland House as John Russell, who up to that time, had done nothing in Parliament but second hopeless Whig motions in attenuated speeches:

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and the observer would have asked this for the same reasons that now induce him to consider Lord Stanley a subject for study. We live in a country, which is governed, in the end, no doubt, by a great people, but which is administered by an oligarchy; and as the oligarchy is composed of a deplorable set of mediocrities, nothing can be more safe than the prediction, when a clever young oligarch turns up, that when he is a middle-aged oligarch he will be either Prime or a Principal Minister. And as our destinies are to depend on this young man, is it not of the highest importance to us to endeavour to foresee our future in his present tendencies, traits, and characteristics? Undoubtedly there is very little to ascertain accurately; but that little is attended with some circumstances which permit of a hope that we shall have in him rather a decent governor. Entering upon politics at a period when politics were in confusion, when two great parties were expiring, the Whigs from inanition, and the Tories from poison, it would indeed be surprising if Lord Stanley had been enabled to take up a positive position, or to announce a definitive policy. "*Filius dilectissimus meus*," with a piety that perhaps was partly the consequence of perplexity, followed his father; and how do we know but that when the Tory Troy fell (it was a hearty ten years' siege), Æneas was not calculating upon carrying Priam to a new Conservative realm? Can the wisest of us, not actors in that secret history which is our curse, tell what is Lord Derby's policy? or Mr. Disraeli's policy?

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Who can say of the body of Tory gentlemen who will sit next session opposite the Queen's Ministers, what are their views upon England's present or upon England's future? Should we look, then, for a programme to Lord Stanley? Like the venerable and confiding Scotch lady, who never ventured on the presumption of understanding the minister of the Kirk, Lord Stanley may regard himself as too young to suggest a plan to a party led by his parent: and we must allow for the difficulty of such a position. In a few years Lord Stanley, with the impetus and *prestige* derived from his rank, will overtake Mr. Disraeli, as Charles Fox overtook Burke; and will lead the Tory party in the House of Commons: and then we may see the singular spectacle of father and son managing Parliament in departments. But quiescence is the only career for Lord Stanley for very many years to come; and for very many years to come, therefore, we shall hardly have to regard him as a free agent; and if Lord Derby will never get another chance?

But a son, who is in the Commons, has a most unnatural advantage over a father, who is in the Lords; and from this vantage ground might not Lord Stanley lead Lord Derby? Certainly political confusion is the great opportunity for young politicians: and what a magnificent future is not possible to him who, as it were, inherits the lead of the Tory party, at the moment when the Tory party are about to meet Parliament almost without

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a principle—clearly without a policy! And now the chances of greatness are increased by the circumstance that this young leader of the Tory party will take his post at the moment when the Whigs disappear! Most of all—is not the crisis interesting when, moreover, the people have no plan! We are at a point in our history when, bewildered and amazed, the first great, bold, man who maps a path will lead in it. There is political chaos not only in England, but in Europe; and the cry is for light. No doubt, however, the great, bold man must be of the Governing Classes: Browns who preach startling gospels are not attended to at the moment; and Jones's lantern would not sell —darkness being more genteel than day purveyed by a vulgarian. The greater, then, the chances, just now, for young oligarchs who have meaning and manhood. All the old shibboleths are hushed: all the old landmarks are shattered: all the old fences broken down: there is *no* party, and on the 31st every politician starts fresh. The dull men will search for the old routine: defend Ministers, if they are Ministerialists, on foreign policy, and oppose them if they are in opposition, for an opposition's eternal technical reasons; the dull and decorous of both sides will believe that the test of enlightenment is Lord John's Bill, and will hope that on either side of this gage of Lord John's, Whigs and Tories will re-arrange themselves. But original minds will reject these "unities" of politics: and insist on a new supply of "principles"

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for a new generation. Let us trust that a young Tory leader, with the moral of Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Free Trade measures fresh in his mind, will not be contented to renew the old dreary Toryism of resistance. Let us trust that a young Tory leader will see that a wise Conservative would check the democracy Lord Derby dreads by leading it—not by fighting it. We identify, in our day, Toryism with resistance to popular demands; and Whiggism with concession to popular demands. But both theories, as dogmatic theories, are false and fallacious. Position, not principle, has ever governed party in this country: the Whigs have, at times, been more conservative than the Tories: the Tories more "radical" than the Whigs. A young Tory leader of acuteness, observing that that middle class who carried the Reform Bill and Free Trade are now "Peace" fanatics and Conservative negotiators, and that there is no sympathy between the capitalist and the labouring-class (a pity, but a fact to be noticed by politicians), would put himself at the head of the people.

The history of the Ten Hours' Bill should have shown the Tories that this lord-loving nation, though it may have lost feudal instincts, is *most* lord-loving among the masses, who at present find the landed aristocracy their natural allies; and the Tories should also observe, that as the next great struggle will be (if the Church does not change) about the Church, it would be prudent bravery at

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once to defy the Dissenting middle class. This is a nation with two aristocracies; and as its democracy is conscious of impotence, it is fatuity in the Tories not to bid for a popularity which would be safe. The Church is too rich to be energetic; otherwise, in a few years, it could win the people from infidelity; and, for analogous reasons, were universal suffrage granted to-morrow, Lord Stanley and Lord John Manners, if they would but consent to resign the petty perquisites of their class for the veritable glory and real power of the actual lead of the people, could carry Manchester from Mr. Bright, and Birmingham from Mr. Muntz. Thus, if the Tories would face with effect a Coalition which is only carrying on the Queen's Government, they will next session appeal, beyond the combinations of parties in an anarchical club, to the common sense of the nation. But the Coalition includes all sides of the aristocracy: the Coalition may invent a policy, or do without one.

There are two questions of the day—Reform and Russia. As to the first, a great Tory leader would now say, "Let us have a real Reform; we may lose our close boroughs, but we shall gain our great people." As to the second he would say, "All existing pacts of mankind are broken—let us not talk of treaties, let us not seek order in diplomacy—let us not 'negotiate' with Destiny. Civilisation and Barbarism are at war, one with the other—the Hun is swooping upon Italy—Russia is the common enemy of mankind—let us destroy Russia, or be destroyed."

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XVIII.—SIR BENJAMIN HALL, BART.

When you have a governing aristocracy you will have Tories and Whigs. Wherever there has been an aristocracy there has been a Tory party and a Whig party. When Shakspeare presented his immortal and eternally true picture of a state of society, in which the mass of a people is ruled by a class of the people, he drew the Tory and the Whig—Coriolanus, who addresses the mobs as "you dissensious rogues, that rubbing the poor itch of your opinion make yourselves scabs"—and Menenius Agrippa, of whom the mobs say he is "one that hath always loved the people"—being nevertheless privately more Tory than Coriolanus. But our English aristocracy has furnished a third species of aristocratic politician, — the aristocrat who repudiates his class altogether and affects more democracy than the democrat. The titled Radicals are an important section of the Governing Classes; and Sir Benjamin Hall may be regarded as an exquisite specimen of the species. He is a very remarkable man, Sir Benjamin Hall.

There is nothing more easily comprehended than democracy: that is based on an idea, unsound perhaps, for the mass of mankind may always prefer masters, but precise and tangible. And you

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can consequently understand the reality and the earnestness of a democratic leader — when he happens to be a democrat. You can understand (let us, that we may not attempt the profound, confine ourselves to our own history) a Wat Tyler, or a Captain Rock, or a Jack Cade, or a William Newton.* Such men agitate to gain not by the agitation itself, but by the result of agitation. You can understand, also, a Sir Joshua Walmsley, who springs from the people, and who consecrates his life to the cause of the class with which he never ceases to identify himself. For the same reasons you can comprehend Cuffy, tailor, and champion of journeymen, and can respect the motives of Mr. William Williams, who makes no disguise of his instinctive abhorrence of young noblemen. But you cannot comprehend, and you cannot esteem, men who make sacrifices of natural position in order to head a clamorous mob-public. You cannot well understand "gentlemen" and "scholars" who seek the sweet voices and exult in the bad atmosphere of a democracy. You do not believe in a Feargus O'Connor, who would tell you "I am of a race of kings;" or in an Orator Hunt, who could say to Peel, "I am the first tradesman in my family, while the Right Hon. Gentleman is the first gentleman in his." You may suppose there is the respectability and the earnestness of theorists in a Colonel Cartwright, or in a Colonel Thompson; but

* Not a mythical name, but the leader in the "Amalgamated Engineer" movement—a man with a future, also.

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you know that they had, or have, delicate tastes, and would not like a great country to be governed in the market-place. You admire Mr. Grote or Mr. Warburton—their Greek or Italian point of view in politics is at least picturesque; but you do not credit their Radicalism, suspecting that they know they are just the men to go down before an avalanche of the "people." You cannot consider that a "gentleman" like Sir Francis Burdett could ever be really otherwise than a Tory; and you take for granted that a man who is both born to a good estate, and cultivated to scholarly philosophy, as Sir William Molesworth, is only a Radical for the sake of taking an artistic position in the House. You wonder, and only wonder, at an Honourable Tom Duncombe or an Honourable Charles Villiers, affecting indifference to their class and their classes' interests:—you set down their eccentricities to the influence of that sort of wretched ambition which makes no account of material success. But what you do not understand is, the assumption of Radicalism by men like Sir Benjamin Hall; creatures of the most villainous vanity; who do possess material, very material, ambition; who only live for "honours,"—who only live to die peers. The sham in such a case is so grotesque that explanation is impossible, unless at the expense of an enlightened metropolitan borough.

Both by position and by nature, Sir Benjamin Hall is essentially of the class of Pharisee in

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modern times denominated "in a phrase Mr. Thackeray has rendered popular." His profound complacency, visible in the perpendicularity of his strut, breathing in a face of polished lead, which is cleft with an august smile, is precisely of that character which includes contempt for all mankind—except that portion of it which he can see only by turning his serene gaze upwards. A personal appearance was never so little "Liberal;" and the facts of the career correspond with appearances; and a study of the man induces astonishment at his conversion into a Radical metropolitan member. He is a well-acred gentleman, so squirearchical in his tendencies that it is reported his tenants are getting up a petition to the House of Commons praying it to sit all the year round. And his exertions, social and political, in the metropolis, are solely with a view to obtaining greater consideration when he returns to his Welch estate to awe the Joneses and the Lloyds, who venerate Parliament men—and especially Parliamentary men who get peerages by bullying the aristocracy. It is not very well known how Sir Benjamin got his baronetcy; but it dates from 1838, and it is supposed that he was caught at that period when, according to Mr. Bernal Osborne, the "whip" was used as a fishing-rod, and the Whig Government made a miraculous draught of baronets. How he got Marylebone is better known. The weakness of that borough, which excels in small meeting-houses, is an aversion to bishops;

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and Sir Benjamin Hall obtained political fame by arithmetical demonstration that episcopacy was not apostolical. He insulted the Church for several successive sessions with such safe *éclat* that ——— the furrier, ——— the chemist, and ——— the doctor, who manage these things for the great borough of Marylebone, took it for granted Sir Benjamin Hall must be a Radical; took also a cab between them one morning, and drove up to Sir Benjamin's door which is in a great square, and requested of the porter, affecting not to feel afraid of that official, to see the baronet. "Them ere sentiments of his about them there black slugs had," they stated, "impressed them with such respect for his ve-ews that they were willing to offer him Marrybonn—supposing all right in other respects." Sir Benjamin, satisfied them that he thought a plentiful supply of water a good thing, graveyards unpleasant, centralization an impropriety, as long as the Home Office rejected ——— application for place, and that "Reform"—yes—decidedly—Reform was required. "There was a lot of small voters in Marrybonn, and Sir Benjy can't get on no how unless he would start that there dodge." Sir Benjy consented. What extent of Reform? Oh! he should say—on the whole—adequate Reform—a full and fair measure! yes, decidedly—a full and fair measure! By-the-bye, would these gentlemen have a glass of wine? It was all settled. Sir Benjy borrowed an old coat from his valet, left his leaden face unpolished for

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once, dirted his finger nails, and, walking on to the hustings at Langham Place, was cheered uproariously as a crack Radical by the butcher-boys and scavengers assembled to perform those functions of free and independent election, which are peculiar to our noble constitution. When the session opened, and ——— who has no practice, and is therefore so fond of public affairs, went down to the House to talk over that there Sewage Bill with Sir Benjy, he actually let Sir Benjy pass in without recognising him! For Sir Benjy had covered the dirty hands with straw-coloured kids, had the polish on his countenance, and the strut in his manner; and having been accosted at the Charing-cross crossing by ——— more knowing than ——— Sir Benjy had waved his glove, and said, "I have no coppers, my man." He was somewhat abstracted, it is true: for he was conning over the celebrated speech in which he proved, with complete statistics supplied by his new constituent, ——— the selling-off draper, that the original apostolic aprons only cost twopence a yard, and that the country ought to make the Church contract for lawn. The ——— reported that speech very full; and Sir Benjy invited the Editor of the ——————— to dinner, in consequence of which a leading article appeared in that organ, comparing the member for Marrybonn to Luther, and insinuating, in italics, that such a man should be placed in a position where he could meet the Bishops face to face. The family footman was said

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to have posted a copy of the paper to the Prime Minister—with what results we do not yet know; but it is known that a new Welch paper—the *Orb of Wales* (the frontispiece on the title was a portrait of the Sun, said, by the tenants, to be like the landlord)—was immediately started; and copied that paragraph with the same assiduity with which it inserted certain pill advertisements. It must be admitted that the way in which Sir Benjamin dragged to light the doings of the Derby Board of Admiralty demand some acknowledgment at the hands of the Coalition.

Doubtless the titled Radicals do a vast deal of good; they are actors, but they get the author's meaning put before the world; and they make a greater sensation, with the principles of Radicals, than the mere untitled Radical, in the existing House of Commons. They *do* run a certain risk to their class in stepping out of the ranks of their class; and that ensures them attention. Why was the Honourable Tom Duncombe the most effective speaker in the Reform debates of 1830 and 1832. Because he represented a family which had much to lose by Reform, and because, in deserting his family to gain popularity, he indicated how strong was the popular will—its approval being so tempting. From a similar reason, Mr. Villiers, with a Whig clan to offend, did in the House of Commons, for the cause of Free Trade, what an unaristocratic Mr. Cobden could never have done. And, instead of being reviled as deserters by the aristo-

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cracy, such men should be encouraged: they are not deserters to the democracy,—they are spies in the camp of the democracy. If the Charter must be agitated, is it not better that a young lord should be sent among the Chartists to lead them? Socialism is a dangerous thing; but it is surely safest to have a Lord Shaftesbury as its champion? Sir Benjamin Hall is said to be always smashing the Church: but as it is quite certain that the Church must be smashed by some one, it is obviously discreet in the governing classes to have a genteel Radical to do the work. In our political system, a *tirailleur* thrown out like Sir Benjamin Hall is a security to the line of the governing classes.

The moral of such a career as Sir Benjamin Hall's is twofold. In the first place, it suggests to the aristocracy, that as popularity is so easily gained, they are very unwise ever to be unpopular —or Tory. In the next place, it suggests that our metropolitan boroughs have a good deal to learn— in self-respect. It is despicable, perhaps, in a politician who is an aristocrat to affect the democrat. But what is more contemptible, is the faith of the democrats who believe in the aristocrat. Menenius Agrippa is only a man of the world; and we laugh not at him, but at the people who cheer him.

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XIX.—H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.*

We all know the story of the child, who governed the mother, who governed the minister, who governed the mistress, who governed the king. In some such way, the Prince of Wales, though at present but beautiful boy of twelve, may be properly included among the Governing Classes. Is that an indecorous suggestion of Court influence?

Horror of Court influence is at present very popular; and, among the people, not very comprehensible. We can understand the aristocracy, or a section of the aristocracy, cultivating a dread of Court influence. We can understand the motives of the Whigs dethroning James II, conspiring against William III, converting the first two Georges into Doges, and crushing the third George into insanity. But for the British people of this generation to be shrieking at Court influence, is about as judicious as it would have been for the British people of the last generation to have mobbed William IV when he was hurrying down to Palace-yard, to intimidate the British aristocracy into a Reform Bill. Yet, very curiously, the present agitation against Court influence originates in

* When this article was written the press and the public were engrossed by one question—Does Prince Albert really interfere in politics?

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newspapers indisposed to the supremacy of an aristocracy. The Court is railed at by ingenuous democrats as though it were a notorious fact, familiar to ourselves, and patent to Europe, that we are an elaborately self-governed people. The Liberals —those who, not enjoying its advantages, would break down the Venetian constitution—might have some slight excuse for their simple terrors, if the House of Commons, which can at least ask questions, though they are never really answered, were now sitting. But a recess, in which the only topic is our foreign policy, is a period in which secret diplomacy has full swing; when a Government, which consists exclusively of the aristocracy, or of their champions, governs absolutely irresponsible. With the conduct of the British Government in the East, the British people has as little to do, as has the Russian people with the conduct of the Russian Government in the East; if there is any difference in the respectability of the position of the two peoples, it being in favour of the Russians, who at least cheer their Czar, while the English, with the degraded humour of impotent spite, caricature their Prime Minister.

In regard to foreign policy, the English aristocracy, during a recess, enjoys all the dignity of a sway of Absolutist Government; the people's privilege of a free press, not considerably affecting the aristocracy's independence, since the free press is heavily taxed and so restricted in sale. Under such circumstances, it might be supposed that the British people

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who for some years have idolised their Court—and with more reason than a loyal people ever yet had; who cannot but believe that in a Court there must be more noble nationality than in a class: would have rejoiced upon being assured that a Court whom they trusted was tempering the policy of a Prime Minister whom they suspected, and of a Foreign Secretary whom they contemned. But no: the British people trade on in the conviction that they, and not a bureau, are negotiating with Russia; and their enlightened morning press writes doughty inuendoes, that this is a limited monarchy, and that—O, amazing democrats!—the aristocracy must not be interfered with! In the history of Political literature—and that of this bewildered country is often very funny—never was there anything so sublimely silly.

These journalists would, however, urge that their restricted raid is not against the crown, but against Prince Albert; it is, in fact, their defence that they are impertinent to the Prince because they are so loyal to the Queen. They leave us to infer—generous journalists—that even should her Majesty determine to interest herself in her people, and to stand between her people and the bureaux, they would not demand her abdication. They believe, so vast is their confidence in the caste which plunders them, and which accords political votes to 1,000,000 out of a nation of 30,000,000, and which sustains a House of Commons, into which any man can buy his way, but in which only themselves can hold place, that the Queen ought to reign, but not to govern; and there

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is some national understanding that the nation is to be loyal, on condition of the Sovereign being a nullity—an ingenious arrangement adroitly effected by our chivalrous aristocracy.

"The appearance of power," said Fox, in a dictum which has been cherished by the Whigs, "is all that a Sovereign of this country can expect;" and though it has been now and then ascertained that her Majesty, at intervals, insists upon such precautions as may prevent the honour of her name and nation being tarnished by the tricks of Foreign Secretaries revelling in the cheats of secret diplomacy, the journalists magnanimously consent to overlook such manifestations in the perhaps not altogether authorised assurance that these are unaccountable episodes—not an organised system. But what the journalists, speaking in the name of the people, will not stand—this they distinctly declare in italics—is, that Prince Albert should have any influence over the monarch who is permitted now and then to govern; and even that great national journal which has undertaken the defence of the Prince from the "liberal" newspapers has accompanied its vindication with a menace, and has proved that the Prince has not exercised power because, he is a foreigner, and England, which governs itself, would not allow of foreign intervention. The confusion of constitutional principles, exposed in such a controversy, is a curious illustration of the marvellous political perfectibility arrived at in our century and in our country.

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This controversy however being serious, with probable effects which may outlive the day, upon Crown and aristocracy, it might be worth the effort of Great Britons to struggle out of shams and to face facts. When the Crown and the people do not thoroughly understand one another, as surely they might in such a reign as Queen Victoria's, both suffer, and only one party gains—the aristocracy. There is much talk of her Majesty's "discretion," and of the Prince's "good sense;" is it then true that the proper working of our glorious constitution is left to the chances of individual proprieties? It might be shown that it is not the interest of the British people to suppress their Sovereign, when their Sovereign is a splendid and a good Sovereign. But, assuming the political wisdom of gagging the Queen, for the comfort of the aristocracy, a practical question would be this: —If it be true that the Ministers are responsible to the House of Commons for the public actions of the Government, what matters it what the Sovereign chooses to do privately? The question implies that the Sovereign is always in favour of a policy which is not the policy of the House of Commons; and the constitutional safeguard is supposed to be, that as a Ministry cannot do what the House of Commons objects to, a Ministry, selecting between Crown and Commons, will resign rather than oblige a Sovereign who has determined on an unpopular policy. "The power," says Lord John Russell of George the Third's influence over Lord North, "of

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a single will was indeed conspicuous; but the constitution afforded ample means of over-ruling that will had the Minister obeyed his own convictions, or had the House of Commons been true to the people they represented." But what of a case in which the individual will backs the popular will, and seeks to constrain into right action a bureaucratic aristocracy, governing by force of a corrupt, or corruptly elected, House of Commons? That may or may not be the case at present: it may, however, be the case at some future period, as it was in 1830, and at some future period the people may miss the support the present Court might be inclined to give. But at the present period, what if Queen Victoria does write private despatches, and the Prince telegraphs to King Leopold, and nudges Lord Aberdeen? The House of Commons governs us, it is supposed; at least, that is the constitution: and relying upon our independent representatives, we shall be strong enough to treat Court machinations as the burly husband treated his Xantippe who beat him — it amused her, and did not hurt him. And if, on the other hand, Court influence does affect the course of human affairs, and Court influence is not approved of, should not some better machinery be resorted to for constitutional preservation than that of journalists? Were it indeed a fact that the present Court is in favour of a policy which is not an English policy—a supposition which must of course be insane—then the snarls of inconsequent democrats and impatient Tories would but produce this

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effect:—compress Court influence into more caution, and make it only the more powerful. If the Great Britons are in earnest in their admiration for their Queen, they might, one would think, confide in her so far as to believe that she prefers England to Russia. If they do not confide in her, they might be less vehement in their loyalty.

The affectation of distinguishing between the Queen and the Prince is hardly worthy of so peculiarly free a people as we are, with so outspoken, though so limitedly circulating a liberal press, as we enjoy. The Prince *is* the Court; and what the Court has done in British politics, must have been done at the instance of the Prince. No one knows what the Court has done; not till 100 years after his death will this enlightened nation know anything of the precise policy of the great Prince Albert, who, as his special mission, undertook to soften the manners of the English with ingenious arts. But that he has a precise policy, is very probable; it would be very odd if a man, with such a position for observation, with such universal knowledge, and with such philosophical sympathies, had not very strong, and very compact views, upon the best methods of benefiting the English nation; and people who judge by political facts, and not by constitutional theories, might be disposed to believe that he would be unwise, and ungenerous, if, having powers of doing good, he hesitated to exercise them, out of an apprehension of the unelected, and inevitably dear, and necessarily not powerful, jour-

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nalist, who regards himself as legitimate guardian of our noble institutions—which he has not an accurate idea of. The objection to Prince Albert seems to be an objection offered upon a sudden discovery of the Prince's ability; and the rage of the Tories at the Prince Consort suggests a reminiscence of the mortification of the Cardinals, who lifted into St. Peter's chair the Pope who had only affected caducity. Prince Albert did not show himself to the English people until two or three years ago; and the great powers, statesmanlike and administrative, which he then, and has since, exhibited, instead of being the occasion of national pride, would seem, both with the aristocracy and with the journalists, who do not go to Court, to have inspired disgust and distrust. Unexpectedly a great man presented himself, and so complete is the decay of hero-worship, that instead of being welcomed, there is some danger that terrified Mediocrity will succeed in inducing us to repudiate him. The editors of journalism mumble that he is a foreigner. As if there was nationality in England! Scotchmen and Irishmen rule the English press; the first man in the House of Commons is a Spanish Jew; and our royal house does not boast, or has not to deplore, an ounce of English blood. It is because Prince Albert is a foreigner that he is so enlightened, it is because he has no connexion with, and cannot know sympathy with, the British aristocracy, that the people should trust him, and, by the influence of that trust,

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wean him from possible family follies and dynastic delusions into a Court Championship of popular rights.

The heir to the throne must just now be hearing a good deal of the civilised manner in which our enlightened press is bullying our beloved Court. The Prince of Wales has very much Master Dombey's cast of countenance: and ponders probably upon the peculiarities of a press, supposed to represent the public, which cheers one year and hoots the next year the same personage, that personage remaining in the interval unchanged in character. The Prince of Wales enjoys, in tutors and in books, a royal road to learning; but does not contemporaneous experience suggest the advantage that it would be to him, and to the people over whom he is one day to reign, if he were supplied with a definition of the royal prerogative? At present the popular notion seems to be this: that because the people are impotent, therefore the Crown should be impotent. Fortunate aristocracy, which can induce such a Realm to have faith in such a Royalty!

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