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**MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND  
CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY REEVE, C.B.,  
D.C.L**

BY

**JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, M.A.**

**HONORARY FELLOW OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN  
KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON**

**IN TWO VOLUMES**

**VOL. II.**

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*From a Photograph taken by RUPERT POTTER, Esq.*

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## LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY REEVE

### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE WAR IN ITALY

How far the murderous attempt of Orsini, on January 14th, 1858, was connected with the political relations of France and Italy it is as yet impossible to say. It was, and still is, very commonly believed that in his youth Louis Napoleon had been affiliated to one or other of the secret societies of Italy, that he was still pledged to this, was bound to obey its orders, and that Orsini was an agent to remind him that the attainment of high rank, far from releasing him from the bond, rendered it more stringent, as giving him greater power and facility for carrying out the orders he received. The independence of Italy was aimed at; and it had been intimated to the Emperor that Orsini's was only the first of similar messages which, if action was not taken, would be followed by a second, with greater care to ensure its delivery.

All this may or may not have been mere gossip. What is certain is that, during the latter months of 1858, secret negotiations had been going on between the Emperor and Victor Emanuel, the King of Sardinia, or rather his minister, Cavour; and that an agreement had been come to that Austria was to be attacked and driven out of Italy. Accordingly, on January 1st, 1859, at his New Year's reception of the foreign ministers, Louis Napoleon took the opportunity of addressing some remarks to the Austrian Ambassador which, to France and to all Europe, appeared threatening.

Similarly, at Turin, it was allowed to appear that war was intended; and on both sides preparations were hurried on. In France, as in Austria, these were on a very extensive scale. A large fleet of transports was collected at Marseilles; troops were massed on the frontier of Savoy; and, on the part of the Austrians, 200,000 men were assembled in readiness for action. On April 23rd Francis Joseph, without—it was said—the knowledge of his responsible ministers, sent an ultimatum to Turin, requiring an answer within three days: at the expiration of that time the Austrians would cross the frontier. The allies utilised the delay to complete their preparations; and before the three days had ended the

advance of the Franco-Sardinian army had begun.

The campaign proved disastrous to the Austrians, whose half-drilled and badly-fed troops and obsolete artillery were commanded by an utterly incompetent general. They were defeated at Palestro on May 31st; at Magenta on June 4th; and again at Solferino on June 24th. Nothing, it appeared to the Italians and the lookers-on, could prevent the successful and decisive issue; the Austrians would be compelled to quit Italy. Suddenly Louis Napoleon announced that he had come to an agreement with the Emperor of Austria and that peace was agreed on. The disappointment and rage of the Italians were very great; but, as Louis Napoleon was resolved, and as Victor Emanuel could not continue the war without his assistance, he was obliged to consent, and peace was concluded at Villafranca on July 11th.

For the next eighteen months much of the correspondence refers to the inception and result of this short war, mixed, of course, with more personal matters, and at the beginning, with news as to the state of Tocqueville's health, which was giving his friends the liveliest anxiety. The Journal for the year opens with:—

*January 6th.*—We went to Bowood. It was the first time Christine went there. The party consisted of the Flahaults, Cheney's, Strzelecki, the Clarendons, Twisletons, [Footnote: The Hon. Edward Twisleton, chief commissioner of the poor laws in Ireland. He married, in 1852, Ellen, daughter of the Hon. Edward Dwight, of Massachusetts, U.S.A.; and died, at the age of sixty-five, in 1874.] and Leslie's. What agreeable people! For a wonder we shot there on the 10th, and killed 140 head.

*January 12th.*—We had a dinner at home—Trevelyan, just appointed governor of Madras, Phinn, Baron Martin, Huddleston, W. Harcourt, Merivale, and Henry Brougham.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, January 3rd.*—I grieve to say Tocqueville has been worse. His doctor dined here t'other day and T.'s brother came for him at ten o'clock. I have as bad an opinion of the case as possible.

*Cannes, January 9th.* The Italian affair is very naturally cause of anxiety, but I feel assured this, for the present, will pass away. I find there is a strong feeling getting up of the Austrian army being as good as the finances are bad, but the French finances are not likely to be very much better. However, though the present alarm will pass away, what a sad thing for the peace of the world to depend, not on the general opinion and feeling, but on the caprice, or the jobbing, or the blunders of a few individuals! Who can be quite sure that Morny's stockjobbing has had nothing to do with the late most silly conversation? [Footnote: Presumably, the sinister remark addressed to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's Day.] L. N. himself is quite clear of all such blame. He tries all he can to prevent M. and others from their pillaging, but he never can succeed. However, it is to the risk of more blunders that I look as placing peace in greatest jeopardy. I don't believe L. N. or any one of them would, *if they knew it*, run the risk of a general war (and the least war means a general war); but they may any day get into a scrape without intending it, for they have not the security of free discussion to warn them.

*From Lord Hatherton*

*Teddesley, January 12th.*—Do me the kindness to write me one line to tell me what you know of the state of M. de Tocqueville. Is it dangerous? There is no man out of this kingdom who possesses so much of my admiration and regard.

This general lull after the late Reform agitation is very natural. There are four parties waiting each other's moves; three, at least, exclusive of Bright's, which is the least. There are the present Government, the late Government, and the country—which, as I read it, has little in common with any of them, but is at present without a leader. Any very powerful man, who had been living by, would now have had a great field before him.

I attended the day before yesterday a very remarkable meeting of the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham. Lord Ward [Footnote: Created Earl of Dudley in 1860.] in the chair. The report, and all the officials and speakers, especially those from the town, complained of the indifference of the artisans, mechanics, and labourers of that town to instruction and education generally. It seems, on the showing of Bright's friends, that these fellows, the noisiest of their class about Reform, are the most ignorant and the least desirous of improving themselves. Such is the report of Bright's own friends. Mr. Ryland, the vice-president and real manager of the institution, who is also Bright's friend there, is the loudest in his complaints of this body. Ryland further told me that he believed there was not a workman in the town who, if consulted individually, would express his approval of all Bright's principles. Mr. Ryland is a solicitor.

I am all anxiety to see your January number.

62 Rutland Gate, January 25th.

My dear Lord Lansdowne,—I have omitted, but not from forgetfulness, to express to you the very high gratification Mrs. Reeve and myself derived from your most kind reception of us at Bowood, and I am sure we shall always retain the liveliest recollection of this most agreeable visit. But, in truth, I waited till something should occur which might have the good fortune to interest you, and I think the accounts I continue to receive from France, on the present threatening aspect of affairs, may be of that nature. M. Guizot says to me, in a letter of the 23rd inst.:—

'Jusqu'à ces jours derniers je n'y voulais pas croire. J'essaye encore d'en douter; mais c'est difficile. Ce sera un exemple de plus des guerres faites par embarras de ne pas les faire bien plus que par volonté de les faire. Je suis porté à croire que l'Empereur Napoléon serait charmé de ne plus entendre parler de l'Italie; mais pour cela il faudrait qu'il n'y eût plus d'assassins italiens, plus de Roi de Sardaigne, plus de cousins à marier, plus de brouillons révolutionnaires à contenter. Aujourd'hui, et malgré toutes les paroles contraires, il me paraît probable que ces causes de guerre prévaudront sur la modération naturelle, sur le goût du repos voluptueux, sur l'avis des conseillers officiels, et sur le sentiment évident du public. Que fera l'Allemagne? Le tiendra-t-elle unie? Là est la question. L'Angleterre y peut certainement beaucoup. Je ne vois plus que là une chance pour le maintien de la paix.'

These words are so remarkable, coming from a man whose disposition is ever so much more sanguine than desponding, that I have quoted them at length.

We have all been greatly touched by the close of Mr. Hallam's most honourable, useful, and I may say illustrious life. [Footnote: He died on January 21st, 1859.] It so chanced that my sister-in-law, Helen Richardson, who has been to him a second daughter for the last few years, came up from Scotland on Thursday [January 20th]. On Friday she went down with Mrs. Cator to see him. He perfectly knew her, and seemed charmed to see her again; but before she left his bed-side the light flickered in the socket, and he expired a short time afterwards in their presence, conscious and without pain to the last. I thought the notice of him in the 'Times' of Monday very pleasing, and was inclined to attribute it to David Dundas, but I know not whether I am right....

I remain always

Your obliged and faithful

**H. REEVE.**

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, January 26th.*—I am much obliged to you for M. Guizot's letter, [Footnote: Apparently that of January 23rd, quoted in the previous letter to Lord Lansdowne.] which Miladi and I have read with interest, as one always does everything he writes. I showed it to G. Lewis and C. C. G., feeling sure you would have no objection. It is impossible not to agree in his gloomy view of things. It must be owned that the position the Emperor has made for himself is one of extreme difficulty. His *idée dominante* has been how to pacify Italian conspirators by bringing away his army from Rome, without having the Pope's throat cut or letting in an Austrian garrison there; and he determined that driving the Austrians out of Italy was the indispensable preliminary step. He was urged to do this and to think it easy both by Russia and Sardinia; and we may be sure that the Sardinians would not have committed themselves as they have done, and incurred such inconvenient expense, if they had not received promises of active support. How would it be possible then for L. N. to recede? Cavour would show him up, and fresh daggers and grenades would be prepared for him. I look upon war, therefore, as certain. We have only to hope that Austria may continue to act prudently, and not furnish the cause of quarrel which her enemies are looking for, and which might turn against her those who, for decency's sake, wish to remain neutral; and next, that Germany may be united by a sense of common danger. This may tend to limit the area of the war; but altogether it is a deplorable *gâchis*, out of which L. N. can no more see his way than anyone else.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, January 26th.*—I must throw myself and the cause of law amendment on your kindness, under a great evil which has befallen us. The 'Quarterly Review,' under Mr. Elwin, was so favourably disposed to law reform as to resolve upon inserting a full discussion of the subject on the occasion of Sir E. Wilmot's volume on my 'Acts and Bills;' and Bellenden Ker had undertaken it, and was, as a law reformer and as, under Cranworth, in office as consolidation commissioner, certainly well qualified to

do the article. But he made such a mess of it; in fact, treating Eldon, Ellenborough, &c., and other obstacles to law reform not introductory, but, as I understand, making a whole article upon that. The consequence has been that the whole has failed, and this most valuable opportunity been lost of having the Tory journal's adhesion to law reform now. It is barely possible they may take it up hereafter. But surely the natural place for this statement is the 'Edinburgh Review,' and I should feel great comfort for the good cause if I thought you would thus help us. The matter in Sir E.'s book renders it very easy to show what has been done of late years.

Poor Tocqueville is one day a little better, another a little worse; but I have little or no hope of his getting through it.

Shortly after this Lord Brougham made a flying visit to London. A note in the Journal is:—

*February 26th.*—I dined at Lord Brougham's, and met Dr. Lushington, Lord Glenelg, Lord Broughton; all—with our host—over 80.

But the state of Tocqueville's health continued, for Reeve, the most engrossing personal consideration, and just at this time the deadly malady took a favourable though delusive turn. Tocqueville—says M. de Beaumont [Footnote: Gustave de Beaumont: *Oeuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville* (1861), tome i. p. 116.]—hoped for the best. 'How could he do otherwise when all around him was bursting into life? and so he kept on his regular habits, his schemes, his work. He read, and was read to; he wrote a great many letters, and devoured those which he received in great numbers. There was not one of his friends who did not receive at least one letter from him during the last month of his life.' The following is his last letter to Reeve. The writing is painfully bad, the letters often half formed, or crowded one on top of another; even the orthography is imperfect; but the words and ideas flow in full volume.

Cannes. le 25 février.

Cher Reeve,—Il y a un siècle que je ne vous ai écrit. Je n'étais pas libre de le faire. Le mois de janvier tout entier s'est passé au milieu de la crise la plus douloureuse. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait aucun mois de ma vie qui mérite mieux que celui-là d'être marqué d'une croix noire dans l'histoire de mon existence privée. Jetons dans l'oubli, s'il est possible, des jours et surtout des nuits si cruels, et bornons-nous à demander à Dieu de n'envoyer rien de semblable désormais, soit à moi, soit à mes amis. Depuis trois semaines j'occupe février à réparer les méfaits de janvier. Je vais aussi bien que possible: mes forces sont en grande partie revenues. Les bronches semblent en voie de guérison rapide. Ainsi n'en parlons plus.

I have just been reading an excellent article on the Catacombs, in the 'Edinburgh Review.' It is a subject which has always interested me, but very likely I should not have begun with this particular article if I had not known it was by you. Circourt wrote to me about it, and so deprived me of the pleasure of finding it out for myself, which I think I could have done. But, in any case, the article is exceedingly interesting ... Though I have been enjoying myself in following you underground, what is now going on on the earth's surface calls for close attention. I am here hard by one of the old military roads which have led into Italy from time immemorial, as at this day. I hear that great preparations are being made all along the valley of the Rhone and the neighbouring country. What I am sure of, because it is taking place under my very eyes, is, that the railway from Marseilles to Toulon is being pushed forward at an unheard of rate. It is the only link wanting to complete the chain of communication between Brest, Cherbourg, Paris, and Toulon. There was no expectation of this railway being finished before the middle of summer; but now it is understood that it will be ready within a few days—an instance of doing the impossible. Such efforts presuppose some great object which it is desired to accomplish at once.

I am told, perhaps incorrectly, that Prussia has decided to remain neutral—at first, at any rate; and, by the same authority, that Russia will be neutral, but in a spirit friendly to France. This would be very serious; for Russia gives nothing for nothing. If it is so, the Emperor's project would appear less silly. It would explain how an ambitious prince, whose throne is tottering, who is bound to excite the admiration of France and to gratify the national vanity, [Footnote: Fleury, one of the most faithful and attached of the Emperor's followers wrote in words almost identical (*Souvenirs*, tom. i. p. 330): 'C'était par une série de faits grandioses par des spectacles flattant l'orgueil et les instincts du pays, que Napoleon III allait, pendant de longues années, non seulement occuper, réjouir la France, mais encore fixer l'attention, l'étonnement et bien souvent l'admiration du monde.'] who is stopped by no scruples, might find it an excellent opportunity for bringing on a personal war—if I may say so; for driving the Germans across the Alps and naming himself the Dictator of Italy. It is true that no great material advantage can result from it; but L. N. is sufficiently well acquainted with France to know that the glitter of such a course would probably content her. All this would be easy to understand if Maria Theresa reigned at Vienna, Frederic at Berlin, and Mme. de Pompadour at Versailles; in a word, if we

were in the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century. But being, as we are, in the nineteenth century, the designs which are ascribed to the Emperor are to be condemned as in the highest degree treasonable to humanity and to France. Kings can no longer claim to be guided only by their personal interests and passions; and now—when it is agreed that England cannot remain neutral in a war between France and a great Continental Power; when it is admitted that a Continental war, however short, would surely awaken the hatred of all princes and all neighbouring people, and would end in a coalition against France—now, I say, to plunge into such an adventure would be not only the most silly, but the most wicked thing which a Frenchman could do.

La longueur un peu désordonnée de cette lettre, mon cher ami, vous prouvera mieux que tout ce que je pourrais dire les progrès de ma santé. Je vais écrire à Mme Grote. Rappelez-vous, je vous prie, tout particulièrement au souvenir de Lady Theresa et de Sir C. Lewis. J'espère que Lord Hatherton ne m'a pas oublié. Mille et mille amitiés à tous les Senior. Je n'ai pas besoin d'en dire autant pour Mme et Mile Reeve. Tout à vous de coeur, A. T.

Reeve replied immediately:—

*62 Rutland Gate, 1 mars.*—Votre lettre me fait le plus sensible plaisir. Les nouvelles indirectes de votre santé qui me sont parvenues de temps en temps m'avaient excessivement préoccupé. J'ai su que le mois de janvier avait été mauvais, et quoique j'eusse bien des fois l'envie de prendre la plume, elle m'est tombée des mains lorsque j'ai réfléchi que j'ignorais malheureusement dans quel état de corps et d'esprit ma lettre pourrait vous trouver. Pendant tout l'hiver j'ai reçu par lettre et de bouche une infinité de demandes sur votre état. Vous ne sauriez croire à quel point tous vos amis d'Angleterre, qui sont encore plus nombreux que ceux dont vous avez une connaissance personnelle, m'ont témoigné pour vous d'intérêt, de considération et d'affection. Aussi votre convalescence est une bonne nouvelle pour nous tous—les Lewis, les Hatherton, les Grote, Knight-Bruce et tant d'autres. Je me permets cependant de dire que le sentiment que j'ai eu toutes les fois que je me suis transporté par la pensée à votre chambre de malade est bien autrement profond. Mon amitié pour vous est une des affections les plus vives qu'il m'ait été donné de conserver. Je n'ai rien de plus cher. Et l'idée que vous souffriez tant de mal, sans qu'il me fût possible de vous offrir le moindre soulagement, m'a été extrêmement pénible. Pour un malade la lecture de mes 'Catacombes' ne me paraît pas excessivement gai, mais je reconnais là votre aimable souvenir de l'auteur. Bref, vous êtes en convalescence. Le soleil printanier, même dans nos climats, luit d'un éclat extraordinaire. Déjà au mois de février les arbustes poussaient des feuilles. Dieu veuille que cette douce chaleur de l'année vous rende bientôt à la santé et à la Normandie.

There is no doubt that the state of public affairs is more serious than it has been since 1851. [Footnote: *Sc.* in France, before the *Coup d'état.*] The meaning of what has lately been going on in public, and of the secret plots which have been hatching for a long time, is very clear. As to France, I say nothing; for, after all, she has the chances of success, which will smooth away many apparent difficulties. But the peace of Europe depends on Germany and on England. Shall we succeed in maintaining it? The attitude of England is, I think, good. Without any hostile demonstration, she has shown very clearly that she will be no party to any breach of the treaties. Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna has been arranged between him and the Emperor, but I have no faith in it. It is merely a device to make people think he is acting in agreement with the English Cabinet, and so conceal a scheme to which the English Cabinet is totally opposed. Opinion here is unanimous against French intervention in Italy. Unfortunately, we are in a very bad position at home. The Cabinet is deplorably weak, and it has just lost two of its principal members. The Reform Bill, brought in yesterday, raises more questions than it answers; but it will probably serve to give prominence to the dissensions in the Liberal party. 'Tis a real misfortune; for a disunited party cannot assert any influence in Europe.

Lord Brougham is returning to Cannes, though with little inclination to stay among such grave causes of anxiety. So long as France is free to act by sea, the road to Italy does not lie through Var, but in the ports of Toulon and Marseilles. Shall you soon be hearing the guns of the second Marengo?

The action of England at this important crisis was curious, but characteristic. The destinies of Europe were shaking in the balance; the fortunes of France, of Italy, of Austria, probably also of Prussia, and very possibly of Russia, were at stake; so the English Government thought it a suitable opportunity to tinker the constitution and introduce a Reform Bill—which nobody seems to have wanted—mainly, it would seem, to 'dish' the Whigs. It was, however, they themselves who were dished. Mr. Henley, the President of the Board of Trade, resigned on January 27th. So also did Mr. S. H. Walpole, [Footnote: Mr. Walpole died, at the age of 92, on May 22nd, 1898.] the Home Secretary, who wrote to Lord Derby: 'I cannot help saying that the measure which the Cabinet are prepared to recommend is one which we should all of us have stoutly opposed if either Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell had ventured to bring it forward.' None the less, the Bill was introduced on February 28th. On the second reading it was negatived; a dissolution and a general election followed; and on the meeting of Parliament, in June the Ministry were defeated on an amendment to the Address, and resigned.

But though the want of confidence appeared to be based on the question of the Reform Bill, there is no doubt that there was a widespread mistrust of the foreign policy of the Government. For some years past, perhaps ever since Mr. Gladstone's celebrated Neapolitan letters in 1851, successive waves of sentiment in favour of Italian independence and unity had passed over the country; and Lord Derby, or Lord Malmesbury, had perhaps fancied that this sentiment might be invoked in their defence. They had not, indeed, taken any overt action, but there was a general idea that they were inclined to favour the designs of Italy and of France. Now, to favour the cause of Italian independence was one thing; to favour the ambitious and grasping schemes of France was another; and the leaders of the Liberal party were not slow to denounce the Government, which—as they alleged—was ready to plunge the country into war for the sake of currying favour with the master of the insolent colonels of 1858.

Reeve's own view of the questions at issue may be gathered from the letters which he wrote to the 'Times,' [Footnote: January 19th, *The Policy of France in Italy*; April 28th, *The Policy of France*, both under the signature of 'Senex.'] and more fully, more carefully expressed in the article 'Austria, France, and Italy' in the 'Edinburgh Review' of April. In this he distinctly combats 'what is termed the principle of "nationalities"' as unhistorical. The theory is, he says, 'of modern growth and uncertain application;' and he goes on to show in detail that it is not applicable to any one of the Great Powers of Europe.

'Of all the sovereigns now filling a throne, Queen Victoria is undoubtedly the ruler of the largest number of subject races, alien populations, and discordant tongues. In the vast circumference of her dominions every form of religion is professed, every code of law is administered, and her empire is tessellated with every variety of the human species.... But above and around them all stands that majestic edifice, raised by the valour and authority of England, which connects these scattered dependencies with one great Whole infinitely more powerful, more civilised, and more free than any separate fragment could be; and it is to the subordination of national or provincial independence that the true citizenship of these realms owes its existence.... It is the glory of England to have constituted such an empire, and to govern it, in the main, on just and tolerant principles, as long as her imperial rights are not assailed; when they are assailed, the people of England have never shown much forbearance in the defence of them. Such being the fact, it is utterly repugnant to the first principles of our own policy, and to every page in our history, to lend encouragement to that separation of nationalities from other empires which we fiercely resist when it threatens to dismember our own.'

He then goes on to speak of the administration of such nationalities, and continues:—"The spirit of the Austrian Government in the Italian provinces we heartily deplore. All things considered, it would have been better for Austria herself if England and the other Powers had not insisted in 1815 on her resuming the government of Lombardy, or if the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom had been erected into a distinct State; but that consideration is utterly insufficient to justify a deliberate breach of the public law of Europe.'

And he adds a note:—"We believe that we are strictly correct in stating that the Emperor Francis, foreseeing the difficulties his Government would have to encounter in Lombardy, and anxious to avoid causes of future dissension with France, expressed his strong disinclination to resume that province; but it was pressed upon him by the other Powers, and especially by the Prince Regent of England, as the only effectual mode of excluding the influence of France from Northern Italy.'

The argument, throughout, is that the attack on Austria about to be made by France and Sardinia was an unprovoked aggression, a violation of European treaties; on the part of Sardinia, for lust of territory, and on the part of France, for a desire to remodel the map of Europe, to annex Savoy—which was to be the price of her assistance—and to carry out the ideas 'conceived at the time of his early connexion with the Italian patriots in the movement of 1831.'

*From Lord Hatherton*

*Teddesley, March 5th.*—I have been from home two days.... Pray excuse my not having thanked you before for your kind announcement of Tocqueville's convalescence. But the same day brought me a letter from a friend of Tocqueville's brother, ... telling me the accounts were very unpromising. I hope and believe yours is the more reliable account.

I have not a doubt that L. Napoleon means war, and will not be baulked of it. It is a disagreeable thing for England to know that, if he succeed, he will have acquired some valuable experience in the embarkation and disembarkation of an armament of 45,000 men, with as many more to follow it; and that if they are not wanted in the Mediterranean, they may be used elsewhere, while we are totally unprepared; and I fear, through the weakness of our Government, from the nature of our institutions, for purposes of defence in times of peace, are likely to remain so.

*From Count Zamoyski*

Paris, March 29th.

My dear friend, I am not surprised at your regret; my own is very keen. Throughout his whole life Sigismund Krasinski was obliged to conceal his true self. Out of regard for his father, who was always a pitiful courtier of success, he denied himself the liberty of saying what he thought, acknowledging what he wrote, or showing to whom he was attached. I was one of those whom he supported by his zealous co-operation. You knew him as a poet; he had become a politician, and seemed destined to exercise a great influence. His loss is irreparable. To me he was a friend and a brother-in-arms.

His widow, his two sons—of twelve and thirteen, and his daughter, of seven, are here. She is occupied in collecting all her husband's writings, with the intention of publishing all that is of value. She thinks, and rightly, that a judicious selection of his letters would be especially interesting as containing the secret of his life—a secret which he guarded so carefully. If, therefore, you will send me what you have, or bring them when you come here in a month's time, you will oblige both his widow and friends. His sons had never been separated from him—which will assure you that their early education has been well cared for. Their mother proposes that they should continue their studies here, attending a college, and having lessons in Polish history and literature, which can be had here better than in Poland.

So it is settled that we are to have a congress! But what will it do? What can be done in such a matter in so short a time? The 'Moniteur' has rightly pointed out that it is necessary to 'study the questions.' For that, time is especially wanted. It would need something like a council sitting through years, reigns, wars, to bring about salutary and lasting results. I am told that nowadays everything must go by steam—this, as well as the rest. To which, I answer that the result will be nothing but water mixed with blood....

I am sorry to see the English Press more and more unjust to the Emperor Napoleon. It is really silly to keep on schooling France—not the Emperor—for preferring an imperial to a parliamentary government. If the English had the institutions which in France seem to be but the concomitants of despotism, they would educe from them a large amount of political liberty. But if the French—like the woman in Molière prefer being governed, it would be wise for the English peers to accept the fact; and instead of sneering at and irritating France whenever she wishes to do some good, to get out of the beaten track, to conquer hearts, not territories, it would be better honestly to co-operate with her, and thus attain valuable results—a profitable success, and the deliverance of France from the fatal support of Russia, which she accepts as a *pis-aller*, but which in the long run can only be to her hurt. More than all others, the English Press, which is so proud—which has good reason to be proud—should assist in the 'study of the questions;' should anticipate the negotiations; should elevate and elucidate them by judicious suggestions, basing everything on a firm alliance of the Western Powers.

But alas! where is the English statesman, where is even the great writer or the newspaper capable of inaugurating such a policy? For lack of these, we see England vying with France in courtesy to Russia—in anxiety to please her. But to this the Emperor Napoleon does at least add his theory of nationalities, which is sufficient to reassure us on the score of his flirtation with Russia; does the English Government or the English press do anything of a similar nature? Alas! Alas! England is certainly great, but it is selfishly for herself. Will she never be able to offer other nations—whatever the circumstances may be—anything but insults, or her own institutions as patterns.

Pardon de ce bavardage et mille amitiés—avec tous mes compliments pour Mesdames Reeve.

**L. ZAMOYSKI.**

Je joins un mot de la Ctsse. K. pour vous, reçu à l'instant.

*From the Countess Krasinska*

*Paris, 29 mars.*—Le Comte Zamoyski a bien voulu me communiquer votre lettre, monsieur, et j'ai été bien sincèrement touchée du souvenir d'affection que vous conservez à un ami qui n'a cessé non plus, je puis vous le garantir, de vous porter un sentiment inaltérable et sincère. Bien souvent, en me parlant des jours de sa jeunesse, mon mari me parlait de cette amitié qui vous unissait et qui en a été un des meilleurs rayons. Il m'avait aussi parlé des manuscrits que vous aurez, et je vous avoue que vous allez au-devant de mes désirs et de ma prière en voulant bien les communiquer. Je tiens infiniment à recueillir tout ce qui a échappé à ce grand coeur et à cette vaillante plume, et je commence un travail qui ne sera sans doute complet que dans quelques années. Je vous serai donc on ne peut plus reconnaissante si vous vouliez bien confier entre mes mains ce que vous possédez, soit en copie, soit original, comme vous le voudrez, m'engageant à vous remettre ce précieux dépôt dès que nous en aurons fait usage, et dès que vous le réclamerez.

J'espère lorsque vous viendrez à Paris que je pourrai vous présenter, monsieur, les deux fils de Sigismond et sa petite fille, et vous demander pour les enfants un peu de ce coeur que vous aviez pour le père.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, April 9th.*—I fear I have but a bad account to give of poor Tocqueville; he has been worse again, and to-day he received the Communion. Dr. Maure has just told me he hardly thought he could live over the month, but he (Dr. M.) has always been much more desponding than the other physician. One great evil has befallen him. Beaumont, who had really been a nurse to him these three weeks, is suddenly called away to Paris by the telegraph, owing to some illness in his own family, and this is an irreparable loss to Tocqueville.

We are all here in great anxiety about peace and war. Cavour, whose conduct—and that of his master—is as bad as possible, has no doubt received strong assurances of support from L. N. and his vile cousin; and the war party at Turin are exulting, considering that the Congress can do nothing to prevent the outbreak with Austria, upon which they reckon for certain, and, I fear, with some reason. The utter want of good faith in L. N. becomes daily more manifest.... Yet, though even the military men are crying out against the war, and all other parties, without any exception, are against him, one sees nothing that can effectually shake him, unless he were to be defeated in the war he has been endeavouring to bring about. The whole prospects are as gloomy as possible for the friends of freedom and of peace.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, April 10th.*—Many thanks for your letter, which gives me information much beyond what my other letters give, but far from agreeable either as to home or foreign affairs. This destruction (I fear I must call it) of the Liberal party by the personal vanity, which they call by the higher name of ambition, of two persons is truly deplorable; and the conduct of the Government in dissolving is such as can hardly be exceeded in folly. We shall have an increased split, I fear, of the Liberals, and a weaker Government than ever. I grieve to say that matters look as ill for peace in this country and Italy as ever. The conduct of Cavour is abominable.

I grieve to give you a worse account than ever of Tocqueville. Dr. Maure had condemned him from the first, but Dr. Sève had sanguine hopes, at least, of a long time being given. But I have just seen him, and he now says it is an affair of days. So all is nearly over. Mme. T. is also very ill, and Beaumont being forced to leave them is most vexatious.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*G. C., April 10th.*—Do you chance to have a proof-sheet of that part of your article which treats of the rights of Austria to Lombardy and Venice and her reversionary rights to the other States, and, if so, will you lend it to me? You have made the whole case so clear that I should like to read it over again, as it may be necessary to say something on the subject in the House of Lords when Malmesbury makes his statement, and I see that the 'Edinburgh Review' will not be out till Friday, otherwise I would not trouble you.

*G. C., April 13th.*—Many thanks for the proof-sheets, and Schwarzenberg's despatch and Duvergier's letter, which I enclose. I was kept at home by a slight attack of gout yesterday, and did not see Malmesbury, but on Monday he told me that he had hopes of being able to announce a disarming of the three would-be belligerent Powers. Until he makes that statement I shall not believe in its probability. Palmerston and Lord John seem well aware that any encouragement to war would be most unpopular at home, and I don't expect that there will be much discussion on Friday.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

Orleans House, April 11th.

On my return from Claremont I find your letter. With my brothers I had just been deploring the great loss sustained by the Liberal party. [Footnote: The death of Tocqueville was prematurely announced a week before it actually took place.] Of all the men of mark in our deliberative assemblies, M. de Tocqueville was certainly the most stainless. He had the rare advantage of not being obnoxious to any of the parties existing in France, by which I mean all self-respecting parties, such as will be taken into account on the day when France shall become herself again. He would certainly have been one of the most important members of the first free government in our country. Even as things are, he was one of our public characters whose voice carried most weight, and who was best fitted to enlighten the minds of others. God has taken him from us before his time. Forgive me for retaining so much selfishness and party spirit before the coffin of so good and amiable a man; for regretting his public more than his

private virtues.

*From M. Guizot*

*Paris, April 15th.*—... France does not understand, approve, or wish for an Italian war now any more than she did six months ago. I persist in thinking that in his inmost soul, and of his own judgement, the Emperor Napoleon would also be glad to be rid of it, provided it should be quite clear that it is not of his free will that he backs out of his promise, and that, in remaining at peace, he is yielding to imperious necessity, to the interest, will, and influence of Europe. On Europe, therefore, the matter depends; and, in this, Europe is England, for Prussia will follow England. It is, therefore, towards you that all of us who are friends of peace and good sense now turn our eyes. Do not fall a prey to the disease which has mastered all the politicians of the time. Do not be afraid to take the initiative, to incur the responsibility; decide and act according to your own opinion, instead of waiting for circumstances to decide and act for you. On this condition alone the peace of Europe will be saved; without it, it will not. And of this be sure: that if war does break out, we shall feel, no doubt, that you have been wanting in the foresight and resolution which would have prevented it....

*From Lord Brougham*

[*Cannes*] *April 17th.*—Poor Tocqueville died this morning, not at Hyères, as the papers which announced his death a week ago say, but at a house a mile from Cannes. His two brothers were with him; and his poor wife is so ill that she will not long survive him.

People in high quarters in England seem bent on believing that the Congress will do wonders. I don't expect it. There is such bad faith in the man on whom it really all turns, and he is in such a state, by the universal opinion of France and of Europe being against him, that I should not be surprised at any desperate act to regain the place he has lost. You may naturally suppose the preparations which, chiefly naval, are going on must mean something, and he seems resolved that no restraint on them shall be imposed when others agree to disarm. Why should he not agree to stop, and not to add to his means—as everyone that comes from Marseilles tells us he is doing, though gradually? The reason he will suffer no restriction to be imposed is that the army would regard this as a concession, and he won't risk any offence in that quarter. The worst of it is that they—the officers—though just as averse to an Austrian war as the country at large, would by no means dislike a dash at England, and I cannot get out of my mind the risk there is of his making that attempt when we are unprepared. The perfidy would be overlooked in the success, though temporary. And in the midst of all this we have Malmesbury at the F. O. and Derby premier!

*From Lord Clarendon*

*G.G., April 19th.* I am delighted you approved of what I said last night, [Footnote: In the House of Lords.] and much obliged to you for letting me know it. I thought Derby's speech excellent, though perhaps a trifle too bellicose in the latter part for John Bull, who always wants a little preparation before he is taken over rough ground. He is under the strict neutrality delusion just now, and has not yet thought of realising his rôle in a European war.

Your article is attracting great attention, and seems to be working a great deal of good. Where did you get the information contained in the note to p. 566? [Footnote: See *ante*, p. 13.] I meant to have used it, and to have appealed to Aberdeen to confirm the statement, but thought it prudent to ask him beforehand whether he agreed.

The article on 'Austria, France, and Italy,' in the April number of the Review brought Reeve the following letter from Mr. Edward Cheney, till then a mere acquaintance, though between the two a friendship quickly sprang up which was broken only by death. Mr. Cheney had lived for several years in Italy, and his letters—always interesting, frequently amusing—commonly relate to Italian affairs; but he was a well-read, accomplished, and large-minded man, and in his judgement on literary questions Reeve had great confidence.

Audley Square, April 20th.

My dear sir,—At the risk of appearing intrusive, and perhaps impertinent, I cannot resist my strong inclination to express the great satisfaction with which I have read the article in the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' on the Italian question. I do not presume to attribute the authorship to yourself, though the clearness of the style, the closeness of the reasoning, and the candour of the deductions would naturally lead me to that conclusion; but, in truth, its merits are far beyond its technical excellencies, and I rejoice peculiarly on its appearance at a moment when public attention is concentrated on the affairs of the Italian peninsula, and when the public, too, has so much need of enlightenment. A man who writes as the author of that article has done confers an incalculable benefit

on his countrymen; and, as one not altogether incompetent to form a judgement on the subject, I beg to offer him my congratulations.

I have lived many years in Italy, am minutely acquainted with every part of it. I have many friends and intimates amongst its natives. I admire the country, and like its people; and, while doing justice to many of their excellent and amiable qualities, I cannot be blind to the fact that most of the misfortunes which have befallen them are attributable mainly to their want of constancy, their want of ambition, and—the word must be spoken—their want of courage. They are now on the eve of another and more serious revolution; they are rushing with reckless indifference upon a danger the extent of which they cannot realise to themselves, but which must inevitably overwhelm them. A European war must be the consequence, a war in which England must ultimately take a part; and the man who calmly and dispassionately endeavours to open the eyes of his countrymen to the truth, and who, regardless of passing obloquy, dares to assert it, is their real benefactor; and though, at the first moment, he may share the fate of those who tell unwelcome truths, justice will ultimately be done him, though not, perhaps, till the cry of regret is raised that his warning and advice were both neglected. I would conclude my letter with another apology for having thus far intruded on your valuable time; but you yourself will be able to suggest my best excuse in the deep interest which we both take in the subject.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

**EDWARD CHENEY.**

*From M. Guizot*

*Paris, April 21st.*—J'ai reçu et lu votre article il y a déjà plusieurs jours, et je l'ai trouvé excellent. Il est impossible de mieux résumer les faits, de mieux établir les droits et de faire mieux pressentir la bonne politique. Lord Derby et Lord Clarendon vous ont donné pleinement raison. Ils ont gardé, l'un et l'autre, chacun dans sa position, une juste mesure, tout en parlant avec une grande franchise. L'effet est grand ici.

The question is how to get clear of this imbroglio, the handiwork of a lot of mischief-makers, who are at once timid and rash, obstinate and unenterprising, conscious of their weakness, yet persisting in their folly. We are waiting impatiently for the decisive answers from Turin and Vienna; and then the congress; and then your elections; and then—what? I have passed the best part of my life in doing, and am not yet accustomed to waiting without knowing what for....

*From Lord Brougham*

[*Cannes*] *April 21st.*—I am extremely obliged to you for sending the article, which I have read with the greatest satisfaction. There are one or two things of minor importance on which I differ. The matter of Genoa as connected with Piedmont, I need not say, is not one of these. Indeed, it might have been put stronger, and without reference to Lord W. Bentinck; for, if I rightly recollect, when I, in 1817, attacked Castlereagh on the misdeeds of the congress in 1815, I put the surrender of Genoa to Piedmont in the very front of the charges against the congress—independent of Lord W. B.'s proclamation, and on the ground of the Genoese hatred of Piedmont. I again referred to this the first night of the session.

I broke through my rule of never attending funerals yesterday. The last time I broke it was my dear friend Follett; this time it was Tocqueville. I should have been the only member of the Institute, but Ampere had set out from Rome on receiving T.'s letter, and arrived the day after his death. He is carried to Tocqueville—near Cherbourg, as you know; one of his brothers and a nephew accompany it. Mme. T. is not nearly so ill as was believed. It is bronchitis, not lungs; so she expects to go by slow journeys in a few days.

*April 22nd.*—Since I wrote yesterday I have received an account which, whether true or not, shows the opinion they have in Italy of our great ally. A man who had stood his friend and prevented the King of Holland from disinheriting him, has lately been at Paris, and was kindly received by him. So far is certain, and his kindness to those who befriended him formerly is a good quality he really possesses. But it is added that he told him to tell his nation not to be disheartened by the congress, because care would be taken to make proposals which must be rejected, and that he was as ready as ever. I really believe there is nothing too base in the way of perfidy he would scruple to do, if his resolution was fixed and it appeared clearly to be his interest. There has, however, been a change in him of late, as to determination. He is more easily swayed by others than he was, and he falters more when left alone. Altogether, it is a cruel calamity for the world to have such a person to depend upon. I wish someone would show how much he appeals to the multitude—the mere *mob*. He is still a socialist in practice; and

if anyone will read the Robespierre papers, he will see that there is a deliberate design to make the poor—the persons without property—rule. One man whom I afterwards knew (Julien de Paris), and who had been a philanthropist *exalté*, states, in one of his reports to the Committee of Public Safety, that those who have no property are the great majority, and therefore must govern. There could be no greater service to France than a full exposition of these principles—the ones which L. N. adopts; and at the same time a full account of the abominable character of the first Napoleon, of which the materials are abundant in the correspondence with Joseph, [Footnote: *Mémoires et Correspondance politique et militaire du roi Joseph* (6 tom. 8vo. 1854).] and also in the printed, but unpublished, vols. of his whole correspondence.

[*Cannes*] *May 4th*—I suppose some folks will now have discovered what reliance there is to be placed on a capricious and absolute man. It was clear from the first that he had resolved upon this Italian speculation, and that as soon as he could mitigate the universal feeling and opinion against him, he would have his way. The congress, whether suggested by him through Russia or not, was only one means of delay till all was ready, and one way of putting Austria in the wrong, or making an outcry against her as if she was—for really, except in the clumsy way of doing it, I can see nothing to blame in her refusal. She is treated as the aggressor. Now all she has done, or could do, was in her own defence, and nothing in the world can be more absurd than pretending that she is the cause of the war. If she beat the allies ever so much, she does not gain one inch of territory, while their real object is to strip her. As for L. N. considering himself aggrieved by her breaking off the negotiation and beginning to defend herself, it can only be on the supposition that he has a right to interfere on behalf of the Italians. Indeed, the same thing may be said of Sardinia. It is considered that she is aggrieved if the other Italian States are aggrieved; and now comes this rising in Tuscany and the smaller duchies to embarrass one party and so far help the other. But there is no reason to believe that any rising in Lombardy will take place.

The unaccountable part of it is the Austrians delaying their attack. It seemed clear that their plan would be to march upon Turin before the French could get up, and yet they have suffered 40,000 men to be landed at Genoa, and a considerable force to cross by Mont Cenis, without doing anything. Can it be that the sudden notice to Piedmont was an act of the Emperor without his ministers being consulted, and that they are less prepared than was supposed? Bunsen's son, who is in the Prussian mission at Turin, wrote ten days ago that the Government was ready to remove to Genoa, expecting the Austrians to come before the French arrived, and knowing Turin to be indefensible. It now seems that there must be a battle before Turin can be taken. All the road from Paris to Marseilles has been encumbered with troops, and all the steamers have been taken by the Government, and more men will be sent if wanted. The usual effect of a war has been perceived—namely, making the multitude rally round the Government—consequently there is less outcry against the war than there was, except amongst thinking people and those who are suffering from the suspension of all trade. The Emperor himself will probably join the army when they are prepared for an advantageous movement. He is playing a game that may be desperate. This Russian alliance is denied, but substantially it is true, and I have little doubt that some undertaking is effected to give leave to Russia in Turkey, on condition that she does something for Poland (one of L. N.'s hobbies) and helps some Italian arrangement for the cousin.

The next letter is endorsed by Reeve—'An affectionate record of a long friendship. I have inserted it in the copy of his Journals.'

*From Mr. C. C. Greville*

*May 6th.*—I will not delay to thank you warmly for your kind note. Your accession to the P. C. office gave me a friendship which I need not say how much I have valued through so many years of happy intercourse, which I rejoice at knowing has never been for an instant clouded or interrupted, and which will, I hope, last the same as long as I last myself. It is always painful to do anything for the last time, and I cannot without emotion take leave of an office where I have experienced for so many years so much kindness, consideration, and goodwill. I have told Hamilton that I hope still to be considered as *amicus curiae*, and to be applied to on every occasion when I can be of use to the office, or my personal services can be employed to promote the interest of any member of it. Between you and me there has been, I think, as much as possible between any two people, the 'idem velle, idem nolle et idem sentire de republicâ,' and in consequence the 'firma amicitia.' God bless you, and believe me always,

Yours most sincerely and faithfully, C. C. G.

*From Lord Brougham*

[*Cannes*] *May 18th.*—I really begin to feel anxious about the peace of Europe, and not without some alarm as to our own position. There can be no doubt that for the present (if not more permanently) this man [the Emperor], working on the French feeling, has got the mob, military and civil, with him. The war has ceased to be unpopular, and all reckon upon victory. If they succeed, he will, for a while, be

satisfied with the gratification of his vanity and the strengthening of his power; but soon after he will be pushed by his unruly supporters, and will try a deeper game. Of this they are as much convinced in Germany as of his existence, and even Prussia will not persist holding back. If she does, and if the Russian alliance continues, she will be destroyed as soon as Austria is weakened. I, therefore, expect to see Prussia take timely precautions. They are prepared at Frankfort to split with her if she does not.

I am now satisfied that the Austrians intended only a *razzia* to Turin, and then to carry on only a defensive contest; and having been prevented—partly by the floods, and partly by our untimely intermeddling, and partly by their old error of having one head at Vienna, and another with the army—they have now given up the *razzia*, and will act on the defensive. This will not prevent them taking advantage of any opportunity of attacking, should they be able to do so with a certainty of success; but for any such dash I look rather to the French than to them. Certainly the Man is in a great difficulty if the Austrians steadily pursue this plan; for the expectations are wound up to a high pitch in France—especially in Paris and the great towns—of his doing something speedily, and the French nature is not to wait with calmness and patience. Even in this remote quarter, the thousands of fine troops passing raises a great feeling for the war.

\_To Lord Brougham

C. O., May 21st.—To the very best of my belief, the Queen's Speech will not be delivered till June 7th, but I speak without authority.... I have the greatest doubt whether it will be possible to unite all those sections of the H. of C. which are not to be regarded as Lord Derby's supporters, in a direct adverse vote—on the address or otherwise; and if the attempt is made—as it probably will be I think it will fail. [Footnote: The attempt was made, and did not fail. The Ministry was defeated on the amendment to the address by 323 to 310.] The Government say they have 307 men on whom they can rely, and a fair chance that fifteen or twenty more men will not consent to take part in an active, offensive campaign. Indeed the country gentlemen say pretty generally that they will not attempt to turn the Government out, until they are satisfied that a more stable Government can be formed. But how is this possible when the numbers are—on one side a compact body of more than 300, and—on the other side, a divided body of 350? What we hope, therefore, is this: that John Russell and the Radicals will take a course on the subject of Reform which will be resisted by the moderate Liberals; and that the result will be a fusion between the moderate Liberals and the large Conservative phalanx. For it is clear that without some degree of support from the Conservatives, no other government can be carried on. As for any lasting or sincere union between Lord Palmerston and Lord John, it is quite hopeless, [Footnote: The event falsified this forecast. In the Ministry which Palmerston now formed Lord John was Foreign Secretary, and continued so till Palmerston's death in 1865.] and the desire to keep the latter out of office is so general and intense, that it is probable he would fail to make a Cabinet, even if the Queen sent for him—which she will certainly not do until the last extremity. On the other hand, there is the great objection to Palmerston that he holds language about the Italians and the French—to whom he is entirely devoted—which is quite at variance with the convictions of every man of sense in the country. There can be very little doubt that the war will spread. The whole of Germany is burning with ardour to support Austria; and if the French gain a battle on the Po, nothing will prevent the whole strength of Germany from coming to the rescue. [Footnote: Louis Napoleon's fear of this is a sufficient explanation of his ambiguous policy after Solferino.] The position of France is, in reality, most critical, for all her best troops are in Italy, and she would have great difficulty in placing 100,000 men on the Rhine, where she may have to confront half a million of combatants.

Hortensius' [Footnote: William Forsyth, Q.C., for many years standing counsel to the India Office. As the author, among other works, of *Hortensius*, and residing, as he still resides, at 61 Rutland Gate, Lord Brougham, in writing to Reeve, invariably refers to him as either 'Hortensius' or 'your neighbour.' In 1872 he published *Letters from Lord Brougham to William Forsyth*, with some facsimiles to show his 'extraordinary hand.' 'I think,' wrote Mr. Forsyth, 'the hieroglyphics will puzzle most readers;' but the samples he has given are as copper-plate compared with some of the letters to Reeve of about the same date.] appointment was, I believe, purely an act of Lord Stanley's, and I dare say your kindness in mentioning his name had due effect. Hortensius applied, by letter, for the appointment, and about three weeks after came a letter to say he was appointed.

*From Lord Brougham*

[*Cannes*] *May 24th*. I have been reading over again your excellent article on the subject of the day, and I may say of the place; and the more I reflect on it, I come the nearer to your view in all respects. Really the more we consider this abominable man's conduct (and his accomplice Cavour is quite as bad, though not so foolish), the greater indignation we feel at the unprovoked breach of the peace. The audacity of the pretence from a despot and usurper exceeds precedent. What can be said too of Russia, which keeps her hold of Poland only ten years longer than the settlement of 1815! It really would be important, now that the attempt has been made to represent [the first] Napoleon as the friend of

oppressed nationalities, that we should direct men's attention a little more to the enormities in that man's whole history. Party motives arising out of our English divisions to a certain degree prevented the real truth from being generally felt respecting him. There was the usual exaggeration on both sides. One party painted the devil blacker than he was, crediting to him crimes which he never committed. The other, because their adversaries thus painted him, would allow nothing against him, and exaggerated his merits—though it were difficult to overrate his capacity, and his military genius especially. But the more his moral guilt is examined the blacker it will appear, and the late publication, which you call candid, I believe has been true and full owing to careless superintendence. When I say publication I mean printing, for it is not really published, though copies are freely given. The publication of Joseph's memoirs is also full of important matter.

Now from these and the existing materials, a full and plain account of the man ought to be prepared, [Footnote: This is what M. Lanfrey began to do, and was going on with at the time of his lamented death, at the age of forty-nine, in 1877.] and you may rely on it that great effect against the present man would be produced; for he ostentatiously connects his policy with the former one's, and there is the greatest care taken to suppress attacks on Napoleon I. in the periodical publications—at least in the newspapers. But if the English and German and Belgian press are full of the facts, and repeatedly lay them before the world, no policy of the French press can long keep the truth from reaching the public. However, I am drawn away from what I had intended to mention—the present state of the public mind on the war question in this country. The giddy and warlike nature of the people, and his going to the army, has produced an effect not only in removing the unpopularity of the war, but in raising a warlike spirit—at least for the present. If victory comes, this will be increased. It is probable he may for the present be satisfied with the strength which he will derive from it; but the army will probably join with the mob in wishing for further proceedings, and then we shall find that Germany will be attacked, and I must even say that we shall do well to be prepared in England. I believe, however, that the Austrians in Italy will make it a lingering affair by defensive operations, and this will exhaust the French patience. The lies of the Sardinian press, and indeed official accounts, make it impossible to tell how far they have at the beginning suffered a check. But I plainly perceive that, if something brilliant is not done, L. N. will be shaken.

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*From Count Zamoyski*

*Paris, May 28th.* May is passing and your plans are not yet realised; we still await your arrival. Mme. Krasinska is leaving Paris for Warsaw, and has charged me to forward you the enclosed, in which she gives you the address of the person here who is ready to receive the papers you have promised her, which both she and the friends of the deceased await with lively interest.

Having written thus much on the matter in hand, Zamoyski turned again to politics and the discussion at some length of the situation in Italy, out of which many of the Poles fondly hoped their freedom was to come. The English mistrust of Napoleon, he argued, was as injudicious as unfounded, and could do nothing but harm by forcing France into the arms of Russia. One of the many wild suggestions afloat at the time amounted to little less than a complete remodelling of the map of Europe. Austria, deprived of her Italian provinces, was to be compensated on the lower Danube; as a balance to which, Russia was to occupy Constantinople, and, to mark her friendship to France—who was entering on the war for an *idée*—would restore freedom to Poland. And there were some who believed it. Zamoyski was clearer-headed; but his mind also was warped by sense of wrong, and his fancy was as wild as the other. If England, he urged, will not act in concert with France, let her at least emulate the noble example France is setting. She is preparing to free Italy; let England, as her part in the generous rivalry, free Poland. Russia is still England's enemy. This is England's opportunity. And he seems to have persuaded himself that, if she did not avail herself of it, she would be a recreant to the cause of liberty and humanity. It is very curious.

*From the Countess Krasinska*

*Paris, 26 mai.*—Je vous remercie infiniment, Monsieur, de votre bonne lettre et de tout ce que vous voulez bien me dire de celui que nous ne cesserons pas de regretter, et qui m'a bien et bien souvent parlé de vous et des années de jeunesse passées avec vous dans une étroite et sincère amitié. Ce souvenir a été constant dans son coeur! Je regrette infiniment aussi que les événements politiques vous aient empêché de venir à Paris, comme vous vous le proposiez. Je suis obligée de partir pour Varsovie, et crains de vous manquer si vous venez bientôt ici. Dans tous les cas, si vous vouliez bien confier vos précieux manuscrits [Footnote: If sent to M. Okrynski, the letters were returned; for they were afterwards given to Sigismond's grandson, the present Count Adam Krasinski (*see post*. p. 389).] à M. Victor Okrynski, Rue de la Pépinière 66, je vous en serai bien reconnaissante. C'est chez lui que je laisse en dépôt ce que nous avons rassemblé jusqu'ici.

It would seem from the following note that Lord Macaulay had spoken to Reeve of Dr. Thomas Campbell's "Diary of a Visit to England in 1775; by an Irishman;" a small book—little more than a pamphlet—which had been published at Sydney in 1854. It had struck Reeve that such a "Diary" might be the text for an interesting article in the "Review;" and the correspondence respecting it derives a peculiar value from its near approach to the close of Macaulay's labours.

*From Lord Macaulay*

Holly Lodge, Kensington, June 1st.

Dear Reeve,—Before you determine anything about Dr. T. Campbell's Diary, you had better read it. I have lent my copy, which is probably the only copy in England, and do not expect to get it back till next week. When it comes, I will send it to you, and we will then talk further. Ever yours truly, MACAULAY.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, June 11th.*—... On the Continent, it seems to me, there is now only one question—Will Austria remain obstinate? If she does, if she is determined to fight on, although beaten; not to give up her Italian possessions, although she has lost them in Italy, and to impose on the conquerors of Milan the necessity of being also the conquerors of Vienna—in that case the actual beginning of the war is a trifle; we are advancing towards a general war and European chaos. The mere continuance of the struggle will be quite sufficient to make it impossible for anyone—for Lord Derby as much as for Lord Palmerston—to stop it or to foresee where it will lead. Has Austria the will and the strength to prolong the struggle? Or will she be alarmed and intimidated by her first defeats, and be persuaded to make such concessions as will give, if not Italy herself, at least her patrons for the time being, a decent pretext to declare themselves satisfied, and to retreat in triumph? I repeat this seems to me the only question. If I were to judge by the reports that reach me from Germany, no doubt is there felt. Austria, both emperor and country, are said to be perfectly determined to fight to the last extremity, being convinced that in their extreme peril, and when, in their persons, European order is endangered, they will find allies and a chance of safety. But I do not put much faith in rumours which promise a somewhat heroic firmness. Great things are apt to come to nothing nowadays, and it may well be that the Italian question will fall through, and all this noise end in some transaction which will be neither a true nor lasting solution. Italy has long been the scene of events that end thus....

*From Lord Clarendon*

*G.C., June 13th.*—You have always taken such a kind and friendly concern in my affairs that I think you will like to know how I stand. Palmerston, by the Queen's desire, insisted on my returning to the F.O., and I felt that, though most unwilling to accept the offer, I had no sufficient plea for declining it. But when Palmerston very properly placed any office at the disposal of Lord John, he claimed the F.O. as his right. I gladly recognised that right and the superiority of his claims to my own.

I was most warmly pressed by Palmerston and my former colleagues to take any other office; but for that I saw no necessity, and I was sure I should best consult the public taste by making way for some one who had not been in Palmerston's former Government. The Queen sent for me, and very kindly tried to shake my determination; but it had not been lightly taken, and she did not succeed. So I am still free, and great is my happiness thereat.

*From Lord Macaulay*

*June 27th.*—If I were to renew my connexion with the "Edinburgh Review" after an interval of fifteen years, I should wish my first article to be rather more striking than an article on Campbell's Diary can easily be. You will, no doubt, do the thing as well as it can be done.

Some other hand, therefore, supplied the article on "A Visit to England in 1775" which appeared in the October number of the "Review."

*To Madame de Tocqueville* 62 Rutland Gate, June 30th.

Dear Madame de Tocqueville, [Footnote: Mme. de Tocqueville was an Englishwoman, and the correspondence was naturally in English.] I reproach myself exceedingly for having delayed so long to express to you, or, rather, to endeavour to express to you, how strongly Mrs. Reeve and myself participate in that sympathy and sorrow which your irreparable loss has inspired to the whole world, but most of all to those to whom the friendship of your husband was one of the blessings of life. I cannot accustom myself to the thought that the intercourse I had the happiness to maintain with him for twenty-five years is really at an end; and that the events of the world in which he took so constant and enlightened an interest are still rolling onwards, while his pure intelligence has passed to some higher and nobler sphere. We now look back, indeed, with a pleasure that heightens our regret, to

those delightful days we spent at Tocqueville in 1856, and to his visit to England in 1857. Nothing, indeed, was wanting, either to his fame or to the love he inspired those who knew him; and to both these sacred recollections our thoughts will be directed as long as we survive. What, then, must be the loss and the void to you, who lived, as it were, *in* that light? I dare not think of it, were it not that your thoughts will rise to that source which has consolation for all earthly sorrows. I have heard of you, and seen your admirable letters to Mrs. Grote and Mrs. Merivale, which assure me of the resignation and piety that still support you. Mrs. Reeve and Hopie desire to join in the cordial expression of their affectionate regard; and I remain Your most faithful servant,

**H. REEVE.**

The Journal here notes:—

In August I left town for Ambleside and Abington, to shoot. Thence I went to the George R. Smiths', at Relugas; near Forres. Shot there, and then crossed the Moray Firth to Skibo and Uppat. Then I went on to Langwell, in Caithness, which the Duke of Portland had lent the Speaker (E. Denison), and spent some days with him. Returned to town by sea from Aberdeen. Shooting in September at Chorleywood and Stetchworth—the latter first-rate; then to Roxburghshire; afterwards to Raith.

*To Lord Brougham*

*Relugas, near Forres, August 26th.*—Your very kind note of the 23rd has followed me here, where I am spending a few days on my way to Sutherland. Towards the latter end of October I shall be returning to England, with Mrs. Reeve and my daughter, and if you are still at Brougham at that time, and disposed to receive us for a day or two in this patriarchal fashion, it will give us the greatest pleasure to come.

Louis Napoleon's amnesty appears to me to be the most judicious act of his reign, and, if he would only follow it up by giving a more legal character to his administration, I think he would soon rally many persons to himself. All that the French seem at this time to require is that the Government should observe the laws it enforces on other people—a very moderate request.

I will endeavour to find out about the Chancery Evidence Commission. It is a monstrous absurdity that your name should not appear in a commission destined, if anything, to give effect to the principles you have so long and constantly advocated.

*C.O., September 26th.*—I sincerely hope that, whatever day the Edinburgh banquet takes place, I may have the honour of attending it. I shall probably be at Raith at the time. Considering what you have been, for more than half a century, to the "Edinburgh Review," and the connexion which was thus so long maintained between yourself and Edinburgh, I am most anxious, as the humble representative of that journal at the present time, to do anything in my power to contribute to a mark of respect paid you in Edinburgh; and I should have gladly attended the dinner, even if I had not been, as I probably shall be, within easy reach of it.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Brougham, September 27th.*—Many thanks for your great kindness about the Edinburgh dinner, which I look forward to with some dismay; for the requisition, which was signed by the heads of all parties, and in very kind terms, makes it impossible not to attend, and, beside the plagues incidental to all such proceedings, I have the excessive suffering from the blanks by which I shall be surrounded. To go no further than what you allude to, it may possibly be October 25th, and certainly not later than 26th; and that is the anniversary of the "Edinburgh Review" fifty-seven years ago. Then Jeffrey, Horner, Smith, Allen, Murray, Playfair, Thomson—all gone; and of later years, Cockburn, your father, Eyre. It is really a sad thing. And then, beside our set, there were A. Thomson, Moncreiff, T. Campbell, Cranstoun, Clerk, D. Stewart, W. Scott—all, except Horner, Playfair, and Scott, D. Stewart and A. Thomson, T. Campbell, alive in 1834, when I was last in Edinburgh. I must struggle the best I can, but this feeling nearly overpowers me.

I send you by this post a Paris paper I have just received, evidently sent on account of the article marked, which is so far gratifying that it is by a very eminent man, who signs it; but I chiefly value it on account of the attack upon England for not having raised a monument, [footnote: Lord Brougham was at this time greatly interested, and indeed excited, about a proposed monument to Sir Isaac Newton. His letters frequently allude to it.] and on account, also, of the statement that he was the greatest of all men—which will not be very agreeable to our friends of the Institute.

The Journal records:—

Lord Brougham was elected Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. I attended a banquet given

him there on October 26th. I then went from Raith to Brougham and Appleby, High Legh, and Teddesley, shooting at all these places, and at Crewe likewise, where I began to shoot with a new breech-loading gun. I must have shot thirty-five or forty days this year, and paid a great number of visits in country houses. We did not go abroad.

Lord Macaulay had meantime received some further particulars as to the MS. of the 'Visit to England,' and sent them to Reeve with the following:—

Holly Lodge, November 11th.

My dear sir,—I have just received the enclosed letter, which may, perhaps, interest you. It might be worth while to put a short note at the end of the next number of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

Very truly yours,

**MACAULAY.**

*Endorsed*—Lord Macaulay. His last note to me. He died December 27th [really 28th].

The note referred to appeared in the number for January 1860, with the sympathetic remark: 'This very note was, in fact, his last contribution to these pages, made within a short time of his death.'

*To Lord Brougham*

62 Rutland Gate, December 29th.—I communicated to Mrs. Austin your very kind intention of writing some notice of Mr. Austin in the 'Law Review,' and she has sent me the enclosed paper—very striking, I think it, especially considering the state of physical exhaustion and mental grief in which she lies. Nothing can equal her devotion to his memory. She has, I think, omitted to state that one portion of the lectures delivered by Mr. Austin at the London University were published by Murray in 1832, under the title of 'The Province of Jurisprudence Determined' You are aware that this book retains a very high position, and, as John Austin never would republish it in his lifetime, copies of the volume fetch seven or eight guineas. I hope now it will appear again, with additions, as all the drafts of his lectures are in existence, most carefully elaborated by himself. Hortensius has written a very nice article for the 'Edinburgh' on the progress of legal reform and on your bills. I hope you will like it. The Review will be out on January 14th.

I forgot to say just now that, as Mrs. Austin and I have no copy of the enclosed paper about her husband, we should be much obliged to you to preserve and return it to us.

The pamphlet 'Le Pape et le Congrès' has certainly astonished the world. My Catholic friends call it the pamphlet of the Emperor Julian; and certainly, considering what the Pope has done for him, and he has done for the Pope, it is an act of apostasy. To engage in a contest with Rome is, however, still no small enterprise, and I question if the Emperor has strength of purpose to carry it through. The Popes protested, in their day, against the Treaty of Westphalia and the Treaty of Vienna; *multo magis*, will they protest against the decisions of the Congress of Paris? It must be acknowledged that matters look more favourably than they did for our own policy and influence in the Congress.

\_From Lord Brougham

Cannes, January 1st, 1860.—First of all accept for yourself and Mrs. R. all the good wishes of the season from all here. Next, let me say how gratified I am with the very interesting, and, in the circumstances, extraordinary communication of Mrs. A. It is of the utmost importance, and confirms me in the design I had newly formed, of making my account follow this. It could be made for the next number of the 'Law Review;' in the present number giving a short notice, lamenting the great loss, and announcing a full article for next number. I had intimated the probability of this to Francis—the editor—and what I have received this morning from you strongly confirms me. There will, therefore, be only a general statement this time. Really I feel the deepest interest in the subject, when I regard the strong and stern virtues of the man, beside his great talents and learning.

Poor Macaulay, I would give as a foil—of course, only to yourself, privately. He had great abilities; and though I widely differed with him in his views of history—which I, being of the science school, thought should be different from an anecdote book, yet I admit the great merits of his work, and especially of his essays. But I much objected to his running away from our death-struggle in 1834, though his defence was that his sisters would have to go out in the world as milliners if he stayed to fight with us. I had myself made such sacrifices that I felt entitled to complain. However, I pass over that on the ground he gave. But, then, what is to be said of two sessions in the House of Lords without one word of help to the Liberal cause, or indeed to any cause? What but that it was owing to the fear of making a speech which would be thought a failure—that is, would be injurious to his former speeches.

Now, such a consideration as this J. Austin was wholly incapable of allowing even to cross his mind. He acted on what he conceived were just principles, and sacrificed to them all regard for himself. How differently did those men act of whose set Macaulay was!—his father, Stephen, H. Thornton, &c. However, his loss is a very melancholy one, because he goes out of the world in full possession of his faculties, and in more than just appreciation of his merits.

The Journal for 1860 begins:—

The new year opened at Chevening on a visit to Lord Stanhope. The party consisted of the Morleys, Hayward, Goldwin Smith, and afterwards the Grotes.

I went to Chevening again in 1862; and for a third time, with Christine, in 1885; the host changed, but the same hospitality.

We sent a round-robin to the Dean of Westminster, begging that Macaulay might be buried in the Abbey. He was buried there on January 9th. I was there. The same day we started for Paris by Southampton. Saw the Circourts, Rauzans, Guizots, &c.

Charles Greville had introduced me to Fould, then minister of finance. On Sunday, January 15th, Fould told me of the conclusion of the treaty of commerce with England, and the same evening we all dined at M. Chevalier's, with Cobden, Lavergne, Passy, Parieu, and Wolowski—the promoters and authors of the treaty. The next day (16th) I dined with Fould at a state dinner; Metternichs, Bassanos, Auber, Ste.-Beuve, Bourqueney. I took down Mrs. Baring. Lord Brougham was also in Paris.

Albert Pourtalès, my old fellow-pupil at Geneva, was now Prussian ambassador; saw a good deal of him. This was a very interesting visit to Paris.

In some very rough notes, Reeve jotted down the particulars he learned at this time. They amount to this: That between January 16th and 21st, 1859, a treaty was signed between France and Sardinia, by the 5th, 6th, and 7th articles of which Savoy was to be ceded to France when Lombardy and Venetia were conquered and given to Piedmont. Nice was to be ceded when Piedmont got the rest—of what, is not stated—presumably, of Italy. This treaty was known only to the Emperor, Niel, and Pietri, in France, and in Sardinia to the King and Cavour. It was afterwards made known to Villa-Marina, on condition that he should seem to know nothing about it.

On July 8th, 1859, when the Emperor returned to Valeggio from Villafranca, he told the King of Sardinia that peace was made. The King said he would not accept it, and would continue the war on his own account. The Emperor shrugged his shoulders and said 'Vous êtes fou.' Afterwards, however, in telling the story to the Queen of Holland, he declared that he only said 'Vous êtes absurde.'

It appears to have been in conversation with Pourtalès, on January 17th, that Reeve picked up this curious story. During the past few years many State papers at Berlin had been stolen: amongst others, a letter from the Tsar to the King of Prussia, written in the summer of 1855, to the effect that Sebastopol could not hold out another month. This was sent to Paris by Moustier just in time to revive the drooping spirits of the French Government, after the repulse of June 18th.

Supposing this to be true—as Reeve certainly believed it to be—it was only paying off Prussia in her own coin; for at least under Frederick II.—the Prussian agents had shown a remarkable skill in obtaining secret intelligence, either by purchase or by theft. In one case, in 1755, ten important papers and the key of the cipher were stolen from the Count de Broglie, the French ambassador, by his colleague and intimate friend, Count Maltzahn, the Prussian ambassador, who obtained access to his rooms in his absence. 'There is no doubt,' wrote De Broglie, 'that we are indebted for this to the King of Prussia. I am quite sure that Maltzahn would not have done it without an express order.' [Footnote: *Le Secret du Roi, par le Duc de Broglie, tom. i., p. 131*]

\_From Mr. C. C. Greville

January 15.—I am very glad to hear that Fould has responded with such alacrity, and I shall be most anxious to hear from you again after your interview and dinner with him. I told him in my letter that you had been acquainted with the Emperor when he resided in England, and I hope he will report your arrival to H.M., and that you will be summoned to the imperial presence; it would be very interesting to have a conversation with the great man himself, and you might enlighten his mind, and correct some of the erroneous impressions he is likely to have formed from Cobden's conversation.

So far as I understand the line taken by our Cabinet, they are acting properly enough. I suppose France will want our support for the annexation of Savoy, and Palmerston will be for giving that, or doing anything else to obtain the transference of the revolted states and provinces to Piedmont; the aggrandisement of Sardinia and the humiliation of Austria being his darling objects, for which he will

sacrifice every other consideration, unless he is kept in check, and baffled by the majority of the Cabinet. In the beginning of this week there was very near being a split amongst them, which might have broken up the Government; but I conclude matters were adjusted, though I do not know exactly how. P., J. R., and Gladstone go together, and are for going much further in Italian affairs than the majority of the Cabinet will consent to; and, as the latter know very well that their views will be supported by public opinion, I trust they will get the better of this triple alliance. As Austria appears to have admitted her inability to draw the sword again, the Pope seems to be left without any resource; but it does not follow that Austria will consent to such an aggrandisement of the King of Sardinia as France may be willing to consent to, and, as we shall, I suppose, earnestly advocate. She would probably more easily consent to the promotion of a new North Italian kingdom; and I much doubt if Tuscany really wishes for annexation to Piedmont. She would probably much prefer the promotion of a fresh state, of which Florence would be the capital, and Tuscany the most influential member. How impossible it is to form any opinion as to the tortuous, ever-shifting policy of L. N.! The only thing we ought never to lose sight of is to keep quite clear of him, and to be always on our guard. If the natural limits of France are to be extended again to the Alps, how long will it be before they are extended to the Rhine also?

I went to see Mrs. Austin yesterday, and found her very well and in very fair spirits; very anxious to talk about him, and much gratified at the letters she has received from various friends, bearing testimony to his great merits and high qualities, particularly one from Sir William Erle. Brougham is writing a notice of him for the 'Law Magazine.' She seems very unsettled in her plans, and says she changes her mind continually. Lady Gordon is better, and Mrs. Austin is going to Ventnor, to her, in a short time. She means to be much occupied with the papers he has left, which appear to be all about law, and it is very doubtful whether they will, if published, be very interesting to the world in general.

The Journal notes:—

We returned to London on January 23rd. Parliament opened next day. London dinners began. Dined at Thackeray's, Milman's, Galton's, Lansdowne House.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, February 2nd.*—I am much obliged to you for De la Rive's *brochure* [Footnote: *Le Droit de la Suisse*, by William de la Rive, son of the celebrated physicist, Auguste] which is written with great force and spirit; he makes out an excellent European case for the slice of Savoy he claims for Switzerland, and he manages to give an agreeable impression of those unpleasant people, the Swiss. It is a valuable work at this moment; for the annexation of Savoy to France is a serious affair, not only because it makes Italy French, but because it is the first step towards the *remaniement de la carte*.

When we made our first convention with France, on going to war together with Russia, I thought it would be prudent to put in a clause that neither Power should get any benefit for itself from the war. The Emperor accepted the proposal cheerfully; said it was a grand precedent, &c. &c.; but when I read over the convention with Walewski, prior to signature, the clause was omitted, and I had it restored. In the case of Savoy, we must admit that our policy makes objection on our part not only difficult but absurd. We have been telling the Italians that they were justified in expelling their rulers and electing a new sovereign, and that treaties could not be pleaded against accomplished facts; and how can we remonstrate against the annexation of Savoy to France, if V. Emanuel releases the Savoyards from their allegiance, and they elect L. Nap. for their sovereign?

*To Lord Brougham*

62 *Rutland Gate, March 5th.* Since my visit to Paris I have never had a doubt that Louis Napoleon was pursuing, and pursuing actively, a scheme for the annexation of Savoy, and that nothing which this country can say—for doing is out of the question—will have any effect in preventing it. The King of Sardinia is the dog and the shadow. He drops his bone to clutch a phantom of Italian empire, which will dissolve as he approaches it. The most amusing part of it is that the policy of his imprudent friends here (J. R. and so on) has urged him on to pursue the shadow without remembering what it would cost in substance.

The Reform Bill is considered so very mild a production that I begin, for the first time, to think it will pass. Even the Tories could conceive nothing so moderate, and they had better close with the bargain. I have no doubt it will be rather favourable to the Conservatives than to the Radicals. For example, where there are to be three seats, in the large towns, the Conservative minority will probably carry one out of the three.

*March 14th.*—Your volume of scientific tracts arrived just after I had sent off my last letter. I am very much indebted to you for it, and I shall probably have occasion to refer to your learned paper on the

cells of bees in the review I am going to publish of Mr. Darwin's book. As for Newton, I should be glad to give my vote in favour of a monument whenever a suitable opportunity occurs. It is very embarrassing to know where to place monuments to men illustrious in letters and science. Westminster Abbey is crowded, and can take no more statues. We are going to put up a mural monument to Hallam there; and, by the way, if you had been in England, you were invited to be on the committee; I still hope you will give your name.

Events have taken a prodigiously lucky turn for the Government, and I think it is long since we had any administration so strong as Lord Palmerston now is. Gladstone's triumph is complete on all points, and people are so weary of J. R. and his Reform Bill that I think all parties are ready to swallow this last dose, *de guerre lasse*. Then will follow the dissolution in the autumn, and we may expect a strong Liberal majority.

The affair of Savoy will pass off quietly enough if he leaves the neutralised territories to Switzerland; but if not, it will become serious enough, for it is expressly provided by the final act of the Congress of Vienna that, if Sardinia evacuates those districts, no other Power but Switzerland shall move troops into them, and this arrangement was subsequently confirmed by a very formal declaration of all the Powers....

Mrs. Austin is making arrangements for a new edition of her husband's lectures, with considerable additions.

The Journal has here:—

*March 15th.*—Dinner at home. The Due d'Aumale, Lavradio, Lady Stanhope, Lady Molesworth, Lady William and Arthur Russell, Lord Kingsdown, the Lord Advocate, Professor Owen, Colonel Hamilton, and Colonel Greathed.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*[Sunday] March 18th.*—If you happen to be passing Grosvenor Crescent way on Tuesday or Wednesday, about twelve o'clock, will you look in upon me, and we will have a talk about the awful fix in which Europe in general and England in particular are now placed?

By reason of his connexion with Geneva, Reeve had all along necessarily felt the keenest interest in the negotiations between France and Sardinia, which he had discussed in an article on 'France, Savoy, and Switzerland' for the April number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' He had possibly already intended to visit the 'debateable land' as soon as the Review was sent to press, or very possibly the advisability of doing so was suggested in this interview with Lord Clarendon. At any rate, on April 4th he started for Paris, and, after seeing his friend Pourtales, went on to Geneva in company with Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel. By the 12th he was back in Paris, where, on the 15th, he had long interviews with Fould and Thouvenel, the minister of foreign affairs, the minutes of which he wrote out at considerable length, and two days afterwards read them to Lord Palmerston. He reported to Palmerston that Thouvenel was willing to make 'a reasonable adjustment of the Swiss frontier,' which he believed meant 'an extension of the Swiss territory to the Fort de l'Ecluse and Saleve.' Palmerston, however, refused the overture, saying, 'We shall shame them out of it.' 'So,' added Reeve, in relating the affair, 'neither he nor the Swiss got anything at all.'

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, April 20th.*—I hope my account of J. Austin will appear in the 'Law Magazine and Review.' It is written *con amore*, though very far from such an article as I could have wished to make it. The letter of Mrs. Austin was invaluable, and I inserted her very words in more instances than one; but your mention of the effect produced by the publication now out of print was still more valuable. I only trust that it may all be printed correctly, for it must be too late for me to have proofs.

The roguery of L. N. and Cavour exceeds all belief; but they have cheated one another, and have probably overreached themselves. The *lies* they tell about the Nice vote are unheard of even in the time of Napoleon I. We believe here that thousands of Piedmontese having no residence were sent to vote. However, there is a real majority, though nothing like the unanimity pretended. In Savoy there is entire unanimity. I suppose Normanby believes the Tuscans have not voted for their annexation; but he believes whatever anybody writes to him from Florence.

*To Lord Brougham*

*C. O., May 16th.*—I cannot remember any passage in Macaulay's writings which can be called an attack on Henry V. In the Introduction to the 'History of England' there is a passage in which he speaks of the French wars of the English kings, and speculates on the results which might have ensued if the

conquests of Henry V. had not been lost by Henry VI. Perhaps this is what Lord Glenelg meant; but I am writing from the office, where I have not the books to refer to.

I don't know what sort of monument the Lord Chief Baron proposes to erect. To put Macaulay on a level with Newton and Bacon would be absurd. His mind was essentially what the geologists would call 'a tertiary formation;' theirs were 'protogenic.' But I think some monument to Macaulay may very fitly be placed in Trinity Chapel. We meet on Tuesday to consider what is to be done for Hallam in Westminster Abbey; but there will certainly be no statue, probably a slab and bust only.

I hope you are coming up for the debate in the Lords on Monday,[Footnote: On the repeal of the paper duty, a Government measure, which was rejected by the Lords.] which will be one of great interest. I cannot think there is anything solid in the so-called constitutional objection—which is to be urged on behalf of the Government—to the interference of the House of Lords with a bill of this nature.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*Grosvenor Crescent, May 16th.*—Many thanks for your letter and opinion of Aix-la-Chapelle waters, which seem exactly to fit my case, but I should be very reluctant to go there just now, as the inconvenience of it would be great. I shall try change of air next week, and, if that won't do, why *alors, comme alors*, as the life I am now leading is intolerable. The gout came again very sharply last night, but not, I am sure, owing to your most agreeable dinner, which could only do good. I have not passed three such pleasant hours for a long while.

I have seen one or two peers to-day sorely puzzled as to the vote they shall give on Monday. My only doubt is about the damage it may do the House of Lords; and I can't quite go Lyndhurst's [Footnote: In a closely reasoned speech, rightly considered remarkable from a man of eighty-eight, Lord Lyndhurst maintained that it was no unusual thing for the Lords to veto bills for repealing taxes as well as bills for inflicting them, and quoted numerous precedents. The bill was thrown out by 193 to 104.] length, who says that if there is no precedent it is high time, and the proper opportunity, to make one.

The Journal here records:—

Mr. Greville resigned the clerkship of the council in May; as Mr. Bathurst could not carry on the business, he had to resign too [Footnote: This is written on the blank page of the 'Chronology,' apparently from memory, and the dates are somewhat confused. Greville resigned in May 1859. It was then settled that there should be but one clerk; Bathurst acted by himself for a twelvemonth, and resigned in May 1860.] It was settled that there should be but one clerk of the council. Lord Granville, I believe, wished to appoint me, but some obstacle stood in the way. I never exactly knew what; but if it was the Court, it is singular that I should have been so well received at Balmoral. What I desired was that the registrarship of the P. C. should become the second clerkship of the council, I offering to do my share of the general business; but this they declined. On June 9th Arthur Helps was appointed clerk of the council. I felt great irritation at the manner in which I had been treated; but it certainly turned out very well for me in the end, as I continued to hold an easier office, and eventually obtained the same income, without the annoyance of attending the Court at Balmoral, or Osborne, or elsewhere.

On May 15th we had to dinner Lord Clarendon, Prince Dolgoroukow (the one who wrote the book [Footnote: *La Verité sur la Russie*, 1860. Cf. *Edinburgh Review*, July 1860, p. 175.] on Russia), Lord Stanley, Sir R. and Lady E. Peel, Hodgson, and Cornwall Legh.

On August 4th we made an expedition from Farnborough, with the Longmans, to Selborne. Lunch with T. Bell. [Footnote: The editor of White's *Selborne*] Walked to the Lithe and the Hanger. A charming day.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Brougham, August 5th.*—I have been reading the last 'E. R.,' which is a most excellent number. The ballot article [Footnote: 'Secret Voting and Parliamentary Reform.'] is admirable, and will prove useful. I may send you a few remarks on the G. Rose article. [Footnote: 'Diaries and Correspondence of George Rose.'] But I am delighted with the showing up of Miss Assing, [Footnote: 'Correspondence of Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense.' In editing this, Miss Assing had shown—according to the *Review*—a singular want of taste and discretion.] only I don't think it is as much as she deserves.

*To Lord Brougham*

*C. O., August 7th.*—I have been making short country visits at several places near London since the termination of my Judicial Committee labours, or I should certainly have called to see you before you left Grafton Street. Now I am starting on Saturday next for Aix-la-Chapelle, where I propose to take a few baths. I return on the 25th, and shall proceed to Aberdeenshire at the end of the month....

The victory of the Government last night was very decisive;[Footnote: On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the reduction of the duty on paper.] and I am heartily glad of it, for the protectionist cry of the paper-makers took one back before the Deluge.

I saw Mrs. Austin yesterday at Weybridge, and was glad to find her so well. She desired to be remembered to you. She is very busy with J. Austin's MSS.; but, in fact, they are in perfect order, and might be sent at once to the press.

And then the Journal—

Later in August went to Aix. I went over to Bonn to see Bunsen, who was dying, but full of enthusiasm for Italy. Came home on August 27th.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LITERATURE AND POLITICS

Early in August Mrs. Henry Reeve had gone on a visit into Dorsetshire, and at the time of her husband's return from Aix was in Cornwall—at Pencarrow, near Bodmin—on a visit to her old friend, Lady Molesworth. Reeve, thus left to himself, started almost immediately for Scotland on a visit to Sir James Clark, who, with Lady Clark and his son—the present baronet—was then living up Dee-side at Birk Hall, lent him by the Queen.

The Journal's scanty notices of a very interesting visit can be happily replaced by extracts from the letters which he wrote almost daily to his wife at Pencarrow.

*To Mrs. Henry Reeve*

Birk Hall, Ballater, September 1st.

My dearest wife,—Matters have turned out here very pleasantly. I proceeded to Aboyne by rail, and then posted along the Dee-side to this place—the Strath most beautiful; a lovely mixture of wood, water, and heather, with mountains beyond. I got here just before six, and found the Clarks and Van de Weyers sitting down to an early dinner in order to go to the Gillies' Ball at Balmoral, in honour of the Prince's birthday, to which I found myself also invited. We drove up to the Castle, which is eight miles off, through a fine wooded glen, in the moonlight. The old house of Balmoral has quite disappeared, and the Castle is now a very fine edifice, decorated in excellent taste. On arriving, we waited in the library, where arrived Lady John Russell and her boys, the Farquharsons of Invercauld, young Peel [Footnote: Robert Kennedy Peel; son of Lady Alice and Colonel Peel, who had been Secretary of State for War in the Derby Ministry of 1858-9.] (Lady A.'s son), the William Russells, the Duke of Argyll—and then the Court. Nobody was in mourning, as it was a birthday; the Queen in white, with a floating sash of Royal Stuart tartan from her shoulders: about half the men in kilts. The Queen made a circle, and then we went into the ball-room, where about a hundred and fifty of the tenants, servants, &c., with their wives and daughters, were assembled. Reels then began, which were danced with great energy, and also jigs—very droll. Prince Arthur danced like mad; and Princess Alice was 'weel ta'en out' by the gamekeeper. I stood in a corner talking with the Duke of Argyll, &c. At last the Prince came round, and conversed very courteously for ten minutes. He had heard I had been in Germany lately, so we soon got into the heart of German and Austrian questions. All this lasted two hours, and then the Queen withdrew into the supper-room, where there were sandwiches and champagne. She went round again, and talked to Lord Melville, behind whom I was standing, and then made me a very gracious bow, but without saying anything to myself. Soon afterwards we drove home, and got back here at half-past one. To-day we are going up to Balmoral again to write our names and see the Castle; and to-morrow the Queen is coming here to call on Mme. Van de Weyer. I am rather amused, after divers recent occurrences, to find myself in so much royalty, and I had not anticipated any civility from them. But I see the Clarks are very kind about it, having had Helps here last week, and probably are desirous to remove any misconception which may have existed. So that, in fact, nothing can turn out better, and I have certainly no reason to be dissatisfied with my reception.

Ever yours most affectionately,

H. REEVE.

*Birk Hall, September 4th.*—At last we have got a beautiful day, quite warm and bright. Nothing can be more lovely than this Strath of the Dee, with its birch woods and pine-covered mountains. We went up a hill yesterday—the Coyle—and looked across the glen to the broad snow fields which still encircle the black cliffs of Lochnagar. To-day we are going up to Alt na Ghuissac, and shall lunch at the Queen's hut. H. M. called here on Sunday, and was remarkably pleasant and jolly. P. Albert drove, with P. Leiningen on the box; the Queen, Princess Alice, and Princess Leiningen in the carriage, and one man on a seat behind. Nothing can be more simple, courteous, and even droll, than she is, seen in this way, eating Scotch cakes, and asking for the 'prescription' to make them, and making Leiningen taste the birch wine—which is not bad. To-day they are gone on a wild expedition over the hills, and are to sleep in some little inn on the brae-side, where the people are supposed not to know who they are. The Queen will be seven hours on her pony. She rides through all weathers and over all places, and chaffs everybody for not taking exercise enough.

I shall leave this on Friday for Braemar—else I should have to appear at another Balmoral ball—and on Saturday proceed to Keir, where I spend Sunday with Stirling, who is very sorry you are not of the party. On Monday I go on to the Moncreiffs, at Alva (near Stirling), and on Thursday to Kirklands, making some calls in Edinburgh as I go through.

*Birk Hall, September 5th.*—The day kept its promise, and was fair to the end. We drove up this glen, which is Glen Muich, to the loch which terminates it, about six miles off. There stands the Queen's hut, with a few fir-trees about it. It deserves its name—a small Highland cottage, with a room on each side the door and two rooms behind; a little plain wooden furniture and a Kidderminster carpet. There are two or three other wooden cottages about for the attendants. Here we lunched—for everybody lunches in this royal region; and then mountain ponies to go up to the Dhu Loch, about 1,200 feet higher—very wild, grand scenery, and a very rough, boggy path, on which Van de Weyer's contortions were very droll. Madame stayed under the royal honeysuckles below.

I suppose Hopie and I shall go to Raith on the 15th, if they can take us in. At any rate, we shall leave Kirklands on that day; but our movements cannot be quite fixed till we hear.

*Braemar, September 7th.*—Very fortunately I have had magnificent weather just when I wanted it. Clark gave me two good days of shooting on the hill on Wednesday and yesterday; we got about ten brace each day, and I had a famous hard walk. This morning I came on here by the Queen's private road through Balmoral and Invercauld. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful; and, if it were not for my love of the sea, I should admit that Braemar is the finest thing in Scotland. I have been up the glen this afternoon, past Mar Lodge, to the Linn of Dee—a fine cascade through rocks; the water is so clear that you can see the rocks under it, and wild blasted pines growing all round. I was sorry to leave Birk Hall. The Clarks are admirable hosts, and made their house most agreeable.... You will have lamented, as I do, the untimely cutting off of our poor friend, the late Lord High—I mean Ward. [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. i. p. 314.] There seems to be a fatality about Madras. *Somme toute*, the more I see of the chances of life, the more I am persuaded that, as my lot has been cast on such small but easy cushions, I ought to be perfectly content.

The Queen came back on Wednesday night in high glee with her lark over the hills to Grantown. [Footnote: The Queen's account of this 'lark over the hills' is in *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* (8vo. 1868), pp. 189-203.] They slept at a very little Highland inn, and were waited on by the maid only. The beds were awful, for they could not stand the feather bed, and, that being thrown aside, nothing soft remained beneath. General Grey found it so hard that he got up and put on his clothes to lie in. However, they were in high glee, and were not found out till they went away in the morning, when the man of the house said, 'Gin I'd known it was the Queen, I'd hae put on my Sunday claihs and waited on her mysel!' They gave the Highland lassie a 5 £. note, at which she nearly fainted.

I hope by this time to-morrow I shall be at Keir. I am here at a little Highland inn for to-night, but not so ill off as H. M. I shall have to post to Blairgowrie to-morrow to get there in time for the train.

*Keir, near Dunblane, September 9th.*—I left Braemar yesterday morning at 6 A.M.; posted across the Grampians by a very wild pass; reached the railroad at Blairgowrie, and came on here in the afternoon. The first person I found in the hall was Motley. His wife and Lily arrived in the evening. Mrs. Norton, the Wyses, and Sir James Campbell also here. A most pleasant party to fall into, and your absence very much regretted. Keir is more beautiful than ever, and glorious in this fine weather which floods the Carse of Stirling with light. It really does seem as if the harvest would pick itself up after all.

I shall proceed to Alva to-morrow, and to Kirklands on Wednesday. I don't yet know whether the Fergusons can receive us on the 15th. If they can, we shall go to Raith on that day, and return to London from Edinburgh by sea.... At any rate, I expect to be in London either on Friday, 21st, or

Monday, 24th—I'm not quite sure which. I suppose, if you don't go to Saltram, you will come up about the same time. There will be a good many things to look after and think of for the Spanish expedition. I am up to my neck here in Stirling's Spanish books.

P.S.—I am a year older to-day than I was yesterday.

The Journal records that he returned to London on September 22nd.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*Wiesbaden, September 14th.*—I have been idle and absent at Baden, or I should sooner have answered your letter and told you with what pleasure we will execute your commission. [Footnote: See *post*, p. 54.] I was very sorry to have missed you here, though it would have been but a glimpse, as you were going next morning. I shall hope to see you before you start on your enviable Spanish tour, as I mean to go home as soon as my cure is complete, for Lady C. feels Alice's absence, [Footnote: Lady Alice Villiers, married on August 16th, 1860, to Lord Skelmersdale, created Earl of Lathom in 1880. She was accidentally killed by the overturning of her carriage on November 23rd, 1897.] and is lonely with only two children out of six.

I passed two very pleasant days at Baden with the Aug. Loftuses and the Princess of Prussia, who is domiciled there, and we returned last night.

*The Grove, September 30th.*—I returned here last night without touching at Grosvenor Crescent. If I had gone there, I should have been at home ten minutes within the twenty hours from Paris, which is a fair rate of speed when one remembers that in pre-railway days one travelled hard and got shaken much to arrive at Paris in three days; and in pre-steamer times I was once eighteen hours in getting from Calais to Dover. Yet people are not satisfied; and Rothschild told me he was bullied by everybody about the slowness of the Ligne du Nord.

I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you, as I cannot go to London to-morrow, and from Tuesday till Friday we are engaged to the John Thynnes. In the improbable event of your charming expedition being postponed, we should be quite delighted if you and Mrs. and Miss Reeve would come here on Saturday.

As it is now nearly twenty-two years since I left Spain (how time flies!), new generations have sprung up of whom I know nothing. There are two persons—Mme. de Montijo and Olozaga [Footnote: Reeve had known him as the Spanish ambassador in Paris fifteen years.]—who I should have liked you to see as social and political *ciceroni*; but the former is at Paris, in the deepest affliction at the death of her daughter, and the latter is just gone to Italy, as I heard two days ago from Howden. Of course you know that clever, agreeable little fellow Comyn, who was *chargé d'affaires* here, and is now under-secretary at the F.O. in Madrid? If not, I will send you a letter to him.

I wound up at Wiesbaden by a severe attack of gout, which seemed to please my Esculapius more than it did me; for when I showed him my misshapen scarlet claw of a foot, he rubbed his hands and said, 'Oh dat is a beautiful manifest podagra.' It came just at the same time as the Skelmersdales, and prevented my going about with them. Wasn't that just like the gout?

I never doubted that as soon as the guerillero business was over and civil organisation began, Garibaldi would prove a mischievous, spoiled child.... The French Government and their friends want the Pope to remain at Rome, thinking that *la France Catholique* would resent his evasion, as a proof of mistrust of the Emperor; but the Emperor wants him to go; as he would then withdraw his garrison and let Rome take its chance, which he thinks would close his accounts with the followers of Orsini; and he dislikes having to reinforce his garrison, which he must do if the Pope decides on remaining.

I have brought the amethyst beads you desired to have for Mme. Van de Weyer, and I dare say somebody will be going up to-morrow or next day by whom I can send them to you. The man wanted rather more than 5 £ for them, but on my walking away from his shop, he, of course, gave them for that sum.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Brougham, October 1st.*—We have all here been greatly disappointed at not having seen you and our kinswoman, [Footnote: Miss Reeve, Brougham's second cousin twice removed. Through the Robertsons, Brougham and John Richardson were second cousins.] and I believe we have little chance now, as you talked of going abroad as soon as your quarterly labours were over. We shall be here the whole month; then take our southward flight....

If you can find an opportunity of noticing my volume on the Constitution which is to appear in

November, it would be very serviceable to the publisher. It is only a reprint of that part of the 'Political Philosophy,' and lays down true and sound principles—at this time necessary to be well learnt.

*To Lord Brougham*

62 Rutland Gate, October 2nd.—I am extremely obliged to you for the copy of your Glasgow address, which in some degree consoles me for not having heard it, and for having lost the pleasure of seeing you this year at Brougham. Nothing can be more felicitous than some of the illustrations you have introduced, and the occasion of a mere scientific meeting has been turned to the best political purpose. No doubt in that region the absence of party gives a broader and a nobler aim to the exertions of your society, and it is gratifying to see how heartily men meet to combine, in these days, without party badges. But if this opinion were to be expressed by the 'Edinburgh Review,' we should be told by John Russell & Co. that we have no business to wear blue and buff, which is the final cause of reviews and editors.

The political article which I have just sent to the press is on the United States under Mr. Buchanan—a great show-up of that scandalous scene of corruption, slave-trading, and anarchy. I am afraid it is now too late to introduce an allusion to your discourse. As to home politics, there is little to be said; as to Continental affairs, there is too much. The mountebanks in Southern Italy have now very nearly upset the coach, and the question is whether the Sardinians or the French are to march to Naples. I hope it will be the former, but it is quite clear Louis Napoleon means to support the Pope in Rome.

Lord Clarendon is just come back from Wiesbaden. We start on Saturday for Madrid, *via* Valencia, and shall be about six weeks in Spain and Portugal.

And so they started—Reeve, his wife, and daughter—Reeve, as usual, noting merely the stages of the tour, trusting to his wife to fill in the details. Extracts from Mrs. Reeve's Journal are here given in square brackets.

*Journal*

October 8th.—We started for Spain by Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. Sailed in the 'Céphise' for Valencia on the 10th.

11th.—[Hopie and I came on deck soon after eight. We spent the day lying down, and only caught glimpses of the coast of Spain when a roll of the 'Céphise' brought land and sea above the line of her sides.]

12th.—[About 4 A.M. the wind changed, and we were able to use sail, which steadied the vessel, besides assisting her progress. I went on deck at nine, found the Mediterranean more like my 'Caire' experience, and was told that we should probably be at Grao by twelve.... Henry has set up an acquaintance with a Mexican who knows a little of England and English, and is going to pass the winter at Valencia. About one o'clock we were in the harbour of Grao. We landed in boats, and found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of clamorous porters and *tartana* drivers—one of the scenes characteristic of landing in a country where police regulations do not exist ensued. However, Henry's Mexican acquaintance came to his rescue, and two courteous Gauls to mine. They were taking the French despatches into Valencia, and offered Hopie and me seats in their *tartana*—a covered cart not on springs, which is the cab of the country. We joyfully accepted, leaving Henry to struggle through custom-house and other difficulties as best he could. The drive (into Valencia) is about two miles, part shaded by an avenue and carefully watered by men stationed at intervals, who ladled the water in buckets out of the runlets on each side of the road. We took up our quarters at the Fonda de Paris, and congratulated each other on having arrived in Spain.]

13th.—[We went out at eight o'clock. Our first point was the market, which we found in full activity. Such supplies of fruit and vegetables can only be found in a city surrounded by leagues of *huerta*.... We went to the *plateria*, but found the shops poor, and the articles displayed were coarse and ill-wrought. We visited the churches of St. Martin, St. John, and the cathedral, and ascended the tower *del Miguelete*. The churches are so dark that it is quite impossible to distinguish the pictures, much less to judge of their beauty. The panorama from the tower is most beautiful: the city and plain of Valencia, the Mediterranean and the encircling mountains, the fertile *huerta*, and the glorious sky of deepest blue above....

Placards of a bull-fight on the morrow caught our eyes; and Hopie and I, taking the bull by the horns, declared our intention of going to it, and suggested that places should be taken. After a very feeble resistance, Henry consented, and our *valet-de-place* was directed to ascertain the price of a box.]

14th.—[The price asked for a box being too high, we took reserved seats, and at two o'clock started on foot.... The Plaza de Toros at Valencia is a new building, only completed this year; it holds twenty

thousand persons, and is the largest in Spain.... 'El Tato' is the second *matador* of Spain: he is a well-looking and remarkably well-grown young man, and a well-grown figure is set off to great advantage by the dress. The horses used are only fit for the knacker's yard; they are contracted for at about six pounds each; on this occasion thirteen or fourteen were killed. As regards the horses, it is a cruel and disgusting sight; but as between the bull and the *matador*, the display of courage, eye and presence of mind, as well as of skill and agility, is most interesting and exciting.] We saw 'El Tato' kill six bulls.... [At dinner our conversation turned on the sight of the day. 'Tableau de moeurs espagnoles,' said a Frenchman, raising his shoulders. 'In Peru, where I have seen many bull-fights,' he went on, 'they use high-spirited and valuable horses, and the *picador* would be for ever disgraced if he allowed the bull to touch his horse.']

*15th.* [From Valencia to Madrid is 308 miles; the time from 4 P.M. to 6.20 A.M., and our train was pretty punctual.]

*16th.*—Saw Isabella and her Court enter Madrid. She was shot at [by a foolish, half-witted lad, who did not know how to load his pistol, and had no motive for the crime, or rather attempt]. Delighted with the gallery. [There are a few seats and no visitors; and the wisest thing travellers can do, and by far the pleasantest, is to spend all the hours of all the days they are in Madrid that the gallery is open in contemplating its treasures.]

*17th.*—[Immediately after breakfast, Hopie and I went to the Museum. Henry joined us presently, and we remained till four o'clock.]

*18th, Thursday.*—[We had intended to make the Toledo excursion to-day, but an undoubted attack of gout confines Henry to the sofa. Hopie and I walked before breakfast to the Church of the Atocha, where we were shown ... in a wardrobe in the vestry, the crimson velvet robe which Isabella had on when the Curé Merino stabbed her. [Footnote: On her way to the church, February 2nd, 1852. The priest, a Franciscan, was garotted in due course.] It has the stain of blood on the lining; the massive embroidery in gold saved her life by turning aside the knife.... After breakfast we took a walk through the unfashionable parts of the town: narrow streets, noisy and crowded, where open stores with bright-coloured scarfs and petticoats collected round them men in the peasant dress—short jackets, breeches, and gaiters partly open. These were picturesque, but the streets and houses were uninteresting enough.]

There can be no doubt that Madrid is the least interesting capital in Europe, and that it is only worth the traveller's while to go there for the sake of the pictures.... It is settled that we leave Madrid on Saturday evening, and Henry has therefore consented to our going to Toledo tomorrow without him.]

*19th.*—[Excursion to Toledo, fifty-six miles by rail.]

*20th, Saturday.*—[After dinner started for Granada, where, after thirty-six hours (rail and diligence), we arrived on Monday morning.]

*27th, Saturday.*—[At 6 P.M. we stow ourselves in the interior of the diligence, and pound along the dusty road towards Santa Fé. It is dusk before we get there, and dark after.]

*28th, Sunday.*—[From Granada to Malaga is seventy-six miles. Guards are not only stationed along the road, but two or three are taken on the diligence. The roads were not good; we seemed to be crossing a series of sierras, and when day dawned, after a fresh, almost cold night, we found ourselves amid ghaut-like hills, and wondered when the topmost point would be gained and the descent to Malaga begun. I think it is at Fuente de la Reina that the magnificent view of the Mediterranean, the port and city of Malaga, and the long perspective of zigzags down spurs of mountains is seen. Neither the French nor English Handbook speaks of this view with the enthusiasm it deserves. It is far finer than the view on the heights looking down on Trieste and the Adriatic.... We entered Malaga about 10 A.M.; the descent had taken about two hours.]

*29th.*—[Very early it was announced that an unexpected boat had come in, and was going on to Cadiz.... At 2 P.M. we went on board... but she did not steam till six. We should have been very irate at the delay but for the remarkably good dinner they gave us.... We made a *détour* and went very slow at starting, to avoid a vessel sunk in the harbour, on which a provisional pharo is placed. This vessel, the 'Genova,' had on board shells and powder for the Morocco war, when it was discovered that spontaneous combustion had broken out in the coal—a defect of Spanish coal—and, fearing she would not only blow up herself but also the city of Malaga, they determined to sink her; and, after a deal of bad practice by the guns of fort and fleet, she went under water, and there she has been eight months.]

*30th.*—[Cadiz. On the 31st crossed over to Puerto Santa Maria; and on November 1st to Seville by rail.]

*November 2nd.*—[Henry has again a threatening of gout, and must have recourse to rest and remedial measures. He sent us out to buy the works of 'Fernan Caballero;' but only one volume was to be had, and no explanation was given us of the strange fact that the writings of the most popular novelist in Spain are not to be obtained in the capital of Andalusia, where she lives, and whence all her characters and scenery are taken. No satisfactory map or guide-book of Seville could be found. I took a catalogue of the books that the shop contained back to Henry. They were chiefly of a religious character. Hopie and I took an exploring walk as far as the Plaza and Church of San Lorenzo, stopping now and then to peep into the cool *patios* filled with flowers, and a murmuring fountain often in the middle, which you see through the corridor, sometimes with a door of iron trellis, sometimes open. All the windows of the basement have iron gratings and wooden shutters; and the courting and sweethearting is carried on with the lady inside and the lover outside the railing. Not that we saw anything of the kind as it takes place of an evening; but the construction of the houses explains the descriptions as given in these charming tales of 'Fernan Caballero.']

*3rd.*—[Hopie and I set out to 'do churches'... After breakfast to the Museum.... We then joined Henry, who was better, and had been to call at the Palace, and drove to Alfarache, about four miles' distance.]

*4th.*—[In the afternoon to Cordova (eighty-one miles), returning to Seville on the evening of the 5th.]

*6th.*—[A decidedly grey day, unfortunately for our plans of picture-seeing. We did a little shopping... and then went to the Museum; but, alas! there was not more light than you would have in Trafalgar Square; and those Murillos at a distance from the window were scarcely visible. We were so vexed on Henry's account. We spent the afternoon in writing letters, bathing our faces with milk, and hoping the mosquito bites, which have driven us well-nigh distracted, will be less conspicuous to-morrow, when we are to spend the morning at the Palace, and be presented to the Infanta.]

*7th.*—[Nine o'clock was the hour named by the Duke, and a few minutes after we were at the Palace of San Telmo (in bonnets and our tidiest dresses). We were shown into a room on the ground floor, and in a few seconds the Duc de Montpensier [Footnote: For the circumstances of the Duc de Montpensier's marriage, see *ante*, vol. i. p. 181.] came in attended by an A.D.C. He received us very graciously, asked if we would drive or walk round the grounds, and said he thought we had better see the gardens first, and then the house and pictures.... Our promenade, with an occasional rest, took nearly two hours; and then, returning to the Palace, H.R.H. showed us the state rooms and the pictures, many of great beauty and merit, all very interesting; and then, suggesting we should like to take off our bonnets, desired the A.D.C. to show us rooms.... A servant waiting outside the door showed us into a drawing-room upstairs, where we found two ladies of the Infanta's suite, and an old marquis, whose gold key showed he was the chamberlain. In a few minutes the double doors of a larger room were thrown open, and 'los Duques' and the four Infantas, their daughters, came in.... When the *dejeuner dinatoire* was announced, the Duke told Henry to offer his arm to the Duchess, then he advanced towards me, the chamberlain took Hopie, the children and the suite followed. We were eighteen at table. ... Servants stood behind us with paper flappers, whisking away the flies, who swarmed round the sweet dishes on the table; and H.R.H. complaining of *les mouches*, I ventured to complain of *les moustiques*. He smiled, and said, 'I noticed that you had been victimised.' Breakfast was very gay and agreeable; the Duke has the family talent for conversation, and the Duchess is very amiable, and of course speaks French. She wore a high, plain silk dress of the prevailing colour, and a black chenille net. The Infantas had black silk skirts with a broad piece of black velvet at the bottom, and white piqué shirts. We left the table in the same order as before, and, after a few minutes in the salon, the Duke took Henry into his private room. The Duchess requested us to be seated, and asked us questions about our tour, &c.... and then, rising, she said Adieu, and left the room. The Duke took us to the large library on the ground floor, to show us the albums and other things of interest.... There was an interesting portrait of an elderly lady in a black dress and mantilla, which H.R.H. pointed out as being that of the lady who writes under the name of 'Fernan Caballero;' and on Henry's mentioning that we had tried in vain to purchase her novels, he desired the librarian to see whether there were duplicate copies, and, on hearing there were, gave us a set, as well as a coloured lithograph of the Palace and photographs of the Duchess, himself, and the princesses.... It was altogether a most interesting and agreeable morning, and we came away charmed with the courtesy and kindness of 'los Duques.']

*9th.*—Back to Cadiz; very stormy voyage to Lisbon. Home to Southampton, November 22nd.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, December 6th.*—I was glad to get your letter, as I thought you must be due about this time, and I had not heard of your arrival. I can imagine no change for the worse equal to that of coming from the blue sky and thermometer of Andalusia to the fogs and hydrometer of London, and your impaired respiratory organs must make that change peculiarly pleasant.

I am very glad your impressions of Spain are the same as Granville's. He raves of the things he has

seen, and of the good hotels and general civility; and says he tasted no garlic since he dined at the Maison Dorée at Paris. Spain must indeed be changed since my time!

We returned from Ashridge [Footnote: The seat of Lord Brownlow.] this afternoon, and are off again next week. Paterfamilias is obliged to drink the cup of gaiety to the dregs, which is almost worse than being in office.

Pray remember us very kindly to Mrs. Reeve. As soon as we are free agents, we shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you here.

*To Lord Brougham*

*C. O., December 10th.* I have not the slightest intention of plunging at present into the turbid waters of Indian finance, still less of engaging in the personal controversy of Trevelyan's merits or grievances.... I am not sure that his view of extensive reduction is not, in reality, more rational and possible than Wilson's view of extensive taxation. Probably, however, both will be needed before we have done. But I suspend my judgement on the question, and I shall not venture to discuss it in the 'Review' at present.

We returned from Spain and Portugal a few days after you had the kindness to call in Rutland Gate. I proceeded immediately to call on you in Grafton Street, but you had already gone north. Since then I have been unceasingly occupied at the Judicial Committee. Our journey was very successful and agreeable. We coasted round the whole peninsula, and went up to Madrid, Grenada, Seville, Cordova, &c.

The changes taking place in France are (if sincere) most remarkable. My friends think that one of L. N.'s objects is to have a debate on his foreign policy and his relations with Italy, which—as he well knows—will be extremely adverse to the Italian cause, and afford him a pretext for abandoning Victor Emanuel. There is some idea that when Francis II. evacuates Gaëta, he will surrender it, not to Victor Emanuel, but to France. I expect this affair in Southern Italy to end by a Muratist demonstration; in other words, the Neapolitans will place themselves under the protection of France to escape from the Piedmontese.... Thank God, your namesake and my friend, Henry Brougham Loch, [Footnote: Now Lord Loch, then secretary to Lord Elgin, in China. He and Harry Parkes had been treacherously seized by the Chinese on September 18th, and kept in vilest durance and imminent danger of being put to death till October 8th, when, after the capture of the Summer Palace, both the prisoners were released.] is safe. We have been very uneasy about him, and not without cause. The China war is a slough of despond: the further we advance the more we shall flounder, until we are half ruined by our successes.

*62 Rutland Gate, December 24th.*—I have shut myself up for some days, to try to get rid of an irritation in the larynx, which has troubled me for some time past; but in this weather one's library is the most secure retreat.

*62 Rutland Gate, January 3rd.*—I see the Court of Queen's Bench in Canada has decided in favour of the extradition of the fugitive slave who turned and slew his pursuer. This surprises me; for surely, by our law, such an act is not murder. What, however, interests me most is to know whether the case can be brought up to the Privy Council by way of appeal. I do not know what form the proceedings in Canada have taken; but I apprehend the proceedings are civil, not criminal, and therefore appealable. If it does come here, it will be a matter of great interest.

The reference is to the celebrated case of John Anderson—or Jack—a negro of Missouri, who, in 1853, had been met by one Diggs, a white man, thirty miles away from his home. In accordance with the laws of the State, Diggs attempted to seize him. Anderson killed Diggs, and—by 'the underground railway'—made good his escape to Canada, where he had lived ever since. In 1860 he had been recognised, and, on formal application for his extradition, he had been arrested. The Court of Queen's Bench in Canada accepted the argument that they had to decide only as to the evidence of the commission of the crime, not as to the nature of it, and remanded the prisoner. In England the excitement was very great. The Secretary of State sent out an order that Anderson was not to be given up without instructions from him; and the Court of Queen's Bench sent out a writ of *habeas corpus*, directing the man to be brought before it. But meanwhile an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* had been made to the Court of Common Pleas in Canada, and the prisoner had been discharged on the technical ground that he was not charged with any crime included in the Extradition Treaty, as, for instance, murder; for the indictment was that he did 'wilfully, maliciously and feloniously stab and kill, &c.,' words which meant, inferentially, manslaughter; and manslaughter was not recognised by the treaty. [Footnote: See *Annual Register*, 1831, part ii. p. 520.]

The Journal here mentions the awfully sudden death of a friend of many years' standing:—

*January 8th.*—The Frederick Elliots and Marochettis dined with us. There was a frost, and torches on the Serpentine. Mrs. F. Elliot drove round to see it, and went home and died in the night [of a spasm of the heart. The news reached Reeve by a note from Mr. Elliot, dated seven o'clock in the morning].

*From Mr. E. Twisleton*

Bonchurch, January 24th.

My dear Reeve,—I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 18th instant, which has been forwarded to me here. I am sorry to say that I have so much on my hands at present that I could not undertake to write an article on American affairs; though I am equally obliged to you for the proposal.

I lament what has taken place in the United States. Although, in a narrow political sense, a disruption may be useful to England, in another point of view it is a misfortune, inasmuch as the maintenance of one confederation during seventy-two years, over such a vast extent of territory, with no civil war, and only two foreign wars, is the greatest thing which the English race has done out of England, and its dissolution is sure to be viewed with pleasure by all who in their hearts hate free institutions and the English race.

Since Brown's attempt to excite an insurrection of the slaves in Virginia, I have thought it impossible to avoid a civil war, if the anti-slavery feeling in the North went on increasing in intensity, as I have known it to increase during the last ten years; but I had not the most distant idea that Lincoln's election would lead to immediate secession on the part of even a single state. In the north of the Union they have been absolutely taken by surprise, and have hardly yet made up their minds as to the course they will pursue. If Congress had merely to deal with South Carolina, it could easily checkmate that one state; but the difficulty arises from the *number* of states, which either side with South Carolina or will not act against her.

I have the highest respect for Tocqueville's opinion; but I do not happen to remember what he has written respecting secession. I well understand the difficulty for a confederation if any one state has a settled permanent determination to secede from it. But, under the constitution, Congress has ample powers to levy the federal revenue and maintain the laws of the Union in South Carolina—and to pass all laws necessary for this purpose. Moreover, everyone in the Union who levies war against the United States Government is guilty of treason, and there is no recognition in the constitution of any right in any state to secede from the Union. Under these circumstances, everyone in South Carolina caught in arms against the federal Government is liable to be hanged. With such laws and powers, an united Congress and a resolute president, like General Jackson, would soon reduce South Carolina to submission; and my belief is that the same might be the case if there were a league against the Union of the cotton states alone. For a time Congress would baffle such a league quite as effectually as the Swiss Confederation put down the Sonderbund.

Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. Reeve. I expect to be in London at the end of next week, and I shall be happy to communicate and receive ideas on American politics. The critical point at present is the course which will be pursued by Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Yours very truly,

**EDWARD TWISLETON.**

The Journal notes:—

*February 26th.*—Dined with the Apponyis, now Austrian ambassador; Duchess of Wellington, Clarendon, Lewis, Lady Westmorland, and Mme. de Bury, who was in great favour at Vienna.

*To Lord Brougham*

*62 Rutland Gate, March 1st.*—Never was a session opened with so little interest. I believe it is quite true that the Tories are resolved to *ménager* Palmerston as much as possible, and to enter into no hostile combinations against him with the Radicals. In fact, Palmerston is gaining ground with the Conservatives, and losing it with some sections of the Liberals. He has exasperated the Irish Catholics to the last degree; and for my own part, I think his language and conduct about Mr. Turnbull's resignation highly discreditable. It is another specimen of the unhappy influence of Shaftesbury's ignorance and bigotry. However, the practical result is that the Government have lost Cork by a large majority, and that at the next election there will hardly be a ministerial candidate returned in Ireland.

It is impossible not to see that the general tendency of the public mind in this country is rather towards conservatism than reform. Even the reformers are compelled to haul down their bill; and if the Tories had better men to fill the offices, I think they would, in two or three years, have a fair chance of regaining power and keeping it.

At the present moment, the bishops seem to be the most eager combatants; in France they are denouncing the Emperor [Footnote: In January 1860 Reeve was told in Paris that the Pope spoke of him as the beast of the Apocalypse.] as Pontius Pilate; in England they are thirsting for the blood of a few heterodox parsons. Nothing is talked of here but 'Essays and Reviews.' In my humble opinion they by no means deserve the importance attached to them, either in point of style or in point of substance.

Keep my secret, but I have in preparation a regular mine under Eton College. There has been of late a good deal of discussion about it, with very little knowledge. Fortunately, I have lighted upon the evidence taken by you before your celebrated committee in 1818, all which is still quite applicable. Eton is very little improved, and the depredations of the Fellows go on with shameless audacity. I mention this to you because your committee has been of so much use to us; but I wish to keep the thing very quiet till the next number of the 'Review' makes its appearance.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, March 4th.*—It is very odd that for two or three days I had been reading and discussing with one or two Eton men here the subject on which you propose to do infinite service, but of course I shall not even drop the most remote allusion to your plan. The conduct at Eton is perfectly scandalous; our two boys never cost less than 200 £. a year while they were there; and I believe the case is understated, and not overstated, in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and other places. One of the men who spoke to me about it said it was no fault of mine, but of Eldon, that it had not all been set right forty years ago—alluding to the Education Commission to which you refer. I recollect being reluctantly forced to insert the exemption in the Act and in the commission of inquiry. He had opposed the whole bill, and we defeated him in the Lords when he attempted to throw it out—a very extraordinary event in those days. But Rosslyn, Holland, and others who had charge of the bill, were apprehensive of being beaten on a further stage if we held out on the exemptions. In 1819 (the year after) I endeavoured to remove the exemptions in the Extensions Act to all charities, and this gave rise to Peel's very shabby attack on the whole inquiry when I was very unwell, and wholly unprepared, and to my defence in the speech which I have often said I could not now make if I would, and would not if I could. I venture to refer to it, however, as the most remarkable I ever made in all respects.

When you have sprung your mine, I hope and trust the 'Quarterly' will follow your example. If Elwin was still in command I feel confident he would, for he has always joined against Eldon & Co. I highly approve your keeping it quite secret on every account.

Here the Journal has:—

*April 9th.*—I was elected a member of 'The Club,' in place of Lord Aberdeen—proposed by Lord Stanhope; the greatest social distinction I ever received.

This was the literary club founded in 1764 by Reynolds and Johnson, which, in the course of years, had dropped all extraneous title, and become simply The Club. 'It still continues the most famous of the dining societies of London, and in the 133 years of its existence has perhaps seen at its tables more men of note than any other society.' [Footnote: *Edinburgh Review*, April 1897, p. 291.] Gibbon, who became a member of it in 1774, had suggested the form in which a new member was to be apprised of the distinction conferred on him. This has continued in use to the present day, and on April 9th, 1861, a copy of it was sent to Reeve, signed by the president of the evening:—

Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that you have this evening had the honour of being elected a member of The Club.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

**GEORGE RICHMOND.**

This was followed, a week later, by another letter from the same writer:—

10 York Street, Portman Square, April 16th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I have just returned to town and found your note of the 10th inst., and I lose not a minute in writing to say that the election which I had so much pleasure in announcing to you, I announced as president for the night, and in the form of words prescribed by Gibbon. The moment I had written it I began a note to you in my own proper person, but I did not know whether it would be quite regular to send it, and I had to leave town on the following morning. The 'Sir,' and 'I am, Sir,' which anything but express what I feel, I most gladly exchange now, if you will allow it, for a very different greeting, and I beg to remain, my dear Mr. Reeve,

Very faithfully yours,

**GEORGE RICHMOND.**

The Bishop of London was elected on the same night with you, and it may interest you to know that the members present were:—

Lord Lansdowne.  
Lord Clarendon.  
Sir H. Holland.  
Sir David Dundas.  
The Dean of St. Paul's.  
Sir Charles Eastlake.  
Lord Stanley.  
Lord Cranworth.  
Lord Stanhope.  
Duke of Argyll.

*To Madame de Tocqueville*

62 Rutland Gate, April 17th.

My dear Madame de Tocqueville,—I have just published, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' a short notice of that book and that life which are to you the dearest things in the world, and to all of us, his friends, among the dearest. A few separate copies have been struck off, and I send one to you by this post, which will, I hope, reach you with this letter. It was a matter of sincere regret to me that I found it impossible to execute my intention of translating the two volumes, [Footnote: Oeuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville, publiées et précédées d'une notice par Gustave de Beaumont.] partly because I found that I was too prominently noticed in them, and partly because our friends, the Seniors, were much bent on the undertaking. I therefore relinquished it in their favour. But I always intended to express in my own manner my deep affection for the memory of your husband, and my estimate of his genius as a man of letters and a statesman. This I have attempted to do in this article, and though I am sensible that it falls far short of the subject of it, yet you will discover in it traces and reminiscences of that which was one of the greatest happinesses and honours of my life—our mutual friendship.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, April 24th.*—I have read the Eton article with great satisfaction, and I really think it must have the best effect. But Ker, to whom I lent my copy of the number, is not quite satisfied; but he takes extreme views. He also thinks you have not ascribed enough to the Education Committee of 1818, or rather to the effect of our being thwarted by Eldon, Peel, &c. But he was very deep in that controversy at the time, having defended the committee in a pamphlet, and I believe also in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and may be apt, therefore, to take an exaggerated view of the subject.

I am still cruelly hurt at the Newton monument being for ever cushioned. If Elwin had remained editor of the 'Quarterly' it would have been taken up, and on right grounds. Indeed, a learned professor had actually prepared a scientific and popular article on the subject; but Elwin retired, and the 'Quarterly Review' will now do nothing. Altogether I believe there never will be a monument to the greatest man that England ever had, or will have.

I am anxious to read the rest of the number, but have only just got it, and I sent it to Ker after I had read the Eton; and I am unwilling to delay thanking you for that.

The Journal notes:—

Went down to Weymouth alone for a few days in May, Read Buckle's second volume on the way.

*June 17th.*—Dinner at Lansdowne House to the Comte de Paris and the Due de Chartres; Elgins, Holfords, Bishop of Oxford, Grotes, &c.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*G. G., June 28th.*—I did not expect that any answer to the Eton article would be attempted, for it was unanswerable; the facts were real facts, and the moderation with which they were stated made them all the more telling. The commission is the proper corollary to it; and so many parents of ill-educated boys appear to think.

To Mr. G. Dempster

62 Rutland Gate, August 5th.—In spite of Sir H. Holland's drugs, I see my fate is sealed; and as I cannot even now put on a shoe, it is vain to hope that I shall be able to walk for some time; and, indeed, to avoid relapses, I must undergo a regular cure of Vichy water. Therefore, with extreme regret, I make up my mind to turn my face south, instead of north, as soon as I can move.... I fear that, having lost the present month, there is little hope of our reaching Scotland at all this year.

Accordingly, the Journal has:—

Bad fit of gout in July and August. Went to Vichy on August 10th. The heat was extreme, and the waters made me worse. Thence to Clermont, Pontgibaud, Gergovia. Home on the 31st.

September 1st.—To Torry Hill [Lord Kingsdown's]—first time; shot there. Farnborough; Atherstone; Torry Hill again on the 21st. Stetchworth—good shooting.

From Lord Clarendon

Harpton Court, September 22nd.—I would have gladly escaped the Prussian mission, [Footnote: For the coronation of the King.] which is not much to my taste, but the Queen insisted, and the Viscount [Footnote: Lord Palmerston.] and the Earl [Footnote: Lord John, created Earl Russell on July 30th, 1861.] attached political importance to it, so I yielded, and Lady C. and Constance and Emily are, also on royal recommendation, to accompany me. The two latter are of an age to like a lark, which is more than their respected parents do. I need not say that my hope of doing any good by a flying visit in the midst of a carousal is exceedingly small; but I know the King well, and shall have no difficulty in telling him what I believe to be the truth concerning his interests.

I am sorry to hear that you have been worried by gout, and that Vichy did you no good. I am inclined to speak well of Wiesbaden, for the glorious weather I had there (94° in the shade always) made the waters effective, and somehow I felt younger; but that pleasant sensation is now rather on the decline.

From M. Guizot

Val Richer, 7 Octobre.

My dear Sir,—Votre tante, Madame Austin, qui est ici depuis quinze jours, a fait hier, en se promenant dans une petite voiture traînée par un âne, et qu'elle menait elle-même, une chute dans laquelle elle s'est fait, au coude du bras droit, une luxation qui nous a fait craindre d'abord une fracture grave. Mon médecin de Lisieux, que j'ai envoyé chercher sur le champ, a réduit la luxation, c'est-à-dire ramené les os du coude dans leur emboîtement naturel. Petite opération fort douloureuse, mais simple et sans gravité au fond. Madame Austin en sera quitte pour deux ou trois semaines de repos et d'immobilité absolue de son bras, qui est contenu dans des éclisses. Au premier moment, elle a été fort ébranlée par cet accident. Mon médecin une fois arrivé, elle s'est remise; elle a eu un peu de fièvre cette nuit; mais elle a dormi, et elle est assez bien ce matin, presque sans souffrance de son bras. J'espère qu'elle se remettra promptement; mais je n'ai pas voulu que vous ignorassiez la cause de la prolongation de son absence. Ma fille Henriette écrit à Sir Alexander Gordon. Avec la santé de Madame Austin, tout accident peut être grave; mais je crois que vous pouvez être sans inquiétude sur les conséquences de celui-ci. Mon médecin est un homme habile qui soignera très bien votre tante, et mes filles lui épargneront un mal très pénible, l'ennui de l'immobilité.

Je ne vous parle pas aujourd'hui d'autre chose. Si vous étiez là, nous causerions. De loin, il n'y a rien qui vaille la peine d'être écrit. Tout à vous, my dear Sir,

**GUIZOT.**

The gout was still threatening; so, according to the Journal:—

To Aix in October; back by Paris. Went to stay with Lord and Lady Cowley at Chantilly; they had hired the *chasse* and the *château*. Shooting there, November 11th. Home on the 16th.

At this time Lord Brougham was preparing the autobiography which was published shortly after his death. Early in November his brother, Mr. Brougham, wrote to Reeve, begging him to bring his influence to bear, and induce Lord Brougham to make this biography interesting and amusing. He wrote:—

From Mr. W. Brougham

Paris, November 14th.—Mind you dwell on books of biography which have failed for lack of personal

matter and anecdotes, and use this argument, which (for reasons I need not trouble you with) will, I know, have more weight than anything you can urge—that, irrespective of any question of his own fame or reputation, if he wishes the book to be eminently successful in a commercial point of view, he must give as much as possible every detail, no matter how minute, and tell everything connected with his own history and doings. That circumstances he may consider trivial all have the greatest interest with the general public, who are the buyers he must look to; that people don't want to read history in such a book as his autobiography; what they want is his life, and not a history of his times—anecdotes or peculiarities of his Bar and Bench friends; how he worked as a boy to make himself mathematician and orator; how he worked for the English Bar; his early associates in Edinburgh, both at school and college, and all connected with the beginnings of the 'Edinburgh Review;' his early associates in London before he came into Parliament in 1809, and for years afterwards; all he did at Birmingham in '90, '91, and '92, when he lived there with his tutor; all he can recollect of his mother and grandmother—paternal, but more especially maternal. In short, every personal thing, no matter how trifling, will be the making, as the omission will be the marring, of the book.

I am persuaded that a good strong letter from you will have immense effect; and don't be afraid of making it too long; the more topics like those I have hastily put down above you can give him to think over, now he is quietly at Cannes, the more chance we have of his digging into his mind and early recollections, and producing what we want.

Don't forget to quote Guizot; also tell him that Lord Malmesbury's heavy book was saved solely by the gossip in the third and fourth volumes. The first two are heavy historical matter that would have sunk a 74.

The letter which Reeve wrote in consequence of this has unfortunately not been preserved, but it is evident from Lord Brougham's reply that it closely followed the lines suggested by his brother.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, November 17th.*—I have not words to express how grateful I feel for your most kind letter, which arrived this morning. I fear I must admit all you say on the necessity of much personal matter. However, I really feel certain that, with the political and general, there will be a number of personal anecdotes interspersed. Thus in the Queen's trial, numberless singular anecdotes, professional and other; and on the changes of government and the unity of our administration, strange things of individuals: e.g. Lord Grey having, six months before taking office in 1830, positively declared to Lansdowne that he had resolved never to take office; and in 1822, to me, that unless I would consent to take office, and be leader in the Commons, nothing should induce him to take part in any administration—there being then an expectation of an offer to us; in answer to which I positively refused leaving the progressives. I give these as examples of what the correspondence contains. I quite feel, however, that something personal and in early life will be desiderated. If you look at my 'Life of Robertson' you will see all you refer to about his being at Brougham, and about the translation of 'Florus,' and other anecdotes, and a good deal about my grandmother. Indeed, in that Life, and in my contributions to the 'Law Review,' there are numberless anecdotes of interest.

I cannot conclude on this subject without expressing how grieved I am to see what you say of my old and dear friend Richardson. He wrote in very good spirits last spring, and I fear he has had some severe illness since. Pray let me know how this is.

The mention of him reminds me of an instance that matters which derive their whole interest from connexion with myself are thus very hateful to set down. He had given me a sermon and a hymn, written by the Principal's father—my great-grandfather. When I attended the Glasgow congress last year, the hymn was by mere accident sung in the church where we were on the morning after our arrival:

Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts  
Be troubled and dismayed, &c.

I believe I was the only person in Glasgow who knew that the old minister was the author, or who knew of his existence. [Footnote: Cf. *Life and Times of Lord Brougham*, i. 30.] Now such things would make the narrative a tissue of mere egotism. However, I feel the force of your remarks exceedingly. Certainly when Guizot's book came out, and I was asked my opinion of it, and some defects were pointed out, I could not avoid saying there was a worse defect than all they mentioned; there would be a defect of readers. And so it has proved; I have, with all my respect for him, and desire to read, been unable to get through a volume.

I must set about digging in my published works for anecdotes; and, as in the case of Robertson's Life, I may find a great number which, apart from personality, may be interesting in their connexion with

events. Again repeating my gratitude, believe me, most sincerely yours,

**H. BROUGHAM.**

*To Madame de Tocqueville*

Paris, November 15th.

My dear Madame De Tocqueville,—Although on the point of leaving Paris, I must write two lines to express to you my gratitude for allowing M. de Beaumont to return to me some of my own letters, which derive some value in my eyes from their connexion with my ever-lamented and illustrious friend. I have had a melancholy satisfaction here in seeing the bust which M. Salaman has made. It surpasses my expectations, especially as regards the mouth and forehead, and I trust that even you will not be entirely disappointed in it.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, November 19th.*—I have only a minute for writing, as we have had Princess Alice here all day, and I, of course, could do nothing but the very easy task of entertaining her.

I was very glad to get your letter, as I thought you were still abroad, and I only hope you are as glad to find yourself at home again as I am, though I am not sorry to have been to Berlin. I rather envy you being at Paris during the late crisis, and getting the first impressions upon it.... I have no doubt the deficit is about what Senex [Footnote: Reeve was at this time writing occasional letters in the *Times* under the signature of 'Senex.' Lord Clarendon seems to have known this. Other correspondents did not; notably Lord Kingsdown, some of whose letters innocently comment on the opinions expressed by Senex.] puts it at. I read your admirable letter with great pleasure, and thought it must be yours, though I did not understand whence it was written.

I should very much like to have a talk with you. If you are not engaged, why shouldn't you and Mrs. and Miss Reeve come here on Saturday? We have asked Granville and C. C. G.; and I believe Lewis is coming. Miladi would write to propose this to Mrs. Reeve, but thinks she will consider two letters unnecessary.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, December 8th.* There is a new complication of the American case, and I fear, though I don't join in what I find the universal feeling in England, that the Government of Washington will hold out. But even if they give in, this hesitation, and their manifest fear of the mob, is the most complete confirmation of all I have been so long and so often preaching, of the extreme mischief of mob-government. They are in the hands of the mob—and one of the worst mobs in the world. You see they even are under this dominion as to their military operations; for their disaster at Bull's Run was owing to the clamour forcing their comrades to advance and do something; and now no one can have the least doubt that, if Lincoln and Seward were left to themselves, a war with England would be the thing they most dreaded; yet it is very possible they may feel unable to resist the mob-clamour, and may bring on that calamity. The mob of Paris threw France into all the horrors of the reign of terror (1793-4), which have left such indelible disgrace on the French, and which stopped all improvement both in France and in Europe for a quarter of a century, and which even now create such a force in favour of despotism—as they did in the first Napoleon's time. But I don't think the evils of mob-government—that is, of the supreme power being in persons not individually responsible—can be more clearly manifested, though they may not lead to such atrocious crimes, than in the States of America—and the southern as well as the northern—for the mob governs in both. My opinion will be the same, even if, contrary to probability, the Washington men are stout enough to resist the mob; for this hesitation and this struggle against the insanity of war could only be occasioned by the mob tyranny.

Prince Albert died on December 14th. It was impossible to allow an event so important in the political as well as in the social history of the reign to pass without a notice in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and that on the earliest occasion; though, in the middle of December, some special arrangement had to be made for it. It was, in fact, brought into the concluding pages of the article on 'May's Constitutional History of England.' But the subject was one which called for exceeding care and delicacy in the handling. The services of Prince Albert to the Crown had been many and great; but by the country at large they were still looked on with jealousy and suspicion. A profound sympathy was everywhere felt for the death of the Queen's husband; the death of a man regarded by an ignorant prejudice as the embodiment of German influence in the Cabinet might easily be considered as no great loss. Reeve seems to have consulted Lord Clarendon as to how much or how little it was prudent to say; in answer to which Lord Clarendon wrote:—

*The Grove, December 31st.*—I feel, as you do, that the events of the last month are too vast in themselves and in their consequences for discussion by letter, though I should much like to have a day's talk over them with you.

I am very glad that you mean to undertake the task—a labour of love—of doing honour to the Prince, as I am sure it will be admirably performed; but I would suggest to you not to be too precise as to the manner in which he exercised his political influence.... There is a vague belief that his influence was great and useful; but there is a very dim perception of the *modus operandi*.... Peel certainly took the Prince into council much more than Melbourne, who had his own established position with the Queen before the Prince came to this country; but I cannot tell you whether it was Peel who first gave him a cabinet key. My impression is that Lord Duncannon, during the short time he was Home Secretary, sent the Prince a key when the Queen was confined, and the contents of the boxes had to be read or signed by her.

The concluding sentence in the next letter from Lord Clarendon refers to the feeling which had been roused in Canada by the threat of war between England and the United States. The Canadians showed an exemplary loyalty; and great numbers of Irish—many of whom (like O'Reilly) had been known at home as turbulent characters—now not only pressed forward to be enrolled in the militia, but formed themselves into special regiments.

*The Grove, January 21st.*—I cannot help telling you how excellent I think your article on the Prince. You have said the right thing in the right way, and have so hit the happy medium between justice to him and no flattery or exaggeration, that I am sure the article will be read with pleasure by everybody, because it exactly reflects the public feeling.

The Belligerent and Neutral article is also very good, and I expect that the temperate and sensible way in which the author recommends the abandonment of rights we can never again exercise will have some useful results.

The loyalty of Canada is far greater than I expected; but that the French and Irish there should come out so strong for the Crown against Democracy is indeed a surprise. That Captain Eugene O'Reilly was a tremendous patriot in '48; and if I had not put him in prison for a little time to cool, he would have made a greater donkey of himself than he did.

The next letter from Lord Clarendon relates to a point on which widely different opinions have been and will be held, till it is decided in the only practical way. It would be foreign to our present purpose to argue it here; but it is interesting to see the opinion of the man who, more distinctly than any other, was responsible for the great change theoretically introduced into our maritime code by the Declaration of Paris.

*The Grove, January 28th.*—With respect to alterations in our maritime law and usages, I don't know what Russell's opinion may be, but I know that Palmerston does, or did, think the time come for relinquishing rights that we can no longer exercise. He readily assented to the doctrines laid down at Paris in '56, and was so entirely of my opinion about going further that he tried it on at Liverpool some time afterwards; but that part of his speech was so ill received, and he received so many remonstrances against giving up the *palladium*, &c. &c., that he told me when he returned to London that the pear was not ripe, and that we must give public opinion a little more time to become reasonable.

On January 9th Charles Sumner had spoken at great length in the United States Senate, proving, very much to his own satisfaction and that of his fellow-citizens, that the surrender of Mason and Slidell was a great moral victory, confirming the principles of maritime law for which they had always contended, and which the English now admitted. A short telegraphic summary of this had caught the mail at Halifax, and been published in the 'Times' of the 20th; but it was not till the 27th that the United States papers, with the full report, reached England. Of this the 'Times'—on its own part—took no further notice; but on February 1st it published a long and most scathing criticism of it by 'Historicus' (Mr., now Sir, William Harcourt).

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, January 30th.*—When you can spare it, I shall be very glad to see Sumner's speech....

Russell was, of course, guided in his despatches by the law officers, and it is no wonder, therefore, that they should resemble the papers that had previously appeared—many of which were written by lawyers—or that they should be a reproduction of them; as a government could not, without risk of failure in its peaceful object, express itself with the vigour of Senex or the 'Edinburgh Review.' The most important despatch of all, however, and the one upon which everything hung—viz. the demand for reparation—was well conceived and executed, and did its work effectually.

*Cannes, February 16th.*—I yesterday met Miss Courtenay, who gave me the very pleasing information that Mrs. Austin had excellent accounts of Lady Duff Gordon, and was quite easy about her. I trust you will confirm this account, and also add to it a general good account of Mrs. Austin herself.

I hope there is a good article on the Amendment Cases in the 'E. R.' They have stupidly omitted to send it from Grafton Street. The 'Quarterly' came, and a better article than our friend your neighbour's never was written. I admired it so much that I wrote to him about it. Pray tell him my opinion of it, in case my letter should have miscarried, and that I admired it far more than I did the very spiteful article of someone inspired by a personal enmity against myself, and who has not the common sense and fairness, when relying on the wholly immaterial circumstance of my mis-stating the day of the Westminster election (the night of Princess Charlotte's running away), to see that Dundonald [Footnote: *Autobiography of a Seaman*, ii. 892. It has, however, been recently shown (Atlay's *Trial of Lord Cochrane*, pp. 330 *et seq.*) that Lord Dundonald had very little to do with it.] makes the Duke of Sussex fall into the very same mistake.

*Cannes [February].*—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter, and rejoice to hear of the good intelligence [Footnote: As to the health of Lady Duff Gordon.] from the Cape which will be such a relief to my valued friend, her mother.

The American news is a good deal more favourable, but still they are not out of the wood, or anything like it; and, even if they beat the Southerners in the field, the re-union is as far off as ever. Their only safe course is to regard the whole campaign as a kind of drawn battle, and both sides to negotiate as to terms of separation.

I have no doubt that a certain most intriguing ambassadress is at the bottom of the spiteful attack in the 'Quarterly,' and she will find her own letters rise up in judgement against her. She never will forgive my having been at the dancing school with her, because that makes her near eighty, and she pretends only to be seventy-four.

I am in constant expectation of a paper from a great mathematician, to which will be added, by B. Ker, artistic matter on monuments. It will be all sent to you, in the hope that it may assist whoever you have put on the monument question.

*Cannes, March 17th.*—I am extremely sorry to find that, after all, I cannot finish you the Cambridge article on Newton, to be used at your discretion, or that of your contributor; for Mr. Routh has no less than five wranglers, including the senior, as his pupils, and this has entirely occupied him, to the exclusion of all other work. I trust it will not prevent the article. In truth, my discourse at Grantham contains all the learning on the subject, and it may be used without any acknowledgement whatever, and I shall never complain of the plagiarism.

The Journal records:—

*April 4th.*—Breakfast to the Philobiblon at home. There came the Due d'Aumale, Van de Weyer, Milman, Lord Taunton.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*Exeter, April 25th.*—If that providence which shapes our ends will but finish those I rough-hew, I trust that the second week in October, or perhaps a few days earlier, will see us at Skibo. We hope to start straight for the far North as soon as ever my autumnal egg is laid....

We have hit on an Easter ramble, original and agreeable. I sent down my horses to my father's-in-law, in Dorset, and for the last week Christine and I have been riding gently along the coast of South Devon. Yesterday we went to see Sir John Coleridge's place at Ottery St. Mary, and he drove us also round the neighbourhood. To-day we have been at Lady Rolle's, at Bicton, on our way from Sidmouth, to see her gardens and arboretum, which are really marvels of beauty and growth. To-morrow we shall saunter on to Dawlish, and so at last reach Plymouth, I believe. I want to get out of the way of the Exhibition opening, which bores me. At Torquay we expect to find the Fergusons of Raith and the Scotts of Ancrum.

I hear that other literary entrepreneurs have been as much struck as I am by the power and judgement there is in all that is written by a certain young author of our acquaintance.[Footnote: See ante, vol. i. p. 374.] To write as well as that is a gift; but it is more for it cannot be done without infinite practice, labour, and good sense.

At Devonport they saw Mount Edgcumbe and the ironclad frigate 'Warrior' then still a novelty, and

unquestionably the most powerful ship of war afloat. The Journal adds: 'Back to town on May 3rd.'

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, April 22nd.*—I have just got the new number, and hasten to say how much I am pleased with the only article I have had time to read with care, the Alison.[Footnote: 'Alison's Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir C. Stewart,' April 1862.] Nothing can be more able or more triumphant, and it is quite fair and candid towards Castlereagh, and much more than fair towards Ch. Stewart, Indeed, if the letter to me deserves half what is said in its praise,[Footnote: *Sc.* 'one of the most caustic and successful pamphlets that have appeared in defence of an unpopular cause.'] he never could have written it himself; and his gross stupidity in construing what I have said of his brother, and affixing a meaning which none but himself ever did, or could, was at the time admitted by his friends, whom he had consulted, and in spite of whom he had published—among others, Strangford, from whom I heard what had passed. I have a copy of my own, which I should like the author of the article to see, and shall send it through you when I return, for it is out of print. One of the blockhead's follies was the not perceiving how great a panegyric I had bestowed on his brother's speaking in the H. of Commons, after fully stating its defects. In fact, he had much greater weight as leader than Canning, who, by the way, is too much praised in the article. Such a book as Alison's is almost incredible for its badness of all kinds; but the author (on p. 521, line six from foot) gives him a pull or two as to style by 'ineligible for election'—though that is a trifle. The care with which the whole subject is treated, and the gross errors—partly from ignorance, partly from adulation—exposed is quite admirable.

I have naturally been attracted to the Monument article, but have not had time fully to profit by it; only I am greatly indebted to the learned author for what he says of my Grantham address.[Footnote: 'Public Monuments,' April 1862, p. 550.] However, I should have been far better pleased had he left me out altogether, and dwelt at more length on the disgrace of the country never having erected a monument to the greatest man she ever produced—indeed, the greatest [that has] ever been. He seems not to be aware of the one in Westminster Abbey having been raised by his niece's family, and not by the public.

*Cannes, April 27th.*—I have a complaint to make of the 'E. R.' last number. In the learned and able article on 'Jesse's Richard III.,' at p. 307, Lingard is referred to as having quoted the commission of the High Constable. I have scanned every line and every word of Lingard and find no such commission. But in a note to the third volume of Hume, note R, the commission is given verbatim from Rymer. Jock Campbell used to hold that a false reference was an offence that ought to be made penal. I don't go so far, but the evil is very great. I have lost three or four hours in consequence. Therefore, pray have inquiry made of your contributor whether or not I am right; and if not, where in Lingard the quotation is.

Reeve referred the 'complaint' to Hayward, the writer of the article, who replied:—

I believe B. is right, for when I corrected the proof I looked in vain in Lingard, although I was firmly convinced that he had quoted the document. But pray remind his lordship that, when Campbell spoke of a false reference, he meant one with volume and page.

Lord Brougham's answer to this defence is not given, but it is impossible to allow it to pass without protest; for, whatever Campbell may have meant, it is very certain that a false reference, with volume and page cited, by which the falsehood is at once made manifest, is a venial offence in comparison with a false reference given vaguely, which may keep the victim hunting for it for hours, as this one actually did keep Lord Brougham.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, May 7th.*—I wish to suggest to you the positive duty of taking care that justice is done upon the trumpery, and one-sided, and altogether insignificant Life of Pitt by Stanhope. Murray having published it, of course the 'Quarterly' has puffed it, and done so with an entire ignorance of the subject which is hardly conceivable. Therefore take great care before you commit the subject to any unsafe hands.

*To Lord Brougham*

*62 Rutland Gate, May 11th.*—As I have lived for many years on terms of personal friendship, and indeed intimacy, with Lord Stanhope, and am indebted to him for many acts of kindness, it would be quite impossible for me to attack his book, even if I thought as ill of it as you do. I shall, therefore, content myself with recording the very different view which I entertain of the success of Mr. Pitt's administration. I think it may be shown that both in peace and in war he was one of the most

unsuccessful ministers who ever exercised great power.

On these lines Reeve himself wrote the article, which was published in the 'Review' of July, and brought him the following:—

*From Lord Stanhope*

Grosvenor Place, July 17th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—Allow me to say how very much I have been gratified in reading the article on my 'Life of Pitt' in the new number of the 'Edinburgh.' Had the criticism been hostile I assure you that I should not have felt that I had the smallest reason to complain; nor should I have inquired or even wished to know the writer's name. But as the matter stands, I would ask to convey to him through you my acknowledgement for his very indulgent appreciation of myself, as well as for the perfect fairness and honourable candour with which the public questions at issue between us are discussed. It would be a pleasure to me if either now or at some time hereafter he would permit me to become acquainted with the name of a critic who is evidently so accomplished as to render the praise of no slight or mean account. Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

**STANHOPE.**

It does not appear that Lord Stanhope ever knew who the writer was.

Meantime the Journal notes:—

This was the year of the second Great Exhibition.

*May 15th.*—The Binets came to see us. On the 21st the Duc d'Aumale's *fête* to the Fine Arts Club; took Binet there. Went to the Derby with Binet and Stewart Hodgson. Xavier Raymond came.

*July 22nd.*—Dined at the Clarendon with the Comtes de Paris and Chartres, on their return from the American war. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and the Due d'Aumale were there.

*July 31st.*—Left London for Germany. By Ostend and Cologne to Wiesbaden, where the Boothbys and Hathertons were. Then to Nuremberg, Munich, Salzburg, and through the Tyrol to Venice. Stayed there till the 24th.

*August 25th.*—Went to Arquà to see Petrarch's house and tomb. Milan; Italian lakes. Back over the St. Gothard, Lucerne, Paris. Home, September 9th.

*To Lord Brougham*

*C. O., September 11th.*—Your very kind letter of last month would certainly not have remained so long unanswered if I had been in England. But we have been travelling for the last five weeks in the Tyrol and the north of Italy; my letters were not forwarded, and I only received that which you had been good enough to address to me on my return to London yesterday. There is probably no living opinion upon the character and administration of Mr. Pitt so enlightened and valuable as your own, and I am gratified in the highest degree to find that my attempt to place the leading acts of his administration in a somewhat new light meets with your approval. The chief defect in Lord Stanhope's book is, in my opinion, that it does not present any connected view of Mr. Pitt as a statesman at all; and this the reader of the article may infer from every page of it. I began to write with a disposition to place Mr. Pitt rather higher than he had been placed before in the 'Review;' but upon a careful survey of his conduct on each of these questions, I found the ground crumble away under me.

As to the state of the army from 1783 to 1803, it was deplorable. Did you ever see Sir Frederick Adam's notes on what the army was when, at the age of 14, he entered it.[Footnote: In 1795. These notes do not seem to have been published.] When the Duke of Wellington first went to the Peninsula, he gives a wretched account of the forces—ignorant officers and rascally men. One of the grandest services the Duke rendered to his country was that he raised the character of the army and made it a most admirable instrument. But that was long after the days of Pitt.

The present Duke of Wellington tells me he is very well pleased with the article on his father's supplementary despatches in the last number of the 'Review,' and I think it is fairly done. They are a mass of most interesting and instructive materials, but very few persons will master them, whilst the trash that Thiers calls history circulates broadcast in Europe. I heard in Paris on Sunday that 65,000 copies of his 20th volume are already sold.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*C. O., September 12th.*—We returned to England on Tuesday, after a pleasant tour, but the weather drove us from the mountains to the plains, and instead of preparing ourselves to graduate in the Alpine Club, we loitered in the galleries of Munich, Venice, and Milan, or amongst the remains of Padua and Verona. On the Lago Maggiore we met the Speaker [Footnote: Mr. Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington.] and Lady Charlotte, and with them crossed the St. Gothard to Lucerne.... We still hope, if it suits you, to come down to you when I have got quit of the 'Review.' I shall be engaged in London till October 7th, and then we are going for a few days to Raith... but I hope about the 12th or 13th we may reach the far North.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Brougham, September 14th.*—I can well believe that Wellington is satisfied with the review [Footnote: "Wellington's Supplementary Despatches," July 1862.] of his father's correspondence. It is very ably and very fairly done. But I wish it had reprimanded the Duke for making the publication nearly useless by giving no table of contents. When I complained of this, he said it had been considered, and that an index would have been hardly possible. My answer was that I did not want an index, but only a dozen of pages giving the dates and the titles of the letters in succession. As it is, one can find no letter without turning over the whole of a volume.

Well, what shall we now say of the Disunited States? My last letter from J. Parkes, [Footnote: Probably Joseph Parkes, the well-known agent of the Liberal party. He died August 11th, 1865, but none of the obituary notices mention his wife.] who is married to a Yankee, and in correspondence with many men of note in the North, represents the feeling to be growing for mediation, but mediation on the ground of a re-uniting of the South, which means no mediation at all. But he says that the real feeling of the Americans, both N. and S., is of great respect for England, and pride in their descent from and connexion with us. The tone of the press, however, shows that this feeling dares not be shown, and that the popular clamour—that is, the mob-cry—is t'other way.

The Journal has:—

*September 12th.*—To Torry Hill; shooting for ten days.

*22nd.*—Rode over to Leeds Castle with Lord Kingsdown. Farnborough, Stetchworth, Chorleywood (W. Longman's).

*October 8th.*—To Raith, with Christine and Hopie. Mrs. Norton there. Then by Elgin and Burgh Head to Skibo. Shooting there. To Novar; back to Edinburgh and Kirklands, October 26th. Then to Abington on the 29th, and to Brougham—amusing visit. I was asked to read Lord B.'s Memoirs, and dissuade him from publishing them. To Ambleside to see Harriet Martineau. Thence to Badger Hall [Cheney's], November 8th. Went over Old Park iron works. Home on November 11th.

*December 17th.*—We went to Chevening, and met there the Grotes, Milman, Lord Stanley, Scharf, and Hayward. Lewis came on the 19th. Most agreeable party.

*22nd.*—Shooting at Stetchworth.

*31st.*—To the Duke of Newcastle's at Clumber. Sir F. Rogers [afterwards Lord Blachford] there.

*1863.*—The year opened at Clumber. The Webbes of Newstead, the Manners-Suttons, Venables, and Herbert came there. Shooting good; caught three pike; rode with the Duke to Thoresby and Welbeck, through Sherwood Forest.

*January 6th.*—To the Speaker's at Ossington.

*12th.*—I was made treasurer of the Literary Club [Footnote: This must not be confused with The Club (see *post*, 133), which had long since dropped the 'Literary.'](Walpole's) on Adolphus' death.

*February 25th.*—Prince of Wales' first levee.

*March 7th.*—The Princess of Wales entered London on her marriage. I saw it from the Board of Trade rooms on London Bridge. Took the Dempsters there.

*27th.*—The Duke of Newcastle, Baron Gros (French ambassador), Lord Stanley, Mr. Adam, Lady Molesworth, Lord Kingsdown, and the Heads dined with us.

It appears by the next letter, from Lord Clarendon, that Reeve had asked him to review the first two volumes of Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' then on the point of publication.

*The Grove, January 11th.* Some time ago I desired my booksellers to send me the first copy they could procure of Kinglake's book, and I shall read it most carefully.... There are many reasons why I should not like to review the work; but I am equally obliged to you for the offer, and I shall, of course, communicate to you unreservedly my opinions upon it.

With this promise of help at first hand, Reeve undertook the review himself; but the letters which follow show that, though the hand was the hand of Reeve, the voice was the voice of Clarendon—a collaboration that gives the article a very singular interest.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, January 23rd.*—Although I'm sure it is unnecessary, yet it occurs to me to ask you not to quote my opinion of Kinglake's book; as, for the present, and for a variety of reasons, I should prefer its not reaching him in an indirect manner. I long for a quiet talk with you, and am sorry that it must be postponed for a few days; but in the meanwhile I may perhaps be able to refresh my memory by referring to my private correspondence, which is in London. Let me have a line to say what impression the book makes in the world, as far as you have yet been able to observe. I shall look with curiosity and some anxiety for the effect it produces at Paris.

*January 25th.*—Hayward has written to ask my opinion of the book. He is at Broadlands, and says that Palmerston is, on the whole, well pleased with the portrait of himself, and that Lady P. is enchanted.

I think as you do of the second volume; there is nothing finer, that I know of, in the English language than those successive battle pictures. He beats Napier out of the field. The 'Times' does not seem to like the portrait of itself. I thought the article yesterday ingenious. I shall hear shortly what effect the book produces at Paris. Persigny will, of course, prohibit its entrance, but he will not be able to shut out all the papers that contain extracts.

*The Grove, February 8th.*—I fear that my notes would not be legible or intelligible to anyone but myself, and I should much like to have a little talk with you on the book. Could you come here on Saturday next and stay till Monday? or if you should chance to be engaged on Saturday, would you come down by the ten o'clock train on Sunday morning? I do not propose Saturday morning, as I must myself be in London at the Schools Commission on that day.

*G. C., February 25th.*—I shall be very glad to see the article in print. I am sure it will make a great sensation. Kinglake would induce people to believe that the Emperor was under an urgent necessity to turn away the attention of his subjects from his action at home, and that he therefore dragged us into the war fourteen or fifteen months after the *coup d'état*. It would, I think, be worth while to get some facts respecting his status in France at that time. If I am not mistaken, he was in no trouble or danger at all; for the nation had accepted him as a sort of deliverer from the *rouges*, the fear of whom had been terrifying people out of their senses.

*G. C., March 4th.*—The article quite comes up to my expectations, and I like it very much. I cannot think it obnoxious to the charge of dulness; but on that point I may not be an impartial judge, as the diplomatic details are to me intensely interesting.

I have hardly any observations to make that would be worth your attending to, but I will mention one or two things that have occurred to me.

And this he did at considerable length, suggesting several confirmations, modifications, or additions.

So long as this article was to be considered as an ordinary contribution to the 'Edinburgh Review,' it bore merely the authority of the 'Review,' which, however great, was in no sense official; but now that the share of Lord Clarendon in its authorship is revealed, it assumes an extreme importance, as an original, though necessarily partial, account of what took place, and may be held as definitely settling the fate of some of the extraordinary misstatements which—foisted on the credulity of the public by the literary skill, the brilliant language, and the unblushing audacity of Mr. Kinglake—have been accepted as history, and have passed into current belief. Perhaps nothing concerning the Russian war is more commonly repeated than the statement that we were tricked into it by the Emperor of the French for his own selfish ends, and in his desire to be received into the brotherhood of sovereigns; that our ministers were blindly following the lead of Louis Napoleon, and were guilty of a very gross blunder. It is unnecessary and would be out of place to enter here on the examination and demolition of all this, as given in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review;' and equally would it be out of place to discuss the question—as unknown to Kinglake or to Reeve in 1863 as it was to Palmerston or Clarendon ten years earlier—whether we were not then, whether we have not been ever since, 'putting our money on the wrong horse.' If we were, if we have been—a thing which many among us are still unwilling to believe—it is at least certain that in 1853, as in 1840, it was all but universally held in this country that it would

be prejudicial and dangerous to our most important interests for either Russia or France to obtain sovereign control over the Ottoman dominions, and that all the resources of diplomacy or of war ought to be exerted to prevent it. In the joint article before us, the condition of affairs in 1853 is thus stated in a few words:—'Russia had formed the design to extort from Turkey, in one form or another, a right of protection over the Christians. She never abandoned that design. She thought she could enforce it. The Western Powers interposed and the strife began.... England has no call to throw off the responsibility of the measures taken on any other Power. Those measures were taken because they were demanded by her own conception of the duty she had to perform; and by far the largest share of that responsibility rests with this country. We see no reason to deny it; and if the case occurred again, we should see no reason to act with less determination.' And again as to the prosecution of the war after the raising of the siege of Silistria—which, according to Kinglake, was unnecessary; or the invasion of the Crimea—which was unjustifiable, to be accounted for, not by any large views of politics or of war, but by paltry personal passions and influences of the most contemptible kind:—England and France declared by their despatches of July 22nd, that the sacrifices already imposed on them were too great, and the cause they had taken in hand too important, for them to desist, unless they obtained from Russia adequate securities against the renewal of hostilities. They therefore demanded:—1. That the protectorate claimed by Russia over the Principalities by virtue of former treaties now abrogated, should cease. 2. That the navigation of the mouths of the Danube should be free. 3. That the treaty of July 13th, 1841, should be revised in the sense of a restriction of the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea. 4. That no Power should claim an official protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte. On August 8th, Austria entirely adopted these principles, and on the 10th she urged Russia to accede to these demands. On the 26th Russia positively rejected these terms. Had they been accepted, it is needless to add that the Crimean expedition would not have taken place. Here, then, is the clear and precise ground on which the war assumed an offensive character against Russia—viz. to compel her to submit to terms of peace, which England and France held to be necessary to the future safety of Turkey, and which Austria had fully adopted. This is the political explanation of the war, and it was fully justified, as each preceding step of the allies had been justified, by a fresh refusal on the part of Russia to agree to the terms proposed by the allies. It is unnecessary to carry this examination further. It has been introduced here merely as an illustration and a proof of the historical importance of the article now that Lord Clarendon's share in it is understood, and we are made acquainted with the peculiar opportunities which Reeve possessed—not only as Clarendon's friend, but as in actual, confidential conversation with Lord Stratford when he ordered up the fleets. [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. i. p. 312.]

The fine old motto of the 'Edinburgh Review,' *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*, is, when reduced to practice, apt to strain the relations between the 'judex' and the 'nocens;' and in this case the very outspoken review, published under Reeve's sanction, caused a coolness between the two men, the editor and the author, who had previously been on friendly terms. It is, in fact, easily conceivable that, in earlier years or in other lands, powder would have burnt or small swords flashed. Being when and where they were, they dropped out of each other's circle. And this continued for upwards of three years, when a chance meeting opened the door to reconciliation.

*From Mr. Kinglake*

9 St. George's Terrace, Marble Arch,

November 14th, 1866.

Dear Reeve,—I think I perceived yesterday that my malice—malice founded, I believe, on a couple of words, and now of some three years' standing—had not engendered any corresponding anger in you; and if my impression was a right one, I trust we may meet for the future upon our old terms. Shall it be so?

Faithfully yours,

A. W. KINGLAKE.

## CHAPTER XV

### LAW AND LITERATURE

By what must seem a curious coincidence, in 1863 and the two years immediately following, death

carried off all who had been mainly instrumental in forming Reeve's career. Greville, who introduced him to the 'Times,' died in 1865; his mother died in 1864; in 1863, his early patron and assured friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, died on January 31st, at the ripe age of 82; his uncle, John Taylor, the head of the Taylor family, a man of singular ability as a mining engineer, died on April 5th; and Sir George Lewis, whose retirement from the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' had paved the way for Reeve's succession, died on April 13th. Much of Reeve's correspondence with Lord Clarendon—Lewis's brother-in-law—refers to the wish of the widow, the Lady Theresa Lewis, that a collected edition of her husband's contributions to the 'Review' should be published. The wish was only partially carried into effect; seven of the articles were collected in a volume published in 1864 under the title of 'Essays on the Administrations of Great Britain from 1783 to 1830;' and Lewis's brother, Sir Gilbert Lewis, who succeeded to the baronetcy, published his letters in 1870. The following letter from Lord Clarendon refers to the death (on January 31st) of Lewis's stepdaughter—Lady Theresa's daughter by a former marriage—and wife of Mr., now Sir, William Harcourt:—

*G. C., February 3rd.*—I came up early yesterday morning, and only received this evening your most kind letter directed to The Grove, or I should have thanked you for it sooner.

A great misfortune has befallen us, and we are all very sad, but derive some comfort from the calmness and resignation with which my sister is bearing up against her grief. To William Harcourt it is, indeed, as you say, a wreck of all happiness and hope; but no man under such trying circumstances could have displayed more fortitude, or more tender concern for others. I meet him to-morrow at Nuneham for the last sad office.

I grieve for Lord Lansdowne, and yet it is impossible not to feel that, at his age, and with rapidly increasing infirmities, a prolongation of existence was not to be desired. He was a rare combination of high qualities, and we shall not look upon his like again.

The next letter, also from Lord Clarendon, refers to the 'Albert Memorial':—

*The Grove, March 29th.*—I knew you would approve of the Cross. I myself should prefer it to any other form of memorial, if it was in the centre of converging roads, or of a great place surrounded by buildings more or less harmonising with it; but placed in Hyde Park, with no local assistance beyond its imaginary connexion with the Exhibitions of '51 and '62, I have my fears that it will be thought unmeaning.

I forget at this moment the exact height of the design, but I do not think it is to be 300 feet; and Mr. Scott is to consider whether the proportions may not generally be reduced. He may wish to build the largest cross in the world, but neither the Queen nor her committee have any such desire.... I don't think that a grant by the representatives of the people, as a supplement to their voluntary contributions, and aided by the subscription of the Queen, would destroy the feeling of the monument. There might perhaps be less sentiment, but the whole would be more national.

From the Journal:—

*May 4th.*—Lord Hatherton died at Teddesley. His illness had been long. When we parted at Wiesbaden in August last, I knew we should not meet again. Never was there a kinder and more active friend. The confidence he showed me was unbounded; insomuch that in November he placed in my hands the original correspondence of the ministers with himself in June and July, 1834, on the Irish Coercion Bill, which led to the breaking up of Earl Grey's Cabinet. These I have power to publish; but, if not published, I mean eventually to return them to the Littleton family.

This I did in July 1864. The volume was published in 1872.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*C. O., July 10th.*—I am rather like a boy to whom some benevolent genius offers a basket of peaches, and who feels rather shy of taking the biggest of them; but, on the other hand, it would be a shabby return for great kindness to keep you in suspense. I, therefore, answer that, *sauf cause majeure*, we hope to be with you on the evening of Tuesday, August 11th. We shall probably go down to Aberdeen by sea, starting on Saturday, the 8th, if decent berths can be obtained, and I have sent to take them. If this fails we should start on Sunday evening by rail. I cannot express to you how delightful to me is the thought of the kind welcome of Skibo, and the fresh air of your hills, after a very long and laborious season. But I have still a month in the mill, and a huge list of causes to be disposed of.

The 'Edinburgh' will be out on Thursday. You will find it very Scotch.

The Journal notes:—

We went to Chichester, on a visit to Dr. McCarogher; and from there to Goodwood races.

*August 8th.*—To Scotland by sea. Beached Skibo on the 11th. Shooting on the 12th with Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Seaforth, and Dempster.

*25th.*—To Brahan. Little old General Kmety there; very good fun; but he does not look a hero.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*Brahan Castle, August 26th.*—We performed our pleasant but slow journey very well, and arrived at five P.M. The weather yesterday was the worst I have seen this year in Scotland. I declined to face the woods, but we got a walk by the Conan in a gleam of sunshine. However, the house and its collections, and their most amusing and hospitable owner, afforded us ample amusement. I am sorry, for my own sake, that this country is constantly gaining stronger claims on my affection and regard; for am I not born a dweller by our inglorious southern streams and downs? If, however, there be such a thing as transmigration hereafter, let me hope that I shall come out at last as a Highland laird.

The Journal continues:—

*August 28th.*—To Invergarry, where we lunched with Mr. Peabody; and to Glenquoich—Ed. Ellice's. The Elchos, Sir F. and Lady Grey, and Lowe there.

*31st.*—Excursion from Glenquoich to Loch Hourn. Then by Oban to Glasgow. Visit to the Belhavens at Wishaw, September 4th, and to Abington. Home on the 10th.

*September 15th.*—Torry Hill. Shooting there for some days.

*17th.*—Mr. Ellice died suddenly [Footnote: Of heart disease and eighty-two years. He was found dead in his bed.] at Ardochy, only a fortnight after we left his house. That excursion to Loch Hourn was his last.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*Torry Hill, September 21st.*—What a sudden and painful loss is this abrupt termination of the life of our kind friend at Glenquoich! It is scarcely three weeks since we left him in his usual health and spirits, and now—as Evelyn says—all is in the dust.... I have had an unpleasant accident, though—thank God!—not a serious one. Turning round very suddenly to shoot a partridge behind me, without seeing that Lord Kingsdown was on his pony about fifty yards off, a pellet of shot from my gun hit him in the cheek, and another hit his pony in the eye. Conceive my horror! Fortunately, the wound was very slight, and, indeed, was well in half an hour; but if it had hit him in the eye I never should have forgiven myself.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, October 4th.*—I was very glad to hear from you this morning, but very sorry to learn that you have cause for deep anxiety respecting your mother, and I fear, from what you say, that she is hopelessly ill and suffering much. I sympathise with you sincerely. I joined my people at Lathom a month ago, and we returned last week from our peregrinations, all well, except myself, who can't shake off the gout, which is a disappointment after having taken the trouble of a Wiesbaden cure.

On the day of my last bath there I received an urgent request from our Foreign Secretary that I should proceed to Frankfort and observe the conference. I did so, and was interested and amused. It was an opportunity that may never occur again of meeting the sovereigns of Germany, great and small....

The impression made upon me by the E. of Austria was very agreeable. He had none of the proud manner of which at one time we heard so much, but, on the contrary, he was frank and gentlemanlike, and told me the difficulties in which Germany was placed by such an effete institution as the Diet, and the advances making by Democracy, which, for the first time, were dangerous, because the people had reason and justice on their side. He told me, also, all the steps he had taken to secure the co-operation of the K. of Prussia, which were straightforward and deferential; and he complained, though without bitterness, of the manner in which they had been misrepresented.... It may be that some good will come, perhaps before the close of the present century, from a public avowal by congregated sovereigns that their subjects had grievances of magnitude, and that delay in redressing them was full of dynastic danger.

One can conceive no more complete diplomatic fiasco than the three great Powers of Europe giving a triumph to Gortschakoff. The mistake originally made was thinking that Russia was weak and in

trouble, and would therefore yield to menace. Several months ago I took the liberty of suggesting that, although Russia was powerless for an aggressive war, she would be found as strong and formidable as ever in resisting any attack from without, and that foreign dictation would probably have the effect of uniting all the parties into which Russia was divided. I don't mean to deny, however, that intervention of some kind was inevitable; but the difficulties attending it were either overlooked or not foreseen, and the mode of dealing with them has consequently been unskilful.

Continuing the Journal:—

*October 5th.*—To Aiuphill. On the 17th to the Grove; Odo Russell there. 24th, to Torry Hill, with Christine and Hopie. Met the Roger Leighs there; also the Heads and Sir Lawrence Peel. High jinks on Hopie's twenty-first birthday.

*November 19th.*—To Shoeburyness, to see the trial of Sir William Armstrong's 600-pounder gun.

My mother was exceedingly ill during the autumn, and it became apparent that her illness was mortal. She was attended with great assiduity by Dr. Fyfe. For this reason we remained within reach of London.

*From Lord Westbury* [Footnote: At this time Lord Chancellor.]

*Basingstoke, November 28th.*—I shall be much obliged to you if, by the application of the whip to the printer, you can get him to strike off a few copies of the notes of my opinion on the appeals in the matter of the 'Essays and Reviews' by Tuesday afternoon, so that a copy may, on the evening of Tuesday, be sent to Lords Cranworth, Chelmsford, and Kingsdown. The notes are not long, but I am anxious that they should be, as soon as possible, in the hands of the three noble lords I have named. I hope we shall be able to give judgement about December 15th.

Lord Brougham's next letter refers to one of the few unpleasant passages in Reeve's life. In October 1863 the 'Edinburgh Review' had an article on J. G. Phillimore's 'Reign of George III.,' in which the book was somewhat roughly handled. That the comment was honest is quite certain; that it was just would probably be the opinion of most historical students; but Mr. Phillimore thought that it was neither one nor the other, and being—as the 'Saturday Review' described him—one whose 'normal position was that of a belligerent,' he replied to the review by a studiously offensive and personal pamphlet, [Footnote: This sensitiveness to literary criticism was, perhaps, a family failing. Some forty years before, Phillimore's uncle, Sir John Phillimore, was fined 100£. for bludgeoning James, the author of the *Naval History*, for some unflattering remarks on the discipline of the 'Eurotas' whilst under his command.] bearing the title 'Reply to the Misrepresentations of the "Edinburgh Review."' According to this, the article was a spiteful attack made by 'Mr. Reeve' himself; it was mainly noticeable for its ignorance, its malice, its time-serving toadyism of Lord Stanhope, and should be contrasted with another article in the same number of the 'Review' on 'Austin on Jurisprudence,' which was outrageously belauded because Austin was 'Mr. Reeve's' uncle. In point of fact, the article on Phillimore was written by the present Judge O'Connor Morris, and that on Austin by John Stuart Mill, neither of whom was an intimate friend of the editor's. Phillimore did not notice, or was not sufficiently acquainted with Reeve's family history to appraise yet another article on 'Tara: a Mahratta Tale,' by Captain Meadows Taylor—Reeve's cousin. If he had, he would certainly have made it the subject of some more scurrilities.

*Cannes, January 7th.*—I have only a moment before the post goes to write, and it may be too late another day. Pray allude to Phillimore's pamphlet, and give some explanation on certain parts of it. I have not read the whole of it, but friends here who borrowed it of me have, and they tell me that some explanation is required. They are a good deal prejudiced, however, owing to your having praised Stanhope's book, of which they have a very bad opinion. I myself rather agree with them, though not going to the same length. Of Phillimore, I only know that he did good service in the Commons for a public prosecutor, and was very shabbily supported by the friends of Law Amendment. But I had a very poor opinion of the book, though he is a very clever man, and the Yankees considered him the first man in the House of Commons.

Reeve's letters for several months had been leading up to the next sad entry in the Journal. For a woman of seventy-five, a serious and prolonged illness could scarcely have any other issue.

My mother's illness was approaching its melancholy end. On January 8th I sat up all night at Brompton. On the 9th she was speechless. On Sunday, the 10th, at 3 P.M., she died. On the 16th she was buried in the Brompton Cemetery. Edward James Reeve read the service. Arthur Taylor, John, Richard, John Edward, and Fairfax Taylor, Sir A. Gordon, P. Worsley, W. Wallace, J. P. Simpson, R. Lane, Dr. Fyfe, and John Cox attended.

On the 17th I went to Essex Street Chapel, where Madge preached her funeral sermon. He had preached my father's funeral sermon just fifty years before. My mother survived my father nearly fifty years. This is not the place to comment on her singular virtues!

We went to Boulogne on the 18th for the first period of mourning, and visited Amiens and Abbéville. Home on the 25th.

*To Mr. Dempster*

62 *Rutland Gate, January 11th.*—Your long kindness and friendship tell me how much I may rely on your sympathy. My dear mother expired yesterday afternoon, in perfect serenity. However long one may have anticipated such a stroke and, as I told you in July, I knew it was impending—one cannot realise it till it falls. As Gray said to Mason, 'A man has but one mother;' it is a blank that cannot be filled up. But I have the consolatory thought that my dear mother's life was complete in its usefulness, its energy, its unquenchable zeal for the good of others, its Christian endurance of sorrow and of pain; and no one ever lived in this world more fitted to enter upon another. Christine was with her to the last.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Orleans House, 11 Janvier.*—Hélas! cher Monsieur; je n'ai pas de consolation à vous offrir; je ne puis que vous assurer de ma profonde sympathie. Je juge de ce que vous devez souffrir par ce que je ressentirais à votre place. Mon coeur est avec le vôtre. H. D'ORLÉANS.

*From Lord Clarendon*

January 11th.

My Dear Reeve,—I heard to my great regret a little while ago that the day of your affliction was fast approaching, and I knew at once by your envelope this afternoon that the hour had come. I thank you for your kind thought of not allowing me to hear by public report an event that so deeply affects your happiness; and I know from my own sad experience how to feel for you in this trial—the loss of a mother's never-failing love and sympathy, and of one's own daily occupation, that real labour of love, in ministering to her comfort and soothing the ills of declining years. You have the consolation, and it is one to be grateful for, my dear Reeve, that your last impressions are of a calm and painless passage from this life, such as you would have most desired for her whom you have so loved and can never forget. Lady Clarendon and my daughters desire me to send you their kind regards and the expression of their sincerest sympathy.

Believe me, my dear Reeve,

Ever yours truly,

**CLARENDON.**

*To Madame de Tocqueville*

Boulogne-sur-mer, January 20th.

My dear Madame de Tocqueville,—One's own sorrows bring back with increased vivacity the sorrows of others and the melancholy recollections of other years, for at each successive blow a great gap is made in life, and one feels that another record of the past is closed. We have come to this place for a few days to regain a little health and spirits after the long and anxious year we have passed by my dear mother's sick bed. All our cares have unhappily been vain, and about ten days ago she breathed her last. I cannot express how great a loss this is to me, or how deeply I feel it. Your dear and ever-lamented husband was one of those who appreciated the exquisite simplicity and energy of my mother's character, and the words he let fall from time to time about her are very precious to me.

To any one who now reads the book, [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 66.] and considers the later course of the lives of its authors, it is difficult to conceive the excitement which was raised about the case referred to in the next note from the Journal. The remembrance of it seems to throw a doubt on the reality or immutability of 'first principles.'

*February 8th.*—Judgement was given by the Judicial Committee on the great ecclesiastical cause of 'Essays and Reviews.' It was drawn with great care by Lord Westbury, who read it all over with me before it was submitted to the committee.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Cannes, February 13th.*—I received your melancholy letter [Footnote: Announcing the death of his

mother.] some time ago, but I did not answer it because I felt that your excuse for not taking notice of Phillimore's attack was too good, and I had no comfort to offer you. I suffered most severely myself by the same loss, and I have not, after above twenty years, learnt to forget it. Your letter brought it back strongly to my mind, as it also did the memory of my excellent friend your father.

I find my opinion, and those I cited in support of it, is confirmed by the articles in the journals—such as the 'Saturday Review' [Footnote: February 6th, 1864.]—which, though attacking Phillimore in some particulars, yet show that some answer to him, or explanation of matters which he represents, was wanted. But I dare say his attacks will be forgotten, and you may be right in doing nothing that can help to keep them in people's recollection. [Footnote: Reeve, who was always averse from any controversy of this nature, took no public notice of the pamphlet, and Phillimore died early the next year.]

I have just got your new number and not read a page of it, as the 'Quarterly' came with it, and I was anxious to read the review of our friend your neighbour's book, [Footnote: *The Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero.*] which is learnedly and most justly praised, and the value of the praise not impaired, like that of the 'Saturday Review,' [Footnote: February 6th, 1864.] by praising Houghton's (Dick Milnes') poems in another article.

The Journal has:—

*February 20th.*—Went to Farnborough. The Longmans just installed in their new house.

To Ampthill at Easter. On April 1st to Paris, with Christine and the Dempsters. I had the gout all the time.

*April 3rd.*—Races at Vincennes. Embassy ball on the 5th. Persignys and Morny there. Breakfast at Vaux with Marochettis on the 6th. Met Sigismond Krasinski's son Ladislav at his mother's.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*G. C., April 6th.*—As five years of freedom had augmented my inveterate dislike of office, you may suppose that I made a gallant resistance—quite *à la Danoise*; but at last I could not help taking an oar with old friends in a boat which they believed to be sinking, and in which they fancied I might be of some use. If the Government had been as clear of some of the worst shoals a fortnight ago as it is now, nothing would have induced me to say 'Yes.'

I hope that Stansfeld's exit and Palmerston's speech, and, more important still, the feeling throughout the country upon the Mazzini affair, will mend our relations with France by showing Frenchmen of all classes and colours that the alliance is here estimated at its real value; indeed, nothing will go well in Europe if England and France are supposed to be pulling different ways; and if they had been acting together, instead of being *en froid* six months ago, the Dano-German difficulty would never have attained its present development. Some soreness was natural at our not agreeing to the congress; but too much has been made of the tone of J. R.'s answer, and offence ought not to be taken where none was intended, but quite the reverse, as I can certify from the conversations I had at the time with the writer....

It was this letter which suggested to Reeve to propose to Lord Clarendon the advisability of coming over to Paris himself 'to see the Emperor and endeavour to settle joint action on the Danish question.' He wrote also to the same effect to Lord Granville.

*From Lord Granville*

London, April 9th.

My dear Reeve,—Many thanks for your note, and for the suggestion it contains. I [had] already had some talk with Clarendon and Russell on the subject. The first thought that it was too late now, and urged some minor objections, but in my opinion he is wrong, and I hope the matter will be arranged. Yours sincerely,

**GRANVILLE.**

*From Lord Clarendon*

*London, April 9th.*—Your letter is very important. It has been settled at the Cabinet that I shall go over on Tuesday. It is particularly troublesome and inconvenient to me; but I shan't mind that, if any good is to be done and that the friendly motive of my going is appreciated.

*From M. Fould*

Dimanche [April 10th].

Mon cher Monsieuer,—Je me suis empressé de transmettre à l'empereur la nouvelle que vous voulez bien me donner et qui me fait grand plaisir.

Mille compliments bien désirés,

**ACHILLE FOULD.**

The visit led to no result, as the French refused to act. The Journal continues:—

*April 20th.*—Interesting day at Versailles with Feuillet de Conches and Soulié; took the Dempsters and Hamiltons of Dalziel.

My father's old friend Dr. de Roches died at Geneva on April 18th. On the 23rd, Christine and I went to Geneva on a visit to the Binets. Saw Mme. de Roches, who also died a few days afterwards. Returned by Lausanne and Neufchatel to Paris, and home on May 1st.

*From Lord Brougham*

*Paris, May 15th.*—I have been reading the new number of the 'E. R.,' and have been greatly interested in it. The review [Footnote: Sc. of Renan's *Life of Jesus.*] is most ably and learnedly done, though in one or two places a little obscure. But the subject was most difficult to handle, and I think no one can complain of Renan being unfairly treated; indeed he is lavishly praised, though he is rejected—but rejected most candidly.

I have also read the first article, [Footnote: *Diaries of a Lady of Quality.*] on Miss Wynn's book. I am convinced that the facts must be taken with large allowance; some of them are to my personal knowledge erroneously given—from no intention to deceive, but from hasty belief. But there is one story which on the face of it is not only untrue, but impossible; which she appears to have had from a Mrs. Kemble, and to have swallowed whole. How could any being believe in Lord Loughborough's telling such a tale? Mrs. K. may have, from ignorance, supposed that a prisoner on trial for his life can be examined by the prosecutor's counsel; but can anyone suppose that such a story as Davison's murder of his old companion could have happened, and no one even heard of it, or of his being hanged, as he must have been, on his own confession? I knew intimately those friends of Miss Baillie who are said to have been present, and I never heard a word of it from them—probably because they regarded the story as ridiculous.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Claremont, le 23 mai.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—N'ayant pas eu le plaisir de vous rencontrer depuis mon retour d'Espagne, j'ai passé samedi chez vous pour vous parler d'une affaire que j'aurais préféré traiter de vive voix. Ne vous ayant pas trouvé, il me faut aujourd'hui avoir recours à la plume, car le temps presse. Je voulais vous dire que mon mariage avec ma cousine Isabelle sera décidément célébré lundi prochain, le 30 mai. Je n'ai pas *issued* d'invitations pour assister à cette cérémonie, mais il y a certaines personnes dont la présence serait pour moi une grande satisfaction à cause des anciennes relations qui ont existé entre elles et ma famille. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que vous êtes de ce nombre, mon cher Monsieur Reeve, et surtout après la lettre si aimable que vous m'avez écrite à propos de mon mariage je ne puis me refuser le plaisir de vous avertir de sa célébration, afin que, si vous le pouvez, vous veniez y assister. Si j'avais pu vous en parler de vive voix, je vous aurais mieux dit que je n'ai adressé à personne d'invitation formelle, qu'en vous faisant cette proposition je ne veux vous imposer aucune gêne, mais que par cela même votre présence n'aurait que plus de prix à mes yeux.

Vous m'excuserez de n'avoir cherché ce matin qu'à vous expliquer ma pensée aussi brièvement que possible. En ce temps-ci tous mes moments sont comptés.

La cérémonie aura lieu à la chapelle catholique de Kingston à 10-1/2h. a.m.  
Le train qui part de Waterloo Station à 9h.40 pour Surbiton arrive à temps.

Votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.**

As to which the Journal says:—

*May 23rd*—The Raymonds and Mlle. Lebreton came.

*24th.*—Dined with Raymond at Claremont. Great royal dinner; fifty-two persons; was presented to the Infanta Isabella.

*30th.*—Marriage of the Comte de Paris. Banquet at Claremont. Ball at the Duc de Chartres'—Ham House. I drove Chartres from Claremont to the ball.

*June 7th.*—The centenary dinner of The Club; twenty-five members present; Milman in the chair. Lord Brougham was there. I sat between the Bishop of London (Tait) and Eastlake.

There was at this time much sentimental sympathy with Denmark in her unequal struggle against the combined forces of Prussia and Austria; but as France, Russia, and Sweden, which, equally with England, were parties to the treaty of 1852, refused to give Denmark any active support, the practical feeling was that English interests were not involved to such an extent as to render it advisable to assert them by force of arms.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*G. C., June 24th.*—As far as I can make out there is no real war feeling in the country, though a great disposition in the H. of C. to turn out the Government, whether it decides upon being pacific or bellicose; and I expect that a vote of censure, or want of confidence, will be successful. If you hear anything reliable on the subject, pray let me know.

*June 26th.*—The island-occupation plan is very well devised, and if our cat was jumping that way, it would be worthy of very serious consideration; but it won't do to embark single-handed in such operations.... The peace feeling at home becomes stronger every day, except for mere party purposes, and I don't believe that sending the fleet to the Baltic even would meet with support, as we are under no obligation to do so; though if German operations were to extend beyond the peninsula, and Copenhagen was menaced, a different policy must, of course, be adopted.

The Journal goes on:—

*July 20th.*—The Duc d'Aumale's ball to the Prince of Wales; beautiful night.

*21st.*—To Ongar, to see my uncle, Edward Reeve.

*24th.*—Went to Aix by Rotterdam, with W. Wallace; met the James Watneys at Aix. Back by Ostend, August 3rd.

*August 9th.*—Joined Christine and Hopie at Perth, and proceeded to Skibo. Marochetti and Seaforth there. Shot with Marochetti. On the 25th left Skibo. Thence to Brahan. On the 31st, pic-nic to the Falls of Rogie, with Lord Blandford playing on the bugle.

*September 1st.*—To Raith. 7th, to Arniston. 10th, to Ancrum, Kirklands. 16th, to see Harriet Martineau at Ambleside. 18th.—Home.

*September 22nd.*—Torry Hill. 23rd, excursion to Margate races, with Lord Kingsdown. Shooting at Torry Hill.

Mr. Richardson died at Kirklands on October 4th. Attended the funeral at Ancrum on the 10th. Mr. Liddell read the English service at the grave. To Brougham on my way back.

*October 13th.*—Left London on a visit to the Marochettis at Vaux.

*23rd.*—Visit to the Guizots at Val Richer. 27th, to Caen. 28th, to Angers. 30th, to Saumur.

*November 1st.*—Amboise. 2nd, Loches. 4th, Paris.

*7th.*—Home.

*8th.*—Dinner at Lord Granville's.

*23rd.*—Munro of Novar died very suddenly. He was buried at Kensal Green on December 1st.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*C. O., November 24th.* You may conceive with how much surprise and concern I received this morning a telegram from the factor at Novar, to announce the sudden death last night of my old and much-valued friend, the Laird of Novar, for whom, in spite of his singularities, I had a most sincere

regard. I have telegraphed to Butler Johnstone, in Dumfriesshire, and to his son at Rokeby, and urged them to go down immediately; but it has occurred to me that perhaps you would take the train and go over yourself, as there is no one there to give any directions, and the factor is a new man. I have also telegraphed to Raith at Cannes.... Let me know if you hear any particulars. I wonder whether he left a will; very probably none.

*C. O., November 28th.*—We felt so much alike in our regard for Novar, that I was confident that we should feel exactly alike in this most sudden and terrible catastrophe. I could well have spared many a better man, and, in spite of his peculiarities, there are few persons for whom I could feel a more sincere and painful regret. For more than twenty years I have shared with Novar many of the pleasantest hours of life; and although we were in many respects very dissimilar, there are few persons for whom I felt a greater sympathy. I have no doubt you decided rightly as to not going to Novar. My telegram, fortunately, reached Butler Johnstone and his son, both of whom were in the country, and they speedily got down to Novar. I am told they have decided to inter our poor friend in London—a decision I should not have taken myself, but which I bow to, as it is their wish.

Mrs. Butler Johnstone was so much agitated by this event—for she was passionately attached to her brother—and so entirely solitary—for there was no one with her but young Theobald Butler—that my wife thought it her duty to go down to Brighton with her on Saturday, to endeavour to calm and comfort her until Harry can come back to his mother, which I hope will be to-morrow....

I have heard from Ferguson, who little expected to survive his cousin and inherit Novar.

*C. O., December 1st.*—I am just returned from the funeral of our poor friend at Kensal Green. It was as quiet as possible.... There is no will at all; but every paper and letter of Novar's is carefully preserved, and accurately docketed, so that the whole state of his affairs and accounts may be seen in a moment. The personal property is enormous; he cannot have had much less than 24,000 £ a year. Ferguson's share of the entailed estates is about 5,000 £ gross rental; everything else goes to the B. J.'s. I am very much pleased with the spirit in which B. J. takes all this—a great desire to do whatever is right to those who may have any claim on Novar, and no brag or ostentation. He and Harry immediately determined, as money is no object to them, they would allow nothing to be sold, but would keep together the gallery of pictures and everything else Novar collected. The quantities of things are incalculable.... I thought these details would interest you. For my part, I feel that I have lost one of the persons in the world with whom I had spent the most pleasant hours, and for whom I had an extreme regard.

The Journal mentions:—

Shooting at Haslemere and Farnborough to the end of the year.

*January 2nd, 1865.*—Went to Strawberry Hill. A large party in the house; Clarendon, Duc d'Aumale, Lady Hislop, Perrys, &c. On the 5th to Torry Hill. 12th, to Amptill. 13th, down to Woburn with Lord Wensleydale and Froude. 14th, to the Grove.

When at Torry Hill I got a note from Charles Greville asking me to come up to see him. I did so on the 10th. It was then he asked me to take charge of his journals. Some further conversation took place between us. On the 17th I was with him till half-past seven, and in the same night he died. [Footnote: See *post*, p. 230.]

*From M. Guizot*

Paris, 1 février.

My dear sir,—Je regrette Charles Greville. C'était l'un des spectateurs politiques les plus clairvoyants, les plus fins et les plus équitables que j'aie rencontrés en ma vie; et un ami fidèle sans se donner tout entier à personne. Vous devez regretter beaucoup son amitié et sa société. Ses mémoires seront bien curieux. Je suis charmé qu'il vous les ait légués. Personne ne saura mieux choisir ce qu'il en faut publier, et le moment opportun pour les publier. Quand vous prendrez une résolution à cet égard, je vous prie de m'en avertir; vous en désirerez, ce me semble, une édition française....

The Journal here gives a remarkable contribution to the history of the French Revolution of 1830, the substance of which Reeve afterwards published in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in an article on 'Circourt' (October 1881).

*March 14th.*—The Club elected the Duc d'Aumale and Tennyson.

*19th.*—Mrs. Gollop [Mrs. Reeve's mother] died. I joined Christine at Strode, and attended the funeral at Lillington.

*April 5th.*—M. de Circourt has been staying with us for three weeks; inexhaustible in memory, anecdote, and conversation. I first knew him at Geneva in 1830, where he took refuge after the storm of the Revolution, and where he soon afterwards married Anastasia de Klustine.

I asked him the other day what he knew of the 'Ordonnances' of July. He was at that time, with Bois-le-Comte and Vieil-Castel, one of the chief employés of Prince Polignac, in the Office of Foreign Affairs; and from his wonderful memory and facility, Polignac used often to send him to Charles X., to relate the substance of the despatches from foreign Courts. But, although he was thus versed in foreign affairs, he knew very little of what was passing in the interior of France, though from the violence of the conflict between the Court and the Chamber he foreboded a catastrophe.

Polignac told him nothing of the Ordinances, nor had he told the Princess, his wife; for Circourt dined with them on the day they were signed—it was Sunday, July 25th, 1830. The minister was *distrain*. The Princess got C. aside to the piano after dinner, and said to him: 'Il se passe quelque chose;—do you know what it is?' Neither of them knew. C. thinks, however, that Bois-le-Comte was in Polignac's confidence.

In consequence of the absence of Marshal Bourmont on the Algerian expedition, Polignac was minister of war *ad interim* [as well as minister of foreign affairs]; but he had not made the smallest military preparations, or even inquiries, as to the possibility of putting down a popular tumult. On that Sunday, for the first time, he sent for the officers in command of the troops. A dispute arose between them, which Polignac had to settle. It then turned out that in the whole of the first military division, which included not only Paris, but Orleans and Rouen and all the intermediate places, there were not 12,000 men. In Paris itself about 3,400 at that moment, including the *gendarmérie*.

The reason of this was a political and military combination which the Government had formed, but which I never before heard mentioned by anyone. Polignac had for some time been intriguing to detach Belgium from the King of Holland's dominions—chiefly from a fanatical desire to release a Catholic population from their Protestant connexion, but in part, also, from a notion that a military demonstration on the side of Belgium would be popular in France, and would disarm the Opposition. So that the movement which took place at Brussels shortly after the Revolution of July, and was attributed to the example of that democratic explosion, had, in fact, been prepared by Polignac himself. This is strange enough; but what is still more strange is that the very means taken to promote this lawless object proved to be the ruin of Charles X. and his minister.

With a view to the occupation of Belgium, or at least of a demonstration on the frontier, they had assembled two large camps at Luneville and St.-Omer; and in these camps the bulk of the available forces of the kingdom were collected, especially as Bourmont had with him a considerable and well-appointed army in Africa. So that at the very moment when troops were most needed in Paris, one portion of the King's army was beyond the seas, and another out of reach on the Belgian frontier.

Bourmont was perfectly aware that some such scheme as that of the Ordinances was hatching, and the King had given him special orders to terminate the campaign in Algeria, to carry off the treasure from the Kasbah, and bring the troops back to France, as soon as possible. About a month before the Revolution, a ciphered despatch came from Bourmont—which, I think, Circourt said he was told to transcribe—in which the marshal earnestly entreated the King to take no important step till his return; adding that he hoped in a few weeks to terminate the African expedition, and to prove to the King what he was capable of in his Majesty's service. He had calculated that by the month of September he could bring the greater part of the army back to Paris, and that the success they had recently had in Africa had attached the troops to himself, as their commander, so that he would be in a condition to crush all resistance; and had this plan been pursued, it is by no means impossible that the *coup d'état* might have succeeded, as we have seen on some subsequent occasions.

But Bourmont's despatch in cipher had exactly the opposite effect from that contemplated by the marshal. It produced in the mind of Polignac a violent jealousy of his military colleague, and the determination to act in Bourmont's absence, so as to have all the credit to himself, and remain at the head of the King's Government. On the day the Ordinances were signed, Polignac said to Circourt: 'From this day the King begins to reign, which he has not done before.' These were the motives which precipitated the blow, and caused it to overwhelm its authors with ruin and confusion.

*April 8th.*—I was elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, in France.

*14th.*—Went to Paris, and on the 22nd took my seat at the Institute.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, April 23rd.*—Fould is not reasonable about Mexico; for he well knows that it is we who had to complain of France, and not France of us, in the original convention, and that ever since we got out of it, so far from thwarting French designs, we have done what was in our power to support them; our Government can't help to float a bad loan, but I am sure we have done the French no harm at Washington. It will be good policy on the part of Maximilian to encourage Confederate soldiers, provided they don't come and squat in too great numbers. I understand that the French army is not to be withdrawn until it is no longer wanted by Maximilian, but that will not be till the day of judgement—if then.

The journey to Algeria is an inscrutable business. McMahon, I am told, has insisted strongly upon it, and says that the Imperial presence is indispensable to *relever* the tone of the colony; but that is hardly reason enough for such a *grosse affaire* as absenting himself from Paris for six weeks; but if he wishes to create alarm and make people feel how much he and social order are bound up together, and that they want him more than he them, then the expedition has a motive, and may have a great success.

Palmerston had the gout all last week, and was unable to attend the Cabinet yesterday, but he is expected in town tomorrow, so I hope it is a slight attack. The uneasiness on one side and excitement on the other, whenever he is ailing, are curious to observe; for it is pretty generally understood that until he dies there will be no real shuffle of cards. Last autumn the Tories talked tall about the majority that the general election was to give them, but of late they have come down very much, and the best informed among them now say that things will remain pretty much as they are.

The Journal continues:—

*April 27th.*—Excursion to Port Royal and Dampierre, where we were received by order of the Duc de Luynes. Circourt was with us. 28th, to Fontainebleau. Met William Stirling and Lady Anna there; they were just married. 30th, races in Bois de Boulogne. Took Mrs. Henry Baring there. Dined at the Embassy.

*May 3rd.*—Excursion to Reims with Circourt and Belvèze.[Footnote: The Comte de Belvèze, an intimate friend of the Circourts, a man, Reeve wrote, 'of great wit and discernment.' In 1873 he had printed, for private circulation, a small volume of *Pensées, Maximes et Réflexions*, a copy of which he gave Reeve, who 'highly valued it for its intrinsic merit and its rarity.'] Back to London by Lille and Laon.

*13th.*—My uncle, Tom Reeve, the rector, died. I attended the funeral, and went on to Thorpe Abbots.

*June 10th.*—Party given by the Hudson's Bay Company to see their ships at Gravesend. Dined there.

Went to Bracknell and Ascot.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, June 11th.* I make you my sincere compliment upon the article, [Footnote: 'Dissolution of Parliament,' by Reeve. It appeared in the July number of the *Review*.] and thank you for giving me an early read of it. It is by far the ablest defence I have yet seen for the donothingness of the Government about Reform; and you have most skilfully brought all the different schemes face to face, in order to knock their heads together, at the same time that you show yourself, as the organ of the Whig party, to be liberal and progressive, and not only ready, but anxious, to adopt any plan of Reform that will really effect that which reasonable men unite in desiring. I think the article will do great good; and I only wish that it could be circulated among classes rather lower than the ordinary readers of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

Might you not in the last page enlarge a little more upon the opposition which the Tories, for party purposes, or from shortsightedness, have always made to Liberal measures? For that in reality is the strong case against them; and in judging of their fitness for power, the electors should consider how the country would have stood if their persistent opposition had been successful; how we should have passed through the political crisis of '48 if the Corn Laws had been unrepealed; or the cotton famine, if Free-trade had not been established. The electors should also well consider whether they will accept, as governors and guides, men who predicted evils of the worst kind from measures which have produced the happiest results.

All these points are well alluded to in the last page, but they seem to me to want a few grains of salt; and we may be sure that Lord Robert Cecil [Footnote: The present Marquis of Salisbury. His elder brother, Viscount Cranborne, died three days after the date of this letter, June 14th.] in the 'Quarterly' will pepper the Whigs abundantly.

The Journal at this time has:—

Gout in July. Went to Aix on the 25th. The Aumales, Alcocks, and Lord St. Germans there. Home on August 17th.

*August 9th.*—To Scotland. We went again to Skibo. Harry Butler Johnstone there. Stayed at Skibo till the 30th. Then to Brahan. Found the Fergusons at Novar. Lord Kingsdown had taken Holme House, near Nairn. Went to see him there. Cawdor Castle. Then to Pitcorthie [James Moncreiff's] [Footnote: At this time Lord Advocate. Created a baronet in 1871, and a peer, as Lord Moncreiff, in 1874.] and Raith and Abington.

*September 23rd.*—Dined with Lord Granville to meet Castalia Campbell and Lady Acton. Lord G. was married on the 26th [to Miss Campbell].

To Torry Hill in October; also to Badger Hall and High Legh, and Loseley (then rented by Thomson Hankey).

*November 15th.*—Went down to Woodnorton [near Evesham], to see the Aumales at their farm. Shot there.

But the great topic of the latter part of the year, the subject which was in everyone's mind, was the cattle plague—the rinderpest—which threatened to become a matter of extreme national importance. When, at the time that now is, people are inclined to grumble at the precautionary measures adopted by Government, they should look back to the records of 1865 and read of the very serious alarm then felt. Writing to Dempster, himself a high authority on agricultural questions, Reeve naturally spoke of this, and the correspondence is largely filled with such sentences as:—

*September 22nd.*—A nearer acquaintance with the cattle disease is a very disagreeable addition to one's knowledge. They are afraid it will last for many years, and sweep off a great portion of the cattle in the kingdom.... You'll think I have got the rinderpest myself to write about nothing but these brutes.

*September 28th.*—The disease has now spread to sheep, and I verily believe we shall have a meat famine.

*October 12th.*—The ravages of the disease increase. We were to have gone to pay two visits in Essex this week, but our hosts are so distracted by the loss of their kine and the absence of dairy produce that they broke up their party and put us off.

*October 18th.*—The opinion of the Cattle Commission is that nothing can be done to stay the plague without putting a stop to all transport or movement of live cattle; and I expect this will be done. But how are we to be fed?

*November 23rd.*—The Lords of the Council have at last resolved to give all local authorities in Britain the power of stopping the entry of cattle into their own district, and all beasts brought to the Metropolitan Market are to be killed there.

And thus this plague, the illness and death of Lord Palmerston, and—more personal—the alarming illness and slow, lingering convalescence of Miss Charlotte Dempster—'my fair contributor,' as Reeve used to call her—fill the correspondence of the year. One note only, an account of Reeve's visit to Woodnorton, has a more particular interest.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*C. O., November 23rd.*—My last campaign has been in Worcestershire, where I went to see a barnful of princes and princesses in a house much more like a very wild Highland shooting quarter than an Englishman's hunting-box. However, this only made the whole party more jolly; and as the stables are very superior to the house, I shall entreat them, the next time I go, to give me a loose box instead of a bedroom. Cutbush is supposed to have slept on a dresser in the servants' hall; and a stray Frenchman who arrived one evening was laid up in the smoking-room, on a sofa.

And, according to the Journal, the year closed with—

Visits to Farnborough, Denbigh (Haslemere), and Timsbury [Ralph Dutton's, near Romsey].

Between Reeve and the Duttons there was a friendship of many years' standing, and they were there, wrote Mrs. Reeve, 'a pleasant little party of ten, only Henry has had a very bad fit of gout and could not join the shooters, or even the dinner-table some days: too provoking!' They remained at Timsbury for a week, and then:—

*January 10th.*—A pleasant party at Torry Hill, with Sir E. Head and Kit. Pemberton. Shooting in the snow, which was heavy.

18th.—Sir C. Eastlake was buried.

One day at a dinner party of Royal Academicians at Eastlake's, they were discussing the merits of Solomon the painter and praising him. 'Yes,' said Valentine Prinsep, 'but Solomon in all his glory is not R.A.ed like one of these.'

24th. We were invited rather late in the morning to the christening of Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel's infant daughter, and to a banquet afterwards. Christine came down to my office at two o'clock, and we went across to Whitehall Chapel. Sir Robert stood *rayonnant* at the door; Lady Emily looked the picture of maternal beauty; and in the chapel we found a small but remarkable party—Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord and Lady Russell, the Gladstones, Lady Ely, the Dufferins, &c., about fifty in all. Lord Russell said he had never been inside that building [Footnote: Now the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution.] before. Gladstone was very cordial, and we joined our enthusiasm about the roof of the building and the Rubenses. The Queen stood Godmother.

After the ceremony we all adjourned to Whitehall Gardens. I was unluckily obliged to go away, but Christine stayed for the luncheon, which was superb. Gladstone proposed the health of the infant.

25th.—Dinner at Orleans House, on Condé's departure for his journey to the East; Murchison and Trevelyan there. The Prince de Condé [Footnote: The eldest son of the Duc d'Aumale, born in 1845, died at Sydney on May 24th, 1866. The Duke's second and third sons lived only a few weeks; the fourth, the Duc de Guise, born in 1854, died in 1872.] reached Sydney, but caught a fever there and died. His poor mother never recovered the shock.

27th.—John Edward Taylor, my oldest friend,[Footnote: A first cousin, elder son of Edward Taylor; see *ante*, vol. i. p. 167.] died.

A couple of months later Mr. Taylor's daughter, Lucy, was married to William Markby, going out to Calcutta as a judge on a salary of 4,000 £ a year. 'She is a very lucky girl' wrote Mrs. Reeve, 'her face her sole fortune, to win the love of a man so clear-headed and warm-hearted.'

Circourt came on a visit to us in March. We went together to Lincoln. I spent Easter at Lord Wharncliffe's at Wortley, with the Samuel Bakers (the African traveller) and the Tankervilles, and rejoined Circourt at Frystone (R. M. Milnes'). Thence to Amptill, also with Circourt.

*From Lord Westbury*

March 1st.—I send you the proof of the judgement in *Edwards v. Moss*, corrected and purged of some of its colloquial pleonastic forms of expression. It is very difficult to reduce a speech to the accuracy of a written composition. In doing so, the merit of the speech is lost, and the 'redacted' elements form a very bad paper. Old Tommy Townshend, when he heard of a good speech being printed, used to ask 'How does it read?—for if it reads well, it was not a good speech.' A judgement orally delivered extempore may be satisfactory to the ear, but when reduced to paper, the sentences become involved and jejune.

The diction of a good composition is [Greek: *lexis katestrammeon*], the diction of a speech is [Greek: *lexis eiromeon*]. I cannot understand how the senators or the Roman plebs could follow or endure the elaborate periods of Cicero, if they were delivered as written. I am sure with the funeral oration of Pericles, a common audience would have sat with mouths open, incapable of following a single sentence. So also with the orations of Livy. In fact, if the speeches delivered in the Roman Senate or the Athenian Forum were anything like the speeches reported, to listen to them must have been a great strain upon the mind and attention of the hearer.

I am writing to you whilst a learned counsel is arguing, but whose words and meaning are so obscure and involved that I am much in the condition of my supposed [Greek: *aplous hakraoataes*] of the funeral oration.

The Journal goes on to speak of a subject of peculiar literary and historical interest.

April 11th.—Started with Christine and Circourt for Paris *viâ* Havre, and at Rouen paid a visit to the Cardinal-Archbishop (Bonnehose).

The publication in 1864 of three volumes of the letters of Marie Antoinette, under the title 'Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette et Madame Elisabeth. Lettres et Documents inédits;' publiés par F. Feuillet de Conches, and of another volume—'Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette. Publiée sur les Documents originaux;' par le Comte Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein—had excited a keen controversy, in which one party, led by Professor von Sybel, the historian of the Revolution, maintained that the letters were

forges. On the other hand, Reeve wrote an article for the 'Edinburgh Review' of April 1866, on the 'Correspondence of Marie Antoinette' in which he argued that the letters edited by M. d'Hunolstein were of very doubtful authenticity, but that those of the larger work of M. Feuillet de Conches were genuine. His visit to Paris gave him the opportunity to make a further examination, of which, and his interview with Sybel, he wrote a curious account.

*Sunday, April 15th.*—I called on M. Feuillet de Conches, the editor of the Marie Antoinette letters, whose authenticity is impugned, and on leaving his house I called on Lavergne, where I met M. de Sybel, the German professor, by whom these charges have been most actively brought and disseminated. I found that M. de Sybel, though in Paris, had not seen anything of Feuillet's collection, though he had publicly stated that he was going to Paris to clear up the whole story. Upon this I assured him (as was the fact) that I knew Feuillet would receive him with the utmost courtesy, if he would call upon him, and would show him anything and everything in his collections bearing on this matter; and as he appeared to hesitate, I offered myself to conduct and introduce him. Upon this he hesitated still more, and at last said that the fact was that his mind was so fully made up on the subject, and his conviction that these documents are forged is so complete, that no amount of ocular evidence would shake it, and he should only conclude that the author of these fabrications was a very skilful fellow.

Upon this I desisted from any further attempt to bring M. de Sybel acquainted with M. Feuillet's collection, but I made this note of the conversation (which took place in the presence of M. de Lavergne) to show how strong M. de Sybel's prepossessions are. I have myself again examined the documents, and though I have doubts as to one or two of them, said to proceed from the Abbé Vermond's papers, I see no reason to disbelieve the genuineness of the vast majority of the letters of the Queen which Feuillet possesses.

Home on April 26th.

*May.*—Dr. Watson said, dining at the Literary Club, that he had been present at the death of Lord Palmerston. He retained his usual courtesy and cheerfulness in his last illness, and when Lady Palmerston came into the room he kissed his hand to her. The immediate cause of his death was his taking a walk on the terrace at Brompton without his hat. The apothecary remonstrated—upon which he said: 'Oh! it's only what the bathers call taking a "header."' As the hour of dissolution approached he lost his consciousness, but still spoke occasionally. His last words were (apparently as if his mind was at work on a treaty) 'That's article ninety-eight; now go on to the next.' Very characteristic end.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, June 9th.*—I had little doubt of the war, and I now consider it as begun. With the exception of the Italians and M. de Bismarck, everyone is entering on it with regret and uneasiness. I have never known France so unanimous in the desire for peace; but notwithstanding the injury to our interests and the shock to our opinions, the country has no confidence in its right to resist, and has lost the habit of it. There will be grumblings and prophecies of misfortune, but there will be no opposition; and if there should be any military success, followed by territorial aggrandisement, people will forget their ill humour, and will even applaud a little, but always without confidence. It is impossible to stray with impunity from the path of sound policy; as soon as we leave it, we enter on the wrong path and advance by that. In this life it is not possible to remain stationary.

I understand your political attitude. There is no reason why you should take part in the struggle; but what I do not understand, what I regret, is the manifest uncertainty of your opinions. Not only do you do nothing, but you seem as if you did not know what to believe. As lookers-on you are undecided, as actors you are inert. In the state of trouble and weakness in which the intelligence of Europe is now plunged, you, simply by letting your opinions be clearly seen, by the directness of your language, might have an enormous influence on the course of events. But in England, as everywhere else, the idea of moral force seems lost. It is true that such idea requires a knowledge of what one thinks, and of what one desires. It is possible not to give material support to a cause, but it is necessary to have one.

In any case, I am extremely glad that Lord Clarendon remains at the Foreign Office. He will, perhaps, see more clearly, will act with less want of foresight than others. Is it true that, on account of the state of affairs on the Continent, there is in England a tacit suspension of hostilities between the two parties, and that the Cabinet is no longer seriously attacked?...

Je suis charmé que le second volume de mes 'Meditations' vous ait intéressé. Je ne sais pas le nom de la personne qui fait, dans 'l'Edinburgh Review,' un article sur le premier volume. Dites-moi si elle aurait quelque envie de parler du second, et si vous voulez que je vous en fasse envoyer, pour elle, un exemplaire. Most cordially yours,

## GUIZOT.

War broke out between Prussia and Austria in June.

*June 9th.*—Party down to Gravesend by water to see the Hudson's Bay Company's ships. Dinner at Gravesend.

*July 13th.*—To Aix-la-Chapelle by way of Paris. Heard Mignet read his notice of Tocqueville at the Institute. Spent a fortnight at Aix, and visited Bruges in our way home.

*August 11th.*—Went to Novar, by Perth. Thence to Braban, to Ardross, and to Foss, where Lord Kingsdown had taken a moor. Then to Dunnichen; called at Glamis and Kinnaird Castle. Then to Eaith, and to Lord Belhaven's at Wishaw; the Warwicks and Sir A. Alison there. Home on September 17th.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*Dunnichen, September 10th.*—Your kind letter from Paris reached me at Novar, at the precise moment when I was about to take the field with the new laird on August 13th. It gave me real pleasure to have something of your company on that day; and when we had reached the back of Fyrish, and could command the Dornoch Firth and the hills beyond it, even to Dunrobin, I looked with affectionate eyes to the woods of Skibo.

The season has been favourable. Raith and I—neither of us a first-class walker—killed seventy brace on the Monday, and I got thirty brace alone on several succeeding days. From Novar we went to Brahan, where everything is as lively as usual, and Seaforth in great force,... I then joined Lord Kingsdown at Foss, on Loch Tummel, a delightful place in the centre of the Perthshire Highlands, where you see all Scotland at your feet, from Ben Nevis to Lochnagar. By this time the grouse were becoming wild, and we had descended to fifteen or sixteen brace a day, but we had a splendid drive of blue hares, and slew 367 of them. I then came on here, where I find a most comfortable house, a most kind reception, and a most sociable neighbourhood.... All in short is extremely pleasant, and it is most agreeable to see George so perfectly in his place, and at the head of a well-managed estate....

*From Lord Westbury*

*September 5th.*—I am anxious, before I leave for the Continent, to know if I can be of any service at the sittings of the Judicial Committee. My present purpose is to go to Biarritz, and thence to Italy. But if I can be of utility, and am really wanted, I would return from Biarritz by November 1st, and could devote the whole of November to diligent attendance on the Judicial Committee. I am sorry that I cannot offer to attend during December, as matters of a pressing nature will then require my presence in Italy.

It is, I think, very desirable that the sittings of the Judicial Committee should be certain and continuous at and during a considerable portion of the year; and I should be glad to see the practice adopted of its beginning to sit on November 1st in every year, and continuing its sittings until Christmas if required. You will know whether the state of business at present renders this desirable....

Lord Justice Knight Bruce is a great invalid, and it is hardly fair to expect that, after a laborious term, the Lords Justices should at once commence sitting at the Privy Council. These considerations induce me to write to you. But you will fully understand that, if it is possible to do without further aid, I shall be much obliged to you not to accept my offer. I shall not write to the President or the Lord Chancellor until I have heard from you.

*To Lord Westbury*

*C. O., September 28th.*—Under the peculiar circumstances of the present year and the state of business in the Court, the Lord Chancellor thinks it right to acquiesce in your lordship's suggestion that the Judicial Committee should sit one month earlier than usual in order to dispose of the existing arrear of causes. The Lord Chancellor is, however, of opinion that this sitting in Michaelmas term should be regarded as exceptional and not to be drawn into a precedent, and that it will be expedient hereafter to adhere to the established practice and to the order in Council which directs the sittings to be held after each term. For many years the sittings have been invariably so held in December, February, and June and July; and at each sitting the whole of the business ready for hearing has been disposed of. The only exception to this order occurred last summer in consequence of the illness of Sir James Colville; and the consequence is that (for the first time for many years) there is now an arrear to be disposed of. Your lordship's timely assistance will, however, enable the court to clear off this arrear by this extraordinary sitting; and it is not to be anticipated that the same necessity will occur again, although it undoubtedly exists at the present time. When November 1st approaches, I shall have the honour to send the printed cases and the usual summons to your lordship's residence in London, and I shall give ample notice to

the parties that the Judicial Committee will meet for the despatch of business on that day.

*From Lord Chelmsford*[Footnote: At this time Lord Chancellor.]

7 Eaton Square, October 3rd.

Dear Reeve,—Lord Westbury's letter is satisfactory. Your communication to him, which was highly judicious, has contributed mainly to put things on the right footing.

Knight Bruce's state of health, following upon what I should think must have been for some time his felt incapacity for work, ought to be a warning to him to terminate a life of useful labour by an honourable retirement. If the hint is lost upon him, he will be a great impediment to the efficiency of the Judicial Committee.

I suppose the temporary assistance of Lord Westbury will not dispense with the necessity of providing some permanent addition to the strength of the tribunal. Your suggestion as to Vice-Chancellor Kindersley quite met my views, and I suppose might still be carried out with advantage. Of course I can do nothing of this sort without Lord Derby's sanction, and therefore I should like to have your confirmation of my opinion that this is the best plan that can be resorted to for the present, before I communicate with him on the subject. A letter sent to my house will be forwarded in my box which I receive daily. Yours sincerely, CHELMSFORD.

The Journal notes:—

Visits to Sparrow's Herne and to Shendish (Charles Longman's), Parnborough and Torry Hill. The Judicial Committee sat early-November 1st.

*November 8th.*—Lord Westbury, Froude, Lecky, Mrs. Norton, Bayleys, Simpson, and Longman dined with us. It was very amusing. [Mrs. Reeve wrote of it as 'brilliant;' and of Lord Westbury as resembling Falstaff and Lord Bacon rolled into one.]

The earliest critical notice of the battle of Lissa, fought on July 20th, appeared in the 'Revue des deux Mondes' of November 15th. It was at the time, and has been ever since, generally attributed to the Prince de Joinville; an error which gives the following letter a more especial interest, though it may be thought doubtful whether the suggestion offered by the Prince was correct:—

*From the Prince de Joinville*

Woodnorton, 22 novembre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Mon frère Aumale vient de me communiquer votre aimable lettre, à laquelle je m'empresse de répondre. Les éloges que vous donnez à l'auteur de l'article sur Lissa sont très-mérités, car le travail est très-intéressant; mais ils ne sont pas pour moi, car je suis *complètement* étranger à la paternité de ce remarquable morceau, auquel je ne reproche qu'une chose—la sévérité de ses jugements sur un homme dans la position de Persano.

J'ignore absolument le nom de l'auteur; mais le style élégant, la précision des informations et quelques détails d'opinion que je ne partage pas m'avaient fait supposer que nous devions attribuer à Jurien de la Gravière le travail en question. En tous cas, quelque soit l'auteur, je demande à tous mes amis de lui renvoyer le mérite et la responsabilité qui lui appartiennent.

Croyez toujours, Monsieur, à mes sentiments d'amitié.

**FR. D'ORLÉANS.**

*To Lord Westbury*

*G. O., November 28th.*—I received the revised judgements yesterday, and have sent them to the printers for correction. I will take care that your emendations are carefully made, and I will again look them all carefully over. Unless I hear again from you to the contrary, I do not understand that you wish to see another revise of them (as it is termed) before they are issued.

In spite of your own preference for the 'wild freshness of morning' and all the dewdrops hanging on the roses, I must be allowed to assure you that, in my poor judgement, they are improved by this severe revision, and that the judicial style is, like Musidora, when 'unadorned adorned the most.' Of that style I think these judgements will be quoted hereafter as masterly specimens.

*From Lord Kingsdown*

Torry Hill, Sittingbourne: January 7th, 1867.

My dear Reeve,—I have read your paper, and have no hesitation in saying that I think the smallness of your salary quite a scandal and a disgrace to the Court of which you are so important an officer. Knowing as I do the past services which, during a period of more than twenty years, you have rendered to the board, whilst its position has been gradually settling, I should say that 2,000 £. a year would be not at all more than a fair remuneration to you during the remainder of your term of office. If the country could be certain, by the same salary, of securing an equally efficient successor, I should think it money well laid out. Your duties are of a very peculiar character; and often require, in addition to the qualities required for the discharge of the ordinary routine duties of a registrar, others of a much rarer description. The correspondence with the different tribunals whose decisions are reviewed, and with the different departments of the Government, which are sometimes disposed to shift to the Judicial Committee the determination of matters not properly belonging to it, demand not unfrequently the exercise of great tact, discretion, and delicacy. But unfortunately a large salary does not always secure services of corresponding value, and sometimes, I am afraid, rather has an opposite tendency, and operates as a temptation to jobbery. On the whole, I should say that 1,500 £. a year would be a fair offer to a new man; but I think that the Treasury should have the power to increase it to any amount not exceeding 2,000 £. after ten or fifteen years' service, on the recommendation of the committee.

The next letter, from Lord Wensleydale, is interesting as a piece of verbal criticism; showing, also, how a pilot in avoiding Scylla may easily run his bark into Charybdis, or how a writer, whilst objecting to a harmless 'firstly,' may perpetrate an atrocious 'differ with.'

Ampthill Park, January 31st.

My dear Reeve,—I was much pleased to hear that 'firstly' was an error. I hope you will take some course to indicate your judgement—'a very best authority'—and to prevent the 'Edinburgh Review' giving the word its high authority. I have taken every opportunity to amend Acts of Parliament when I find the error in Dom. Proc. I have a sort of mania on the subject.

I have not had an opportunity of looking at the Bishop of Oxford's case. I differ with him entirely about the Banns case, and, between ourselves, think he is oily and saponaceous.—Yours ever sincerely,

**WENSLEYDALE.**

The following, from Professor—afterwards Sir Richard—Owen, seems to refer to a proposed review of the Duke of Argyll's 'Reign of Law,' and possibly, also, of the Rev. Edwin Sidney's 'Conversations on the Bible and Science.' Whether Owen was too drastic in his methods or not does not certainly appear; but, for some reason, the article was either not written or not published, though the friendly relations between Owen and Reeve remained unaffected.

Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park, March 9th.

My dear Reeve,—The end and aim of the 'Reign of Law' is to exalt our conceptions of its head, and to destroy pretenders to the throne. The Duke has shown, as you observe, caution in avoiding the latter application. But the old 'Edinburgh' was once eminently iconoclastic, and its reputation still floats on the brave work of its youth. I fear, too we should have lost some best bits and hits of dear old Sydney had his editor been too precise in defining a personality. As to the other old Sidney, I, too, know him well; his libellus *is* small game, but it is the type of a class doing much mischief. You think I have been too outspoken. Believe me, it is only a question of time; and *you* will speak out quite as plainly when the 'Forlorn' has made the breach safe. But one would wish to see the 'Blue and Yellow' in the post of honour.

I had misgivings at the first that I might be unfit for your want. My time draws on, and, under a sense of responsibility for its use, I cannot write platitudes.

Sincerely yours,

**RICHD. OWEN.**

The Journal for 1867 begins with—

Usual engagements in the early part of the year. Circourt came in April, and we went together to Norwich.

To Paris in April. Met Mrs. Grote and Hayward on the road. Morny gave me a card to see the Great Exhibition before it opened. A great banquet at the Embassy on the 25th. On the 30th with Chevalier to Lemaire's fabrique. He gave me my aluminium binocle. Ball at the Marine. Dined at Julian Fane's.

[Footnote: The secretary of the embassy.] Binet came to Paris from Geneva. May 6th, went to see Thiers on the last evening. May 7th, dined with Mon, the Spanish ambassador. Home on the 8th.

*May 11th.*—Some of the Novar pictures were sold. I bought my Cuypp, small Claude, P. Veronese, Watts, Rubens' drawing, Palma Vecchio, and some small ones.

Visit to Torry Hill in June, but Lord Kingsdown was dying. [Footnote: He died on October 7th.] I took De Mussy down to see him. I went there again in July.

*From Lord Kingsdown*

*Torry Hill, June 26th.*—It is most kind in you to write to me as often as you do, and always whenever you have anything agreeable to tell me. Both your last letters are full of such matter. It is inexpressibly pleasing to me to receive so many marks as I do of the kindness and affection of my friends; and if any or all of those who professed a disposition to come and see me would do so, I should be delighted to receive them, collectively or individually. I have a letter from Cranworth this morning, most kindly offering to come down here on Saturday next. If you could look up and send down anybody as a companion to him, it would be more agreeable to him and to me. Possibly Peel [Footnote: Sir Lawrence Peel.] might be induced to come.

I have not, of course, the face to ask you to come down on Saturday, but I hold you to your promise to see me again here before you go to the North.

I am, truly and gratefully yours,

**KINGSDOWN.**

The Journal mentions some of the functions of the season.

*June 27th.*—Dinner at home to the F. Stanleys, [Footnote: The present Earl and Countess of Derby.] Mme. Mohl, Seaforth, Lecky, Blumenthal, T. Bruces, Fords remarkably pleasant.

*29th.*—Dinner at the Duc de Chartres', at Ham. The Russells, Clarendons, Saxe-Weimars, Waldegraves, A. Kinnaird.

*July 10th.*—Holland House garden party. Lady Derby's party to the Pasha of Egypt. On the 19th, grand ball, at the India Office, to the Sultan.

*From Lord Cairns*

5 Cromwell Houses, South Kensington, July 17th.

Dear Reeve,—I enclose the Indian judgement, revised, and also the 'Agra' judgement [Footnote: A case of collision in the Channel between the ship 'Agra' and a bark, 'Elizabeth Jenkins.' The judgement was delivered on the 20th by Sir William Erle.] with a few verbal alterations. I am sorry I cannot deliver the latter; but the state of our work in Chancery is such that the sittings cannot be well curtailed, even for an hour. I trust some member of the board, with a strong nautical twang, will be so good as to deliver it; and if the speaker could but adopt that hitch of the trouser which made Lord Clarence Paget so effective in the House of Commons, it would, I have no doubt, add much to the effect of a composition otherwise so tame.

Yours faithfully, CAIRNS.

*From Lord Kingsdown*

*Torry Hill, July 30th.*—I hear you are starting for Scotland the end of this week, and I cannot let you go without repeating to you once more my earnest and most cordial thanks for the great kindness which you have shown to me during my long sickness, both in constantly writing to me and in many other ways. I wish I had a letter from you this morning, for the upshot of what passed last night in the House of Lords far passes my comprehension. If you should find occasionally a leisure half-hour, and will employ it in informing me of your proceedings on the moors, I shall be very grateful.

I think it not impossible that in the course of your wanderings you may fall in with Jowett. If you do, pray explain to him how very sensible I was of his friendship in offering to come down here to see me, and how very much I was mortified at being obliged to decline his offer. In my present condition, it is absurd even to suppose plans for the future; but I do not *quite* despair of seeing you here during this next partridge or pheasant season.

The Journal mentions that—

Gladstone agreed to write the political article for the 'Edinburgh' in October. It was called 'Sequel to the Session.' Curious conversation with him about the Irish Church.

*August 3rd.*—Went down to Weybridge to see Mrs. Austin. It was the last time, for she died on the 8th, when I was at sea, on my way to Scotland. We arrived at Aberdeen on the 9th, and learned it there. To Novar and Ardross, where good shooting. Then to Uppat, boating and fishing with the Duke of Sutherland, George Loch, and Forsyth.

We went from Uppat to Brahan; then to Dunnichen and Springfield, a place near Roslyn the Dempsters had taken. Then to Abington and home.

*From M. Guizot*

Val Richer, 15 Août.

My dear Sir,—Sir Alexander Gordon m'avait annoncé la perte que nous venons de faire. Je dis nous, car Madame Austin était pour moi une vraie et intime amie. Je l'ai connue dans mes joies et mes tristesses, dans mes succès et mes revers. Je l'ai trouvée toujours la même, la même élévation d'esprit, le même coeur sympathique et dévoué. Je n'espérais plus la revoir; je le lui disais dans la dernière lettre que je lui ai écrite, et en me répondant il y a un mois, elle me disait presque adieu. Mais la distance est grande entre l'adieu annoncé et l'adieu réel. Sa mort est pour moi un vrai chagrin. Et pour mes filles aussi, à qui elle a temoigné tant d'affection et de bonté.

J'ai prié Sir Alexander de m'envoyer la meilleure gravure en photographie qui existe d'elle. Envoyez moi aussi, je vous prie, ce qui sera publié sur son compte, et ajoutez y tous les détails que vous recueillerez.

Sadly and sincerely yours,

**GUIZOT.**

## CHAPTER XVI

### CHURCH POLITICS

Early in October, Reeve, with his wife—Miss Reeve—was staying in Scotland—set out for Geneva, and, travelling by easy stages through Antwerp, Luxembourg, Metz—'a very pretty, attractive town,' not yet brought into vulgar repute by its siege and surrender in the Franco-German war—Nancy, Strasbourg, and Bale, arrived on the 12th. The weather was cold and wintry; and, after a short stay at Geneva, they went on to Marseilles, where Reeve's uncle, Philip Taylor, the founder of the 'Forges et Chantiers,' was still living, a hale old man of eighty, with his wife, 'some seven years younger, and not at all old in figure, look, and voice.' Then to Cannes, which was coming fast into note—'building going on with great activity, and ground fetching higher prices every year'; and, after an excursion to Nice and Mentone, they turned northwards, were at Paris on November 6th, and reached home on the 10th. The Journal adds:—

*January 6th, 1868.*—Went on a visit to Loseley Park, then occupied by the Thomson Hankeys—the old seat of Sir Thomas More. Mlle. Ernestine declaimed there.

*From Lord Westbury*

*January 14th.*—Pray, if you can, give us a paper with some variety, and not wholly composed of dreary Indian appeals, the hearing of which always reminded me of the toil of Pharaoh's charioteers, when they drave heavily their wheelless chariots in the deep sands of the Red Sea.

Who is it that has dug so deep into the Talmud, and written that remarkable paper, [Footnote: 'The Talmud,' *Quarterly Review*, October 1867.] for which, a century ago, he would have been the subject of a writ *De haeretico comburendo*?

*Hinton St. George, January 16th.*—Your arrangement is a very good one, but, for fear of accident, I will certainly leave this place on Monday, February 3rd, so that you may count on me for Tuesday if required. The gorge rises at the thought of being fed on curry, rice, and chutnee sauce for three weeks; I shall certainly contract a disease of the liver. If you can send us occasionally to sea on an Admiralty

case, it will be a little relief. I have observed that petitions for prolongation of patents frequently occupy an (apparently) undue time. If there are any such, I think we may despatch them. I hope Lord Justice Cairns will use the days he gains for reducing the arrears in Chancery. I am much obliged to him for his kind expressions.

The best advice that his friends can give Rolt [Footnote: Sir John Rolt resigned in February 1868, and died in June 1871.] is to resign. It is the only chance of long life. Let him not be afraid of ennui from idleness. He has a great love of the country and country pursuits, and that is all-sufficient. Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety. And it is so much better to be a looker-on than an actor in life. Aristotle, in the last chapter of his 'Nicomachean Ethics,' sets himself to consider what can be the happiness of the gods; and he finds nothing in which he can put it but in contemplation. And it might be so, if it were still true. 'And God saw (contemplated) all that He had made, and beheld it was very good.'

I thought it was an 'Ebrew Jew' that wrote the article entitled 'Talmud.' I have only read a few extracts. It is quite in keeping with the times that it should be in a Tory journal. The Conservatives have begun by being avowed reformers, and next they will be declared free-thinkers. This is the first step to their confession. Their great schoolmaster, Dizzy, gets his compatriot to publish this article. I am glad to hear from you that it is shallow; but novelty and originality now are nothing but the reproduction of forgotten things; and, to speak seriously, I thought it seemed a thing likely to lead many to some form or other of Arian opinions.

The following refers to a work recently published by Longmans. Mr. Longman had apparently suggested it as a fit subject for an article in the 'Review':—

*To Mr. T. Longman*

*C. O., January 31st.*—I have read Rudd's translation of Aristophanes with a good deal of interest. It is as good as it can possibly be without the slightest gleam of fun or genius. Frere's translations are blazing with both, and that constitutes their charm. Rudd is evidently a worthy, dull man, who administers the Aristophanic champagne as if it were mere brown stout. It is for this reason that I have felt a difficulty about reviewing him, and the more so as I am overladen with all kinds of articles. But if a favourable opportunity occurs, I will not forget it.

I am deeply grieved at the loss of poor Head. [Footnote: Sir Edmund Head died suddenly on January 28th.] He was one of the best and pleasantest companions I have ever known, and latterly we have lived very much indeed together. It is frightful to think how very many are already gone of those who made life agreeable; and gone, most of them, suddenly and prematurely.

The Journal records:—

*February 11th*—I was elected to be treasurer of The Club in place of Sir Edmund Head [deceased]. I proposed Lord Cranborne, afterwards Lord Salisbury, at The Club.

For many years from this time The Club was such an important factor in Reeve's social life, and enters so largely into both his Journal and his correspondence, that a list of its members, as it stood in 1867, has a strong personal interest.

*The Club*

March, 1867 Date of Election

- 1 Lord Brougham March 9th, 1830.
- 2 Earl Stanhope May 14th, 1833.
- 3 The Dean of St. Paul's February 23rd, 1836.
- 4 Sir Henry Holland February 18th, 1840.
- 5 Mr. Charles Austin March 7th, 1843.
- 6 Lord Kingsdown February 25th, 1845.
- 7 Earl of Clarendon May 20th, 1845.
- 8 Professor Owen May 20th, 1845.
- 9 Monsieur Van de Weyer February 9th, 1847.

- 10 Sir David Dundas February 23rd, 1847.
- 11 The Duke of Cleveland June 5th, 1849.
- 12 The Bishop of Oxford June 5th, 1849.
- 13 Lord Overstone June 25th, 1850.
- 14 The Duke of Argyll June 17th, 1851.
- 15 Lord Cranworth June 17th, 1851.
- 16 Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell February 21st, 1854.
- 17 Mr. Gladstone March 10th, 1857.
- 18 Earl Russell April 21st, 1857.
- 19 Mr. George Grote March 9th, 1858.
- 20 Lord Stanley February 14th, 1860.
- 21 Sir W. Page Wood February 14th, 1860.
- 22 Mr. George Richmond February 14th, 1860.
- 23 The Bishop of London April 9th, 1861.
- 24 Mr. Henry Reeve April 9th, 1861.
- 25 Sir Roderick I. Murchison June 18th, 1861.
- 26 Sir Edmund Head February 25th, 1862.
- 27 Mr. Robert Lowe May 12th, 1863.
- 28 Mr. Spencer Walpole March 8th, 1864.
- 29 The Dean of Westminster February 28th, 1865.
- 30 Mr. J. A. Froude February 28th, 1865.
- 31 The Duc d'Anmale March 14th, 1865.
- 32 Mr. Alfred Tennyson March 14th, 1865.
- 33 Lord Cairns February 27th, 1866.
- 34 Mr. Edward Twisleton April 24th, 1866.

*From Lord Clarendon*

*Rome, February 2nd.*—I cannot let an old friend like yourself hear by common report an event most interesting to us, and which will therefore, I am sure, not be without interest to you. Emily [Footnote: Lord Clarendon's youngest daughter. The marriage took place on May 5th.] is to marry Odo Russell. [Footnote: Afterwards Lord Ampthill.] It has been an attachment of some standing on his part, and as she has become very certain of its depth and sincerity, they came to an understanding two days ago. His worldly goods are not superabundant, but he is very rich in all the qualities likely to make a woman happy; he is very clever and accomplished, and I speak with a knowledge of him for many years when I say that he is one of the best-tempered and kindest-hearted men I ever was acquainted with. Such a son as he has always been must make a good husband. In short, we are all very happy....

How I should like to have a talk with you upon home and foreign affairs, and how I should like to think that you viewed them less gloomily than I do! There is great expectation at Rome that Italy will break up, and that the Holy Father will recover his provinces. Italy, mishandled as she has been by quacks, is doubtless very sick; but she is still proud of the union, and will fight for it against all comers. Things look black, and are, to my mind, getting blacker, every day in France. That *paries proximus* concerns us, in our present uneasy condition, more than one likes to think of.

*From Lord Chelmsford*

*7 Eaton Square, February 10th, 11 P.M.*—Your letter, just received, has caused me the greatest

perplexity. To provide you help on the sudden is impossible; and, agreeing with you that it is desirable to supply Lord Kingsdown's place with a strong man, I ask, Where is the judicial Samson to be found? I think it highly improbable that Mellish would abandon his professional profits for the barren honour of a right honourable title and a seat at the board. Besides, there is no knowing what the Commission, which is inquiring into all the superior Courts, both original and appellate, may recommend; and I hear of very sweeping suggestions being made. I therefore feel that, at present, I am fettered in my attempts to add strength to the Judicial Committee. In your difficulties, I hardly know what to advise; but could you not take the Admiralty cases and postpone the others, getting Phillimore to join you till Kindersley can return? This is the only possible escape from the necessity of closing your sittings that occurs to me at the present moment.

The Journal here notes:—

*February 12th*—The Duc d'Aumale dined with us, to meet Lady Minto, G. Lefevre, and E. Cheney. A spy got hold of this little dinner, and it was reported to the French Government as a conspiracy. Mon [the Spanish Ambassador in Paris] told Raymond of it afterwards.

*14th*—I dined with the Joinvilles; and on the 16th with the Duc de Nemours at Bushey. Xavier Raymond was staying with us.

*February 23rd*—I walked back from the Temple Church with Lord Chancellor Chelmsford. Two days afterwards he was turned out of office by Disraeli.

*From Mr. Robert Lytton* [Footnote: At this time secretary of legation at Lisbon, and known in the world of letters as 'Owen Meredith.' Afterwards Earl Lytton.]

Lisbon, February 22nd.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I am ashamed of having left so long unanswered your last very kind letter. But for the last three weeks I have had little leisure, and less health to enjoy it. Indeed, this is really my first free moment since your letter reached me. Your excellent and welcome news of Emily's engagement [Footnote: Lady Emily Villiers. See *ante*.] to Odo Russell was confirmed by the same post in a line from Emily to Edith, [Footnote: Mrs. Lytton, the Lady Emily's first cousin.] and has given us the greatest pleasure—me especially; for I have a great regard for Odo, and any other settlement of this particular Roman question [Footnote: Odo Russell was at this time, and had been for the last ten years, living at Rome, practically—though not formally—ambassador to the Vatican.] would have much disappointed my hopes. Emily, in her letter to my wife, spoke of remaining at Rome for another month or more (the marriage not being fixed to take place before May, at the Grove); but I see by the papers that Lord Clarendon is already on his way homeward, and I am much *intrigué* by that article in the 'Times,' which has, I see, been re-echoed by other papers, suggesting some modification in the present Cabinet on account of Lord Derby's health.

The present Portuguese Government does not seem to be at all favourably disposed towards Mr. Flores, or to think more highly of him than you do. But in this country one can never be quite sure what the pressure of political opposition or support may wring from a weak Government in the way of concession to any *intrigant*; and, if Flores can command votes, he may be listened to; otherwise not, I fancy.

The monthly F. O. bag has just brought me the January 'Edinburgh,' for which a thousand thanks. I have not yet had time to cut the leaves of it. Pray accept my best thanks for the cheque mentioned in your letter. I am all the more grateful to you for the good will on behalf of 'Chronicles and Characters,' to which you so kindly and generously give renewed expression, because I have just seen what I cannot but think a very unjust notice of the book in the 'Athenaeum.' In endeavouring to illustrate a continuous strain of thought passing over a wide range of subject, one of my chief aims was diversity of form and variety of style; but there can be no doubt that versatility is always in danger of running into imitation. Play always on the Jew's harp, and no one will accuse you of imitating the tone of any other instrument. I do not pretend that my own instrument is an organ: but I would rather it should be the smallest harmonicum than the strongest and shrillest Jew's harp.

*From Mr. S. H. Walpole*

Ealing, March 29th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I am quite ashamed of myself for not having thanked you before for your valuable hints about the effect and ultimate consequences of Gladstone's motion. [Footnote: March 30th, for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, of which notice was given on March 23rd.] I have long thought that his aim and object has been for years to separate the Church from the State, and so set up an episcopal and sacerdotal power, which would endeavour to exercise an unbounded control

over the consciences, actions, and private judgement of men. The only check upon this is the supremacy of the civil power in the external government of the Church, and the obligation of the clergy to submit and subscribe to the doctrine and liturgy which, once for all, the Church and State have concurred in prescribing. All ritualism, all tractarianism, and much high-churchism is in secret, if not in avowed, rebellion against such a supremacy; and if it [Footnote: *Sc.* the supremacy of the civil power.] could only be struck down in Ireland, it would not be long before an attack on it was made in England. What may happen to-morrow I cannot regard with much satisfaction. Gladstone's motion is the most impudent assault on the Crown which any ex-minister ever made; and Stanley's amendment is an illogical surrender of our best defence. He ought to have ended in plain words, by saying that 'the House is of opinion that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland would be contrary to, and in direct violation of, the fundamental and essential articles of the Treaty of Union.' The country would have then understood what we were about; it can hardly understand it now.

I am out of heart and have many misgivings when ex-ministers of the Crown, and the actual minister of the Crown, assail or abandon the Crown's prerogative for the value of place and power.

Yours always very sincerely,

**S. H. WALPOLE.**

Walpole's interpretation of Gladstone's 'aim and object' may now appear strained. It was, however, certainly held, at the time, by many who argued that Gladstone's character was itself a direct contradiction to the charge of his proposed measure being one of spoliation and robbery. [Footnote: See *post.*] It is, perhaps, more probable that he was greatly influenced by the Utopian sentimentalism which so powerfully influenced his later career, and led him to the extreme courses so bitterly condemned by many of his old colleagues and adherents. At the same time it must be remembered that when, nearly thirty years later, a Radical measure was brought forward for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, with the avowed intention of advancing by it to the disestablishment of the Church of England, although the great body of the Church, clergy and laity, vehemently denounced it as antagonistic to the best interests of the Church and the country, there were many of the extreme ritualistic section who openly favoured and supported it, with freedom on their tongues and sacerdotalism in their hearts.

The Journal here has:—

Went to St. Leonard's with the Watneys for Good Friday (April 10th). On Easter Sunday to Holland, with Circourt. Dined with Baudin, [Footnote: The son of Charles Baudin, the distinguished admiral. Cf. *Les Gloires Maritimes de France*, par Jurien de la Gravière.] the French minister at the Hague.

*April 13th.*—Spent the evening with the Queen of Holland at the Old Palace. 14th, evening with the Queen. 16th, went on, by Utrecht, to Aix, where Circourt and I remained ten days. Came home by Antwerp.

*From Mr. Robert Lytton*

Madrid, April 29th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—I must apologise for not having sooner thanked you for your very kind letter of the 8th, which reached me just as I was starting (paperless and penless) for Madrid. The cares of this world (in the shape of house-hunting), quite unaccompanied by the deceitfulness of riches, have, I am sorry to say, eaten up every hour of my time not otherwise absorbed by official visits and presentations, &c., since we reached—a week ago—this pretty, busy, but horribly hot and dear, town.

I am really pained to think that your kind intention on behalf of my book should already have been the occasion of so much trouble to you, dear Mr. Reeve; and I can only say that I am all the more grateful to you for not having altogether abandoned it. A notice in the 'Edinburgh' will at all times be most valuable; and the more touches there may be in it from your pen, the more valuable it will be. The notice in the 'Times' was indeed very kindly written, and very kindly inserted, and I doubt not that it will be very advantageous to the book in many ways.

I am greatly and agreeably struck by the animation and showiness of Madrid—after Lisbon, which is one of the dullest towns I ever saw. Life at Lisbon is *en robe de chambre*; here it is all *en toilette*. Madrid is like a pretty provincial who has been to Paris, and come back *mise à la mode*, and with a decided taste for spending more money than she has at her bankers'. The beauty of the women's faces, too, as you see them in the streets, the Prado, and at the opera (for I have not yet seen the *beau monde*

at home), is very agreeable. Pretty faces seem to be as plentiful here as gold nuggets in the streets of Eldorado, when Candide saw them.

The day after we got to Madrid, Narvaes died, and till yesterday he has been lying in state and receiving the visits of a grateful public at all hours of the day. Yesterday his body, *empaillé*, was removed with due honours to be buried in Andalusia. The story goes about the town that on his deathbed his confessor, having told him to forgive his enemies, he replied: 'I have none.' 'Impossible! A man who has been governing Spain so long must have many.' 'But I assure you there is no man alive whom I even suspect to be my enemy.' 'No enemies?' 'None; I have shot them all!'

I sincerely hope that you will be able to visit Spain in the autumn. About that time, if still here, I shall try to see Seville and the South. But my plans are entirely dependent on Crampton's [Footnote: Sir John Crampton, minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, retired from the public service on July 1st, 1869.] movements; and I fear we shall have to pass the summer at Madrid, which I rather dread on account of the children, who have already caught feverish colds. With my wife's affectionate greetings, and my own respects, to Mrs. Reeve, pray believe me to be yours very faithfully,

**R. LYTTON.**

The Journal records:—

*May 6th.*—Disraeli was in the chair at the Literary Fund dinner. [He spoke—wrote Mrs. Reeve—with grace, and had a brilliant reception. I never heard such cheering at any previous dinner. He has stormy nights in the House of Commons, and how it will end is still uncertain; but his wonderful tact and control of feature, voice, and language give him marked advantage.]

*From the Comte de Paris*

York House, Twickenham, le 20 mai.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je ne puis résister au désir d'appeler votre bienveillante attention sur le dernier numéro de la 'Revue des deux Mondes,' que je ne vous envoie pas, sachant que vous la recevez, où notre excellent ami X. Raymond a traité la question de l'église d'Irlande.

Je veux en même temps réclamer votre indulgence pour son travail, et vous demander de ne pas vous étonner si vous n'y retrouvez ni la clarté de style ni la variété de connaissances qui distinguent votre ami. Ne le lui reprochez pas trop sévèrement, car, s'il est coupable, ce n'est pas de cela.

Élevé dans le respect de la loi, je ne puis vous en dire davantage, et je me bornerai à vous rappeler qu'il y a actuellement dans la loi française deux articles, l'un interdisant aux exilés d'écrire dans les journaux, qui ne me permet pas de me présenter comme collaborateur de la 'Revue;' l'autre, punissant les journaux qui publient des articles sous des signatures autres que celle de l'auteur, qui ne me permet pas de vous en dire davantage.

Je termine en vous priant de me croire toujours

Votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.**

*From the Dean of St. Paul's*

Deanery, St. Paul's, June 19th.

My Dear Reeve,—Your article [Footnote: 'The National Church,' which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of July.] I think admirable. I have ventured to make one or two verbal suggestions, but on the main of your argument I am fully with you. There are only two points which I should propose for your reconsideration. I do not quite see the bearing of your argument about the Cardross case, and do not quite understand the decision of the Scotch judges. [Footnote: The Free Church minister of Cardross had been deposed by the Church Courts for drunkenness. He applied to the civil court for redress, and was thereupon summarily ejected from the Free Church. The Court of Session decided that the defenders—the Church Courts—'are invested with no jurisdiction whatever, ecclesiastical or civil.'] Surely every corporation, or, indeed, every club, has, and must have, the power of excluding—excommunicating is only the theologian's term for the same thing—any member who flagrantly violates its rules and first principles. If a member of the Athenaeum were to get roaring drunk and disturb the place, and endanger the character of the club, the committee or a general meeting might eject him, though he would have some plea in his vested right in the property of the club—the house, library, &c. If the mistake in the Cardross case was that the culprit was ejected without trial, that, I think, should

be distinctly stated. If the flaw is that it was done by the Church officers, without the general consent or sanction of the Kirk, this also should be made clear. I rather demur to the division of the ecclesiastical property now held by the Irish Church, according strictly to the proportion of its members to the rest of the population. Possession, and possession for three centuries, ought, I think, to be taken into account. But this is a question rather of detail than of principle. But the real difficulty you have stated fairly and clearly: On what terms, and under what character, is the Protestant Church, when disestablished, to hold the property—the churches, parsonages, &c.—which is to remain to her? The Church must have a constitution—I do not see why not ratified by Act of Parliament—by which the trustees which represent her will legally hold that property. She must not be exposed in a few years to a Lady Hewley's charity case. [Footnote: Sarah, Lady Hewley, at her death, in 1710, left landed property in trust for the support of 'poor and godly preachers of Christ's holy Gospel.' The original trustees were all Presbyterians; but in the course of a hundred years the trust had got into the hands of Unitarians, and the case was brought to the notice of the Charity Commissioners. After a prolonged litigation, it was finally decided by the House of Lords (August 5th, 1842) that, by the terms of the bequest, Unitarians were excluded from participating in the charity.] I suggested to the Archbishop of Armagh—a good-natured, but not a very powerful, man—that the Irish Church, when in one sense free, should yet retain, of its own will, the advantages of the supremacy of the Crown and of the law. She should take, as the fundamental tenet of her constitution, conformity to the Articles and Formularies of the Church of England, which the majority of the English hold, in their meaning and interpretation. On this principle she might retain a jurisdiction, amenable to law, over her members; her members be protected against episcopal tyranny, against that which is now the great danger, parsonocracy, which I rejoice to find that you repudiate as strongly as I or Stanley. Ever very truly yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

*From Lord Cairns*

*July 23rd.*—Many thanks for the copy of your article on the National Church. I had begun to read it with great interest in the 'Edinburgh Review,' not knowing that it was directly from your pen, and I shall now continue the perusal with increased pleasure.... I will enclose with this, in exchange for your paper, a copy of my speech on the Irish Church—a Diomedean exchange; the value of ten oxen for a hundred.

During all this spring Reeve had suffered a great deal from gout, so, by the advice of Sir Henry Holland, who spoke strongly of the necessity of change of air and of rest from all work and effort, he and his wife started for the Continent on July 24th. Passing through Paris, and staying a few days at Fontainebleau, they went on to Clermont-Ferrand in Auvergne, and to Royat, then newly come into vogue as a health resort. After about three weeks of the baths and the mountain air, Reeve was so far recovered as to be able to walk a little; and on August 18th they passed on to Geneva, where they were joined by their friends the Watneys, with whom they went on to Evian, and thence by the Valais to the Bel Alp, an hotel 7,000 feet above the sea-level, commanding magnificent views. 'Christine,' wrote Reeve in his Journal, 'went up the Sparrenhorn with Binet,' whilst, according to Mrs. Reeve, 'Henry and Mrs. Watney, not being moveable bodies, sat at windows and pooh-poohed the energetic use of legs.' From the Bel Alp, Reeve, still very much of a cripple, 'was carried'—the expression is his own—to Brieg. Thence, by the Furca, to Hospenthal and to Zurich, the falls of the Rhine, Bâle, and Paris, where they stayed a few days, and returned to London on September 10th.

*From the Comte de Paris*

*York House, July 26th.*—I had already seen the remarkable article which you have just published in the 'Edinburgh Review,' when I received the copy you so kindly thought of sending me, and which I shall keep as a souvenir of the author. I hasten to thank you, and to tell you with what interest I have read this study, so full of curious facts and remarkable appreciations. If I was called on to decide the question in its entirety, I should decline, in the first place as a Catholic. Indeed I cannot place myself at the Protestant point of view so as to judge what services the union of Church and State has rendered to the religious principles which are the basis of the Protestant faith. And the lay system of the official Church of England is so foreign to our ideas of religious authority that it is difficult for us to be impartial towards it. Those who do not belong to the Anglican Church are naturally tempted to attribute to this subjection everything in her which, in their eyes, is error or change. I should also decline as a Frenchman, for I confess that what troubles me most at the present time is the relation between the Catholic Church and the State, a relation which has been equally prejudicial to both, when founded on a political union.

But without trying to judge such a delicate question, which will be a subject of controversy as long as the world is given up to the disputes of man, I have found a real pleasure in seeing this clear explanation of the principles which form the basis of a system whose adherents are so many and so

distinguished....

*From Lord Clarendon*

*The Grove, August 2nd.*—Lord Russell does not much like some parts of the article on the Irish Church, and wishes to write five or six pages on the subject for the November [Footnote: *Sic* for October.] number; but not feeling sure whether you would accept them, he has asked me to inquire—which I hereby do. If you have not set out for Russia, [Footnote: *Sc.* or other out-of-the-way place. It has been seen that, at the time, Reeve was at Royal.] perhaps you will write him a line yourself, as I start for Wiesbaden on Tuesday.

As no note from Lord Russell appeared in the October number, it would seem probable that Reeve did not encourage the idea. His own relations to Lord Russell were not such as to prompt him to any undue complacence, and he was at all times extremely averse from anything like a controversy either in or about the 'Review.' It has happened to the present writer to have statements or opinions put forward in his contributions to the 'Review' called in question in the daily or weekly papers, and to have been pointedly requested by the editor to take no notice of the hostile letters or criticisms. As the articles were strictly anonymous, the responsibility, of course, rested with the editor, who, probably for that very reason, was strongly opposed to an early revelation of a writer's personality.

The Journal notes visits to Farnborough and Denbigh, and some shooting at Torry Hill; but the gout was still troublesome, and in October Reeve and his wife went into Cornwall, where, after a week's visit to Lady Molesworth at Pencarrow, they went to Penzance, to the Land's End and the Logan Stone—on to which Mrs. Reeve clambered—and thence to Falmouth and Torquay, where they met the Queen of Holland and Prince Napoleon, with whom they spent two evenings. 'Her Majesty,' wrote Mrs. Reeve on November 4th, 'is a clever, original woman, speaking four tongues perfectly well, conversant with literature and politics, and finding in them consolation for an uncongenial family.' The sittings of the Judicial Committee, which began on November 10th, called Reeve back to town, where, on the 27th, he had the sad news of the death of his old friend Colonel Ferguson of Raith, and, for the last three years, of Novar.

*From Lord Clarendon*

Grosvenor Crescent, November 13th.

My dear Reeve,—The Queen of Holland has proposed to dine here in the unfurnished cupboard where we have our frugal repasts, on Monday next at eight. We have no servants, plate, or usual appurtenances, and only six can be crammed into the locale. Will you be one of them? and will Mrs. Reeve excuse us for asking you alone on account of our no room? Please let me have an answer as soon as you can.

Ever yours truly,

**CLARENDON.**

*Endorsed*—The dinner consisted of the Queen, Cockburn, Seymour, and self.

From the Bishop of Lincoln [Footnote: Christopher Wordsworth. Cf. *ante*, vol. i. pp. 31, 68. VOL. II.]

November 21st.

My dear Reeve,—It is very good of you to write as you do concerning my promotion. I should indeed have been well content to remain in the peaceful harbour of Westminster for the remainder of my days, instead of putting out to sea in a rather weather-beaten bark in stormy weather. But such kind words as yours encourage me to hope that, if I am wrecked in the storm, I may be picked up by some friendly vessel and brought to land again. I have, my dear friend, your congratulations, and let me have also your prayers. I am, my dear Reeve,

Yours sincerely,

CHR. WORDSWORTH. [Footnote: He had not yet adopted the episcopal signature.]

I send you three pamphlets. Do not think me troublesome, but you ought really to take up (pardon me for saying so) the question of the approaching great Roman Council, which will probably affirm the personal infallibility of the Pope, and be fraught with the most important results to Europe, political as well as ecclesiastical.

*From Lord Cairns*

Windsor Castle, November 29th.

My dear Reeve,—I send you in a separate cover my notes of a judgement in *Rugg v. Bishop of W.* for printing and circulation; and I enclose in this a letter which I have had from Lord Westbury, which is in accordance with the judgement as it stands, but which it would perhaps be best to put in print and circulate along with the judgement. I hope in a week or ten days to have Mackonochie ready—that is, if I am not smothered in the meantime by the books and pamphlets which the Ritualists daily shower upon me.

Yours faithfully, CAIRNS.

As the general election had left his party in a minority of about 130, Disraeli resigned on December 4th, and Mr. Gladstone, who had put the disestablishment of the Irish Church prominently before the electors, formed a ministry which was from the beginning pledged to the measure. It was known that this would meet with no support from Lord Westbury, so that he was necessarily 'left out in the cold,' not without some misgivings as to what a man so cunning in fence might say or write when his opinions were sharpened by a sense of personal injury. To Lord Westbury, however, the slight was lost in his wrath at the barefaced avowal of a plan of spoliation; and, without taking the trouble to date his letter, he wrote:—

*From Lord Westbury*

[*December*].—These written judgements are a great bore. I imagine (no doubt from vanity) that, at the end of the argument, I could have pronounced *viva voce* a much more effective and convincing judgement than that which I have written. The *vis animi* evaporates during the slow process of writing; the conception fades and the expression becomes feeble. What we shall do with the other case of Mackonochie I dread to think. I wish we had knocked it off while the iron was hot, as we used to do the running down cases. There is no chance of a decision this side of Christmas.

I have come up to town on some private matters, and have not the least notion of mingling in any political matters. In fact, I gave my people to understand so clearly last session that I would reject with abhorrence any measure that embodied these two wicked things—1. Stripping the Irish Church of its property to convert it to secular uses, which is robbery; 2. Destroying episcopacy in, and the Queen's supremacy over, the Established Church in Ireland, which is a wanton, unnecessary, and most mischievous act—that of course I could not expect any communication from them.

The weakness of the Government in its legal staff in the House of Commons will be very great, but the opposition will be weaker. It cannot be expected that Palmer [Footnote: Sir Roundell Palmer, afterwards Earl of Selborne, had been successively Solicitor—and Attorney-General during the whole of the Liberal Administration 1859-66; but on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government declined the Great Seal with a peerage, on account of his disapproval of the proposed disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Notwithstanding Lord Westbury's forecast, he did speak very strongly against the Bill on the second reading (March 22nd, 1869), voted with the minority against it, and took an active part against it in the Committee.] will take a very active part in opposition. Then what lawyer have they? But in the House of Lords I hope the principles of English law and of political expediency will be abundantly illustrated and explained, and shown to be in direct opposition to the Government's destructive and revolutionary measure; and if this be done, as the people of England are a law-loving and law-abiding people, there may be a great reaction in public feeling. And what will Wood be able to do against those opposed to him?

What a Cabinet! 'Misery,' says Trinculo, 'makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows'—so, it seems, does unlooked-for prosperity. Only fancy Granville, Clarendon, and the rest, pigging heads and tails with John Bright in the same truckle bed! I am very thankful that I have an opportunity of conversing in quiet with philosophers and poets at Hinton.

The following, written in a feminine hand on a half-sheet of note-paper, belongs to this time. It is endorsed by Reeve—'Lord Derby's acrostic on Gladstone;' but it does not appear whether the attributing it to Lord Derby was on positive knowledge or on mere current gossip. The name of the author was certainly not generally known.

G was a Genius and mountain of mind;  
L a Logician expert and refined;  
A an Adept at rhetorical art;  
D was the Dark spot that lurked in his heart;  
S was the Subtlety that led him astray;  
T was the Truth that he bartered away;  
O was the Cypher his conscience became;

N was the New-light that lit up the same;  
E was the Evil-One shouting for joy,—  
'Down with it! down with it! Gladstone, my boy!

[Footnote: Another, slightly different, edition of this acrostic, with the answer to it from the Radical point of view, is given in Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Notes from a Diary*, 1873-81, vol. i. p. 126.]

*From Lord Cairns*

*December 7th*—Putting aside the well-regulated party feeling which we ought all to endeavour to cultivate, the sensation of a period of repose after twenty-five years of hardish work is, to me, so novel and agreeable that I fear I do not look on my exit from office [Footnote: On the fall of Disraeli's ministry.] with the solicitude that I ought. But I do not the less appreciate the kind sentiments in your note, and I can safely say that upon the Judicial Committee, whether as Chancellor or as Lord Justice, it has been a very great pleasure to me to co-operate with anyone whose anxiety and efforts for the efficiency of the tribunal, and whose ability to contribute to that end, are as great as yours.

I am most desirous that the two ecclesiastical judgements should be given before Christmas, as I may be absent for some weeks after that day. I hope to send you my draft in Mackonochie on Wednesday, and I will beg you to print and circulate it as soon as possible. I wish I could have done it sooner; but it is *magnum opus et difficile*, and I have had judgements in chancery and other work on hand, and in this I felt obliged to trust to no amanuensis.

The following letter is from the widow of Sir James Smith, the botanist (*d.* 1828), and at this time in her ninety-sixth year. By her maiden name she was Pleasance Reeve, an old family friend, but not a relation of her namesake. Her letters are not less remarkable for the clearness and strength of the writing, than they are for the vigour of the thought and the lucidity of the expression. Five years later, just as she had completed her one hundredth year, Reeve and his daughter paid her a visit at Lowestoft, which is recorded on a later page. [Footnote: See *post*, p. 215.]

*Lowestoft, December 16th*—Surely, dear Mr. Reeve, this is not the first time you have inquired of me concerning Lowestoft china? Either you, or Dr. Hooker it might be; whichever it was, I sent him all that I knew about it, and that all is very little, for I am one of the sceptics, and have been filled with doubt and surprise at the reports I have heard. But I am told I am quite mistaken, and that it surely had arrived at a great state of perfection; that foreign artists had been employed; and that, if what is shown is not Lowestoft china, what other is it? For there is a peculiarity in it which those acquainted with [it] know at first sight, and which is totally different from Chelsea, or Derby, or Worcestershire, or Staffordshire. This I admit. One peculiarity Mr. S. Martin observed. The bottoms of the saucers have very slight undulations, looking, as he said, like a ribbon that requires ironing to be perfectly flat and smooth. This, when he showed me, I also noticed; and, I must add, I have seen the same in real Chinese china; but he told me he could distinguish better, and that it was not the same. Also, there is a uniformity in certain little flowers and roses which is seen in no others. The shapes are good, and as the manufacture advanced the painting was improved; armorial bearings were represented, and gilding.

S. Martin, who could send you a much more perfect account than I can, always calls on an old woman—the widow of Rose, a painter—who recollects their melting guineas for gold to gild with. She, perhaps, is dead now, for when he last called she was bedrid, and nearly insensible. I recommend you to ask of Mr. S. Martin, Liverpool, who, I am sure, would give you much information I cannot.

What I do know I will tell as well as I can—That in my early youth there was a manufactory; that I often went and *saw* Mr. Allen dab a piece of white clay on a wheel, and, with his foot turning the wheel, with his right hand he formed a handsome basin or cup in a minute or two. The china basins, cups, saucers, pots, jugs—everything was made here, painted here, by poor sickly looking boys and girls, for it was a very unwholesome trade—baked here; and they had a shop in London, which, I suppose, took off the bulk of their manufactured articles. I remember the great water-wheel which ground the clay—a fearful monster, sublime, I must say, for it 'hid its limits in its greatness;' but the beautiful lake that supplied it with water, and was covered with water-lilies, was one of my favourite resorts.

Gillingwater [Footnote: *Historical Account of the Ancient Town of Lowestoft* (1790).] tells us that Mr. Hewling Luson found the clay on his estate in 1756, made experiments, was defeated; other persons took it up, and were also hindered through jealousy; another trial proved unsuccessful, but repeated efforts succeeded, and the manufacture began, and went on till about the end of the century, or early in 1800, when my brother bought a few articles at the final sale by way of remembrance, but these, though pretty, are by no means the choicest specimens. A man in the town has a whole dinner service, with, I think, ducal bearings; and only last summer Mr. Bohn [Footnote: Henry George Bohn, the well-known publisher, and almost equally well-known collector of articles of vertu.] gave 5 £ to an old man for one little cup, which the poor fellow intended as a legacy to his daughter, and he unwillingly sold it;

but 5 £ bribed him—or it might be more; the original price was probably 4\_d\_. or 6\_d\_. at most.

Pray, dear Mr. Reeve, take no trouble to correct the name in Mrs. Palliser's book of pottery. I never was a patroness of the Lowestoft china, know but little about it, and do not wish my name to appear as being in any other way connected with it than as being an inhabitant of the same town.—I am, dear Mr. Reeve, yours faithfully,

**P. SMITH.**

And the Journal winds up the year with—

*December 31st*—To Hinton St. George, on a visit to Lord Westbury.

1869. The year opened at Hinton, shooting with Lord Westbury. Montague Smith was there. Nothing ever amused me more than Lord Westbury's society, and I became intimate with him. He was a strange mixture of intellectual power and moral weakness, and his peculiar mode of speaking was at once precise, pertinent, and comical. He had hired Hinton from Lord Paulet, and lived there with a host of children and grandchildren. On Sundays all dined together—I think, thirty-two of them.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Woodnorton, 16 janvier.*—... Nous aurons une passable chasse à tir le jour sacramental du 1<sup>r</sup> février. Voulez-vous en être? L'ennui est que c'est un lundi, et que le train du dimanche est d'une lenteur fabuleuse. Voulez-vous venir dîner et coucher ici samedi 30, ou dimanche 31?

**H. D'O.**

From a later note of the Duke's, it appears that Reeve was unable to accept the invitation to the *passable chasse*, which he would have enjoyed, especially as after four years there was no longer a question of the 'loose box' or the 'kitchen dresser.'

The next letter, from Lord Westbury, is in evident answer to one from Reeve about Lord Campbell's 'Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham,' then newly published, of which a very severe—not, it was thought, too severe—article appeared in the 'Review' for April. The article was not by Reeve; but we may fairly suppose that he—to some extent, at least—inspired it; and that—also to some extent—the inspiration was supplied by Lord Westbury.

*Hinton St. George, January 24th*—I wish you were here for two or three days' shooting before the season closes, as the weather is so mild and beautiful, and I hear that in London it is miserably cold. So tell Mrs. Reeve that her Zomerzet is a favoured county after all.

As to what you say about the book, I remember a celebrated dinner at the Temple, to which I invited Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, and Charlie Wetherell, when the latter warned Lyndhurst and Brougham of Campbell's design, in terms almost prophetic of what has occurred. 'My biographical friend will excel in exhibiting every little foible; *Hunc tu Romane caveto.*' I cannot describe the whole scene to you, but will some day *vivâ voce*.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

Woodnorton, January 31st.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—An absence at Badminton, where I struggled for a few hours' sport, first with the frost and then with hurricanes, has prevented me from sooner answering your letter of the 26th.

I have searched the archives at Monte Cassino very minutely; I do not know those of La Cava, which have the reputation of being very curious, but more local and of less general interest than those of Monte Cassino. The Cassinesi had a printing press, to which we owe many beautiful publications, some unpublished sermons of St. Augustine's, several works by the eloquent and learned Father Tosti, &c. They had prepared an edition of an unpublished Commentary on Dante, and also of the valuable correspondence of Mabillon, Montfaucon, and other clerics of the Congregation of St. Maur, when, in consequence of the events of 1848, their printing presses were sequestered. At that time they were suspected of Liberalism. Now, when secularisation has replaced sequestration, it seems to me that the Italian Government ought to continue the literary and archaeological work of the monks, as it has substituted itself in their proprietary rights; just as, after the French Revolution, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres carried on the immense work of the clerics of the Congrégation de St.-Maur.

This is my first impulse on reading M. de Circourt's letter. However, we will speak of it further when I

have the pleasure of seeing you again, which I hope will be soon. *Mille amitiés.*

## H. D'ORLÉANS

The Journal notes:—

In London the usual dinners. Dined at Mr. Gladstone's on February 1st. This was the first dinner he gave after becoming Prime Minister. There were present Lord Lansdowne, Clarendon, Hammond, Northbrook, Helps, Kinnaird, Doyle, Hamilton, and Salomons [Footnote: Created a baronet on October 26th of the same year.]—an odd party. He received us in the hall.

*April 9th*—To Paris. 10th, at the Institute; saw Guizot, Mignet, St.-Hilaire, Wolowski, Chevalier, &c., there. 18th, Chapel at the Tuileries; saw the Emperor there—I think for the last time. 20th, went to La Celle, [Footnote: La Celle St.-Cloud, about four miles from Versailles, where M. de Circourt lived throughout the evening of his life.] and spent some days there with Circourt. ['Henry,' wrote Mrs. Reeve, 'enjoyed his days in the country with M. de Circourt vastly. We thought it unreasonable to go all three, and a maid, to his small house; so Hopie and I careered about the streets, went to a play, and to a dance at the Chinese Embassy!—not very Chinese, as the minister is American, so also is his wife, and the guests were mostly his country-folk.']

*23rd*—Dined at M. Guizot's. *25th*—Dined with Thiers, and met Mignet, St.-Hilaire, Duvergier, and Rémusat.

The Royal Academy Exhibition took place for the first time in Burlington House. I dined with the R.A.s at Pender's.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, May 13th*—I took up my summer quarters here a week ago, leaving the fifth volume of my 'Mémoires' in Paris, ready printed and on the eve of publication. You will receive it next week. It deals entirely with my embassy to England in 1840. I am anxious to know what will be said of it in England; it will be very kind of you to supply me with the information. You know that I love and honour England sufficiently always to say what I think of her; and what she thinks of me concerns me closely, whether our opinions are or are not the same.

I have found many letters and conversations of yours for 1840. But it was more especially after this, and during the first year of my ministry, that you helped me so effectively in preserving peace and re-establishing friendly relations between our two countries. I hope you will not object to my saying so....

The Journal mentions:—

*May 22nd.*—Visit to Tom Baring's, at Norman Court. [Mr. Baring—wrote Mrs. Reeve—is the head of the house of Baring Brothers; an elderly gentleman and a bachelor, very simple, but very kindly. The house is not large for the park and property, which is, all together, about 7,000 acres; but pictures and china are renowned; so is the cooking; and, with such wealth as is at our host's command, all the details are in perfection. In the park there are many fine beech and other trees, and the yew grows wonderfully, contrasting its dark tint with the soft, white may. On the slope of the hill, about three miles off, grow service-trees and juniper; and, from the ridge, one sees across the New Forest to the Solent and the Isle of Wight.]

*June 4th*—Went to Windsor to see Mr. Woodward and the Queen's library. Then to Farnborough for the Ascot week.

*July 2nd.*—Watney's water-party to Medmenham Abbey, where we were all photographed.

*13th*—Lucy Duff Gordon died at Cairo. Alexander asked me to write an epitaph, which was put up there.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, July 14th*—When your letter of the 8th arrived I was on the point of writing to ask you to tell me what is the best History of England from the accession of Queen Anne to that of Queen Victoria. I have the 'Pictorial History of England,' Lord Stanhope's 'Eighteenth Century,' and Mr. Alison's big volumes on the recent revolutionary times. These do not satisfy me; I do not want political or moral appreciations. What I should like would be a book in which all the events of any importance are related in chronological order. I particularly hold to knowing the correct dates. It is only on this condition that history can be materially known and morally understood. It will be very kind of you to give me the information I want. I amuse myself by relating to my grandchildren, at one time, the history of France,

at another, the history of England. They take great interest in it. I want them to know both correctly, and understand them well.

The Journal continues:—

*July 16th.*—Met the Duke of Leinster at Robartes' at dinner. He had made a capital speech in the House of Lords a few days before, which I heard. It lasted only three minutes; but it stated these facts:—That he had given land and houses, with complete success, to priests, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians; that all were grateful, and they lived happily together.

He afterwards told me, at this dinner, that he had not given the houses and glebes to any ecclesiastical persons, but to certain lay members of each congregation, in trust for their respective ministers. This was exactly what I had suggested some little time before. The Duke said that, having called one day to inquire for a very old Catholic priest living in one of these houses, while he was sitting by his bedside, the Episcopalian clergyman came into the room for the same purpose.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Dinner at Lord Granville's. I had not dined with him for some years—since his marriage. The room was rather dark when I went in. Lord Granville said something, as I understood, about a foreign countess to whom he presented me, but I did not catch her name, and concluded she was some Italian relative of the Marochettis. Lady Granville did not appear, being unwell; and Lady Ailesbury, the only other lady present, did the honours. The party consisted of the Duc de Richelieu (whom I had met the night before at the Clarendons'), the Duca di Ripalta, Lord Clanwilliam, Lord Tankerville, Baron Brunnow, Count Strogonoff, Chief Justice Cockburn, and myself.

Upon sitting down at table I found myself between the Duc de Richelieu and Lord Clanwilliam, and one removed from the foreign lady, who turned out to be H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. Strogonoff is the man she married three years after her first husband's death—but she had to wait till Nicholas died too. When Nicholas first observed his daughter's preference for the young officer, he took him by the arm and pointed out from the window the view of Fort George. Strogonoff thought the Emperor's manner strange, but did not take the hint till his brother officers reminded him that Fort George is a State prison; so there was no more love-making till after the Tsar's death.

The Princess is at this time fifty, still extremely handsome, with a long string of enormous pearls round her neck. Nothing could be more lively and agreeable. She first carried on a contest with my neighbour, the Duc, about the Emperor Napoleon; said he was only *trop bon*, and lauded him to the skies. The Duc came out as the pure Legitimist, though he said his own party had not a shadow of a chance; that the Emperor had been going down ever since the fatal Italian campaign; that there were no Orleanists in France, and that the Duc d'Aumale was conspiring against the Comte de Paris, &c. &c.—a tissue of absurdity. Then, *sotto voce* to me, 'Je voudrais bien jouir davantage de votre société, mais vous voyez comme je suis placé' (i.e. next the Princess). 'Très conservateur dans mes principes, je n'aime pas les princes. Il faut vivre avec ses égaux.' He said this twice. The second time I replied, 'Monsieur, cela est bon pour les ducs—mais nous autres?'

'Ah! sous ce rapport je ne fais aucune distinction. Hors des princes, tout est égal.'

A good deal of conversation about the Irish Church Bill which is just now in the crisis of the Lords' amendments. H.I.H. asked me my opinion. I replied that they were now disputing about nothing at all—i.e. the application of a surplus which will not exist for many years. Brunnow said he was of the same opinion.

Lord Clanwilliam and I had a great deal of talk. He had been with Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818. Spoke a good deal of Metternich, justly. When M. met Guizot in London after 1848, he was struck by the motto G. had adopted—*via recta brevissima*. Lord Clanwilliam said that the shortest way was also the best. 'Yes,' added Metternich, 'and it has also the advantage that on that path you don't meet anybody'—'auf diesen Weg wird niemand begegnet.'

Sitting upstairs after this dinner I had a curious conversation with Brunnow and Lord Granville on the causes of the Crimean War. They agreed that had either Aberdeen or Palmerston been in power alone, the war would have been prevented; but that the combination of the two rendered it inevitable.

Brunnow said that there was, at one moment, a period of about ten days during which the war might have been prevented, if Lord Granville had been sent off on a special mission to St. Petersburg, but the Cabinet refused; and then came Sinope. He declared that he had always told the Emperor that Aberdeen, though averse to war, had not the power to prevent it; and in proof of his own sincerity he caused a million of Russian money which was in the Bank of England to be removed, as early as September 1853, though this was against the opinion of Nesselrode.

After his return to England on the peace, Lord Aberdeen said to him, with great emotion, 'I never

deceived you, my dear Brunnow.' To which B. replied: 'No; my dear lord, you never did.' He said that at Paris in 1856 Walewski had at once told him that the Emperor Napoleon was resolved to have peace.

It was a most pleasant and curious evening, and everyone went away in good humour.

*25th*—Went to Aix with Helen Richardson. Over to Cologne and Kreuznach with the Watneys and Boothbys. Dined with Goldsmid at Bonn. Saw Professor Sybel there.

The following letter, on a subject in which Mrs. Oliphant took much interest, was addressed to Reeve rather in his editorial than his personal capacity. The two were very well acquainted, but do not seem to have corresponded in ordinary course.

Dunkerque, August 14th.

Dear Sir,—You will, I have no doubt, think it extremely womanish and unreasonable on my part to have proposed writing a paper on such a much-discussed subject as Mr. Mill's book, without indicating the manner in which I should treat it; but my object was, first, to know whether it was open, and if you would be disposed, other things harmonising, to entrust it to me. I will not say, as was my first impulse, that your own intention of taking up the subject is quite sufficient answer for me; for, of course, you are the best judge in that respect, and I am really anxious to have an opportunity of saying my say, with gravity and pains, on a matter so important.

I entirely agree with you in your opinion of Mr. Mill's theory of marriage and the relations between men and women. I think it is not only fallacious, but a strangely superficial way of regarding a question which is made only the more serious by the fact that a great deal of suffering and much injustice result, not from arbitrary and removable causes, but from nature herself, and those fundamental laws which no agitation can abrogate.

My own idea is that woman is neither lesser man, nor the rival of man, but a creature with her share of work so well defined and so untransferable, as to make it impossible for her, whatsoever might be her gifts and training, to compete with him on perfectly fair terms. There may or may not be general inferiority of intellect—I have no theory on the subject; but intellect, in my opinion, is not the matter in question. Could the burdens of maternity be transferred, or could a class of female celibates be instituted, legislation might be able to do everything for them. But beyond this, I do not see how we can go, except in the case of such measures as those you refer to for the protection of the property of married women, which has already been anticipated by ordinary good sense and prudence, and thus been proved as practicable as it is evidently needful.

I am disposed to accept gratefully such safeguards of practical justice, and also every possibility of improved education, though I put no great faith in the results of the latter; the great difficulty in the case of every female student being, in my opinion, not the want of power, or perseverance, or energy, but the simple yet much more inexorable fact that she is a woman, and liable, the moment she marries, to interruptions and breaks in her life, which must infallibly weaken all her chances of success. This is the line I should take in any paper on the subject; and as few people could speak more fully from experience, I think perhaps my contribution to the discussion—from within, as it were, and not from without—might be worth having. Believe me, truly yours,

**M. O. W. OLIPHANT.**

And, on the lines here indicated, Mrs. Oliphant wrote the article on 'Mill and the Subjection of Women' in the October number of the 'Review.'

On August 24th, Reeve with his wife started for Scotland; but the grouse had been nearly exterminated by the disease, the shooting was everywhere very indifferent, and a month was passed in a number of friendly visits, of which little trace is left beyond the bare names. On September 21st they returned to London, where, in preparing for a contemplated journey to Portugal, he had to arrange for the sittings of the Judicial Committee immediately after his return. The following shows the kind of difficulty he had to contend with:—

*From Lord Cairns*

*September 27th*—I am very sorry that I shall be unable to take part in your sittings after Michaelmas Term. I have arranged to give up November to that dreadful arbitration of the London, Chatham, and Dover, which, in a weak moment, Salisbury and I undertook; and, after that, I go to Mentone, where I have taken a house for the winter.... I should regret very much to disserve myself from the sittings of the Judicial Committee, which I have always found agreeable, both from the interesting character of the business, and from the pleasant composition of the tribunal; and I hope in next year to be able to afford more service than I have in this; but for the next sitting I must not be reckoned on. I hope you

will enjoy your run to Portugal.

This contemplated tour was, no doubt, mainly for the pleasure and interest of visiting a country still unknown to him, but with a slight pretext of business, as chairman of the Lusitanian Mining Company. A few days before his departure he received the following from Lord Clarendon:—

*The Grove, October 3rd*—You will not find Murray at Lisbon, as he is on leave; but a letter shall be written, and to Doria, the *chargé d'affaires*, to render you any service in his power. Do you want one to the consul at Oporto?

I am glad you approved what I said at Watford. I never dreamt of the speech making a sensation, but it has; and as there was nothing remarkable in it, it is a proof that people were looking for an assurance from somebody that a policy of spoliation was not meditated.

I can't say I got much good from Wiesbaden, where mental torpor, and not a dozen red boxes per day, is required.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and armed with these letters of introduction and 'a Foreign Office bag, more,' wrote Mrs. Reeve, 'to give us importance, I suspect, than to convey despatches,' Reeve started as soon as his work was cleared off and the October number of the 'Review' was fairly out of his hands.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

For some reason best known to himself, Portugal is not a favourite hunting-ground of the tourist; and the country—though almost at our door, though bound to us by alliance in war and friendship in peace for more than two hundred years, though possessing beautiful scenery and the grandest of historical associations—remains comparatively unknown. So far as he was concerned, Reeve had long wished to dispel this darkness, and the fact of his being Chairman of the Lusitanian Mining Company gave him the desired opportunity. His Journal of the tour is here, as on former occasions, elaborated by extracts (in square brackets) from Mrs. Reeve's.

*October 9th*—Started for Portugal on board the 'Douro' from Southampton. Fine passage. Landed at Lisbon on October 13th. Hôtel Bragança. Kindly received by Pinto Basto. Excursion to Cintra on the 14th.

*15th*.—Dined with Pinto Basto and met Fonseca. 16th, to Caldas. 17th, to Alcobaça; then drove on to Batalha, and slept at Leiria. These great monasteries, now deserted, with their architecture and their tombs, are of the highest interest.

*18th*.—From Leiria to Pombal, and thence by rail to Coimbra [armed with letters of introduction from Count Lavradio, including one to the 'Rector Magnificus,' described as 'homme aimable et fort instruit, surtout dans les sciences physiques.']

[The buildings of the University are not remarkable either way. The Rector received us very courteously; showed us himself the splendid view from the tower, the Salle where degrees are conferred, and allowed us to peep into a gallery and through a window to see the lecture-rooms; then, making his bow, sent us with an attendant to the chapel, where we were joined by the Professor of German, Herr Dürzen, clad in the ample cape or cloak and with the black jelly-bag cap which is the academic costume. He took us to the library, a large and striking saloon with carved and gilt pilasters and galleries.... There are about 900 students, of whom a large proportion comes from the Brazils. They look very picturesque in their floating drapery and hanging headgear; but the cape must be always impeding the free use of arms and legs, and the cap—now that its original use as a begging purse has ceased—might well be exchanged for a 'sombbrero.' Herr Dürzen accompanied us to the Botanic Gardens, where his friend and countryman, Götze, showed us a splendid magnolia, Australian pines, and a great variety of eucalypti.... We then drove to the entrance of the footway leading to the Penedo da Saudade, a walk much affected by the Coimbrese. Then to the Quinta da Santa Cruz, the summer residence of the monks. Truly they had made them lordly pleasure-grounds, orange groves, hedges like

tall walls of arbor-vitae, terraces leading to fountains and cascades, azulejo-lined benches surrounding marble floors, shaded by grand old laurels.... The Quinta now belongs to a rich butter factor, who lets everything ornamental go to wreck and ruin, or just clears it off for farm purposes.... The butter factor's dogs came out barking and biting as we left the garden. Henry made a timely retreat; the professor showed fight, and came off second best, with his mantle torn. Then to the Church of Santa Cruz and to the monastic buildings attached....]

*20th.*—Coimbra to Mealhada, then to Luso, and walked to Busaco. Convent of Busaco. Scene of battle. Rail to Estarreja [which we reached at 6 P.M. A splendid full moon lighted our drive to Palhal. Mr. Cruikshank met us at the station, and drove Henry in his dog-cart; Hopie and I, with our bags, went in the *char-à-banc* which had been procured from Aveiro. The distance is about eight miles, seven of which are a gentle ascent, and then a steep pitch down of one mile. Flags were flying in honour of the arrival of the chairman of the 'Lusitanian Company,' and after dinner a display of fireworks. Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank are a pleasing and intelligent young Scotch couple. Three of their children are at Granja, a little bathing village two or three stations further, and Mrs. Cruikshank and her eldest little girl came back to receive us.]

*21st.*—[The mine at Palhal yields copper ore; that of Carvalhal lead ore. The Pinto Basto family have the concession of the mines, and own much of the surface. From five to eight hundred persons are employed—all Portuguese, except the three mining captains, the dresser of the ores, a carpenter, and a blacksmith. The English colony consists of about thirty souls; there is a school for the children, and on Sundays they meet for Divine worship after the manner of Wesleyans. The wages of these Cornishmen are eight, ten, twelve pounds a month, and there are very tidy houses on the property, with a large cottage, or house, for the agent—Mr. Cruikshank. The works are in the ravine below the house, and the Caima furnishes ample water power.... Many women and girls are employed preparing the ores, some of them remarkably good-looking.... Their wages are from two to three shillings a week. The scenery—pine-clad hills, streams on the hill-side, ravines, and burns—reminded one of Scotland; but oranges and camellias in the gardens, arbutus, myrtle, laurustinus, cistus, all wild, tell of a different climate.... We explored Palhal on Thursday, and Carvalhal on Friday; Henry and Mr. Cruikshank going into details at the works, whilst we went, with Mrs. Cruikshank, to call on the wives, visit the school, &c.... On Friday evening we took the train at Estarreja, and so to Oporto.]

*25th.*—Adolph Pinto Basto [a nephew of our Lisbon friends] gave us an entertainment in a boat on the Douro, and a collation at Avintes. Dinner at the Crystal Palace, Oporto.

*26th.*—Drove to Carvalho with Elles.

*27th.*—Drove to Leça do Balio with Oswald Crawford, the consul. Interesting Templars' church.

*28th-30th.*—By rail from Oporto to Madrid, thirty-six hours by Badajos, Merida, Alcazar.

*31st.*—Madrid. Gallery. Bull-fight for the benefit of 'El Tato.' [We had seen him at Valencia, nine years ago, in the pride and bloom of his career—a career cut short not so much by the fury of the bull as by the ignorance of the surgeon. Presently the chief door of the arena was unbarred, and an open carriage, with three men in the dress of matadors and 'El Tato' in the 'plain clothes' of a peasant drove round. Great was the sensation. The men shouted, the women wept, the old lady at my elbow shed floods of tears; cigars and hats were flung to him; he bowed, kissed his hand, wiped his eyes. Then the regular work of the day commenced.] Very cold.

*November 2nd.*—Left Madrid for Avila, passing the Escorial.

*3rd.*—Avila and then on to Burgos.

*4th.*—Burgos. Cathedral. Monuments.

*5th.*—Reached Biarritz at 10 P.M., and so to Paris.

*8th.*—Paris. Saw Désclès in 'Frou-frou.' Great actress.

Home on the 9th. A well-spent month.

*From the Comte de Paris*

York House, le 11 novembre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Mon oncle Aumale et moi nous vous remercions des paquets que vous nous avez envoyés ce matin; mon oncle me charge de vous dire qu'il n'a pu vous écrire aujourd'hui, étant fort occupé des soins à donner à la Duchesse d'Aumale, qui est toujours dans un état assez grave, mais que vous lui ferez grand plaisir si vous voulez venir passer au Woodnorton la semaine du 22 au 29

novembre; il y aura quelques chasses à tir.

Je viens de mon côté vous demander de nous faire le plaisir de venir, avec Madame et Mademoiselle Reeve, déjeuner ici dimanche prochain à midi et demie; c'est le seul jour où je puisse vous voir, car je pars lundi matin pour le Worcestershire.

Veuillez me croire votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.**

As to which the Journal has:—

*November 14th.*—Breakfasted at York House. The Duc d'Aumale came, but the Duchesse was ill, and on December 6th she died.

The Comte de Paris telegraphed the news to Reeve the same evening, and wrote the next day asking him to charge himself with sending a little notice of it to the principal newspapers—a thing Reeve readily undertook to do. Before receiving the request, he had already written expressing his wish to attend the funeral, and the Comte de Paris acknowledged both letters at the same time.

*From the Comte de Paris*

York House, le 7 décembre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je m'empresse de vous remercier de vos deux lettres et de la manière dont vous avez répondu à ma demande.

Mon oncle Aumale est bien touché de l'intention que vous exprimez de venir vous associer à sa douleur le jour des funérailles de ma tante. Elles son fixées à vendredi prochain. La première cérémonie aura lieu à Orléans House à 9-1/2h du matin, après quoi nous conduirons le corps à Weybridge, pour le déposer dans le caveau de famille. Nous y serons vers midi, ou peut-être un peu plus tard, car il est difficile de calculer très exactement l'arrivée de ce triste convoi. Ce ne sera en tous cas pas avant midi.

Je termine en vous priant de me croire

Votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS**

'I attended her funeral on the 10th'—Reeve noted in his Journal—'and went in an immense procession from Twickenham to Weybridge.'

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, November 21st.*—I never had any taste for travelling. I would willingly go a hundred miles for an hour's conversation with such or such a person; but the miles themselves have little interest for me. However, your tour in Portugal, as you describe it, would have tempted me. I like a country which is different from all others. Still, I am quite sure that, after having amused yourself in Portugal, you are very glad to be back in England....

Lord Clarendon may be quite easy; no difficulty affecting his department will come from here. Country and Government are equally inclined to peace. As to our home affairs, which alone have any interest just now, I am a little sad, but not uneasy. We are returning—quietly, ignorantly, and with tottering steps—into the right path, the parliamentary system. The country is coming back to it. The Emperor does not, and will not, offer any serious resistance to it. We shall make blunders, both in our procedure and debates, but shall, nevertheless, make sensible progress. What we are in want of is the men.

*From Lord Westbury*

*Hinton St. George, November 25th.*—Mrs. Reeve, when I had the pleasure of seeing her at Hinton, gave me an assurance that I should not be troubled this year with any request to attend the Privy Council. Your letter, therefore, is an act of *gross domestic insubordination*—a kind of petty treason. Formerly it was the act of the husband that bound the wife; *mais nous avons changé tout cela*; the act of the wife binds the husband. I appeal unto Caesar. It is very easy for Lord Chelmsford and yourself, who have your town houses in order, your servants, horses, carriages, and whole establishments, not omitting the *placens uxor*, to talk of the 'patriotic duty' of attending the Privy Council—having nothing else to do, and wanting amusement; but my house is thoroughly dismantled, having been under repair;

I have not a room to sit down in with comfort, nor servants to attend to me, nor a cook to cook my dinner, nor any of those *solatia* or *solamina* which you have in profusion. Yet you, with great unconcern, desire me to quit my family, and all my amusements and enjoyments, that I may come to town to endure complete wretchedness, and have a bad dinner and an indigestion everyday, *ut plebi placeam et declamatio fiam*. If you think this reasonable and right, I am sure you have left all sense of reasonableness in Lusitania. Besides, have you not a plethora of judicial wealth and power? Have you not the Lord Justice, who has little else to do; and the Admiralty Judge; and that great Adminiculum, the learned and pious man whom, *honoris causâ*, I call Holy Joe? [Footnote: Probably sir Joseph Napier, nominated to a place on the Judicial Committee by Disraeli in March 1868.] But to speak more gravely. Had I had the least conception that I should have been wanted—that is, *really* wanted—I would have made other arrangements than I have done.... We shall now have a house full of people until December 20th, and I cannot, without much offence, relieve myself from these deferred engagements. A little while ago I was thrown out of my shooting-cart; I injured my arm, which has brought on rheumatism, and I am not in a condition to come up to a solitary and dismantled house in London without anything requisite for the comfort of an old man. On January 20th, until the beginning of appeals in the Lords, I will, if you need it, sit and dispose of all the colonial and admiralty appeals. When will you come down and shoot?

*To Lord Derby*

62 Rutland Gate, December 19th.

My dear Lord Derby, [Footnote: For some years Reeve had known him as Lord Stanley. He had succeeded to the title on October 23rd.]—I cannot without emotion address you by your present name. Although I never had the honour of much personal acquaintance with your father, he has been, for the last thirty years, an object of familiar interest even to those with whom he was not familiar. His high spirit, his splendid eloquence, his public services, have endeared him to thousands whom he hardly knew, and caused them to share the feelings with which you, in a far higher degree, must regard this great loss. I have no doubt, however, that you will support and increase the honour of a name so illustrious, and I know no one more fit to bear it.... Mrs. Reeve begs to join with me in again presenting to you our very sincere regards, and I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

**HENRY REEVE.**

Of social engagements, the Journal mentions—

To Farnborough for Christmas, and thence to Timsbury till the end of the year. I called at Broadlands, now occupied by the Cowper Temples.

*January 5th, 1870.*—To Hinton. Vice-Chancellor Stuart there. Lord Westbury very amusing. Shooting every day. In Cudworth covers killed 192 head.

The following letter from M. Guizot refers to an incident which caused a tremendous sensation at the time, and—judged by the later events—may be considered as a portent of the downfall of the Empire. Prince Pierre Bonaparte had challenged M. Henri Rochefort, the editor of a violent Republican journal which had published a scurrilous and abusive article. M. Grousset, the writer of the article, took the responsibility, and, on January 10th, sent his friends, Victor Noir and Ulric Fonvielle, to wait on the Prince at his house in the Rue d'Auteuil. The Prince said his challenge was to M. Rochefort; to M. Grousset he had nothing to say. A quarrel and a free fight followed. Each man drew his revolver, and Victor Noir, mortally wounded, broke out of the room, staggered into the street, and fell dead. Fonvielle escaped uninjured. He and the Prince were the only witnesses of what took place, and their stories directly contradicted each other. The Prince was tried on a charge of murder, but was acquitted. On a civil trial he was sentenced to pay 1,000 £ damages to the father of Victor Noir, as compensation for the loss of his son's services.

*Val Richer, January 12th.*—I do not yet rightly understand the tragic incident at Auteuil. I am inclined to think that Prince Pierre Bonaparte was threatened and assaulted before using his revolver; the probabilities are that he acted in self-defence. The trial will be curious. In any case, it is a great misfortune for the Imperial Government, more so than for the new Cabinet, which will certainly not be wanting in courage, and will be supported by whoever is anxious to practise 'economy of revolution,' as a friend of mine says.

I have friends in this Cabinet, honourable, liberal-minded, and sensible men. Will a leader be found among them? We shall see. Hitherto organisation has been everywhere wanting; in the Legislative Body, as in the Cabinet. I see no reason to change the opinion I formed some time since, and perhaps

already mentioned to you; I am sad, rather than uneasy, for the future of my country. She will not fall into the abyss; but, for want of political foresight and firmness, will allow herself to be dragged along the edge of it. Men's minds and characters are narrowed rather than corrupted.

In connexion with which the Journal has:—

*January 16th.*—Dined at Lord Granville's, with Lavalette, the new French ambassador. The Emperor had just formed a more liberal ministry, with Daru and Ollivier, which soon broke down owing to Buffet's *entêtement*.

*26th.*—Dinner at Clarendon's, to meet the Queen of Holland.

*From M. Guizot*

*Paris, January 31st.*—I have just read the article on Calvin with a real and lively satisfaction, complete, so far as I am concerned; I am very grateful to Mr. Cunningham (I think that is the author's name) for his kind words, and for his sympathy with my description of Calvin and his time. Be so good as to thank him for me; it is a pleasure to be so well understood and set forth. As to Calvin, Mr. Cunningham does full justice to his merits; I ask a little more indulgence for his faults, which belonged to the time quite as much as to the man. Very few, even among superior men, admitted the rights of conscience and liberty. Marnix de Ste.-Aldegonde bitterly reproached the hero of the Reformation, William the Silent, with tolerating Catholics in Holland. Melancthon unreservedly approved of the burning of Servetus. Catholic Europe was covered with stakes for the Protestants, and, if Servetus had had the upper hand, I doubt if Calvin would have received from him any better treatment than he received from Calvin. I do not on that account detest the burning of Servetus any the less; but I do not count it as a fault personal and peculiar to Calvin. In every-day life and in systematic theology he ignored the rights of freedom. The twofold error was enormous; but his policy and philosophy were equally sincere, and, of all the eminent despots of history, he was, I think, one of the least ambitious and most disinterested. He was almost forced into power against his will, and he wielded it harshly, tyrannically, but without seeking any personal gain, and he was still more severe to himself than to those whom he treated so severely....

The Journal goes on:—

*March 5th.*—Visit to the Watneys, at Leamington, and to Stratford-upon-Avon. Beautiful effect in the church, the organ playing 'Rest in the Lord.'

*12th.*—Evening at Lady Cowley's, for Queen of Holland.

Went to Isle of Wight with W. Wallace at Easter. The Bishop of Winchester preached in Ventnor Church on April 24th (first Sunday after Easter).

*From M. Guizot*

*Paris, April 7th.*—... It is curious to watch France, and I am also curious as to the possible consequences of what is happening in England. France has never been so liberal and so anti-revolutionary at the same time. England is making a thoroughly liberal reform in Ireland, and at the same time a severe law of repression for the defence of order. I wish and hope for your success in both. I also hope that our attempt at quiet and liberal reform will not fall through. But both for you and for us there are rugged paths yet to traverse; the future is still darkly clouded. Even after the success of our respective undertakings, Ireland will not be pacified, and political liberty will not be established in France. There is no need to be discouraged, the best of human works are incomplete and insufficient; but there is need to beware of illusions, to be prepared for disappointments, to be always ready to begin again. I moralise on politics. Good sense is the law of politics, and what I have learnt from history, above all, is that good sense is essentially moral. You will, therefore, not be surprised that I mix morals and politics....

*From Lord Westbury*

*April 13th.*—How shall I thank you for your inspiring letter, which was as the sound of the trumpet to the aged war-horse! I fear my contemporaries have taken a more accurate measurement of my power, and that I shall never fulfil any such glorious destiny as you hold before my eyes. It is true of many men that *possunt quia posse videntur*; and that they accomplish many things simply because they are not fastidious. I should never do anything, simply because I should tear up one day what I had written the preceding. It would be Penelope's web. Our education is too aesthetical. Unless a cultivated taste be overpowered by personal vanity, it is very difficult to complete any composition. I can most truly say that I have never done anything, speaking or writing, of which I could say, on the review, *mihī plaudo*.

We have a great difference of opinion in the members of the Digest Commission. Many think that the work should be handed over to two or three very able men (not judges or Emeriti Chancellors), who should be well paid; and that to them, with a staff of subordinates, all the work should be committed. Others think that there should be added to this establishment some presiding power, consisting of one, two, or three distinguished judges, to whom all questions should be referred, and whose duty it should be to give an *imprimatur* to the work. So we cannot agree on a recommendation to the Government; and when we shall do so, but little weight will attach to it.

The Journal here notes:—

*May 6th.*—Mansfield came back from India.

At the time of the Russian war, Reeve and Mansfield had been on terms of intimacy, and, in fact, it was largely through Reeve's interest with Lord Clarendon that Mansfield had been sent to Constantinople in 1855, as military adviser to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Since then the intimacy had been interrupted by Mansfield's absence in India, where he had served with distinction during the Mutiny, and afterwards in command of the Bombay army and as commander-in-chief since 1865. In the following year he was raised to the peerage as Lord Sandhurst. The Journal notes:—

*May 26th.*—The King of Portugal made me a Commander of the Order of Christ; but this was solely as chairman of the Lusitanian Mining Company. The Duc d'Aumale, Mansfield, Lord Dunsany, Lord Northbrook, Stirling Maxwell, Lady Molesworth dined with us.

*From the Marquis of Salisbury*

40 Dover Street, June 1st.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—It is my pleasing duty to inform you that the University of Oxford wish to express their sense of your literary services and attainments by conferring on you an honorary degree at the approaching commemoration. I trust that it will not be disagreeable to you to accede to their wishes in this matter, and that you will be able without inconvenience to attend at Oxford to receive the degree. The day on which they will be conferred will be on Tuesday, the 21st inst.

Believe me, yours very truly,

**SALISBURY.**

The Journal notes:—

*June 3rd.*—Excursion to Malvern, Hereford, and Worcester. Xavier Raymond came to Bushey [Duc de Nemours']. I breakfasted there on the 10th. [On the 11th the Duke wrote]:—

Cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je lis ce matin en tête des colonnes du journal le 'Times,' un charmant premier article sur mon fils aîné, et portant même son nom pour titre. Cet article inspiré par un bienveillant sentiment envers lui et ma famille en général, met dans un brillant relief les services que mon fils vient de rendre à son pays d'adoption. Cela a donc été pour moi une extrême satisfaction que de le voir placé en première ligne dans le journal le plus répandu du monde.

Je sais qu'il n'est pas permis de s'enquérir du nom de ceux qui écrivent dans la presse anglaise. Mais si à vous le nom de l'auteur était connu, dans ce cas-ci, cher Monsieur Reeve, et si vous appreniez aussi à qui est due l'insertion de cet article, je vous serais très reconnaissant (dans le cas toutefois où vous le jugerez convenable) de faire connaître à l'une et à l'autre de ces personnes combien j'en ai été heureux et touché.

Plein du bon souvenir de votre visite d'hier, je vous renouvelle ici, cher Monsieur Reeve, l'assurance de mes bien affectueux sentiments.

**LOUIS D'ORLÉANS.**

*From Mr. Delane*

*June 13th.*—I return the Duke's letter with many thanks. The story of the Brazilian article is curious enough to be worth telling. At the Rothschilds' ball on Wednesday last I was by an inadvertence placed at supper next but one to the Duc de Nemours, and next to a beautiful young lady. I had long been honoured by the Duc d'Aumale's acquaintance, but had never before met his brother, and I only slowly became aware who were my neighbours. Then, actually at the supper, among ortolans and peaches, it occurred to me that the Comte d'Eu, of whose exploits I had been reading that morning, and whom I

had stupidly regarded as merely a Brazilian general, must be the brother of the beautiful young lady next me, and therefore a personage in whom the European public would take a very different sort of interest from any that Marshal Coxios could command, that, in short, as an Orleans prince, he would be worth an article, though no one would have cared for a mere Brazilian general.

*From the Due de Nemours*

*Bushey Park, 15 juin.*—J'ai à la fois des remerciements et des félicitations à vous adresser pour avoir pris la peine de chercher de qui émanait l'aimable article du 'Times' sur mon fils aîné, et pour l'avoir si bien découvert. Le compliment est assurément de très bon goût, et j'y suis très sensible. Il augmente seulement encore mon regret de n'avoir pu, moi aussi, faire à ce même bal la connaissance de l'auteur de cette aimable attention.

*From Lord Westbury*

*June 17th.*—I read with 'perfect horror' last night the return of business before the Judicial Committee which you were so good as to send me. There are 350 appeals in all, of which 248 are from India. I do not think less than two days can be allotted to each of these Indian appeals, taking the average; that will require 496 days of sitting, being more than two years; for you cannot, if the committee sat every day the Court of Chancery does, exceed more than 210 days in the year. Now if to this amount of duty for the Indian appeals be added the time required for the remaining 102 appeals, you cannot attribute to them less than 102 days, making in all 598 days, being at least three years' work for a committee sitting every day.

Whilst these arrears are being disposed of, a new crop of appeals to at least the same amount, will be mature. What shall we do? 'Hills over hills and Alps on Alps arise.' I shall mention the subject to-night. Pray, send me this morning any suggestions that occur to you.

*June 18th.*—I am engaged to leave town for a short cruise at sea, to-morrow early. I shall remain until Sunday evening. But it is for the best that I cannot see you to-morrow, because I hope to 'interview' you on Wednesday, after your return, with that renovation of genius and accretion of knowledge which will accompany you on your return from Parnassus, after having bathed in the fountain of the Muses. You must bring Mrs. Reeve a faithful copy of the eulogistic speech of the public orator, and I will translate it to her.

My notice is for Thursday. I shall propose the immediate creation of three judges, the giving Colville and Peel fitting remuneration—2,000 £. a year each—and a large addition to the salary of the registrar.

The Journal then has:—

*June 20th.*—To Oxford, to stay with the Dean of Christchurch, on the accession of Lord Salisbury. Went down with Sir E. Landseer.

*21st.*—Received the degree of D.C.L. from the University, in the Sheldonian Theatre. Lord Salisbury greeted me as 'Vir potentissime in republicâ literarum,' at which I looked up and laughed. Dined afterwards in All Souls' library with the Vice-Chancellor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the other distinguished persons who received the honorary D.C.L. at the same time were Admirals Sir Henry Keppel and Sir John Hay, Sir William Mansfield, and Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy. Mansfield gave the 'Gallery' some amusement by wearing a cocked hat and feathers with his red doctor's gown, instead of the regulation academic cap.

*From Lord Westbury*

*June 22nd.*—O vir doctissime et in republicâ literarum potentissime! So said or sung the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in violation of all the traditions of the place; for Oxford never used before the phrase 'respublica literarum' which words and the thing signified she has ever repudiated and abhorred; and to be *potentissimus in republicâ* are jarring and incoherent things. But let this hypercriticism pass, and when I see Mrs. Reeve I shall tell her that the words were chosen with singular felicity, and that they are not more remarkable for their truth and justice than they are for their elegant latinity; but I will not say that you are a doctor only *honoris causâ*, which are most emphatic words, and are cruelly made to accompany the dignity; for, when translated, they mean: 'Oh, doctor, do not presume to teach by virtue of this *sempierna graduatio*, for it is only *honoris causâ*, or merely complimentary; and do not boast this title as evidence of skill or erudition in laws, for they are sounding words that signify nothing. How easy it is for envy and malice to depreciate!

I hope Mrs. Reeve and your daughter were there, because it is something fit and able to give genuine pleasure; and if I had been there I would have answered with stentorian voice to the well-known question: 'Placetne vobis, Domini Doctores? placetne vobis, Magistri?' 'Placet, imo valde placet.'...

It is difficult to tell the Government what ought to be done; for, first, there should be great alteration in the Courts in the East Indies, and, secondly, it is clear that the colonists and Indians will not be satisfied unless the Privy Council is presided over by a first-chop man; and I am assured that transferring three puisne judges from the Common Law Courts would not be satisfactory. Can you call at my room in the House of Lords to-morrow, at a few minutes after four?

Yours sincerely, and with deeper respect than ever,

**WESTBURY.**

I don't suppose you will now miss a single bird.

*From Senhor D. Jose Ferreira Pinto Basto*

*Lisbon, June 18th.*—The Portuguese Government do not present those on whom the orders of knighthood are conferred with the decorations they are entitled to wear. These consist, for a commander, in a placard, which is worn on the coat over the left side of the breast; a large cross hanging from a wide ribbon fastened round the neck; and a small cross, fastened by a narrow ribbon to the upper button-hole, on the left side of the coat.

The crosses corresponding to the degree of commander are, for the Order of Christ, the same as those allowed to simple chevaliers, but having a heart over them for distinction, and the ribbons are red. The large pendant cross is scarcely ever worn, unless it be on a very solemn Court day, and even then not generally; and the small cross, which was formerly in constant use, when the pendant one was not worn, is now out of fashion, and either entirely left off or, at the most, substituted by a small ribbon on the coat buttonhole, when no other decoration is worn. What is generally worn on ceremonial occasions is simply the placard, such as I now send you; if, however, you should wish to have the other insignia, please to let me know it, that I may send them. These insignia are, of course, made more costly with diamonds and rubies, to be worn on great festivities; but even then, and for general use, they are usually in silver and enamel, as the placard now forwarded.

I don't think there is any need of your directly expressing to anyone here your thanks for the distinction conferred upon you; the more so since you have already expressed them through the Portuguese Minister in London.

It is here that the Journal mentions the death of the friend whose letters have occupied such a prominent place in these pages:—

*June 22nd.*—Fête at Strawberry Hill. Lord Clarendon was there, looking very ill, and on the 27th he died—'Multis ille flebilis occidit, nulli flebilior quam mihi.'

To 'Fraser's Magazine' for August Reeve contributed a graceful article, 'In Memory of George Villiers, Earl of Clarendon,' in which, recording his many public services, he especially dwelt on the very important service he had rendered to his country during the period of his being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and on the fact that this service had had the singular honour of being directly referred to in the Queen's Speech on proroguing Parliament on September 5th, 1848, which concluded, 'The energy and decision shown by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland deserve my warmest approbation.' Reeve was told by Lady Clarendon that her husband 'regarded these emphatic words as the most enviable distinction of his life.'

At the same time another article, 'In Memoriam,' appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' This was by Reeve's colleague at the Privy Council Office, Mr. Arthur Helps, whose acquaintance with Lord Clarendon had been by no means so intimate. His appreciation was thus written from general repute rather than from personal knowledge, but it contains one remarkable passage that may be repeated in order to emphasise it:—

'He—Lord Clarendon—was a man who indulged, notwithstanding his public labours, in an immense private correspondence. There were some persons to whom, I believe, he wrote daily; and perhaps in after years we shall be favoured—those of us who live to see it—with a correspondence which will enlighten us as to many of the principal topics of our own period.'

Whether Reeve was one of the persons Helps alluded to must remain doubtful. In the strict sense of the words, Lord Clarendon did not write to him daily; but at times he wrote not only daily, but three times a day, [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. i. pp. 296-7.] and the letters, or extracts of letters, now printed,

form but a very small portion of the great number which Reeve preserved.

The Journal then mentions:—

*July 3rd.*—Breakfasted at Orleans House with Prince Philip of Würtemberg. Matters looked threatening abroad, and on the 14th the rupture took place between Franco and Prussia. On the 18th war was declared. On the 25th we dined at York House. I said to the Comte de Paris, 'How is the Emperor to attack Germany?' Nobody thought at first that the war would be in France; but we were soon undeceived, and I speedily discovered the danger. The Duc d'Aumale wrote to me, 'Vous avez deviné ma pensée de Français et de soldat.'

I had hired a small moor at Ballachulish from Cameron, the innkeeper there. Maclean of Ardgour, to whom it belonged, lent me a keeper and some dogs. The hills were steep, the shooting bad; but the life there most agreeable. I went down on August 3rd. W. Wallace was with us; and on the 5th we were installed at Ballachulish for six weeks. They were spent in shooting, sea-fishing, boating, &c. Fairfax Taylor [Footnote: Son of John Edward Taylor; see *ante*, p. 117.] came, and Longman. The Trevelyans Fyfes, and Forsters were at the hotel on the other side of the ferry. We were there forty-five days. I went back to town by Greenock on September 21st.

Meanwhile the course of the war was most eventful. On August 6th the battle of Wörth was won by the Prussians, followed by a series of French defeats. On September 2nd Macmahon and the Emperor capitulated at Sedan. William Forster was at Ballachulish, and, as despatches were sent from the F. O. to cabinet ministers, we learnt the fact from him at 8.30 P.M. on September 3rd. Gladstone, though prime minister, volunteered to write an article in the 'Review' on the war, which he did. I kept the secret, but it leaked out through the 'Daily News' on November 3rd, and made a great noise. The 'silver streak' was in that article.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, July 29th.*—Among the many bad actions described in history, there is one which is very rare; it is the artifice of a tempter who throws the blame of his attempt at seduction upon the person who rejected it, perhaps after listening to it. But this is what Bismarck has done. You have probably not forgotten what happened in 1868, and what I wrote about it at the time, in the 'Revue des deux Mondes' of September 15th. I take pleasure in here quoting my own words:—

'It is said that M. de Bismarck attempted to engage France on the side of Prussia; and, in order to tempt the Imperial Government, offered to remodel Europe as well as Germany, and to give France a large share in this redistribution of nations. I do not know how much truth there was in these rumours, which so deeply moved Belgium and Holland, amongst others; I will not stop to discuss reports and suppositions. However this may be, if such offers were really made, Napoleon III. did wisely in refusing them; he did not raise himself to the throne as a victorious warrior, and France has no longer a passion for conquest. But did he, in refusing, do all he could to stop or restrain Prussia in the ambitious course into which M. de Bismarck was forcing her, and to influence the reorganisation of Germany according to the legitimate interests of France? I do not think so; but I put this question also on one side,' &c. &c.

I need not say that I did not lightly credit the rumours of the overtures made by Bismarck to the French Government; they were not only widespread and believed by those who had the best information, but my friends in Holland sent me precise details, and I immediately got the 'Journal des Débats' to publish an article which treated this attempted temptation as it deserved, and pointed out the honourable and pacific policy which France ought to follow on this occasion. I have reason to think that men of good sense in the French Government, who were trying to make the policy of law and peace prevail, congratulated themselves on being thus loudly upheld and encouraged.

Never forget, 'my dear sir,' what the position of the friends of law and peace is in our general policy. You must some time have read Bürger's ballad of the 'Wild Huntsman,' founded on the legend of a certain nobleman, on the banks of the Rhine, a great hunter, who, if I mistake not, could never mount his horse for the chase without being accompanied, on either side, by a good and a bad angel, one urging him to follow the beaten track, and respect the rights of property, the other urging him to rush across the fields, trampling down harvest, gardens, and passers-by, careless of what injury he inflicted.

For a long time France, both as to her Government and her people, has been in the position of this hunter, always accompanied by the two angels; all that has happened in France and in Europe during the last eighty years has put us in that position, and it is sometimes the good angel, sometimes the bad, which has made itself heard, and has seemed on the point of becoming the hunter's master. There is not a right-minded and sensible man in Europe who has not endeavoured to help the good angel and defeat the efforts of the wicked tempter.

In my opinion, the Imperial Government was wrong in not accepting the withdrawal of the candidacy of the Prince of Hohenzollern; a withdrawal announced by the Prince himself, accepted by the King of Prussia, and accepted and officially communicated to France by the Spanish Government. This was held to be insufficient satisfaction for France, though I think neither necessity nor prudence called for a second demand, which offended the pride of all parties; and the manner in which it was rejected has destroyed the last chance of peace. Till that moment, the good angel had prevailed; but now the bad angel is speaking. But if there is one man in Europe who cannot avail himself of this blunder to rid himself of the responsibility of war, that man is surely the tempter of 1868....

*To Mr. Dempster*

*Ballachulish, August 14th.*—As it is entirely to you that we owe our residence in this enchanting place, it would be very ungrateful not to tell you how much we are enjoying it. I think it is by far the most picturesque spot in all Scotland; and ever since we arrived, ten days ago, the sea has been as blue as the Aegean, and the hills as clear as the isles of Greece. Not one cloud or shower in ten days, but the heat so great that we find shooting arduous work. There is not much game, but I am better off than most of my neighbours, who complain loudly. I think I can insure any day five or six brace. It certainly is not a good year, nor is this a grouse country.... I think, whatever else this war may bring about, it has finished the Empire and the Emperor, and so far I rejoice; but I confess I have no sympathy at all with the Prussians.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, September 10th.*—I am just up, my dear Sir, having been in bed for a fortnight. Grief and indignation are unhealthy at eighty-three. I am better, and only wish I was as sure of the convalescence of France as of my own. It is true that France has before her more time for recovery than I have.

I will say nothing of the fallen Empire. I should say more than is seemly and less than is true. Never was fall more deserved, more necessary, and more absolute.

Neither will I say anything of the new Government. It is what it professes to be, a power pledged to defend the country. A national constituent Assembly has just been convoked, and meanwhile everything will be done to preserve the honour and integrity of France. This, for the present, is the one idea and the one passion of the whole country, especially of Paris. I hope that the deeds will correspond to the passion.

There are two points on which, in spite of my present weakness, I wish to give you my opinion at once, so as to awaken your interest, and the interest of all the friends of European order and of France now in England.

There is much to be regretted in the general policy of Europe since 1815. Many faults have been committed which might have been avoided, many improvements which might have been made have been miscalculated or have passed as dreams. But throughout this age, and for more than half a century, rising above all faults and blunders, royal or popular, diplomatic or parliamentary, one great and novel fact has dominated the policy of Europe—there has been no question of a war of ambition and of conquest; no State has attempted to aggrandise itself by force at the expense of other States; [Footnote: Guizot's enthusiasm or patriotism here led him into a somewhat reckless assertion. In point of fact, there was not one of the great Continental Powers which, during the previous fifty years, had not 'attempted to aggrandise itself by force,' and, necessarily, 'at the expense of other States.' With the exception of Austria, they had done more than 'attempt'—they had effected the aggrandisement.] respect for peace and the law of nations has become a ruling maxim of international policy. When internal revolution in any State has rendered territorial changes necessary, these changes have been recognised and accepted only after the examination and consent of Europe. Belgium and Greece have taken rank as European States only by the putting on one side all the yearnings of French, Russian, or English ambition. And when, in 1844 and 1848, the Emperor Nicholas, in his familiar interviews with your ambassador at St. Petersburg, proposed that Russia and England should act in concert, and by joint conquest, as he said, put an end to the decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire, two English ministers, Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell, to their great honour, rejected any such idea, as an outrage on the law of nations, and the peace of Europe.

I have no hesitation in affirming, my dear Sir, that this is the greatest and most salutary feature of the first half of this century, and has contributed more than anything else to the revival of principles of equity and justice in the relations between governments and their people, to the increased prosperity of different nations, and to the progress of civilisation in the world. And, new as its rule yet is, this fact has been sufficient to stop, or at least to check in their evil developments, the noxious germs of an ambitious and violent policy, revived in Europe by the revolutionary crises of 1848. Temptations have

certainly not been wanting to governments and parties since that date. But in 1848 the French Republic respected the peace of Europe and the law of nations; in 1852 the French Empire hastened to declare that it was peace; and when, leaving that, she threw herself into the Italian war, is it credible that she would have been contented with Nice and Savoy as the price of the support she gave to the Italians if she had not been restrained by the good modern principle of European policy, the condemnation of the spirit of ambition and conquest? [Footnote: Not to speak of the chance of having to deal with Prussia. Cf. *ante*, p. 27.]

It is this legitimate and guiding principle which is at present ignored, attacked, and in great danger. I have no intention of entering here upon the question of German unity, or of inquiring how far the consequences of Sadowa are to be attributed to the real and spontaneous effort of national sentiment amongst the Germans. I waive all discussion on this point.

I do not suppose anyone will say that in this great German event Prussian ambition had no share, or that force and conquest did not act side by side with the impulse of national sentiment. But I do not now meddle with what has been done in Germany; that has nothing in common with the present pretensions of Prussia to Alsace and Lorraine. Have these provinces given any manifestation, any appearance, of a desire to be included in the German unity? Is not the Prussian policy in this openly and exclusively a policy of ambition and of conquest, such as would have been followed, from more or less specious motives of royal or national selfishness, by Louis XIV. in the seventeenth, by Frederick II. in the eighteenth, by Napoleon I. in the nineteenth century? such as the modern publicists and moralists have so often condemned and fought against? such, in fine, as all nations, in all ages—and especially Europe in our own times—have so cruelly suffered from? I say no more. I should be ashamed to insist upon what is so clear.

I have nothing to do with Utopian ideas. I do not believe in perpetual peace, nor in the absolute rule of the law of nations as affecting the rivalries of governments and the facts of history. I know that ambitious intrigue and violent enterprise will always have a part in the destinies of nations. I only ask that ambition and force shall not be permitted to take that part, controlled only by their own will. At least they ought to be recognised for what they are, and called by their right names; their claims, and the results of them, ought to be placed face to face with the policy of peace and the law of nations; and, lastly, it ought not to be forgotten that this, the only durable and good policy, has prevailed in Europe for half a century, and that it would be shameful and unfortunate to allow it to fall undefended before the first success of the old policy of ambition and conquest.

In the severe and dangerous trial which she is now undergoing, France may strengthen herself with the thought that her present and personal policy is in exact agreement with the European policy of peace and the law of nations. France has no ambition, no remote designs or secret aim; she asks for nothing; she is defending her rights, her honour, and her territory. Will the Powers, who have hitherto proclaimed their neutrality, assist her by assisting to maintain the European policy of peace and the law of nations? I shall be surprised if they do not, the more so as they could do it without seriously compromising themselves. If their intervention by force of arms were necessary, it would undoubtedly be at once effective; but any such necessity is quite out of the question; the neutral Powers are stronger than they themselves are perhaps aware, and their moral strength is amply sufficient. Let them plainly assert their disapproval of this attack on the territorial integrity of France; and in support of their disapproval, let them declare that, in any case, they will not recognise any change in the territory of France which France herself will not accept. It is my deep and firm conviction that this would be sufficient to put an end to any such attempt, and to check the policy of ambition and conquest, without which the peace of Europe cannot be re-established. Is France to be left alone to sustain this great and good cause at all risks? or will the neutral Powers, without any great risk to themselves, give her such support as will ensure her triumph? It is for the Powers to answer this question. I am very old to be surprised at anything; and yet I should be surprised if England did not see the greatness of the part she is called upon to play under existing circumstances. For many years she sustained in Europe, by war, the policy of respect for the laws of nations; will she not uphold it to-day by peace?

Adieu, my dear Sir, je suis fatigué. Je vais me coucher, et tout à vous,

**GUIZOT.**

Should you think proper to make any use of this letter, either by privately showing it to anyone, or by giving it a wider publicity, I have no objection. I leave the question of fitness and opportunity in England to you. For my part, my only wish is that my opinions and sentiments in this important crisis should be well known both in France and England.

The following note is endorsed by Reeve 'Due d'Aumale on the capitulation of Sedan,' which took

place on September 2nd. It is, however, impossible to suppose that the Due d'Aumale did not hear of an event so astounding till three weeks after it had happened, and the note probably refers more immediately to the occupation of Versailles by the Prussians under the Crown Prince, on September 20th, or the reported arrival on the 23rd of General Bourbaki at Chislehurst, to consult with the Empress about the surrender of Metz. The endorsement was most likely written some time afterwards, and in momentary forgetfulness of the date.

*From the Due d'Aumale*

Orleans House, 23 septembre.

Cher Monsieur,—Jamais je n'aurais cru que je vivrais assez pour voir un pareil jour. Vous devinez tout ce que mon coeur éprouve.

Vous êtes du bien petit nombre de ceux avec qui il m'est possible de causer en ce moment, et vous me ferez du bien si vous venez déjeuner ici dimanche prochain, 25, à midi 1/2. Mille amitiés,

#### **H. D'ORLÉANS.**

*From Lord Granville*

Walmer Castle, October 2nd.

My dear Reeve,—I was very sorry to miss an opportunity of seeing you twice last week. Our hours are late, while you adopt the judicious maxim of Charles Lamb. I thought the article [Footnote: Gladstone's article (see *ante*, p.178) which was published in the October number of the *Review*. Lord Granville saw the proof slips.] excellent and very instructive; not always quite judicial. It will be read with immense pleasure on its own merits.

As far as we have gone we have surely adhered to the declaration made to Parliament—'Neutrality, with as friendly relations as is compatible with impartiality; exercise of the duties and maintenance of our rights, as neutrals.' We have protected Belgium with minimum risk to ourselves. We have given advice when it was acceptable and effective, such as that which led to the meeting of Favre and Bismarck. We have not obtruded advice when it would have been impotent excepting for harm. We have reserved complete liberty of action for any contingency. All the neutral nations have been at our feet, anxious to know what we would do, professing to be ready to follow our example. One of the belligerents has already come to us for assistance. Those who think we have done nothing of course consider it an easy and inglorious task; but it requires a little firmness to resist not only the complaints of belligerents and the cajoleries of neutrals, but also the changeable gusts of public opinion at home. Yours sincerely,

#### **GRANVILLE.**

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, October 2nd.*—I understand you, my dear Sir; 'you' meaning your Cabinet. You want to see if France will defend herself energetically enough, obstinately enough, to warrant the neutral Powers saying to the Prussians, 'What you attempt is impossible; you are stirring up an interminable contest, which is becoming an evil and a peril for Europe.' Until that moment comes, your Cabinet does not think that the intervention of the neutral Powers in favour of peace could be effective.

Many reasons, some good, some plausible, may be adduced in support of a waiting policy. But take care! it often aggravates the questions it postpones. Consider what is actually taking place at the present moment. Prussia puts forward her claims more and more distinctly; France is exasperated and rejects them more and more positively. You can have no idea of the effect produced throughout France by the conversation of M. de Bismarck with M. Jules Favre. Bismarck, indeed, seems to have some notion of it, for he attempts to extenuate what he said or allowed to be understood. Evidently the result of this interview has been to leave the belligerents mutually more embittered than they were before; and the intervention of the neutral Powers at the present time is thus rendered more difficult.

I now put this incident on one side, and am going to the root of the matter. You want to see if France will defend herself energetically and obstinately. Look at what she has done already. The Prussians have certainly obtained great successes. They have beaten two of our regular armies. At this moment they are before Paris. Is Paris terror-struck? Do the Prussians enter it? I am not trusting to child's talk and vulgar boasting. My son William, and my son-in-law Cornelis de Witt, are now both in Paris, both in the National Guard, both clever, sensible men, not credulous, not given to boasting, and good judges of what is going on around them. They both write that Paris is able and determined to defend itself

obstinately. And among the most cautious of my friends, those who doubted it at first are now of the same opinion as my sons. By the last balloon from Paris I received a letter, dated September 21st, from a simple, obscure citizen. He writes:—'Our Paris, bristling with bayonets, is a splendid sight; perfect order, glowing patriotism, and a resolve to fight to the death. The insolence of Bismarck's reply to Jules Favre has enraged and electrified all hearts. The Prussians will pay dearly for their blunder in condemning us to heroism or despair. Yesterday was a good day; in two places, Villejuif and St. Denis, we attacked the Prussians and defeated them.'

I do not know if this degree of ardour and confidence is to be accepted as general. I quote it as an illustration of the feeling in Paris on the seventh day of the siege. The fighting is at present round the fortifications; later on it will be on the ramparts, and then in the streets. First the detached forts; then the *enceinte*; then the barricades. And when it comes to these—if it ever gets so far—independent of the organised forces of all kinds, there will be the populace, the Paris mob, intelligent and bold men, who fight well on the barricades for the very fun of it.

How long will this defence of Paris last? I do not know, and am not going to prophesy. But what I do know, what I hear from all sides, is that it will last long enough to excite a patriotic and warlike sentiment through the whole land. France is not peopled with heroes; there are the bold and the timid, as in every other country; but there are heroes enough—and others will arise—to keep the nation in a state of fever, and consequently Europe in a state of alarm inconsistent with true peace, with the prosperity of the nations and the security of European order.

The Prussians, and, as I am told, Bismarck himself, have reckoned, and are perhaps still reckoning, on our internal dissensions and quarrels, kept alive by the traditions and the hopes of the old parties. It is a natural error, but made in complete ignorance of the actual state of things. National sentiment has overcome the old discord. One sole, universal and absorbing passion dominates all parties—the passion of defending the soil and honour of France. Two of the most illustrious Vendéens, MM. de Cathelineau et Stofflet, have asked for and received from the Government an authorisation to assist them against the Prussians. MM. Rochefort and Gustave Flourens, formerly the most ardent democrats, have joined the government of General Trochu, and are preparing barricades, to maintain a fierce struggle against the besiegers at the gates and in the streets of Paris, if it should ever be necessary.

7 P.M.—My letter was interrupted by the arrival of the evening papers, and a letter from my daughter Pauline, dated September 25th, brought by a balloon. I copy the following, *verbatim*:—

'After being on guard the day before yesterday, for twenty-six hours, without anything worse than repeated alarms, my husband and son returned and are somewhat rested. Yesterday we went to Montmartre—a very populous and stirring quarter. I cannot tell you often enough how well Paris is behaving; enthusiasm and unanimity prevail everywhere; the good and the wise have silenced the fools. This will raise up France; it is a balm for many sorrows. I can assure you the country is not demoralised. I do not know how long the trial will last, but we shall be the better for it.'

Admit that if this conduct is maintained, if Paris—which in June 1848 suppressed the revolutionary anarchy in her own bosom—in 1870 stops a foreign invasion, and holds it at bay before her ramparts, it will be a great deed, worthy of esteem and sympathy. If in presence of such a fact, your neutrality should continue cold and inert, the friends of European peace and of the good understanding between France and England would have great cause for astonishment. It is for this reason that I conjure England and her Government to give the matter their serious consideration.

The Journal here gives a short sketch of a month's holiday:—

October 12th.—Started for Ireland. Crossed in a gale. To Dunsany on the 14th. 15th, drove with Lord Dunsany to Trim; saw the castle; Larachor, Swift's living; Dangan, now quite ruined; and back by Lord Longford's. 17th, to Dartrey. Met the Verulams there, and Lady Meath. 21st, drove to Coote Hill fair. 24th, to Belfast and Clondeboye. Some days with Lord Dufferin at Clondeboye. Professor Andrews came over from Belfast. 30th, back to Dublin to stay with Mansfield, who was now commander-in-chief in Ireland. Saw Lord Spencer—lord-lieutenant. November 1st, crossed to Holyhead and went to Teddesley, where Christine joined me. Back to town on the 5th.

*From Lord Stanhope*

*Chevening, October 11th.*—I have been reading with much interest the article on Queen Anne in the 'Edinburgh,' and I hope you will allow me to express to you how much I am gratified at the favourable view which it takes of my performance. The reviewer and I, as I am glad to find, often agree in our views of men and things; and whenever we differ, our difference is expressed in terms that cannot but give great pleasure to any author.

The reviewer, in this case, has certainly one main advantage over some of my other critics. They seem to have no knowledge of Queen Anne's reign except what my book imparted to them, and they therefore criticised my book on its own merits or demerits alone. Here, on the contrary, the writer is, I see, most deeply versed in all the memoirs and published records of those times, which he can bring to bear with great effect upon any passage that he desires either to controvert or to confirm.

It strikes me very forcibly, from my acquaintance with your style, that the writer of this article is no other than yourself. [Footnote: The article was by Herman Merivale (d. 1874).] If so, pray accept my sincere thanks; if not, pray convey them from me to the critic unknown.

Lady Stanhope and I have been to North Wales and Devonshire, but settled at Chevening ten or twelve days ago. From here we went without delay to call upon the Empress at Chislehurst; as indeed we were bound to do, having in former years received great kindness from them, and been their guests for a week at Compiègne. Nothing could be more touching and gracious than her manner. She had tears in her eyes all the while we were with her, and her voice was often choked by emotion; yet she did not let fall a single word of invective or personal reproach against her enemies in France. She told me that her first wish on reaching England had been to proceed with her son to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe; but on applying to the Prussian authorities, she could obtain no assurance that she and her son should not be treated as prisoners of war; and under these circumstances the Emperor forbade her to come.

Poor, poor Paris! when shall you and I ever see it again?

*From Lord Westbury*

*Hinton, November 11th.* I kept myself free from engagements during the first three weeks of November, thinking I might be called on to do suit and service at the Judicial Committee; but I have not made any provision for December, as I thought it was fully understood (certainly by me) at the end of last session, that, from the end of Michaelmas term until Christmas, the Lords Justices would have charge of the Judicial Committee for the whole of each week, or certainly four days in every week. We calculated that the most important business on the appeal side in Chancery would be so reduced by the two courts of appeal during Michaelmas term that the Lord Chancellor alone would suffice for all necessities during December. I have therefore postponed every engagement here until December. My house will be full; I cannot therefore give you any aid; but I am not sorry for it, for if the arrears were at all reduced, *nothing would be done* in the appointment of a permanent tribunal, with a proper staff of judges. You must still be Atlas staggering under the weight of your huge *Orbis Causarum*. Around your feet must be millions of Hindoos, crying aloud for justice. It is only this spectacle for gods and men that will move the Government to do its duty.

It would be easy for me to attend if my establishment and family were in town. But if I promised you a fortnight in December, I must put off numerous engagements and remove my servants, horses, &c., to London, only to bring them down again here for Christmas; or, at the risk of being ill as well as wretched, I must go to London alone, into a cold deserted house, with the attendance at most of two female servants. No; you must get as much as you can out of the Lords Justices, who must begin the task of learning Hindoo and Mahomedan law. Besides, if I disposed of twenty Indian appeals in December (a most unlikely thing), it would be the signal for adding forty more to the list, and so you would be more encumbered than ever. It is useless to make these poor spasmodic efforts. The thing must be done effectually. You are hopelessly bankrupt, and the dribblets of aid you solicit will not enable you to stave off ruin.

An article by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen on the 'Business of the House of Commons,' published in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January 1871, was submitted in proof to the Speaker, Mr. Denison, whose comments drew from the writer the following reply:—

*From Mr. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen* [Footnote: At this time under-secretary of state for the Home Department: created Lord Brabourne in 1880; died in 1893.]

*Smeeth, November 23rd.*—The Speaker knows more than I do, if he knows that it is an understood thing 'that a committee shall next session be appointed to consider the present mode of conducting the public business.' It is not generally known; and I doubt the policy of alluding, in an article which may be read by the public generally, to that which is only known to a privileged few. You, however, must be the best judge, and of course I have no objection to insert a sentence or two of allusion to this fact (?) [Footnote: The (?) is Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's.] if you wish it; but if pressing business—or war—postpones this committee, the 'Review' will look rather foolish.

When you say the article is 'rather too multifarious,' I quite agree that it might be condensed and curtailed. But even had I time to go through it again with this intention, I frankly own that I should

doubt the expediency of doing so. I wrote it *currente calamo*, and my object was to attack the existing system upon many points at once, in order to carry some—just as an army besieging a town may make half a dozen attacks, of which three, being feints, give a better chance of success to the other three. You will observe that I do sum up the four prominent points: 1, *clôture*; 2, limitations of motions for adjournment; 3, public bill revision committee; 4, restrictions upon counts-out.

I quite agree with what the Speaker writes about our 'absurdly late hours.' I have no strong feeling upon the Wednesday question, and perhaps the Speaker is right, although I think the point is alluded to in a manner not too strong nor too 'disparaging' to the fixed hour, as I only recommend that a division, instead of an adjournment, either upon main question or adjournment, should take place compulsorily at the fixed hour.

I return you the Speaker's letter. I don't know whether you could conveniently run down here on Saturday and spend a quiet Sunday. You would find my wife and me alone, excepting Godfrey Lushington, who is coming to discuss highway bills. We could have a talk over the matter then. If you cannot manage it, write me word how you wish the article altered, and I will do it. I confess, however, that I think, as a preliminary attack upon abuses which will require closer and more detailed grappling with hereafter, it had better not be much altered.

*From the Queen of Holland*

Hague, December 26th.

My dear Mr. Reeve, [Footnote: The Queen of Holland seems to have laid down a somewhat curious rule in regard to her correspondence with Reeve: when she was in Holland, she wrote to him in English; when she was in England, she wrote in French.]—Your most interesting letter reached me a few days ago. Ever since, I have been trying to get some of the papers relating to the Luxembourg question; however, the one enclosed is the only one I have been able to obtain. Such is the fear of the kingdom of the Netherlands to be involved in any of the impending Luxembourg difficulties, that everything relating to that part of the world is scrupulously ignored; and if the papers are not claimed at Luxembourg, where the most jealous of men, Prince Henry, governs, you cannot obtain the real truth. The fact is, Mr. de Bismarck *a cherché une querelle d'Allemand*, first to obtain a free passage through the Luxembourg railroads; in the future, to annex the little grand duchy, to close the frontier on that side entirely.

This, however, is still kept for a few months hence, as Mr. de B. would not be put quite on the same line with Prince Gortschakoff, though they are perfectly of the same opinion.

It is a sad time, a very bad symptom, when principles, engagements, treaties, are all *à la merci* of two or three unscrupulous men.

Forgive the haste in which I am compelled to write, this time of the year being particularly busy. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Reeve, and believe me, dear Mr. Reeve, very sincerely yours,

**SOPHIA.**

The Journal here has:—

The French artists being driven over by the war, Millais gave a dinner, on December 20th, to Gérôme and Heilbuth—interesting. I took Gérôme to see Herbert's Moses in the House of Lords, but it was invisible from a fog.

We all dined with Lady Molesworth on Christmas Day, and ended the year with the Van de Weyers at New Lodge.

January 3rd, 1871.—We had a small dinner to Sir William Mansfield and Lord Elcho. On the 5th to Aldermaston (Higford Burr), with Bruce, [Footnote: Afterwards Lord Aberdare.] Colvile, [Frank Buckland], &c.

Professor Sybel was not one of Reeve's frequent correspondents, and the following extract is from the only letter of his which has been preserved, probably the only one ever written. The primary cause of it was some trifling business connected with the exchange of publications—the 'Edinburgh Review' and Sybel's 'Historische Zeitschrift;' but, having settled that, the course of events tempted him, as a German and an historian, to continue.

*From Professor von Sybel*

Bonn, January 9th.

Hochgeehrter Herr,—... What a change in our circumstances since I had last the pleasure of seeing you! To us, Germans, it would often appear as a dream, did not our sacrifices and our efforts bring the reality vividly before us. The desire for a speedy conclusion of the war is general; but, I am proud to say, no less general is the determination to fight and to bleed till we have brought it to a satisfactory issue. We are resolved not to be attacked again as we were in July, and on that account we will move our frontier to the Vosges. We will fight until the French acknowledge us as having rights and position equal to their own, till the organs of their Government cease from their New Year animadversion, such as the 'Siècle' has published, and we will crush everyone who calls in question our place as one of the Great Powers of Europe; and in thus rooting out this boast of supremacy, we believe we are earning the gratitude of all Europe.

Hochachtungsvoll und ergebenst

H. v. SYBEL.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, January 16th.*—I received the 'Edinburgh Review' yesterday, and read your article at once. It is excellent—the language of a profound observer, and of a true friend of France. There are pages I should like all my countrymen at all able to understand them to learn by heart, among others from these words (p. 22): 'The life of man is so short,' to these: 'the collective strength of a nation may be sensibly diminished by it.' You have here laid your finger on the great evil of our democracy: 'It readily sacrifices the past and the future to what is supposed to be the interest of the present.' If I were in Paris, I should like to have a translation of nearly the whole article [Footnote: 'France,' in the *Review* for January 1871. The article was republished in *Royal and Revolutionary France*, with the title 'France in 1871.'] published in our newspapers. But I am not there; the Prussian shells go in my stead.

I am told that the opening of your Parliament is fixed for February 8th. I will wait until you can let me know this with certainty, and will then send you the letter I mentioned. But I must beg you not to forward it to its address till my translator—Miss Martin—reports to you that it is ready. It seems to me very desirable that the translation should be published as soon as the letter itself has been delivered. I understand that, on this condition, the 'Times' will give the whole of it, which will ensure it the widest possible publicity in England, where its publicity is the most important. The French edition will not appear till after the translation has been published in the 'Times.'

*From the Queen of Holland*

Hague, January 17th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—I have received your letter. I have received the 'Edinburgh Review.' I did not glance over the pages, I read and re-read them; and I thank you for the real enjoyment they have afforded me. True in thought, admirable in expression, there can be but one judgement on both your articles, and I will certainly endeavour to have them translated into Dutch, to spread the truth. Allow me only to regret the great severity with which you treat the fallen Empire. I put aside every personal feeling, but I remain convinced that posterity will be more lenient in judgement than the present in the raging storm. There were faults in the system, inherent and inherited. As to the head of the system, few men have been more naturally kind and good. He had the weakness of these natures—wishing to content everyone. No question of principle seemed to him worthy of the inestimable enjoyment of peace. Avec les différents partis il se laissait aller à des paroles, à des engagements contradictoires; de là une apparence de dissimulation, bien éloignée de sa nature. The prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe belongs to the past. To those that have known and loved him falls the task of obtaining justice for him. I cannot talk of the present events, of the destruction of Paris. I bow my head and I hope in God's justice.

Will you remember me kindly to Mrs. Reeve? and believe me, with real gratitude, truly and sincerely yours,

**SOPHIA.**

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, February 7th.*—I have received from Mr. Gladstone a letter dated January 30th, as friendly as possible towards myself, but vague and evasive in respect to the policy of the Cabinet in the present situation. Not only does he postpone every measure, every indication of his intentions till after the election and the opening of the National Assembly, which is very natural, but he gives no hint as to how far his Government will insist respecting the conditions of peace. It is, of course, impossible for me to argue the point with him—such a discussion would be unbecoming both on his part and mine. I understand his reserve, but I can neither accept the reasons for it nor its results. It is therefore to you

that I address my further observations in support of my letter of January 18th, begging you to communicate them to Mr. Gladstone, who will quite understand why I do not address them to himself. I should also be glad to know if he would object to the publication of his letter of January 30th, and of that which I am now sending you? For my part I wish this publicity, in both England and France; but I will not authorise it without his approval.

If this should be agreed on, pray let me know your opinion as to publishing it in the 'Times.' I am sure that, in this case, Miss Martin would undertake the translation.

The Journal notes:—

*February 18th*—Pleasant dinner at Mansfields', though Mansfield himself was carried off by the Prince of Wales.

*26th*.—Dinner at Lord Granville's, to meet the Duc de Broglie, who came as ambassador.

*From M. Guizot*

*Val Richer, March 4th*.—Your sad predictions were well founded; the painful abscission has been made; we bore it at least with good sense and dignity. Without discussion or delay, the National Assembly has accepted the peace imposed upon it; and the population of Paris left the Prussian corps to parade through one single quarter of the town in solitude and silence. The Prussians have not seen Paris, and Paris did not go to see the Prussians. Their triumph had no spectators. Their present policy is one more example, after so many others, of the insolent and blind folly of victors who sow the seeds of war at the moment they are making peace. You can have no idea of the passionate sentiment of sorrow and anger which fills the soul of France, in all classes and in every part of the country. It is impossible to say when and under what form the future will mark this feeling, but it is written. One cannot tire of repeating the last words of the Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son when starting for the tour through Europe: 'Ito mi fili et inspice quam parvâ sapientiâ mundus regitur' ...

The Journal continues:—

*March 16th*.—Dinner at home to the Duc de Broglie, the Dartreys, Mintos, Houghton, and Lady Molesworth.

*April 1st*.—Went to Draycott on a visit to the Cowleys. The Lavalettes there and the old Duchess of Cleveland. Went on to Bath to try the waters there. Bath, however, did no good to the gout, of which I had, all this spring, repeated attacks. Saw Wells Cathedral, Glastonbury, and Longleat. Over to Bristol, and then back to town on April 15th.

No sooner was the siege of Paris ended and peace signed, than the frightful insurrection of the Commune broke out in Paris; the city was for many weeks in complete possession of the mob; Thiers and the army retired on Versailles, and recommenced the siege of Paris by French troops. The Archbishop and other hostages were murdered, and at last the city was set on fire. Nothing even in the First Revolution equalled the madness of this period. What a curious contrast to the even tenour of London life! I find in my diaries no trace of these tremendous catastrophes.

*May 1st*.—International Art Exhibition opened. I went in my doctor's robes and orders; the only time I ever wore them.

*From M. Guizot*

Val Richer, 4 juin.

My dear Sir,—La destruction a atteint son terme, l'oeuvre de reconstruction commence. Elle sera très difficile, mais je n'en désespère pas, et j'y prendrai quelque part sans sortir de ma cellule. Quelle vie que la mienne! Mon plus ancien souvenir politique est d'avoir vu de loin, du haut d'une terrasse de la petite maison de campagne où ma mère s'était réfugiée pendant la Terreur, en 1794, les Jacobins poursuivis et assommés par la réaction contre Robespierre au 9 thermidor. La scène se passait sur les boulevards de Nismes. J'assiste en 1871, de la campagne aussi, à la chute des nouveaux Jacobins, vrais héritiers et élèves de la Terreur. Et que n'ai-je pas vu, en fait d'événement, dans cet intervalle de 77 ans!

Sur ce je vous dis adieu. Je me porte assez bien, malgré mes 83 ans et ces spectacles Shakspeariens. La France est, depuis 1789, une immense tragedie de Shakspeare.

Tout à vous,

**GUIZOT.**

Reverting to the Journal:—

Mr. Grote died on June 18th. I attended the funeral in Westminster Abbey on the 24th. John Mill and Overstone were among the pall-bearers.

At The Club dinner, on June 20th, the Duc d'Aumale took leave of us before returning to France. There were present: the Lord Chancellor (Hatherley), Master of the Rolls [Romilly], Duke of Cleveland, Lord Salisbury, Lord Derby, Sir H. Holland, Dean Stanley, W. Smith, and self.

About this time I was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath. Lord Ripon, then Lord President, had asked them to make me a K.C.B., but Gladstone wrote me word that it was a rule that men should pass through the third grade to arrive at the second. [Footnote: That there was such a rule has been very fully proved by numerous exceptions.] Arthur Helps and William Stephenson were made C.B.'s at the same time, and afterwards K.C.B.'s. I was gazetted a C.B. on June 30th.

The following from Lord Granville refers to a conversation in the House of Lords on the constitution of the Appellate Court of the Judicial Committee. The Marquis of Salisbury had said that in his opinion it should be a court of fixed constitution.

At present it was often difficult to discover who were the judges in the particular case. He believed the President of the Council in every case appointed the judges; but, as he understood, it was practically done by a gentleman for whom all had the greatest respect, Mr. Henry Reeve, the Registrar. This did not seem a satisfactory state of things for a tribunal dealing with matters which excited people's passions and feelings to the highest degree, and on which parties were angrily divided. Nobody conversant with the matter could harbour the unworthy suspicion that the Court was ever packed for the trial of a particular case—he had no apprehensions on that score; but it was because the action and constitution of the Court should be above all suspicion that he would urge the noble and learned lord on the woolsack to provide some fixed constitution, so that the Court should not be constituted afresh for each particular case it had to consider.

Lord Granville replied in the sense of his letter to Reeve, except that he said 'Mr. Reeve invariably consulted *the Lord President*, who, on some occasions, called a Cabinet Council.' The Lord President at that time was the Marquis of Ripon. Granville was followed by Lord Cairns, who said:—

He could testify from considerable experience to the way in which Mr. Reeve performed his duties. The fact was that there was a great unwillingness to attend, and undergo the great labour and responsibility of hearing important cases. Mr. Reeve, knowing this, and having an earnest desire to perform the duties of his office effectively—no public officer could discharge them better—was in the habit of making himself acquainted with the arrangements of those who might be expected to attend, with a view—not to decide who ought to attend to hear particular cases—but as to whose services were obtainable, in order that some kind of Court might be constituted.... It ought to be understood that no person had any power of selecting some and excluding others, and that the Registrar's endeavour to procure the attendance of individuals had merely arisen from anxiety lest there should be no quorum. [Footnote: Hansard, 1871, June 22nd, cols. 389-91.]

*From Lord Granville*

16 *Bruton Street*, June 23rd.—I see the report in the 'Times' is defective. I stated that the Lord President was undoubtedly responsible for all that you did. I paid a high tribute to your services to the Judicial Committee (which was cheered by the law lords); I said the difficulty was often great to collect sufficient members to attend; that you took great pains, by ascertaining the wishes and possible dates, to ensure this; that for ordinary meetings of the Court you acted on your own judgement; but that in all cases where there was a possibility of party or personal feeling being made a cause of want of confidence in the composition of the Court, you had always consulted me; and I had, on some occasions, not only consulted the Home Office, but the Cabinet, in order to do that which would ensure public confidence. I should not be sorry if you could show that I was not in the wrong. I was delighted to hear of your C.B. None could be more deserved.

The Journal records:—

*July 7th*.—I dined with Mrs. Grote; one of the first persons she saw after Grote's death.

*8th*.—A banquet was given at the Crystal Palace to the members of the Comédie Française, who had been driven over to London by the siege of Paris and the Commune.

This 'banquet' was of the nature of a lunch, beginning at two o'clock. Lord Dufferin was in the chair,

supported by Lords Granville, Stanhope, Powerscourt, Lytton, Houghton, Mr. Disraeli, Tennyson, Macready, and others. When 'the desire of eating was taken away,' the chairman, speaking in French, proposed the health of the guests. M. Got responded. Horace Wigan, too, spoke; and Lord Granville, 'whose fluent command of extempore French excited general admiration,' gave 'The Health of the Chairman,' and, with a neat reference to the 'Letters from High Latitudes,' then 14, not 41 years old, said: 'L'accueil que vous avez donné à son discours doit rassurer Lord Dufferin et lui faire même oublier les succès oratoires que—Latiniste incomparable, et voué au purisme Cicéronien—il a obtenus dans les régions plus septentrionales.' To this chaff Lord Dufferin replied in English: 'Lord Granville has been good enough to allude to what he is pleased to describe as an oratorical triumph in a distant country; and I would venture to remind you—and you may take the word of an experienced person in confirmation of what I am about to say—that when anybody wishes to make a speech in a foreign language, he will find it much more easy to do so after dinner than at an early hour in the morning.'

For Reeve this wound up the season. A few days later, July 23rd, he, with his wife, started for Germany.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS

Dr. de Mussy had recommended Reeve to drink the water at Carlsbad, so to Carlsbad they went, and stayed there twenty-four days. The manner of life at Carlsbad may be very wholesome, but no one has ever ventured to speak of it as jovial. The Reeves thought it 'dull enough,' and left it with a feeling of release, on August 23rd. On the 24th they were at Dresden, and reached home on September 3rd. And then came a curious reaction; a disagreeable experience of the Carlsbad treatment. 'Henry,' wrote Mrs. Reeve a few days later, 'who had been quite well and quite free from gout all the time, had a tendency thereto on leaving Hamburg, which, on landing at Gravesend, was a sharp attack in the right hand. He cannot hold a pen.... His doctor and some fellow-patients all say that after Carlsbad waters such attacks are frequent, and that they in no way imply that the waters did not suit.' The Journal goes on:—

*September 16th.*—To Gorhambury [Lord Verulam's] with Christine. On leaving the house on the 18th to go to the station, the horse in the fly ran away. We were overturned near the park gates, and had a narrow escape. Nobody was hurt, and we drove on [in another fly] to Lord Ebury's at Moor Park.

*October 2nd.*—To Scotland on a visit to Moncreiff at Cultoquhey; thence to Minard (Mr. Pender's) on Loch Fyne; thence to Edinburgh; Ormiston on the 21st; the John Stanleys there and Lord Neaves. [Footnote: A lord of justiciary, one of the foremost authorities on criminal law in Scotland, and for more than forty years a regular contributor of prose and verse to *Blackwood's Magazine*.] Lady Ruthven to dinner.

*26th.*—To Auchin, and home on the 28th.

A bill had passed at the close of the last session for the appointment of four paid members of the Privy Council. They were Sir James Colville, Sir Barnes Peacock, Sir Montague Smith, and Sir Robert Collier. These judges began to sit on November 6th of this year. The Court, from that time, sat continuously. I obtained an additional clerk, and also an addition of 300 £ a year to my own salary, which was fixed at 1,500 £.

Pleasant visit to New Lodge (Van de Weyer's) in November. Shooting at Lithe Hill in December.

The Prince of Wales's serious illness. He very nearly died on December 6th.

*December 20th.*—The Broglies dined with us, to meet Beust and the Foresters.

*22nd.*—Mrs. Forester asked us, at my desire, to meet Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield, at a small party. There was nobody else there but Lord and Lady Colville. It was very interesting and agreeable.

1872.—The year opened in Paris, where I had gone after Christmas; the first time I had been there since the war. M. Thiers was President of the Republic. I went to Versailles to see him on January 3rd, and found him in the Préfecture—the room that had been occupied just before by the German Emperor. M. Lesseps was there that evening, and we returned to Paris together. He and his friends were

apparently very anxious to sell the Suez Canal. I dined with Thiers on the 6th also.

M. Thiers's conversation on the war, the Commune and the siege was very interesting. He said to me: 'Certainement je suis pour la République! Sans la République qu'est-ce que je serais, moi?—bourgeois, Adolphe Thiers.' He described the withdrawal of the troops from Paris, which was his own act. Then the siege, which he claims to have directed, the battery of Mouton Tout, adding, 'Nous avons enterré, en entrant à Paris, vingt mille cadavres.'

Dined at Mme. Mohl's on the 5th with M. de Loménie and M. Chevreuil, who is about eighty-five.

The Duc d'Aumale had opened his house in the Faubourg St.-Honoré; reception there.

*January 8th.*—Dined with the Economists to meet the Emperor of Brazil. I was presented to him, and made a speech in French on the maintenance of the commercial treaty, which was applauded. Back to London on the 9th.

Reeve had already proposed to Mr. Longman to publish a volume of his articles from the 'Edinburgh Review.' He now wrote to him:—

*C.O., January 11th.*—I find that the French articles I wish to collect and publish amount to *twelve*. I enclose a list of them. They make about 380 pages of the 'Edinburgh Review' form. How much will that make if printed in a smaller form? The title of the volume is an important matter. I have thought of 'Royal and Republican France,' or 'A Cycle of French History;' but I may think of something better. If you will make the arrangements, I shall be able to supply copy very soon. The introduction can be printed afterwards, I suppose?

I conclude you will publish on the half-profit plan, though my past experience of that system does not lead me to regard it as the road to fortune. Of our military volume about 650 copies were sold, and Chesney and I made 2 £. 3\_s\_. 0\_d\_. apiece!

To this Mr. Longman replied:—

*From Mr. T. Longman*

*January 14th.*—I will have the calculation made of the articles you mention. I conclude you would wish to print in the usual demy 8vo. form, like Macaulay's Essays and all the other reprints from the 'E.R.'

The plan of a division of profits has been usual in such republications; and it seems peculiarly adapted to them, as neither the contributor nor the publisher can republish separately without the consent of the other. Whether that plan of publication may be a road to fortune or not depends on the demand for the book. I had once the satisfaction of paying 20,000 £ on one year's account, on that principle, to Lord Macaulay. I certainly had no expectation of a fortune from the republication which produced you 2 £ 3\_s\_. 0\_d\_.; but had I purchased the right of separate publication for 100 £, I hardly think you would have been satisfied that fortune should have so favoured you at my expense. It seems to be the fashion to decry that mode of publication; but there will always be books that can be published on no other terms, unless at the cost and risk of the author.

*From Lord Westbury*

*Hinton St. George, January 12th.*—I am glad to find that you have returned in safety from Paris with your oratorical honours [Footnote: Of the French speech in Paris on the 8th.] rich upon you. I do not think that even Cicero ventured on making an oration in Greek, in Athens; but you have charmed fastidious Paris with your pure accent and your classic French. I was in despair when I found your eloquence imputed to another name; but I heard the error was so generally corrected that you may count on your fame descending unchallenged to posterity.

I should agree with you that Franco was to be despaired of, if France were to be considered as subject to ordinary rules. But she is, and has ever been, so anomalous, that ordinary moral reasoning from history is wholly inapplicable to her. At present, one would think she had reached the lowest depth of moral degradation. She might be usefully touched to the quick, if she could only believe that she is becoming ridiculous in the eyes of Europe.

Not that *we* can expect a much better fate. When the Treaty of Washington was published, I strove to awaken in the minds of several leading men a full sense of its folly, and of the calamitous consequences that would be sure to follow from such an act of foolish, gratuitous submission; but I made no impression; not even as to the absurdity of introducing new and ill-considered rules, and giving them a retrospective operation. I succeeded with no one. I therefore concluded I must be in the wrong. Now,

however, the American indictment bears testimony to the accuracy of my forebodings. I entreated Lord Granville not to permit the arbitration to go on upon such a basis, which it was never intended that the reference should cover or include. It is a fraudulent attempt to extend the reference most unwarrantably; and if the arbitration is permitted to proceed on such a claim, the consequences will be most disastrous. It is a sad spectacle to see a once gallant and high-spirited nation submitting tamely to be thus bullied. If not firmly protested against, and resisted *in limine*, you will have an award which England will repudiate with indignation; and war, the fear of which has made us submit to these indignities, will be sure to follow.

The relative attitudes of England and the United States in 1896 and 1897 have not materially differed from those of 1872. The policy which has been persistently followed by this country has not yet resulted in war, but it seems to many now, as it did to Lord Westbury then, extremely likely to do so. Peace between two such countries can only be assured when it rests on mutual respect and a community of interests. We may persuade ourselves that, in the main, our true interests are identical; but the recent diplomatic correspondence from the States does not tell of much respect.

But as to the point at issue in 1872, Reeve wrote in reply to Lord Westbury, about January 15th:—

I agree very much with what you say of the Treaty of Washington, and have never been able to prevail on myself to say a word in its favour. The result is that the fate and honour of this country are placed in the hands of a Swiss and a Brazilian referee, neither of whom knows a word of the English language! Lord Lyons told me so last week in Paris.

The Journal notes:—

*January 22nd.*—Visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Addington—pleasant; but in going up from Croydon on the 23rd, I was nearly killed by a runaway *hearse*, which struck my cab and knocked it over. I was not hurt, but two accidents in a year made me nervous. [Footnote: See ante, p. 201.]

*From Mr. H. F. Chorley*

18 Eaton Place West, February 8th.

My dear Reeve,—I send you what I have done *in re* Hawthorne. I offer a character rather than a review, proved by extracts; since had I gone on *in extenso* I don't know where I should have stopped. Nothing but my strong wish to get my subject before the public could have made me carry out my article, poor as it is, seeing that I have written it half a leaf at a time, and with a weak, weary hand, the end of which will not impossibly be palsy. But I think as a character, when duly corrected, my work may not come out amiss. Ever yours faithfully, HENRY F. CHORLEY.

*Endorsed*—Chorley's last note. He died about a week afterwards [suddenly on February 16th. The article had apparently not been finished, and was not published].

From the Journal:—

*January 24th.*—Went to see the Sandhursts at Brighton, but gout came on worse, and I was ill for some weeks. I presided at The Club, however, on the 27th, the Thanksgiving Day for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and proposed his health.

*March 14th.*—I published a collection of my articles on French history and affairs under the title of 'Royal and Republican France.'

*From Lord Derby*

*23 St. James's Square, March 15th.*—Many thanks for your book on France. Most of the articles were familiar to me, but all will bear reading again. You here show up the weakness of French public life and the faults of French parties as no one else has done; and I do not recollect to have seen anywhere else pointed out the intimate connexion between the social state of modern France—with every old tradition destroyed, and the continuance of a family, as we understand the word here, rendered impossible—and the political condition, in which every public man is either fighting for his own personal interest and nothing else, or for the triumph of his particular theory of politics, which, if successful, is to be enforced despotically by all the power of a centralised administration. I have never thought so badly of the French future as now—no energy except among the Reds, no power of united action; general apathy even as to the present, and utter indifference to the future.

The Journal continues:—

*March 31st.*—Came down to Bournemouth for the first time with Hopie and the horses.

*April 8th.*—Rode to Hengistbury Head and saw for the first time the Southbourne estate. Dined with Lord Cairns. Back to town on the 9th.

*17th.*—Dined at Lord Derby's. Sat next Lady Clanricarde, who, *à propos* of Sir H. Holland's 'Past Life,' talked about her father [Footnote: George Canning, *d.* 1827.] and his last illness. She said that in truth Holland saw Canning very little at Chiswick, and that it was Sir Matthew Tierney who really attended him; and then she told me the following story of Tierney:—News came from Clumber that the Duke of Newcastle was dangerously ill with typhus fever. Tierney was sent down as fast as post-horses could carry him. It was about 1823, in the pre-railway days; and when he arrived he was informed that the Duke had been dead about two hours. Shocked at this intelligence, he desired to see the corpse, which was already laid out. At his first glance he thought he was dead. At the second he doubted it. At the third he cried out, 'Bring me up a bucket of brandy!' They tore the clothes off the body and swathed it in a sheet imbibed with brandy, and then resorted to friction with brandy. In rather more than an hour symptoms of life began to manifest themselves, and in two hours the Duke was able to swallow. He recovered, and lived twenty-five years afterwards. Certainly this triumph over death beats even Dr. Gull's nursing of the Prince of Wales. It is the myth of Hercules and Alcestis.

*May 4th.*—Visit to Drummond Wolff at Boscombe. A further look at Southbourne. I chose the site I afterwards purchased.

*8th.*—The King of the Belgians presided at the Literary Fund dinner. Disraeli made a capital speech.

*18th.*—Visit to Mrs. Grote at Sheire. Called at Albury. Many London dinners.

The Bennett case was heard at this time by the Judicial Committee. Long deliberation on the judgement at the Chancellor's on June 1st. It was delivered on June 8th. [Footnote: See 'The Bennett Judgement' in *Edinburgh Review*, October 1872.]

*From Lord Westbury*

*June 1st.*—I am going to Oxford, and fear I may be late at the committee. There are very important subjects in which we wish to examine you; especially the danger, if not the illegality, of attempting by new legislation to create a new Appellate Jurisdiction for the Colonies.

*From Mr. E. Twisleton*

3 Rutland Gate, June 6th

Dear Reeve,—I send you herewith Francis's translation of Pinto on Credit, together with the original French work of Pinto. The attack on Pombal is in Francis's concluding observations. Some of the notes are very interesting, as illustrating the feeling of national superiority among the English, and of national depression among the French, between 1763 and the American War of Independence—see pp. 52, 66, 166. My impression is that the French felt more humiliated during that period than during an equal number of years after 1814. The loss of Canada and their expulsion from America wounded their national feelings of pride *then* nearly as much as the loss of Alsace and part of Lorraine wounds those feelings now. A hundred years ago there were very exaggerated ideas, both in England and in France, as to the strength which a nation derived from colonies.

Yours very truly,

**EDWARD TWISLETON.**

P.S.—In Francis's Fragment of Autobiography he speaks of this translation as his own; and says that upon accepting his appointment to India he surrendered all his papers to Stephen Baggs, 'in whose name the translation had been published.' See 'Memoir of Sir P.F.' vol. i. p. 366.

The Journal notes:—

*June 28th.*—Assembly at Grosvenor House. July 2nd, assembly at Lansdowne House. July 3rd, Queen's ball—a very brilliant season.

*From Lady Smith*

Lowestoft, July 9th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—In one of your friendly letters to me, after the decease of our valued friend Emily Taylor, you kindly hinted that you would occasionally favour me with a note; but, knowing the demands upon your pen, I should not have reminded you of this kindness but for an incident which occurred last evening when my niece, Ina Reeve, came in to me, saying she had read such a severe and bitter review

of your late publication as quite surprised her. As she brought the 'Saturday Review' with her, she read it to me, and perhaps, dear friend, you may have read it, and perhaps guess its author. To me it seems he is not so angry with your books as with yourself. Mr. Reeve floats uppermost in almost every line, and 'tis you he hates. I perceive he cannot endure you, and makes use of your books only to insult you. I hope you will take care how you come in his way, for I am sure he will do you a mischief. Beware of the evil eye! He talks of your ignorance of the New Testament. I could not help thinking how little he is acquainted with its spirit.

I also read with much concern of the treatment by Mr. Ayrton of that admirable Curator at the Kew Gardens—Dr. Hooker. Cruel it will be to science and the public if he is driven from the position he is so competent to fill with good results.

I have read at present only a part of your first volume, which I much enjoyed. Sir James was in Paris about two or three years before the Great Revolution began, but the fermentation was beginning. 'Tis time to relieve you from my imperfect writing, for my sight is not very perfect, and by candlelight I can neither see to read or write. About two months ago I completed my ninety-ninth year; but I have health and a new source of happiness in my nephew James and his dear daughter, who are come to reside at Lowestoft. *She* is a daily friend to me, a second self; as our taste in literature, in poetry, and in morals agree. Only think, the Dean of Norwich sent me his defence of St. Athanasius' Creed!

I am your dear friend,

**P. SMITH.**

The next entry in the Journal introduces us to the place—a site on the Southbourne estate already spoken of—where, two years afterwards, Reeve built the house in which so much of the last twenty years of his life was passed. It will be seen that for some time he hesitated between this and the neighbourhood of Ascot where, in the autumn, he inherited a small property.

*July 13th.*—To Christchurch, with Parker and Cockerell, [Footnote: Frederick Pepys Cockerell, one of a family of distinguished architects, and himself of a high reputation. He died at the age of 45, in 1878.] about the house at Foxholes.

*17th.*—Dined at Duke of Argyll's. *20th*, three days at Strawberry Hill. *27th*, party at Aldermaston: Otway, Layards, H. Bruce.

Having taken Loch Gair House for the season, went there by Greenock on August 2nd. I paid about twelve guineas a week. [Loch Gair—wrote Mrs. Reeve—is a tiny, land-locked bay on the west shore of Loch Fyne. Park-like grounds, with a pretty burn rushing down, skirt this loch. There is a small kitchen garden, and a dairy of six cows. The best fishing is in Loch Clasken, about a mile and a half west. There is a boat on the loch. The house is a square structure, three stories high, and with underground larders, dairy, &c. and attics for servants, so that there is ample accommodation. I think Henry will enjoy the serene beauty of the place, the balmy air and fragrant odours, and idleness, delicious because earned by hard work.]

The Penders being at Minard, we had the benefit of their society and his yacht. Roland Richardson, Frank Hawkins, Mr. Dempster, the Worsleys, Edmund Wallace, Fairfax Taylor, Sir A. Grant, the Colebrookes, came to stay with us; and Colvile. The Derbys and Sir W. Thomson, [Footnote: Now Lord Kelvin.] Rawlinson, Massey, C. Villiers and the Lowes, staying at Minard.

[Of this time Mrs. Reeve wrote:—The sun is again ruling the day and the moon the night, to the very great glory of Loch Gair. On Sunday (August 18th) the whole Minard party, seventeen in number, came over to tea, much to the amusement of Mr. Dempster, to whom we talked of seclusion, and who did not expect a cabinet minister, a very 'swell' admiral, and sundry fine ladies. Mr. Dempster's was but a short visit, to our regret; and on Monday I took him in the dog-cart to meet the 'Iona' at Ardrishaig.]

*October 2nd.*—Left Loch Gair. Visit to Orde's at Kilmory; then to Invergarry (E. Ellice's) by the Caledonian Canal. Deer shooting. *11th*, to Keir; *16th*, to Ormiston; then to Abington—shooting there. To town on October 26th.

Miss Handley died in October. She left me the Winkfield portion of the Bracknell estate, which was afterwards confirmed by a decree of the Master of the Rolls.

*November 13th.*—Dined at Sandbach's with the Queen of Holland, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lady Eastlake, and Bishop Wilberforce. A few other dinners.

*Monday, 25th.*—I have been down to the Van de Weyers at New Lodge, Windsor Forest, from Saturday till Monday, a thing I have frequently done of late. Van de Weyer is almost the last survivor of

the brilliant London society of thirty or forty years ago, and to his great literary and social experience he unites an unequalled knowledge of the politics of Europe. During the whole of his reign King Leopold was his own foreign minister; and he succeeded, by his connexion with the Queen of England, and with Louis-Philippe, and with Germany, in creating a most influential position in the world, which he did not impart to his Belgian ministers. But Van de Weyer was the exception. He was the constant channel of communication with the Court of England. The King wrote to him two or three times a week, and he to the King. Their correspondence must be a complete history of the times. Baron Stockmar was to an equal degree in his King's confidence; but Stockmar never had the political position of Van de Weyer, nor do I think he was so able a man. I had hinted, in my review of Stockmar's Life, [Footnote: *Edinburgh Review*, October 1872.] that his oracular powers had been somewhat exaggerated, and that he was rather more attached to the interests of the House of Coburg than to those of England; for which I do not blame him. However, Van de Weyer and some others of Stockmar's friends (including the Queen) dispute this, and probably think I have not done him justice.

For instance, Van de Weyer asserts that when the marriage of the Queen of Spain was on the *tapis*, Leopold and Queen Victoria had it in their power to bring about the Coburg marriage, but that they deliberately refused to do so from respect to their engagements with France. And they acted in this with the full concurrence of Stockmar. The Queen of Spain had established, by private means, a correspondence with Queen Victoria. The letters passed through the hands of Mr. Huth, the merchant, and from him to Van de Weyer, who delivered them. Isabella complained in these letters of her desperate and forlorn condition; said she was bullied and threatened by the French, and expressed her abhorrence of the marriage Bresson was urging upon her. She declared that if Leopold and Queen Victoria would sanction the Coburg marriage, she would throw the French over, and marry Prince Leopold the next day.

The King and our Queen held a solemn conference and deliberation on the subject. Palmerston was informed of the transaction; but the ministers seem to have had no great voice in the matter, for the Queen considered the engagement she had entered into at Eu as a personal promise, and England had consistently declared that 'she had no candidate.' To put forward Leopold at the last hour would have been to forfeit this pledge, which, on the contrary, was most strictly and honourably maintained.

It was the knowledge of this, and the consciousness that a less conscientious policy might have rescued the Queen of Spain from a dreadful fate, that rendered the Queen of England and Stockmar so indignant when it turned out that the French Government had been far less scrupulous, and had not only forced on the marriage of the Queen to a man she detested, but had also married the other Infanta to Montpensier.

This communication of Queen Isabella to Queen Victoria is to this day wholly unrevealed.

With regard to Leopold's annuity (which I explained in the 'Edinburgh Review'), it was not only secured by act of Parliament, but by treaty; for there was a regular treaty of marriage concluded between Prince Leopold and the Crown of England on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte.

The intrigues going on with reference to Belgium, both in France and in Holland, during the Polignac Ministry have been alluded to in a former page. [Footnote: *Ante*, pp. 111-12.] But it is less generally known that at this same time, the Prince of Orange, afterwards William II., was intriguing to form a party to place him on the throne of France in the event of the overthrow of the Bourbons.

He spent thirty or forty millions of francs in bribing officers of the army and others, which was the cause of his subsequent embarrassment and debts. The French found the plot out, and demanded of the King of Holland that the Prince should be signally punished. He was accordingly deprived of his command and of his rank in the army, and even for a time arrested and put in confinement. He then found out that his French adherents had only been deluding him to get his money.

*December 4th.*—To Teddesley. Shooting there. Thence to Crewe, to meet Lady Egerton of Tatton.

*12th.*—Henry Greville died. To Farnborough. I determined to publish the Greville Journals.

To Bracknell to see the Winkfield land; and to Timsbury for Christmas.

1873.—At Bournemouth early in January, about the house. To London on January 11th.

*January 25th.*—Lord Lytton's funeral in Westminster Abbey.

*February 14th.*—Dined at Harvie Farquhar's. He was one of C. Greville's executors, and was curious about the Journals.

*To Mr. W. Longman*

*C.O., March 4th.*—Mr. Morris [Footnote: Edward E. Morris, editor of *Epochs of Modern History*.] writes under a complete delusion. I could not possibly write anything for him in less than two years; and I had rather not enter into any agreement. On reflection, I am satisfied that it would not answer my purpose to write a popular 'History of the French Revolution' for 100 £, and to surrender the copyright. An author never ought to surrender a copyright unless he is compelled to do so. If I wrote a History of the French Revolution which became a school book or an educational book, it might become a property of some little value.

But the truth is that the 'Review' suffers when I am too busy to write in it; and I have in my hands and before me literary work and materials of a far more remunerative character, which will suffice to fill the remainder of my life. It would be unwise in me to undertake a fresh task, which could not possibly pay me. Therefore, upon the whole, I think you had better put it in other hands. [Footnote: Eventually the work was written by Mrs. S. R. Gardiner, though from a point of view very different, we may believe, from that which Reeve would have taken.] O'Connor Morris would do it very well.

I am sorry to alter my mind. My first impulse was to accept from a wish to oblige you, and from interest in the subject; but further consideration says 'NO!'

The Journal notes:—

*March 19th.*—Dined at Goschen's at the Admiralty. Mme. Novikoff there, an active Russian agent.

Mr. Gladstone's Government was beaten by a majority of three. Most of the casual elections this year went against the Government. Gladstone resigned on this occasion, but came in again, which he had better not have done.

*March 31st.*—Dined with Charles Austin—very old and infirm; his last effort. Lord Belper was there.

To Bracknell at Easter, in Miss Handley's house. Took the horses; went to meet of Queen's Hounds; stayed there till April 19th.

*To Mr. W. Longman*

Old Bracknell House, April 13th.

My dear William,—I am glad you have been to see my scrap of land. I have taken a great fancy to the spot, and should be very well contented to end my days there, gazing on that magnificent view of the coast and the sea. At present I am spending this vacation in Berkshire, and only suffering from the excessive cold.

I am reading with the greatest interest Baron Hübner's 'Promenade autour du Monde,' which was reviewed in the 'Times' two or three days ago. It is a work of extraordinary merit and importance. I shall review it in the next 'Edinburgh,' and I strongly recommend you to publish a translation of it, if you can. I have seldom read so wonderful a book.

Ever yours faithfully,

**HENRY REEVE.**

The Journal goes on to speak of perhaps the most remarkable 'centenarian' of the nineteenth century:

—

*May 23rd.*—Dined at Lord Stanhope's with the Antiquaries. Dean Stanley proposed Lady Smith's health. She was just 100.

Pleasance Reeve, Lady Smith, widow of Sir James Smith, the botanist and founder of the Linnaean Society, was born on May 11, 1773, and christened on the following day at Lowestoft, where her baptismal register still exists. On May 13, 1873, having just completed her hundredth year, she caused a dinner to be given to the hundred oldest persons in Lowestoft, whose joint ages averaged seventy-seven years, and public rejoicings were held in the town. On May 24th I went down with my daughter to see her, and spent the best part of three days with her. Married in 1795 to Dr. Smith, afterwards Sir James, she had been the intimate friend, in Norwich, of my grandfather and grandmother. On my father's marriage in 1807, he took a house in Surrey Street, next door to the Smiths, and their intercourse was perpetual. I have myself no earlier recollection than that of her kindness to me and attachment to my mother. We used to sit in their pew at the Octagon Chapel, Norwich; and the first evening party I can remember was at her house, when Mrs. Opie and William Taylor were present—the latter I think rather drunk!

We found Lady Smith at Lowestoft on this 24th of May, sitting in her chair, looking extremely well,

though shrunk; her voice was firm and unchanged; no deafness; no dulness of sight; and when they served a little collation she had ordered for us, she got up, moved to the table, and did the honours.

She complained, however, that the excitement of the last two or three weeks had impaired her strength and taken away her appetite, I told her that the evening before, when I was dining at Lord Stanhope's with the Antiquaries, her health had been proposed in a graceful speech by the Dean of Westminster. The venerable Society drank the most venerable lady. This affected her, and she exclaimed, 'You must not tell me such things as these. They drive me mad. I find it harder to support the many marks of kindness and distinction I have received than to bear the burden of a hundred years.'

I asked her what was the first thing she remembered. She said she was confident she remembered being taken to her aunt's at Saxmundham as an infant of nine months old, and still saw her eyes, the crocuses in the border, and the flutter of the fringe on her own robe. Of political events she thought the first in her memory was the taking of the Bastille, and she enlarged on the extraordinary enthusiasm excited by the French Revolution. I said the American war came before the Revolution of 1789; and she replied 'Yes, no doubt I remember hearing the American war talked about;' and then quoted the lines (Dr. Aikins' she said):—

See the justice of Heaven! America cries;  
George loses his senses, North loses his eyes.  
When first they provoked me, all Europe could find  
That the Monarch was mad and the Minister blind.

But the date of this epigram must be somewhat later. Lord North became blind in 1787 [and the King's insanity was not publicly known till November 1788].

She remembered Mr. Windham as one of the most graceful and fascinating of men. Lady Morley [Footnote: Frances, daughter of Thomas Talbot, of Wymondham, Norfolk, married Lord Boringdon, afterwards Earl of Morley, in 1809.] (the present Earl's grandmother) was staying with the Smiths when she came out, and was equally remarkable for her wit, her beauty, and her fine hair. Her mother, Mrs. Talbot, was very ugly. We then talked over all the old Norwich families, Gower, Taylors, Aldersons, Bathurst, &c. She said she thought my mother a much finer character than Mrs. Austin, and, she added, a fine understanding too.

Her interest in all the events of the day—the last spider discovered by Dr. Carpenter at the bottom of the ocean and the last improvement at Burlington House—is as keen as the recollection of the past. 'Punch' and the 'Illustrated News' and the other newspapers bring it all before her.

*May 28th.*—Gladstone presided at the Literary Fund dinner. I took Meadows Taylor, who was staying with us.

*From Lady Smith*

*Lowestoft, May 31st.*—Many thanks, dear Mr. Reeve, for sending me the handsome present of turtle soup, which came on Thursday evening and made the best part of my dinner on Friday. My intellectual treat has been the speeches by the Premier and others at the Literary Fund dinner, and I much admire the eloquence of the several talented gentlemen. I write so badly I will spare you, and only send my affectionate regards to Mrs. Reeve and dear Hopie, and to yourself. I am very sincerely yours,

**P. SMITH.**

Continuing the Journal:—

To Bracknell again on June 1st. Attended Ascot for the last time. The Shah of Persia was in London this year, and was received in state. The Queen lent him Buckingham Palace.

*June 25th.*—Goschen's fête to the Shah of Persia at Greenwich Hospital. Fine sight. We steamed through the docks after the Shah.

*29th.*—Met M. de Laveleye at Van de Weyer's.

*July 14th.*—Dined at Merchant Taylors' Hall; made a speech.

*17th.*—Dined at Lambeth, to talk over the Judicature Bill with the Archbishop. Met Bishop Wilberforce as I was driving down Constitution Hill. He was killed two days afterwards (on the 19th) by a fall from his horse, riding with Lord Granville.

Count Münster came as German ambassador. I dined with him at Beust's and at

Houghton's.

Lord Westbury died in London on July 20th, 1873; a man whose bitter tongue made him many enemies, and procured for him a reputation as of one without respect or regard for aught human or divine. Those who knew him well told a different tale. He has been described by them as having a most kind and feeling nature. 'He did not make many professions, but had the good of his fellow-creatures at heart. He always found time to give advice and help.' Reeve, who had been thrown into frequent and familiar intercourse with him, was in the habit of speaking of him as one whose real character was very different indeed from that assigned him by popular repute; and the letter of sympathy which he wrote to Lord Westbury's daughter, the Hon. Augusta Bethell, [Footnote: Afterwards Mrs. Parker, and, by a second marriage, Mrs. Nash.] merely expressed his honest opinion.

Rutland Gate, July 23rd.

Dear Miss Bethell,—I should have written sooner if I had had the use of my hand, to express to you my profound sorrow and sympathy in the loss you have sustained.

I look back with unmixed satisfaction on the relations I maintained for so many years with your father. He honoured me with his confidence and friendship. I have the profoundest admiration, not only for his qualities as a lawyer, but for his just and enlarged mind, his vast reading, his memory, and the inexhaustible kindness of his heart. He was one of the greatest men I have known, and one of those whose loss to us all is most irreparable. How much more so to you!

Mrs. Reeve begs to unite her condolences to mine; and we remain always

Your much attached friends,

**HENRY REEVE.**

The Journal notes a six weeks' tour with Mrs. Reeve in Switzerland and Germany:—

*August 1st.*—To Paris and Geneva, *viâ* Dieppe. Saw Thiers in Paris. He had been turned out of office on May 4th. On August 4th reached Binet's *campagne*. Family dinners, &c., at Geneva. 12th, called at Blumenthal's *chalet*, near Vevey. 14th, to Berne, Grindelwald, and Ragaz, by Zurich. Took baths at Ragaz. Longmans came there on the 22nd. Pleasant excursion to Glarus. 26th, to Syrgenstein [near the Lake of Constance—wrote Mrs. Reeve—where some cousins of ours, the Whittles, bought an old schloss with some 300 acres, and settled about fifteen years ago]. 31st, by Ulm to Baden-Baden, Bonn, Aix, Antwerp; home on September 8th.

*September 10th.*—Sir Henry Holland dined with us. He had just been to Nijni Novgorod, and was starting for Naples. He died as soon as he got back, on October 27th. This was the last time I saw him. He was then eighty-five. To Bracknell in September.

*September 27th.*—To Christchurch. Ordered fences for Foxholes.

*October 3rd.*—To Cultoquhey (Lord Moncreiff's). 6th, fishing at Battleby (Maxtone Graham's), in the Tay. We killed seven fish; I, one of 19 lbs.; Hopie, two, one of 25 lbs. Thence to the Colviles', at Craigflower, and on the 11th to Minto. 14th, drove to Ancrum and Kirklands. Beautiful day.

We went from Minto to Dartrey, co. Monaghan, by Carlisle and Stranraer; crossed to Larne, but had to sleep at Dundalk, on the 17th. At Dartrey found the Ilchesters, Mr. Herbert, and others. Lady Craven and the Headforts came later. Returned to England on the 27th by Greenore and Holyhead.

For the October number of the 'Review,' Reeve had written an article on the Ashantee War, in which he would seem to have been assisted by Lord Kimberley, then Colonial Secretary. On its appearance, Mr. Pope Hennessy, at this time Governor of the Bahamas, but who, in the preceding year, had been Governor of the Gold Coast, wrote to 'The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review,"' objecting to some of the statements regarding his own conduct, which, he declared, were inaccurate. And, having given utterance to his objections, he continued:—

*November 28th.*—As I have ventured on fault-finding about one article, I must not deprive myself of the pleasure of congratulating you heartily on another. Since October 1802 no article on foreign affairs has been so apropos as your Cuban one of last October. Here it has been read with avidity and universal satisfaction, and I believe it will do much to guide influential opinion in England at this crisis. I hope to see you return to the subject in January. Remember that your January number, as far as the instruction of M.P.s is concerned, is always an important political one. In view of your dealing with the subject again, I give you a few facts that may perhaps add special interest once more to the

'Edinburgh's' mode of dealing with it.

England is directly concerned in Cuba by its close proximity to the Bahamas. Cay Lobos (British territory) is but fourteen miles from Cay Confites (Cuban territory). That leaves but eight miles of high seas in width. The people of the Bahamas have made frequent complaint to the governor about the conduct of the Spanish authorities in Cuba. In August this year the Governor of the Bahamas sent a memorial to the Captain-General of Cuba about the impediments to the Bahama sponging trade caused by the arbitrary acts of the Spaniards. No notice has been taken of this. It has not even been acknowledged. In 1870 complaints were made to Sir James Walker (my predecessor) that James Fraser and three other British subjects were captured in a Bahama schooner, taken ashore to Cuba, and there shot. The Spaniards justified this by saying that the ship was conveying supplies to the insurgents, and they (the Spaniards) executed Fraser and the others as pirates. In the same year a man named Williams complained that sixty or seventy Spanish soldiers landed at Berry Island (a part of the Bahama colony), chasing Cuban refugees, firing off their guns, and threatening to hang Williams if he did not aid them in their search. Subsequently the Spanish admiral, Melcampo, made a sort of apology for this; but the Captain-General of Cuba, on the other hand, wrote to Sir James Walker, complaining that the British lighthouse-keepers on Berry Island had refused to aid the Spaniards in pursuit of 'pirates' on British soil. Lord Granville took up the matter in a proper spirit. He sent energetic remonstrances to Madrid. He got the Admiralty to telegraph to Sir Rodney Mundy, at Halifax, to despatch ships of war to aid the Governor of the Bahamas in protecting the colony from the raids of the Spaniards. As to the seizing of ships on the high seas under neutral flags, he telegraphed to Sir John Crampton, at Madrid, to say that it would be 'a glaring violation of the law of nations.' The Madrid Government promised to get the Captain-General's proclamation revoked; but my predecessor reported that General Dulce had not revoked it, and he returned to Spain without doing so. The half-and-half revocation that took place left 'exceptional cases' at the discretion of the Spanish cruisers. Hence the case of the 'Virginus.'

The excitement here about the recent executions is intense. Twenty-nine of those shot resided at Nassau. The public feeling is now so strong that it deprives me of power (especially as all British troops are withdrawn) to stop expeditions against the Spaniard, though I am doing my best to allay it and to be strictly neutral. Indeed, in the interest of the peace and well-being of the Bahamas, I have had to write to Lord Kimberley, asking him to use his influence in getting some law-abiding government substituted in Cuba for the present lawless rule of the volunteers. Your article will do much to support H.M. Government in a decided course now.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

**J. POPE HENNESSY.**

The Journal records here:—

*December 8th.*—We went to Knowsley, with Lord Cairns. There were there Lord C. Hamilton, Henry Cowper, &c. Lord Sefton shot with us. We killed 827 head on the 9th, 784 head on the 10th, 366 head on the 11th. Went to Liverpool with Lord Cairns on the 12th, and home next day.

*To Lord Derby*

*C. O., December 15th.*—The last edition of my translation of Tocqueville's book on France has probably not yet found its way to Knowsley's library, and I shall be much gratified if you will allow me to place a copy there. This edition has the advantage of containing fourteen posthumous chapters not to be found in any other, and these certainly are not the least remarkable part of the work. I was moved to translate them partly by your saying to me one day, 'Can't you give us any more of Tocqueville?'

The Journal goes on:—

To Paris for Christmas. Saw M. Guizot; dined at the Embassy. Dined with Mme. Faucher on Christmas Day; with M. Guizot on the 27th; Camille Rousset and Taine there. On the 28th dined at the Duc de Broglie's, then home minister; Apponys, Prince Orloff, Lord Lyons, Lambert de Sainte-Croix there. Dined on the 29th with the Lyttons at Mme. Gavard's; and on the 30th with the Comte de Paris at De Mussy's.

1874.—The year opened at Paris. Called on M. Guizot and dined with the Raymonds on New Year's Day. Breakfasted with the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly on the 2nd; first time I had seen him there. Dined at Mohl's with Haussenville, the Lyttons, and Tourguéneff.

Renewed my acquaintance with Drouyn de Lhuys, who related to me the affairs of 1866. Very curious. Dined at the Political Economy Club on the 5th; and at Lytton's on the 6th. Back to London on the 7th.

*January 24th.*—To Aldermaston, with Lord Aberdare, the Samuel Bakers, Herbert Spencer, Franks and others. Pleasant and interesting; but I had the gout and was laid up for a month. This was the day Gladstone published his fatal address to the electors at Greenwich. Parliament was dissolved on the 26th. We all told Lord Aberdare that the party would be smashed, and so it was. Disraeli's Government came in on February 21st.

*21st.*—The Master of the Rolls gave judgement in the Handley suit, which gave me the Winkfield property.

The case was shortly described by Mrs. Reeve:—

'There were two wills, one of Edwin Handley, the other that of his two surviving sisters. His will was good as to devise of money, bad as to land; therefore the land passed to the sisters, and their bequests of land come into effect. The property in Winkfield which comes to Henry is a little more than 30 acres. Of course the agricultural value is not very great; but we hope, as building and accommodation land, to make a good thing of it.'

It appears, indeed, that the advisability of settling on it themselves was considered; but there was no house on the property; so that as in either case a house had to be built, the Christchurch site was preferred. In June Reeve sold this Winkfield property for nearly 6,000 £., which—he added to a note of the sale—'enabled me to build Foxholes.'

The following is endorsed:—'M. Guizot on the death of [his daughter] Pauline. The last letter he wrote me with his own hand.'

*8 mars.*—Je vous remercie de votre sympathie, my dear Sir. J'y comptais. Vous êtes un des anciens témoins de ma vie et de mon bonheur. Il a été grand; mais le bonheur se paye. Je me sou mets douloureusement mais sans murmure. La vie est ainsi faite. C'est pour mon gendre Cornélis de Witt que je ressens une pitié profonde. Il a joui pendant vingt-cinq ans de ce que j'ai moi-même appelé le bonheur parfait, l'amour dans le mariage. Il reste seul avec ses sept enfants. Ils viendront tous vivre avec moi, sous les yeux de ma fille Henriette, [Footnote: Mme. Guizot de Witt.] une vraie mère. Revenez nous voir.

Je n'ai pas le coeur à vous parler d'autre chose. Je n'ai pas encore reçu 'l'Edinburgh Review' des mois d'octobre et janvier dernier. Je les fais demander. Je vis aussi en Angleterre. C'est beaucoup d'avoir deux vies et presque deux patries. Mr. Burton a-t-il publié l'article qu'il projetait sur mon Histoire de France? Je vous envoie quelques pages que je viens d'écrire sur mon excellent ami, M. Vitet. [Footnote: Louis Vitet, 'de l'Académie française,' d. June 1873. This is presumably the 'notice' prefixed to Vitet's *Etudes philosophiques et littéraires* (8vo. 1875).] Encore un profond regret.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Tenez-moi un peu au courant de ce qui se passe chez vous et de ce que vous en pensez. Nous végétons ici dans les ténèbres, en attendant un mieux qui viendra, je ne sais quand ni comment. Mais je persiste à y croire. Tout à vous, GUIZOT.

The Journal here has:—

*March 10th.*—The Duc d'Aumale dined at The Club dinner.

*18th.*—Met Disraeli at Lady Derby's first party. A day or two before this, at Windsor, Lord Granville was chaffing Lady John Manners and said—referring to the Prime Minister's birth—'You must acknowledge that your chief's nose is very queer.' 'At all events,' was Lady John's ready rejoinder, 'it is not out of joint.'

*28th.*—Took the Duc de Rochefoucault (the French Ambassador) to the boat race at Mortlake.

*April 2nd.*—To Christchurch. On the 4th, in torrents of rain, we fixed, with Cockerell, the exact site of Foxholes House.

*May 8th.*—Ball to the Prince of Wales at the French Embassy. Duchess of Edinburgh there.

Lord Hertford, the Tory Lord Chamberlain, omitted me from the Court ball this year, for the first time since 1847. This was before the publication of the 'Greville Memoirs,' and not on account of it.

To Aix in the end of May. Longman was with me. Home on June 4th.

*From M. Guizot*

Val Richer, ce 22 juillet.

My Dear Sir,—Je répons à votre aimable lettre du 14 juillet, et je commence par supprimer mon

écriture. J'en avais autrefois un qu'on trouvait très jolie, mais, depuis quelques mois, ma main est devenue si tremblante que j'ai renoncé à écrire moi-même. Je ne veux cependant pas tarder davantage à vous dire avec quel plaisir j'ai lu l'article de Mr. Burton sur mon Histoire de France que je viens de trouver dans le numéro 285 de 'l'Edinburgh Review.' C'est excellent; il est impossible de serrer de plus près les diverses parties de mon ouvrage en les analysant d'une manière plus claire et plus frappante. Les liens de l'histoire de France avec l'État, la Couronne, l'Église et les moeurs publiques y sont résumés dans toute leur vérité. Je ne pourrais dans ce moment-ci, avec ma main tremblante, en remercier moi-même Mr. Burton comme je le voudrais faire. Je me promets d'y revenir plus tard. En attendant, je vous prie de le remercier pour moi, en lui disant tout ce que je pense de son parfait résumé. Vous me pardonneriez d'être si bref; je suis encore assez souffrant et fatigué. Je reprends pourtant dans ce moment même la publication périodique des livraisons de mon histoire; elles seront envoyées chaque semaine à Mr. Burton comme à vous, et je serai bienheureux si vous me dites qu'elles vous intéressent autant que les précédents volumes. Pardon, my dear Sir, de ne pas vous en dire davantage. Je suis au Val Richer jusqu'à la fin de l'année. Ecrivez-moi quelquefois, je vous prie, et croyez-moi affectueusement tout à vous,

#### **GUIZOT.**

P.S.—C'est ma fille Henriette qui me sert de secrétaire pour ma correspondance comme pour mon histoire. Je n'en retrouverais nulle part un pareil.

This letter, written by Mme. Guizot de Witt, was the last Reeve received from his old friend, who died at Val Richer on September 12th, in his 87th year. A month later he received the following:—

*From Mme. Guizot de Witt*

Val Richer, ce 20 octobre.

Mon cher Monsieur,—Je savais bien ce que vous senteriez pour nous et aussi pour vous-même. Mon père avait pour vous beaucoup d'amitié. En rangeant ses papiers, au milieu de toutes vos lettres, je trouve une foule de minutes de ses réponses; quelques-unes sont bien belles. Je ne vous parle pas du vide affreux de ma vie et de mon âme. Je sais que Dieu me donnera la force de le supporter en travaillant encore pour ceux qui m'ont quittée. Et le jour du revoir viendra. Mon père est parti tout entier, lui-même jusqu'au bout, dans la possession de son esprit et de son âme, plein de confiance en Dieu, nous recommandant de servir le pays qu'il avait suprêmement aimé et dont les malheurs ont d'abord ébranlé sa santé. Ma Pauline aussi ne s'était jamais relevée de la guerre. Us sont ensemble et en paix. Adieu, mon cher Monsieur. Vous viendrez certainement à Paris cet hiver, et nous vous verrons. Je compte aller dans six semaines retrouver tout mon monde qui y est déjà. Remerciez pour moi Mrs. Reeve et Hope, et croyez à tous mes meilleurs sentiments.

#### **GUIZOT DE WITT.**

*Journal*

*July.*—The building Foxholes was now going on. To Scotland, July 31st, having again taken Loch Gair. Also hired a 16-ton yacht—the 'Foam.' Got there on August 1st. John Binet came to Loch Gair, straight from Geneva.

Mrs. Reeve wrote of him:—'It is his first visit to North Britain, and his enthusiasm—at 62—is quite delightful to witness. He travelled here from Paris without stopping, and though a good deal tired and half-starved, was ready for a walk that afternoon and for climbing hills the next morning.'

I was engaged all the autumn at Loch Gair in revising the press of 'The Greville Memoirs' and in preparing a new edition of the 'Democracy in America.'

We left Loch Gair on October 8th: and after visits to Abington, Ormiston and Minto, returned to London on the 26th.

The publication of the first part of 'The Greville Memoirs' took place on October 17th. It excited far greater interest than I had expected, and the first edition sold very rapidly. Five editions were published in less than six months; the two first of 2,500 each, and the three last of 1,000; so that about 8,000 copies were sold.

The Press, in the main, was highly favourable. On the 28th the Queen—though I believe she had not yet read the book, but only newspaper extracts—sent me a message by Helps to express her disapproval of it, on these grounds 1. It was disparaging to her family. 2. It tended to weaken the

monarchy. 3. It proceeded from official persons. I begged Helps to reply, with my humble duty, that the book showed that, if the monarchy had really been endangered, it was by the depravity of George IV. and the absurdities of William IV.; but that under Her Majesty's reign it had become stronger than ever.

It may, however, be believed that the Queen, who was, not unnaturally, much offended, never quite forgave the publication; and it is at least probable that the annoyance she had felt was the principal reason for Reeve's never receiving the K.G.B., to which his long service at the Council Office would seem to have, in a measure, entitled him.

I saw the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg the same day, October 28th, but I don't think the Cambridges were very angry. The old Duchess was having the book read to her, and frequently added amusing recollections to it.

This publication was one of the most important incidents in Reeve's literary life; one which was warmly discussed at the time and has been much commented on since. It is probably as the editor of this remarkable book that Reeve will be best known to future generations, and it is therefore well to relate the story in a clear and detailed manner. From the first, Reeve was fully alive to the responsibility he was undertaking; and the following memorandum was apparently drawn up at the time of Greville's death.

*Memorandum on 'The Greville Memoirs,' and on the death of Charles Greville, 1865*

On January 7th, 1865, I received from Mr. Greville, I being at Torry Hill, a note requesting me to call on him for a matter, as he expressed it, not very important, but partly of a personal and partly of a literary character. I answered directly that being out of town I could not call immediately, but would not fail to do so as soon as I returned to London.

I returned to London on the afternoon of Monday, the 9th, and called in Bruton Street about 11 A.M. on Tuesday the 10th. I thought Mr. Greville looked thin, but not ill, and he was free from gout. He said, however, that he was seriously unwell in other ways. The truth was (although he did not then tell me so) that he had an effusion of water on the heart. I know not how long it had been coming on; but in the preceding week he had been staying at the Grenfells' at Taplow, where Lady Colville had the scarlatina. From Taplow he proceeded to Savernake; but Lady Ailesbury had so violent a fear of the infection that she sent a servant to stop Greville's fly on the way from the station to the house, on the ground that she could not receive him. He was therefore compelled to go to sleep at the inn at Marlborough, where, besides being excessively annoyed, he caught a bad cold. The next day he returned to Taplow, saying to Grenfell, 'I come back here because no one will receive me!' and he soon afterwards came back to Bruton Street. This was the history of the malady of which he died; but whether it was brought on by the cold he caught, or by any other cause, I do not know.

When I saw him on the 10th he was in no pain, and apparently not seriously ill. He began by talking about Privy Council affairs; he then gave me an account of the Windham papers, which Mrs. Henry Baring is preparing for publication; but I saw that these were not the subjects on which he wished to see me, and there was evidently a nervousness in his manner as he approached it. At last, sitting down in his easy-chair, he said—'And now I want to speak to you about my own affairs. Reeve, I am getting devilish old, and I think in all probability I have not long to live. I have therefore been considering what I ought to do with the journals I have kept on all important occasions for so many years of my life. They amount, I think, to ninety volumes [Footnote: These are now in the British Museum.], and extend over nearly fifty years. I left off writing them two years ago, finding that since I withdrew from the office I knew less of the course of events. Let us look at them.' He then opened the lower part of a bookcase in which I saw these volumes in a row. He then added, 'Now, will you take charge of them? I have been thinking a great deal of what I can do with them. They contain a good deal of curious matter, as you know, which may be of interest hereafter. I can do nothing better than leave them in your hands. You will be the judge whether any part of them, and what, can be published.'

To this I replied, that I was very much touched by so great a mark of his confidence and friendship; that as for the journals, he was quite right in supposing that I should set as much store by them as he did himself, and that in whatever I did with them hereafter, I should conform to what I might suppose to be his wishes; that it appeared to me that a broad distinction exists between the earlier half, including the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and the latter half, subsequent to the Queen's accession, and that if the former part might to a certain extent be published soon, the other part could not. That the person I should naturally consult in such a trust would be Lord Clarendon; but that at present it was not necessary to take any steps, as I hoped he would still be with us some years; that I would read the journals through, with his permission, and tell him what I thought.

To all this he assented. He said, 'They are all full of Clarendon, who has always been so intimate with

me. I will bring you down a dozen of the volumes the first day I go out in my carriage; and if my life should be spared a few years, we will talk them over.'

He then spoke of his letters, particularly of his own letters to the late Duke of Bedford, which had been recently sent back to him. He said he would read them over; that some of them might serve to fill up and complete passages in the journals. To this I remarked, 'Do you mean, then, these letters are to go with the journals?' He replied, 'That requires consideration.' He did not therefore give me any power over the letters.

I was going that day (January 10th) to Ampthill, to see Lord Wensleydale; and on the 14th to the Grove. This led me to say, 'Am I at liberty to mention to Lord Clarendon what has passed on this subject?' He answered 'No. I had rather it should be entirely confidential.' I therefore of course said nothing to anyone.

On Monday, the 16th, I returned to town from the Grove, and went in the evening, about five, to Bruton Street. Lady Sydney and Lady Enfield were with him. He looked somewhat weaker, and complained of total loss of appetite. As soon as the ladies were gone, he resumed the subject of the journals, and immediately said, 'Now you are come back to town, you can take some of them.' He rang for his servant to hold a light to the bookcase, and by his directions I took vols. v., vi., vii., and viii., and carried them home with me. He said he had lent the first four vols. to his brother Henry, but that I should have them soon. He then again said, 'When you have read these, you will see what you think can be published; but as you advance they become more interesting.' I read these volumes nearly through the same evening, beginning from the death of Lord Liverpool.

On Tuesday, January 17th, I returned to Bruton Street about six. He was alone. Another volume of the journals was on the table by him, which he gave me, saying, 'You will find this more interesting'—but this was as I was going away. I told him that I had read the former volumes greedily, and that he had treated George IV. with great severity. He replied, 'What I have said of him is not flattering; but that is what he was.' I then asked him about the passages in cipher. He said he had invented this cipher himself for the purpose of his journal; that he could read it, but nobody else. That he would read to me the passages in cipher if I would bring them to him; but he added, 'For that matter, the truth is the greater part of them had better be omitted, as they relate to things which are better forgotten.' He then mentioned that he had told Henry Greville that 'I was to have the journals.' And I afterwards found that he had intimated his intention to Mr. Baring and I think to Lord Granville.

He said that Meryon (his doctor) thought him better to-day—that the day before had been a very bad one; but he had still no appetite, though he was going to try to eat a piece of woodcock for his dinner. It was then near seven o'clock, and I left him, taking the volume with me, but with no presentiment that we were parting for ever. He said, as I wished him good night, 'Come again to-morrow if you are near me.' I promised to come, and to come often, and left the room.

He can scarcely have seen anyone afterwards; for the evening was advancing, and between nine and ten he went to bed. His servant proposed to sleep near him. He said, 'No; I don't want that, unless I am very ill.' He fell asleep, and seems never to have waked, for when he was found in the morning he lay with his finger resting on his pillow in his accustomed attitude, like a child asleep.

On January 27th I received a letter from Henry Greville, stating that Charles had informed him of his intention, but that there was nothing about the journals or letters in the will or codicil. I answered this letter the same day, by giving him an abridged copy or version of the preceding statement.

I ought to have stated that, in the conversation of January 10th, Mr. Greville said that he thought it better not to fix any stated time within which the journals might or might not be published. Part might be published, but it was a mere question of discretion and propriety what and when.

I observed to him that in selecting me as his literary executor, the only question was whether some member of his own family might not more properly be selected. To this he replied that he had considered that, and preferred that I should have them. I have since found that, prior to the death of Sir George Lewis, he had been selected by Greville for this trust. He then hesitated for some time whom he should appoint, and then chose me.

Having made up his mind that the time was ripe for the publication of the earlier volumes of the journals, Reeve—as has been said—gave them to the world on October 17th, fully prepared to take all the responsibility of his act. And indeed he was quickly called on to do so; for some of Greville's relations, uneasy—it would appear—at the hostile attitude of the Court, called on him to make a public declaration that they had nothing to do with it, whilst others were disposed to question Reeve's legal right. Of this, however, he had plenty of evidence; amongst others, that of Mr. T. Longman, who wrote:

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*Farnborough Hill, November 7th.*—... In the interview I had with Mr. Harvie Farquhar, I stated that Mr. Greville consulted me some time before his death as to whom he should leave his journals to, and that Mr. Greville concurred in my suggestion that he should leave them to you. As Mr. Greville acted on this some time after our conference, it became obvious to Mr. H. Farquhar that, as between gentlemen, the main question that had been raised, as to your right of possession, fell to the ground.

After this the matter was settled in a perfectly amicable manner in a meeting between Reeve and Mr. Harvie Farquhar, representing the timorous kinsfolk, and together they wrote the following letter, which was published, under Reeve's signature, in the 'Times,' 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and some other papers, on November 7th.

Finding that statements are current that Mr. Charles Greville's and Mr. Henry Greville's executors had been consulted as to the publication of Mr. Charles Greville's Journals of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV., I think it right to say that they were in no way consulted by me, nor was their assent asked for, because I believed it to be the wish of Mr. Greville that his family and executors should be relieved from all responsibility in the matter.

The journals were not left to Mr. Henry Greville, nor did they pass to his executors, having been given to me by Mr. Greville himself before his death, as stated by me in the preface, for the purpose of eventual publication, but the time and manner of publication were left to my sole discretion. I am, therefore, alone responsible for the production of this portion of the journals at the present time, and any beneficial interest in them is a matter entirely between my publisher and myself. Beneficial interest in the publication had not, however, the slightest influence on the course I thought it right to pursue, and I take this opportunity of stating that, in my opinion, many years must elapse before the more recent portions of these journals can with propriety be published.

On the actual publication he received many encouraging letters, a few of which are here given, together with a remarkable expression of opinion from Lord Russell, one of the few public men then living who could speak of the regency and the reign of George IV. from personal knowledge.

*From Mr. Delane*

October 22nd.

Dear Reeve,—I am glad you are pleased with the first notice of Greville's Journals. There are at least two more to come, which will, I hope, be equally gratifying to you. Certainly you did not publish too soon. The world moves too quickly for long intervals of suppressed publication. I suppose the book is not really published, as I have only seen it in sheets. Yours ever faithfully,

**J. T. DELANE.**

*From Lord Derby*

Knowsley, October 31st.

Dear Reeve,—The Greville papers are quite the most interesting and amusing work of the year; and, considering the extreme difficulty of editing such a work without spoiling it—on the one hand, by too much suppression, or by leaving in it passages which would give reasonable cause of offence to private persons—I think you have been singularly judicious.... As to the journalist's criticisms on public men, they seem to me to be the harsh judgements of a man trying to be impartial, though inclined to be acrimonious. There is certainly nothing in them which you could have the slightest scruple about publishing, or which the relatives of those concerned can resent.

Very sincerely yours,

**DERBY.**

*From Mr. E. Cheney*

St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, October 31st.

My dear Reeve,—... I have been reading Charles Greville with much interest and entertainment. I think you are quite right in publishing now, and not waiting for a generation 'who knew not Joseph.' There is always a clamour against those who tell the truth. Charles Greville may very likely [have been], and certainly was, very often wrong; but he believed he told the truth, and he certainly uttered his genuine sentiments. These journals throw a strong light on contemporary events, and will be very valuable to the future historians of the period. Ch. G. was a man who felt much and expressed himself strongly; and had you attempted to soften his language you would have injured the effect and destroyed

the *couleur locale*.

He was a man naturally of a quick and irritable temper, and he had been a spoilt child all his life. His original education was defective. He lived with the selfish and the self-indulgent, and naturally became selfish and self-indulgent himself. At six years old an old friend of his mother's found him crying at dinner because he had not got the liver wing of the chicken; and to the last he would have wanted 'the liver wing.' But he had naturally a kind heart, and a just perception; and he admired what was noble and generous, if he did not always practise it. He suffered greatly in health, and he was too self-indulgent, even with the certainty of pain before his eyes, to moderate his appetite. His last years were unhappy. The indulgence of his temper made his company often disagreeable, and he very keenly felt the neglect of his old friends. With a better education he would have been a most valuable man, for his natural powers were considerable. Like so many other London men, he thought the whole world was bounded by Oxford Street, Pall Mall, the Parks, and the City; and he took his opinions from the clubs in St. James's Street and Pall-Mall, and, as those opinions varied, so we find his judgements in these journals vary. But he himself was convinced, and he uttered the genuine sentiments of the moment.... I hope you will publish the rest of the four vols. before long, and that you will preserve exactly the same plan you have done in these.... Yours very sincerely, E. C.

*From Mr. Harvie Farquhar*

16 St. James's Street, November 28th.

The yeast of society ferments easily, and—at present—C. G.'s manes are the best abused in or out of Hades; but all will settle down soon, and when people have done throwing stones, and the water is placid enough to enable them to see below the surface, they will better appreciate what lies at the bottom. Whether abused or not, the book will be in every library—on its merits.

*From the Queen of Holland*

The Hague, Monday, November 30th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—Saturday night, November 28th, the books arrived. I am afraid, after Sunday church, more of my time than ought to have been Sunday's occupation was given to these three volumes. Of course, I have not *read* them; I *rushed* through, and am now going to read page by page. The interest is an immense one. Not only that I have *known many* of the persons named, but I have *heard* from all, and they seem to me like shadows reviving, returning to light and life. Dear Lord Clarendon's name struck me several times; and I remember, when Mr. Greville died, Lord Clarendon wrote me 'his papers had been given to the person most able to judge them.' At that time I did not know Mr. Reeve; but I recollect the words perfectly. Pray give my best compliments to Mrs. Reeve, and believe me very sincerely yours,

**SOPHIE.**

*From Lord Russell to Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*December 9th.*—I was much interested in C. Greville's Memoirs. He is not a bit too severe on George IV. A worse man has not lived in our time.

On the other hand, many of the papers criticised the work in a hostile and violent manner. It was, they said, a breach of official confidence for a man in Greville's position to keep a journal at all. Greville—whose name it was fatally easy to rhyme to Devil—was described as a man delighting in listening at keyholes, and habitually misrepresenting the only half-heard secrets. Here is a specimen; one epigram out of many, all to the same effect, and all ending with the same rhyme:—

For fifty years he listened at the door,  
And heard some secrets, and invented more;  
These he wrote down, and statesmen, queens and kings,  
Are all degraded into common things.  
Though most have passed away, some still remain  
To whom such scandal gives a needless pain;  
And though they smile, and say 'Tis only Greville,'  
They wish him, Reeve, and Longman at the devil.

The 'Quarterly Review,' too, in a peculiarly venomous article, compared the relative positions of Greville and Reeve with those of Bolingbroke and Mallet, as painted by Dr. Johnson. Bolingbroke, he had said, was a cowardly blackguard, who loaded a gun which he was afraid to fire off himself, and left a shilling to a beggarly Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death. The inference was inevitable; and though Reeve was neither a Scotchman nor a beggar, he unquestionably felt the sting, coming, as it

did, from a friend of more than forty years' standing, Abraham Hayward [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. i. pp. 12, 34.]. The friendship was not unnaturally broken, nor does the old intimacy appear to have been ever renewed.

Of course the gravamen of this charge, made not only by the 'Quarterly Review,' but by other less distinguished journals, was that Reeve had been mainly, if not solely, influenced by the idea of making a good thing out of it. The sale of the work—they said—was very great. Commercially, it had been a brilliant success. Reeve's trained insight into literary affairs had shown him that it must be so, and, tempted by the *auri sacra fames*, he had yielded, maugre the counsels of his better part. Never was charge more unjust, more untrue. Reeve, though not a wealthy man, was now in easy circumstances, with a sufficient and assured income. Prudent in the management of his property and in his expenditure he seems to have always been; but as far removed, both by temperament and education, from parsimony as from extravagance. Money he valued only for what it could give him; and both in fact and in sentiment he was in a position to say with the poet—

mihi parva rura et  
Spiritus Graias tenuem Camoenae  
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum  
Spernere vulgus.

Still, the charge was made at the time, was currently repeated, and has been believed by many. It happens, however, that the most complete contradiction of it remains in the shape of Reeve's letters to Mr. T. Longman, some of which we can now read.

*C. O., November 7th.*—Nothing could end better for me than the amicable discussion with H. Farquhar, and I am exceedingly glad to have had an opportunity of writing the letter which appears in the 'Times' and 'Post' to-day.

I have never desired to make this book a source of profit to myself, beyond a reasonable remuneration for the time and labour I have spent on it. The returns have already exceeded my expectation and desire. It is not, therefore, my wish or intention to press or urge the sale of the book. I have no doubt the second edition will go off fast enough—indeed a good part of it is already bespoken. But I have not at all made up my mind to proceed to a third edition if the second is exhausted. I am inclined to think I shall hold my hand. I have no wish to make more money out of the book, or to make it a very common popular work; and my feeling is that I should best consult my own dignity by leaving matters as they are, at any rate for the present.

However, it is needless to decide this now, as the demand for a third edition may never arise. But I think it right to let you know my view of the matter, because you are by no means called upon to advertise largely, or make efforts to extend the sale—at least, not more than you think necessary to cover your own interests. But I believe you would be sure to sell this second edition without any advertising at all. I certainly do not wish to have any puffing advertisements. I had rather that the book were to become scarce and dear than that you should sell ten thousand copies.

*November 9th.*—There is a good deal of truth in what you say about not publishing a third edition if the second is sold off. People would probably attribute it to the wrong motive, and say I had been stopped in some way, or was afraid; and nobody gets any credit for disinterestedness. Fortunately the first edition was a very small one, for you could have sold 5,000 as easily as 2,500, and this has given a check to the sale, which I do not regret. If necessary, I suppose these editions must go on as long as there is a demand for the book. But the desire to get hold of new books is a short-lived passion, and is soon turned aside by some other novelty. I shall not wish to publish the book at all in a cheaper form, and I think it will require very little outlay in advertising.

Reeve would, however, have been more than human if the continued success of the book had not greatly modified his views, and reconciled him to the steady sale; and some months later he wrote again:—

*January 25th, 1875.*—The general impression seems to be that Hayward's article is a fiasco. It has done me no harm, and his clients have no reason to thank him. The fourth edition of Greville will contain a good many improvements and corrections, and will be the best edition to keep. I believe they are printing 1,000. I wish they had made it 1,500, for this multiplication of editions is troublesome, and I have no doubt that 1,500 will ultimately be sold. The book has struck root below the stratum of the circulating libraries.

*April 15th, 1875.*—Nothing seems to be wanting to the indirect advertisement of Greville's Journals, though the usual advertisements were by my desire restricted. I do not recollect another instance of a book being made the subject of a hostile motion in the House of Commons.

# CHAPTER XIX

## FOXHOLES

Anyone whose memory needs refreshing will find in the 'Edinburgh Reviews' of the next five years sufficient indication of the interest which Reeve continued to take in the great questions of the day, whether at home or abroad; but his private correspondence at this time is mainly devoted to social or literary topics. The death of Lord Clarendon in England, of M. Guizot in France, had deprived him of the living keys to the dark problems of policy, and there was no one with equal knowledge and opportunities to take their place. He was, too, in opposition. In form, at least, the principles of the 'Edinburgh Review' differed widely from those of the Government; and though many things even then told of a probable *rapprochement* of moderate Whigs and moderate Conservatives, it was still held by most to be an extravagant dream. But even had it been otherwise, the personal element was wanting. With Disraeli, Reeve's acquaintance was limited; with Lord Salisbury, though on friendly terms, he had never been intimate; his intimacy with Lord Derby was of a later date. From our foreign embassies and from India, his communications were on a more familiar footing; but many of these took the form of articles for the 'Review,' and of the rest, in view of the delicacy of the subjects discussed, the frankness with which they were discussed, and the comparatively recent date, it has seemed unadvisable to publish much. The result of all which is that during this peculiarly busy, exciting and important time, Reeve's available correspondence is more purely personal than at any other period of his working life. The Journal is seldom anything else. It records here:—

*October, 1874.*—M. de Jarnac was now French Ambassador, to my great delight, as he was a very old and valued friend. The first planting at Foxholes was done in the course of this autumn, but the garden was not made till the following spring.

*November 17th.*—Dined at Lord Derby's with several of the ministers, and was introduced to Count Schouvaloff.

*20th.*—Dinner at home to the Jarnacs, Lady Derby, Lady Cowley, Lady Molesworth, Chief Justice Cockburn and A. Elliot. Several pleasant dinners through the winter.

*December 22nd.*—To Paris, with Christine and Hopie. Cold. On the 26th breakfasted with the Duc d'Aumale, and went with him to the Institute. Evening, Duchesse de Chartres. 27th, dined at Versailles with Thiers; Mignet, Barthélémy St.-Hilaire and Vacherot. It was on this occasion that Thiers related the story of the Duc d'Enghien.

*January 1st, 1875.*—We dined at the Embassy for the *Jour de l'an*. While there rain fell and the streets were covered with *verglas*. I walked with great difficulty to Thiers's at the Hôtel Bagration, three doors off, where the scene was burlesque. Not a carriage could move; not a horse could stand; and the company walked home with napkins tied round their feet. [But Mrs. Reeve, who was at the dinner, wrote: Our *fiacre* managed to crawl home with Hopie and me. Henry, who had gone to the Thiers's, returned safely on his feet tied up in dusters. M. Thiers suggested dusters on the hands also, so as to go *à quatre pattes*; but Henry did not become a quadruped. I was horribly uneasy till he came in, but his was the ludicrous side of the question; of the tragic, I heard next day plenty of instances.]

*January 3rd.*—Dined with the Duc de Nemours, and went to the Duchesse Decazes's reception. Home on the 7th.

*From the Rev. G. W. Cox* [Footnote: Now Sir George Cox, Bart.]

*February 5th.*—Nothing but lack of leisure has prevented me from expressing sooner the very hearty satisfaction and delight with which I have read and re-read your article on Mill's Essays. I suppose it is this article which has sent the 'Edinburgh' into a second edition. I am rejoiced to think that it is so. The ground which you take is, I feel sure, impregnable; but the force of your whole argument, which is much what I have tried to work out for years past, only makes me lament the more the folly of the line taken by most of the writers who shrink from the materialistic and atheistic philosophy of Mill and Tyndall—for the latter seems to put himself into the same boat. I believe that the thought of England is, on this subject, taking, or is likely to take, a very healthy turn, which such an article as yours must greatly promote.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

Paris, February 5th.

My dear Reeve,—I have received your article on Mr. Stuart Mill, for which I thank you. I read it with

the greatest interest, and congratulate you on your vigorous refutation of that supercilious and hollow materialism. I am glad, too, to see that you have profited by M. Dumas's last discourse on M. de la Rive. You have done well to record these declarations of a permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences. Unfortunately, M. Dumas's character has not the moral authority which is desirable in such serious matters. His taking part in public business, far from increasing his credit, has lessened it; even his scientific standing has suffered; people doubt his sincerity; and his interested flattery of the Empire does not show that greatness and purity of soul which inspire confidence. He is, however, everywhere recognised as a man of great ability, and I am truly glad that he should be counted among the partisans of spiritualism. I believe the other permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences is far from sharing these opinions; and it is, therefore, all the more important that M. Dumas should profess them publicly. With you, materialism is an exception and an eccentricity. With us, on the contrary, it is almost the rule of the learned world; and the Catholic clergy, given up to superstition and ultramontaniam, do not in any way help us to combat it. It was an honour to the 'Edinburgh Review' to adhere so stoutly to the principles you uphold; and for this, it is indebted to you.

Agréez, mon cher Reeve, mes salutations bien cordiales, que je présente aussi à toute votre famille. Votre bien dévoué,

**B. ST.-HILAIRE.**

The Journal continues:—

*March 6th*—Sir Arthur Helps died. [He caught a chill at the levee on the Monday, and died on the Saturday.]

Charles Peel was appointed Clerk of the Council.

*22nd.*—Jarnac died—a great loss. I drove down with Lord Derby to the funeral.

*April 1st.*—Saw Salvini in 'Othello' at Drury Lane. Very fine.

*2nd.*—To Christchurch. Roof on house at Foxholes. Garden beginning to be made. On the 6th, lunched with the Lord Chancellor at Bournemouth. Bought additional strip of land.

*From Professor Owen*

British Museum, May 13th.

My dear Reeve,—Two portraits would be famous and instructive and replete with interest to all ages; to wit: the one of Miss Reeve (?) [Footnote: Lady Smith. The (?) presumably is whether the portrait was taken before or after her marriage.] by Opie, showing the 'human face divine' in a female of the highest race of mankind, at her prime of beauty; and the second—could it but be got—by Millais, of Lady Smith, giving the characteristics of the same face, of the same individual, at a stage of human life never again likely to be a subject for art, under the same circumstances. For the 'Natural History of the Human Species,' such a pair of portraits would be notable in every work thereon, as well as in countless collateral works; and that to all time. The present opportunity is worth every exertion to availment; if lost, it is most improbable that it may ever again occur. Can you enlist your sympathy and aid in bringing this about? [Footnote: Sir Richard Owen succeeded in obtaining a pair of photographs, taken from the Ople and the life. His grandson, the Rev. Richard Owen, has them now.]

Yours always truly,

**RICHARD OWEN.**

*From Lady Smith*

*Lowestoft, May 14th.*—Dear Mr. Reeve,—As we know not what the morning mail may bring forth, I look with impatient curiosity when I see letters on my breakfast table; so yesterday had the great pleasure of perceiving yours, knowing I should have something pleasant to hear, but little anticipating what followed—the news of Arthur Stanley. To be remembered kindly by the Dean of Westminster, anywhere, is honour; but to be [so] in so distinguished a manner and in a place dedicated to [such] a name as Fox is an honour never to be forgotten. Besides the domestic blessings I enjoy, I also reckon that of living to witness the progress of a new Reformation, in which the Dean of Westminster is the brightest light; and who, like Shakespeare among the poets, stood on a higher pedestal than they—exalted and good men as they are. I always rejoice that the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Stanley are good friends and worthy of each other. If I could write better, I would tell you what my friend Mr. Leson Smith said of the Greville Memoirs,, quite approving all of it. In a second letter he turns the shafts aimed at yourself upon the calumniator. The Dean of Oxford also approves. I am in better health

than I was two years since, and have nothing to complain of but a failing sight, which hinders my expressions of gratitude to you for your friendship to Pleasance Smith.

Oh that you were here to see the wild beauty of the heath and dunes—a cloth of gold far as the eye can reach!—what was the Field of Cloth of Gold to this!

Continuing the Journal:—

*May 20th.*—Went to Holland, by Harwich, to see the Queen. Dined with Her Majesty at the House in the Wood. On the 24th, breakfasted with the Queen in the boudoir at the end of the Gallery in the Wood. Charming spring morning. Went on to Aix. Home by Ostend on the 31st.

*June 15th.*—Helen Richardson was married to Sir Edward Blackett at Ottershaw. We went down the day before.

*22nd.*—The Queen of Holland came to London. Dined with Her Majesty at the Sandbachs' on July 1st. She came to see the statue of Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office on July 2nd.

*July 6th.*—I took the Queen of Holland to see the Novar pictures. Meadows Taylor stayed with us. Christine went to take the waters of St.-Honoré in France.

Robert Lemon [Footnote: Son of Robert Lemon, a clerk in the State Paper Office, and editor of some of the Calendars of State Papers, who died in 1867.], my clerk for thirty-three years, died in a fit.

Reeve deeply felt the loss of one who had been for so long associated with him; but, independently of this, Mr. Lemon's death at this particular time had an important influence on Reeve's immediate future. For some months he had been contemplating retiring from the office, which he had now held for close on forty years, in the view of devoting himself more exclusively to literary work—apparently to a task of some magnitude. He had also been in correspondence with Mr. Longman on a proposal from the firm that he should act as their literary adviser; and thus, after long consideration he had, on July 5th, mentioned, in a semi-official manner, his wish to retire in October. On July 6th he wrote to Mr. Longman, provisionally accepting the offer of the firm; but the next day had to write again—

What a world is this! On Monday I told the Duke [of Richmond] I would resign on October 25th. Yesterday evening, my chief clerk, Robert Lemon, had an apoplectic fit, and he died in the course of last night. He was a most excellent and valuable assistant to me, and I looked forward to him to drill in my successor. It may now become impossible for me to leave the office as soon as I meant to do, for poor Lemon and myself are the only two men who know the detail of the business, and I can't leave the department derelict.

It is a most melancholy and distressing occurrence.

*July 14th.*—It is clear that the vacancy which has occurred in this office will detain me here six months, and perhaps a year longer than I wished or intended. This being so, our arrangements must remain in abeyance, with entire liberty to you to renew or withdraw your offer. At this distance of time it is superfluous to discuss details, but if I accept the duties you propose to me, I should of course adapt my movements and residence to the exigency of the case. At present, I find my work here vastly increased, because I have to look more to the detail of the business.

The contemplated arrangement was thus postponed for the time, and was not again taken up in that form. Reeve continued—as he had long done—to act as confidential adviser to the firm; but he remained at the Council Office for another twelve years, and when he ultimately retired, it was not with the view of undertaking any heavy additional work. The Journal goes on:—

*August 2nd.*—To Paris. Met Christine at Dijon on the 3rd. Then by Dole to Vevey. Binet came. Met the Wodehouses. Visit to the Blumenthals at their *chalet*. 13th, to the Gorges du Trient, and so to Chamonix, with Binet and Christine. Splendid weather at Chamonix. 16th, St. Martin's; full moon rising behind Mont Blanc. 17th, to Chambéry, St. Laurent du Pont, and the Grande Chartreuse—very interesting. Geneva on the 20th, and back to Vevey on the 21st. Thence to Besançon, Belfort, and Nancy. 27th, Metz. Drove round the fields of battle of Gravelotte and St. Privat. To Brussels, by Luxembourg. Bought furniture at Brussels for Foxholes. Home by Antwerp on September 1st.

*October 7th.*—To Bournemouth, to look over Foxholes. 26th, Timsbury.

*November 20th.*—House nearly finished. Christmas at Farnborough. The workmen left Foxholes on December 28th.

The Government bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. I attacked the bargain in the 'Edinburgh Review.'

But from the earliest inception of the Suez Canal, Reeve had strongly opposed it. He held, and in fact all history warranted him in holding, that the opening of a water-way through the isthmus would be more than prejudicial, would be destructive, to English interests. He was very far from being alone in this opinion; it was one which he shared with several of the most able and experienced men of the day, quite irrespective of party. France, on her side, indulged in golden dreams. The wealth and grandeur of mediaeval Venice was to find its counterpart in the commercial prosperity of Marseilles; and it is permitted us to believe that much of the enthusiasm which the scheme excited was due to the hope that it would irretrievably damage England. Hence, too, the ill will rising out of the disappointment, out of the conviction forced on the people of France that, far from injuring us, it has turned out altogether to our advantage. French skill constructed the canal, French capital paid for it. England stood aloof till success was achieved, and then hastened to reap the profit; then, by buying up the shares, doubled that profit; and since then, by the occupation of Egypt, has usurped the control of the whole. Never has there been such a case of the *Sic vos non vobis*; and the French are very angry. Reeve's constant and familiar intercourse with French society had necessarily taught him the opinions so universally held in France, and had persuaded him that the only safe plan for England was to have nothing to do with the pestilent thing. Disraeli, on the other hand, with a wider grasp of the situation, understood that, in this, at any rate, inactivity was not masterly, and that by boldness the enemy would be hoist with their own petard.

*From Lady Smith*

Lowestoft, December 5th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—It gave me pleasure to see your handwriting again, and some surprise. In the first place, I must mention that I think you would prefer Opie's original portrait to that which I possess, which, though by Opie, is the copy of my portrait. When I last saw the original picture it was in the Royal Academy; where it is now, I do not know; but [that] may perhaps be ascertained. I must add that from its long residence in London it looked very dingy, and required a refreshment from some good picture-mender, and fresh varnish. If this picture is not come-at-able, I shall be happy to send that I have here, of which you will acquaint me, and send particular directions of the place and time it may be expected.

I am glad to hear you, and Mrs. Reeve, and my amiable young friend your daughter are well. I hear you are building a superb mansion at Bournemouth; a charming place, I have no doubt. My kind regards to you and them, from your attached friend, PLEASANCE SMITH.

Very sorry am I to hear of Lady Augusta Stanley's hopeless illness, and happy am I to observe the Dean's perpetual vigour. Long may he continue to illumine the realm of mist in that Temple of Reconciliation where his light shines in so brilliant a lustre. In what a remarkable period do we live!

The picture by Opie was exhibited from Mr. Botfield's [Footnote: Beriah Botfield, of Deckel's Hill, Shiffnal, Shropshire, and Grosvenor Square; died 1863.] collection (at one of the Old Masters' Exhibitions) about nine or ten years ago.

The Journal notes:—

*January 1876.*—I meant to go to Paris, but gout came on, and I gave it up.

*March 28th.*—Sent down furniture, &c. by vans to Foxholes.

*April 2nd.*—Took possession of Foxholes; cold and windy, and I gouty.

*To Mr. T. Longman*

*Foxholes, April 19th.*—Lady Holland has written me a note quite as amiable as her brother, and all the family seem to be satisfied with my article. The little crack of the whip just nicked the fly on Abraham's ear. A touch is often more keenly felt than a blow, when dealt in the right place.

The only fault to be found with living here is that life glides away too rapidly, and I feel as if I should hardly have time to read over again the works of the Immortals, before I go to join them.

We have just got a splendid billiard table, and Hopie and I intersperse cannons and winning hazards with literature.

And the Journal:—

*April 27th.*—Returned to town. Very bad fit of gout. This was the year of my grand climacteric (sixty-three), and I was uncommonly ill. I went to Aix, May 30th; but was worse there, and came back, June 19th.

*July 7th.*—Garden party at Holland House; the only thing I was able to go to this year from incessant gout.

*12th.*—Came down to Foxholes. Great heat; no rain from April till August.

*To Lord Derby*

62 Rutland Gate, April 28th.

My Dear Lord Derby,—I cannot forbear to express to you our very great and cordial sympathy in the great loss you have sustained.[Footnote: The Dowager Countess of Derby died on April 26th, 1876.] It was Gray, I think, who said that a man can have but one mother, and in losing her one loses the only real witness of the tenderest part of the growth of life. Nobody else has any memory for infancy, childhood and youth, and no one else has the same claims to dutiful affection. The loss is irreparable. I find it so myself every day. Lady Derby had the happiness to see you combine with the most affectionate regard for her the public duties and honours which are almost hereditary in your family. Few women have seen life played out on a nobler scale. She was the link between two generations of statesmen, and lived in the entire intimacy and affection of both. But these considerations cannot alleviate sorrow!

With every assurance of sincere regard to yourself and Lady Derby from Mrs. Reeve and myself, believe me, always faithfully yours,

H. Reeve.

Continuing the Journal:—

*August 12th.*—Disraeli made Earl Beaconsfield.

*14th.*—From Southampton to Havre and Rouen with Christine and Hopie. Dined with the Cardinal de Bonnechose; Circourt joined us there.

*17th.*—To the Château d'Eu; found there the Duc de Montpensier and Infanta Christine, Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, Mme. de Rainneville and Lambert de Sainte-Croix. Drive in forest; very hot.

*21st.*—Celebrated our silver wedding at Eu. To Dieppe and back by Havre on the 24th. William Longman came to Foxholes. Saw Lady Charlotte Bacon [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. i. p. 88.] again.

Mrs. Reeve gave 'Ianthe,' whom they met at a luncheon party at Bournemouth, a fuller notice. She wrote, 'A bad husband and narrow means kept her out of England for thirty-five years or so, and she is now a corpulent matron of seventy, with no trace of those charms sung by the poet.'

All this autumn an immense agitation was kept up, chiefly by Gladstone, on the 'Bulgarian Atrocities.' Meetings were held all over the kingdom. I published an article in the 'Review' in October, which Lord Derby said was the first thing that turned the tide. It soon turned altogether; and in a few months the people were as anxious to attack the Russians as they had been to coerce the Turks.

To Mr. Dempster

*Foxholes, October 17th.*—Can you, who know all the genealogies of Scotland better than the Red Lion himself, tell me what relation Countess Purgstall was to Dugald Stewart? [Footnote: She was his wife's sister.] I know she was a Cranstoun; but was she related to the great Professor? When my father was in Vienna in 1805, she received him very kindly, because he had known Dugald Stewart, and followed his lectures in Edinburgh.

I enjoy my life here above all things. Four months have slipped away in this Olympian calm, between the sea and the sky, and I fancy that the New Forest is the Highlands; but it is time to be up and doing, and next week I return to London, with a large stock of health and good spirits.

Matters look very black in the East. I am afraid it is a deep-laid Russian plot, which Gladstone has done not a little to promote and encourage. You will see that I have held to my own line in the Blue and Yellow.

To Mr. T. Longman

*Rutland Gate, November 1st.*—I have a great dislike to the proposal of reprinting an article of my own in a cheap form. It seems to me to be descending to the level of Mr. Gladstone's sixpenny agitation. Moreover, the political situation is now considerably altered. Many things which were said hypothetically on October 12th have assumed a different shape on November 1st. But if any arrangement can be made to supply the Mayor of Bristol with one hundred copies of the 'Review,' at a

cheap rate, I shall be very glad of it. The cheap republication of the attractive article would be just as injurious to booksellers who have copies of the 'Review' on hand as the distribution of copies of the 'Review.' Both measures interfere with the regular course of sale, and are therefore mischievous.

The Journal notes:—

*January 23rd, 1877.*—The Folkestone (Ritualist) case [Footnote: *Ridsdale v. Clifton* and others. See *Times*, January 24th and following days. Judgement, *Times*, July 19th.] heard by the Judicial Committee, by eleven privy councillors, and five bishops. It lasted nearly a fortnight.

*January 24th.*—Christine and I went to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland at Battle Abbey. It was singularly interesting and agreeable. Nothing could exceed the vivacity of the Duchess, or her attention to her guests. The party consisted of Maud Stanley, Charles Newton, Banks-Stanhope, Raglan Somerset, and the Mercer Hendersons.

I have known the Duke these forty years, having first met him at the Duchesse de Mailly's, in Paris, about the year 1836. He is the only Englishman I ever knew who is perfectly at home in the best French society, and as Lord Harry Vane he was extremely popular in Paris. There is now nobody living who has known so many of my oldest and best friends—most of whom are now no more—both in Paris, Geneva, and London; and our talk of these old times was most abundant.

Battle Abbey is certainly one of the most curious and beautiful remains in England, and as it was built on the morrow of the Conquest (1067), it is astonishing how much remains. The present drawing-room is a long, low-arched room, with Gothic arches springing from columns of Purbeck marble. Much of the great refectory and part of the cloisters still remains. This is part of the original building of William the Conqueror. The great gateway and outer wall is of the time of Edward III. The great hall is about two hundred years old. The Abbey was given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Browne, and afterwards purchased in 1722 by the Websters, from whom the Duke of Cleveland bought it a few years ago.

The Duchess drove us over to call at Ashburnham, about three miles on the other side of Battle. There we saw a most beautiful Sir Joshua of Lady St. Asaph (the present Earl's grandmother) and the shirt King Charles wore on the day of his execution. Lady Ashburnham told us that old women had, in our time, asked for leave to spread the cloth which is with it over children to cure the King's evil.

Lord Ashburnham [Footnote: He died in June 1878, in his eighty-first year.] is himself a sight—a man of eighty, in high boots, very deaf, very caustic, and clever; possessing under lock and key most wonderful literary treasures and curiosities. He gave 3,000 £ for a manuscript bible, but that we did not see.

*February 3rd*—Lady Smith died at Lowestoft, aged 103 and 9 months.

*March 13th*—Tennyson dined at The Club; Archbishop and Chancellor there.

*16th*—To Foxholes. April 14th, back to town.

It was about this time that Miss Agnes Clerke—who has since come into the foremost rank as a popular exponent of science and as the biographer of its votaries—was making her *début* in literature, and contributed two articles to the 'Edinburgh Review,' the one in April on 'Brigandage in Sicily,' and the other, which appeared in July, on 'Copernicus in Italy,' subjects which her residence in Italy had brought more immediately under her notice. Just before the publication of the first of these Reeve wrote to her, introducing M. de Circourt, who was then at Florence where Miss Clerke was. A fortnight later he wrote again in answer to her reply.

Rutland Gate, April 19th.

My Dear Miss Clerke,—It gives me very sincere pleasure to have contributed to introduce you to your first literary success. I hope it may be the prelude to many more. I can hardly venture to recommend to you the course in which you should steer your bark. On scientific subjects I am very ignorant, but there has been an article in the 'Review' on Spectrum Analysis, by Professor Roscoe, and another on the Transit of Venus last year. You have the advantage of seeing before your eyes the intellectual *renaissance* of Italy, and it has already supplied you with two very good subjects.

It is probable that before October something else may turn up. If not, I will send you a book from England to review—for instance, Miss Wynne's Letters and Journals, which are being printed, and will come out in October. Miss Wynne was a delightful person, who lived in the society of Paris, when it was most agreeable. M. de Circourt is the last survivor of it—unless I may be reckoned a survivor too. I am glad you appreciate him. He was private secretary to M. de Polignac in 1830, and married in 1832 an incomparable Russian—Mlle. de Klustine. They used to say that she knew seventeen languages and he

eighteen. She died some years ago from a burn, and Circourt now passes his life chiefly with Mme. d'Affry and her daughter, the Duchess Colonna.

I have another cousin (besides Mrs. Ross) who passes her winters in Florence, or near it—Mrs. James Whittle. She is a great invalid, and never goes out. But she is now returning to a Schloss (Syrgenstein) they have in Bavaria. ... You are right. I have left my hill, which overlooks the great seaway between the Needles and Hengistbury Head, and come to London for the next three months; but I had much rather stay in my hermitage. London is as disagreeable as an east wind can make it. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

**H. REEVE.**

The Journal here notes:—

*April 25th*—Lord Derby gave a great dinner at the F.O. I sat between Stirling-Maxwell and Pender.

*May 9th*—Lord Derby presided at the Literary Fund dinner. I proposed the health of the Chinese Ambassador. I retired this year from the council of the Literary Fund.

*18th*—Went to Paris alone. 20th, long interview with the Duc Decazes. Dined at the Embassy. Thiers in the evening.

*May 22nd*—Dinner at Laugel's. [Footnote: The Duc d'Aumale's secretary.] Duc de Broglie, Duc Decazes, Chabaud-Latour and the Haussonvilles. The '*coup d'état* of the Marshal,' as it was called, when Macmahon turned out Jules Simon and the Radicals, took place on May 16th, just before I reached Paris. Hence the agitation was extreme; and at this dinner at Laugel's I had to encounter the dukes, who wanted to know why we disapproved their measure.

*23rd*.—Dined with Thiers, who was depressed. I had, however, several important conversations with him during this visit, of which I took a note. He expected to become president again. If that had happened, much would have been altered, but he died on September 3rd.

*28th*.—Back to London. Related to Lord Derby what Thiers said.

*31st*.—Severe gale. To Foxholes for a day on June 2nd.

*June 12th*.—The Duc d'Aumale came over to dine with The Club.

*19th*.—Mrs. Oliphant's party to Maga at Runnymede [to celebrate her 25th year of alliance with 'Blackwood's Magazine.' A lovely day, and an amusing party of *littérateurs*, publishers, writers, &c.]

*July 19th*.—Came down to Foxholes.

*October 18th*.—London to Durham, with Hopie. Durham Cathedral. 19th, to Matfen (Sir E. Blckett's); 24th, to Yester (Lord Tweeddale's) by Edinburgh; 29th, to Ormiston; and 31st to Minto. Back to town on November 3rd. Some London dinners.

*To Mr. T. Longman*

*C. O., November 8th*.—There ought to be, in the January number, an article on the Organisation of the Liberal Party. I have asked several leading politicians of the party to undertake it, but in vain. The truth is, that it is a very thankless and hopeless subject; and the recent discussion of the county franchise by Lowe and Gladstone renders it still more difficult. I put my own opinions wholly out of the question, and should give *carte blanche* to any competent and accredited writer to treat the subject. I think I shall ask Lord Hartington what he wishes to be done.

My own opinion is that this county franchise move is suicidal to the Liberal party, and I clearly perceive that the Tories are preparing—when somewhat hard pressed—to take up and carry some such measure, accompanied by a redistribution of seats that will swamp a great many Liberal boroughs. They say, If the thing is to be done, we had better do it....

It is generally supposed that Gladstone published his article, which points to universal suffrage, in order to cut the ground from under Hartington's feet at the Scotch meetings. Hitherto Whig principles and the whole Whig party have been decidedly opposed to an unrestricted franchise.

*C.O., November 15th*—Lord Granville is so cautious and reserved a man that it is impossible to extract any definite opinion or advice from him. I have tried repeatedly, and I never got so much as a hint from him worth anything How different from Lord Clarendon or Lord Aberdeen! The truth is that

Granville is always waiting upon fortune; ready to take any course that may turn up, but utterly incapable of taking a strong resolution based on principle and conviction....

I dare say May's book will have success. It is very well written; but it is not what I expected. It is an historical survey of the political institutions of all nations, 'from China to Peru,' executed with care and great reading; but there are no traces of original thought, and it leaves you exactly where you were before in relation to the democratic element in society. Bagehot's books have ten times as much *thought* in them.

A most excellent book, which I am reading with great delight, is Mr. Gardiner's 'Reign of Charles I. before the Rebellion.' It is, to me, as interesting as Macaulay, and singularly impartial.

And the Journal winds up the year with:—

*December 12th*—To Foxholes. Christmas at Farnborough. [Mrs. Reeve wrote on December 24th: We start this morning for Farnborough Hill. It is now eighteen years that we have spent Christmas with the Longmans.] Back to Foxholes.

1878.—We spent the first week of the New Year at Foxholes, the weather charming, and returned to London on January 11th.

*To Mr. T. Longman*

*Foxholes, January 7th*.—I know the authoress of the Russian letters very well. She is one of the boldest and keenest Russian agents in Europe, who was sent here three or four years ago to endeavour to prepare English society for the coming war, and she has returned here every winter. She has made repeated attempts to capture me, though, as you may suppose, without success. But on politicians of a sentimental cast her influence has been considerable, especially on Gladstone, who is singularly amenable to female flattery, and a perfect child in the hands of a clever *intrigante* of this kind.

But I am certainly sorry that Froude should have attached his name to her letters. To suppose that this great and dreadful war has been undertaken for the sole purpose of 'liberating' the Southern Slavs, and that the Russians hate the Turks because the Tartars conquered Russia some centuries back, are assumptions which can hardly impose on the most credulous of men. This is a war of conquest, and the spirit of the Crusades has been evoked to stimulate an ignorant and enthusiastic people.

One of the points of the Russian party in England is to denounce and misrepresent the Crimean war. That war was carried on in defence of great principles of European law—not for the sake of the Turks—by the statesmen to whom we are particularly attached—Palmerston, Clarendon, Russell, Lewis, Panmure, &c. Mr. Carlyle, Froude, Freeman, Goldwin Smith, Bright, and at last Gladstone, were opposed to it. I adhere to the views of the statesmen, which the 'Review' defended in 1854 and 1855. I am, therefore, extremely glad, and think it highly proper and necessary that the Queen should defend the course taken by her ministers and by the nation at that time; and it would be the excess of inconsistency in the 'Review' not to maintain, as a matter of history, the same principles for which we have invariably contended.

*C. O., January 12th*.—One of the first persons I met on coming to London yesterday was Lord Granville, and I had a long talk with him. He was less reserved than usual. I don't know that there is any difference in our view of the foreign question, except that he thinks the Government should have said and done even less than they have done. But the disposition of many of the moderate Whigs, such as Lord Morley, Duke of Bedford, Duke of Cleveland, &c., is to support the foreign policy of the Government. The Duke of Sutherland is to dine at Disraeli's dinner, out of hatred of Gladstone. I believe Dizzy is to have the Garter!

Lord Granville said, 'I saw that the last article in the last number of the "E. Review" was *not* Reeve. It might have been written by a contributor to the "Daily Telegraph."' To this I replied: 'It was written, in fact, by a very intimate friend of your own, who was, I think, staying at Walmer last summer; a man of great experience in political writing, not for the "D. T." but for the "Times;" and, although I don't think it a good article, and differ from many things in it, I thought myself pretty safe in the hands of Sir George Dasent.' It was amusing to see G.'s look of astonishment.

Politically, the topic of 1878 was the settlement of the Russo-Turkish war. The fall of Plevna in the previous December, and the subsequent collapse of Turkey, led to the advance of the Russians to San Stefano and the treaty of March 3rd, which seemed a direct step towards the seizure of Constantinople, and the swallowing up of the Turkish Empire. In England public feeling ran very high, but, unfortunately, in opposing currents. The Government was resolved, at all risks, to prevent the extreme result foreshadowed by the Treaty of San Stefano, and to do so by acting on the *si vis pacem, para bellum* principle. In the East, the Mediterranean fleet was ordered to pass the Dardanelles and to

anchor in the Sea of Marmora; whilst at home, a vote of credit to the amount of 6,000,000£. was rapidly passed through Parliament, the navy was strengthened, the army reserves were called out, and the initial preparations were made for the despatch of an expeditionary force. And at this time what threatened to be a serious blow to the Ministry, in reality strengthened it. Lord Derby, the foreign secretary, resigned, possibly influenced, it was said, by personal intimacy with Count Schouvaloff, and in any case disapproving of the measures of the Government. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Salisbury, who, in June, accompanied Lord Beaconsfield to Berlin to attend the Congress, from which they returned on July 16th, bringing back, in Beaconsfield's now classical words, 'Peace with honour.'

*From Mr. Richard Doyle*

7 Finborough Road, January 15th.

My Dear Reeve,—When at Foxholes, in August last, I began a sketch of the view from your house. It was my intention to ask you to accept the drawing when complete. In the presence, however, of the very attractive original, I, on leaving, was so little satisfied with my copy that I had not the heart to say anything about it. But, after an interval, and a little more work upon it, I begin to think that, after all, when in town, it perhaps may remind you imperfectly of the fresh skies and blue waters left out of town. So I return to my original intention, and herewith send you the little drawing for your acceptance. With best remembrance to Mrs. and Miss Reeve, yours very sincerely,

Richard Doyle.

*From Mr. Theodore Martin*

31 Onslow Square, January 16th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—I have been much gratified by reading the review of my third volume in the 'Edinburgh Review,' which my publishers have just sent me. It brings out with admirable effect the passages which bear on the present crisis—passages which I inserted in the volume from a strong feeling that there would be occasion to strengthen the sound view of the Eastern Question by the emphatic language of the Prince Consort. God grant they may not have come too late!

With reference, especially, to what you say at the top of page 151, I must disabuse you of what seems to be the prevailing impression that things in this book have been written by the direct inspiration of the Queen. Not one word of it, from beginning to end, was prompted by Her Majesty, who has left me, from the first, unfettered, to draw my own conclusions, to select the documents to be made public, and to state my own convictions in my own way.

What I have selected and what I have written has, when printed, been submitted, of course, for Her Majesty's approval, which, I am happy to say, I have always had. In regard to the third volume, it was written almost entirely last summer and autumn, at my country house, where I had no opportunity of even consulting Her Majesty. Your conjecture, therefore, as to the note you cite on page 151 is a mistaken one. That note only expresses a conviction which I have strongly felt for many years. You will, on reflection, I think, see that I could not with propriety refer to the circumstances alluded to in the note on the same page of the 'Review.' It is one of hundreds of cases where reticence seemed to myself, as, in some sense, representing Her Majesty, to be prescribed to me. When my book is complete, an abridged 'Life' will be published. I am sure this article must do good by being in the hands of the public before the meeting of Parliament.

Believe me, very truly yours,

**THEODORE MARTIN.**

*January 19th.*—I have no doubt the Queen will be much pleased with the 'E. R.' article. Believe me, Her Majesty's mind is far too candid and sincere to take any umbrage at what you say about the Prince's *Germanism*. She may not think it went so far as you do; but she has always frankly acknowledged its existence, seeing, with her usual good sense, both the good and bad effects of any extreme views. If there be any one person more than another to whom the artificial language commonly addressed to royal personages is distasteful, it is the Queen herself. Such at least is my experience. I am delighted to see that the opinions of the Queen and Prince brought forward in this volume are causing some stir in the Parisian journals. They are being used to stimulate an active interest in the Eastern Question; and this, I venture to think, may produce results not unimportant at the present crisis.

The Journal here notes:—

*January 25th.*—Huxley lectured on Harvey.

*February 7th.*—Dinner at Dicey's, to meet Mr. Welch, the U.S. minister. John Bright, Hayward, Chandos Leigh, Mme. Van de Weyer there.

*8th.*—To Foxholes, for three days only.

*13th.*—The fleet went up the Sea of Marmora, the Russians having approached Constantinople.

*28th.*—Marriage of Ellinor Locker to Lionel Tennyson in Westminster Abbey. All the literary world there. Imposing aspect of Alfred Tennyson, who looked round the Abbey as if he felt the Immortals were his compeers.

The Journal mentions:—

*March 28th.*—Lord Derby resigned the Foreign Office.

*From Lord Derby*

*March 29th.*—What has happened is disagreeable, as all political separations are; but it did not seem to me that there was any choice. As to discussion in Parliament, I suppose I cannot altogether help myself; but it will be a business unwillingly gone into, and not at all unless there seems some chance of being of use.

And the Journal:—

*April 3rd.*—Dinner at Longman's. Froude, Trevelyan, Walpoles, Quain. This was the last of the pleasant literary dinners which Longman used to give.

*4th.*—Great sale of the Novar collection. Fetched over 70,000£. Kirkman Hodgson gave 20,000£. for three Turners.

*April 13th.*—To Foxholes.

From Lord Lytton [Footnote: Governor-General of India.]

Government House, Simla, April 29th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I think you in nowise overestimate the value of Meadows Taylor's life and work in India, and I cordially recognise the exceptional claims of the two ladies, on whose behalf you have written to me, to the grant which I regret to hear they require. Their case is rather a difficult one to deal with, owing to the fact that nearly the whole work of Meadows Taylor's life was performed, not in the service of the Government of India, but in that of the Nizam's Government; and we are precluded, by rules as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, from granting public money to the distressed survivors of our own public servants on purely compassionate grounds. In my own opinion, however, the claim of these ladies may be fairly admitted on other grounds furnished by their father's eminence, not only as a literary man, but also as an administrator, and the fact that his work, though not performed in the service of the Government of India, has been, and is, in various ways, unquestionably beneficial to India. I am glad to say that I have obtained the concurrence of my council in this view of the case, and we propose to grant 100£. a year to each of these ladies from the Indian revenues. Our proposal, however, cannot be acted on without the sanction of the Secretary of State, to whom it will probably be submitted by this mail; and, as it is of a financial character, I think Lord Staplehurst [Footnote: Viscount Cranbrook is meant. The patent of his peerage was not dated till May 4th; but it had been previously understood, and telegraphed to India, that he would take his title from Staplehurst.] cannot deal with it except through his council. It is therefore fortunate that you have secured their suffrages, for at present it seems to be the invariable practice of the 'wise men of the East' at the India Office to reject every proposal, however trivial or however important, which emanates from the Government of India.

Yours, my dear Mr. Reeve, very faithfully,

LYTTON.

*Endorsed*—The pension was granted on June 30th.

*From the Comte de Paris Château d'Eu, May 11th.*

... I am glad to see that the hope of peace is stronger. A war between England and Russia would be the greatest catastrophe that could fall upon the world at present; it would be the cause of incalculable ruin everywhere. Since the wars of 1866 and 1870 the maintenance of the peace of Europe depends solely upon the relations between England and Russia. To France the preservation of peace is of the

deepest interest, for the day it is broken she may expect to see her own frontiers threatened by Germany, either directly or by the moral subjection of Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium. We wish no evil either to England or to Russia; but, above all things, we wish that these two Powers should live in harmony.

Here the Journal has:—

*May 13th.*—Returned to town.

*May 28th.*—Gladstone dined at The Club. Six present; interesting.

*June 3rd.*—Excursion to Greenwich to see the telegraph works. Great dinner at the Ship afterwards.

*8th.*—All to Norwich, to stay with Dean Goulburn at the Deanery. I had scarcely been there for fifty years. Dr. Jessop, Canon Heaviside, and Canon Robinson to dinner—very pleasant.

*9th.*—Communion in Norwich Cathedral. *10th,* drove to Costessy (Lord Stafford's); *11th,* to Spixworth; *12th,* to Ely, on a visit to Dean Merivale; *13th,* to Peterborough; *14th,* back to town.

*June.*—Very hot weather. *26th,* dinner of the Antiquaries at Lord Carnarvon's.

*July 5th.*—Lady Northcote's garden party. Helen Blackett there, looking ill. I never saw her again. [Footnote: See *post.* p. 265.]

*July 13th.*—To Foxholes. Gout prevented me from going to Paris, where the exhibition was going on, and to La Celle.

*To Mr. T. Longman*

*Foxholes, July 15th.*—I send just a line to say that *no part* of the article on 'The Constitution and the Crown' is written by me. I thought it due to the writer to leave it untouched, and I don't think it is too severe.

The article in the 'Quarterly' was certainly not written by Dr. Smith, and I have reason to know that he is a good deal ashamed of it. Nobody seems to know who wrote it. I do not expect they will reply upon us; but nothing is more beneficial to the two Reviews than a little controversy, especially when serious principles are concerned. This question is precisely the *crux* or test of Whig and Tory principles; it is the old fight of parliamentary power against prerogative. There has not been in England, for a hundred years, a minister so indifferent to Parliament and so subservient to the Court as Lord Beaconsfield.

*Foxholes, July 16th.*—Dizzy's fireworks will soon burn out; and when people come to reflect on these transactions, and their consequences, they will be found to be some of the most questionable in modern English history. He has the merit of presenting a bold front to Europe and of avoiding war; but the cost will be great and the ulterior consequences formidable. I suppose they are going to give him a Roman triumph this afternoon from Charing Cross to Downing Street.

Sed quid

Turba Remi?...

..... Idem populus...

... hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora

Augustum.

To my old eyes all this is a sham—a scene out of 'Tancred' and 'Lothair.' Depend upon it, the article on the 'Constitution and the Crown' will be read.

*Foxholes, August 10th.*—I never in my life read a better article than this of Froude on Copyright. It is incomparably good in force of argument, vigour of style, point, and truth, and, I think, will go far to settle the assailants of copyright. I confess I enjoy the smashing of the sages of the Board of Trade and old Trevelyan. They will see that if they attack literature, literature is able to defend itself.

*From Mr. T. Longman*

*Farnborough Hill, August 14th.*—... I entirely agree with you in the excellence of Froude's article [on Copyright]. ... I see that he thinks that copyright may be in danger, and that the tendency of writing will flow into periodical literature. That I know has long been XIXth Century Knowles's opinion. He says he cares nothing for any copyright, and never asks for it. Like the 'Times,' he does not, in fact, need it. His writers are highly paid, and he and they are satisfied.

*To Mr. T Longman*

*Foxholes, August 15th.*—... No doubt any restriction of copyright in permanent works would have the effect of inducing literary men to write more and more in periodicals, which are not permanent but well paid. This argument is very important. I am not sure that Froude has laid sufficient stress upon it. Good and solid literature already suffers considerably from the fact that fugitive literature is far better paid, and that a literary man can rarely afford to write a large and substantial book requiring years of labour. Herbert Spencer's evidence is very interesting; but few men have the courage to risk their all in labouring for the future.

I shall make Froude's article the first in the next number, as I think it will attract great attention.

*August 24th.*—Froude's article will make nearly fifty pages of the Review, which is more than I like; but I don't know what to leave out, it is all so good and amusing to literary people, so I think we must swallow it whole.

A note from the Journal:—

*August 23rd.*—Visit to Highclere (Lord Carnarvon's). A good deal of gout in October. To Farnborough on the 30th. Back to town on November 4th.

*To Mr. T. Longman*

*Foxholes, October 10th.*—I see the 'Quarterly' announces an article on my 'Petrarch.' Unless Smith is the falsest of men, it will be a civil article, for he was enthusiastic in his praises of the book to me personally. But I shall not be surprised if it is another flourish of Hayward's stiletto.

*October 19th.*—The article in the 'Quarterly' on my 'Petrarch' is very courteous, and certainly *not* by Abraham.

*C. O., December 2nd.*—This day's post brings me the melancholy intelligence that our friend Kirkman is so ill he is not expected to survive, and that dear old Mrs. Grote is in much the same condition. To me, by far the most painful part of advancing years is the loss of those who made life delightful. It is the only thing I regret. These friendships of forty or fifty years are quite irreparable.

The Journal notes:—

*December 5th.*—Parliament met. 9th, first dinner of the Club. 24th, to Ottershaw Park for Christmas. 28th, to Farnborough—last time. 29th, Mrs. Grote died. 31st, returned to town.

*To Mr. E. Cheney*

*December 13th.*—I brought up two volumes of the MS. Journals for you to read when you come to town. But I perceive the further you proceed the less can you publish. I dismiss all thoughts of that from my mind, and bequeath the task to posterity.

The debate in the Commons has been very dull, [Footnote: On a motion to condemn the policy of the Government in Afghanistan. It was defeated by a majority of 101 in a House of 555.] but the Government will have a very large majority. They tell me Dizzy is negotiating another little purchase of Seleucia and Scanderoon. Jerusalem is in the next lot.

I gave the 'Secret du Roi' to an Irishman to review, and the wretch has disappointed me. I am afraid it is now too late, or I would do it myself. [Footnote: It was reviewed in the April number (1879), but neither by Reeve nor the Irishman.] Read M. de Lomenie's book, 'Les Mirabeau'—a very amiable family.

*Rutland Gate, January 4th, 1879.*—This Christmas has been marked beyond all others by the most tragical events. To me, Mrs. Grote and Lord Tweeddale are deplorable losses, and I could add a catalogue of names of less note, besides those of public interest. What irony to call it the season of mirth and gaiety!

Mrs. Grote has very kindly left Hayward 1,000£. I am glad of it, for it will make him more comfortable, and, I hope, less cross.

The Journal then has:—

*January 7th.*—Dined at Sir P. Shelley's; Spedding, Browning.

*To Mr. E. Cheney*

*January 18th.*—I fully intended to come to see you to-day, and to bring you the MS. volumes of C. C. G.; but I am very lame with rheumatism in my knee, and the weather is so infernal that I cannot use the

carriage, and I am afraid to make the expedition in a cab. I must therefore defer my call till I can move better. On such a day as this one can only burrow like the rabbits.

I think the Cenci article in the new 'Ed. Rev.' will interest you.

*January 22nd.*—I send you Vols. III. and IV. of the mystic record. Pray keep it locked up.

In the 'True Tale of the Cenci,' by T. Adolphus Trollope, there was much that Mr. Cheney dissented from, and he wrote a long letter on the subject, which Reeve in due course forwarded to Trollope. This led to a reply, with which, as far as Reeve's correspondence shows, the discussion dropped. If it was continued further, it was without Reeve's assistance.

*To Mr. E. Cheney*

*January 23rd.*—I saw Lady Shelley to-day, and, as I told her you could not call on her, she very obligingly said she would be happy to call on you and bring you the enlarged photograph of the poet to look at. These photographs are done on porcelain. There are only three copies of them, which Lady S. has got. The negative is destroyed. ... She says the drawing is the image of Shelley's sister, Helen Shelley.

*January 31st.*—Many thanks for your prompt return of the volumes. I am glad they have amused you, and you can give evidence that they are not very wicked. I am afraid I cannot supply any more until I have been down to Foxholes, as I find I have locked up part of the MS. there; and I must now have the whole of it bound.

*February 3rd.*—I send you Trelawny's book on Shelley, and I also enclose an interesting letter from Mr. Trollope in answer to your remarks on the Cenci article. You will see he has taken pains with the subject. I did not mention your name to him in connexion with the remarks, but only with reference to the Philobiblon notes. He therefore does not know that you are as well acquainted with the Italians as he is.

*To Mr. Dempster*

*C. O., February 26th.*—I hope this will not arrive too late to congratulate you on having achieved in health and good spirits three-quarters of the road to our centenary. Unluckily, the last quarter is the most difficult. But *sursum corda!* When I look back and about me, I am astonished to have got so far. The great pleasure of advancing years is retrospection. One sees such groups and groups of pleasant people. The prospective eyes of youth see nothing so real or charming. I fancy I am sitting with you on a flowery bank of heather in the Highlands, about August 15th, talking of these things. There are a dozen brace of dead grouse in the bag. Donald is at the well. Don't remind me that it is February, 1 in London, the wind in the northeast.

Here the Journal records:—

*February 27th.*—My sister-in-law, Helen Blackett, died at Matfen.

*March 4th.*—Charles Newton and Sir J. Hooker elected by The Club.

*April 28th.*—I was named Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries for four years.

*From Lord Kimberley*

*35 Lowndes Square, May 3rd.*—There is a savage article in the 'Quarterly' (by Froude, I believe), many of the statements in which arise from mere ignorance. Whatever chance of success Carnarvon's scheme of confederation had—it was in any case small—was destroyed by Froude's blundering, which was caused mainly by his knowing nothing whatever about the political history and literature of the colony. But, for all that, his article is worthy of attention. Like you, I am very apprehensive about the Zulu war; but this is too long a story for a short note. I should very much like to talk the matter over with you.

The Journal again:—

*May 15th.*—Presided at Antiquaries as V.-P.

*June 11th.*—Great party at Count Münster's for the golden wedding of Emperor Wilhelm.

*From Mr. E. Cheney*

*Audley Square, July 1st.*—I have an impression of Shelley's portrait, which Colnaghi has just engraved. Sir Percy wishes it not to be re-copied, and he entertains no doubt of its authenticity. He says

it is extremely like a maiden aunt of his—the only survivor of the past generation of the Shelleys. I beg your acceptance of an impression.

*To Mr. E. Cheney*

*July 1st.*—I am uncommonly obliged to you for the exquisite engraving of the drawing of Shelley. I shall cherish it alike in memory of him, and of a better man—yourself, and for the strange legend about it.

I am sorry to hear that ——— has taken offence at the mention of her father in the 'Greville Memoirs.' I was wholly unconscious of the offence, and indeed had forgotten that he was mentioned in them at all.... I should like, with great simplicity, to say to these eminent persons that I value the honour of being the Editor of Charles Greville's Journals infinitely more than any distinction that Queens or Duchesses could bestow on me. But I esteem the talents and good qualities of ——— and certainly I never dreamed she was offended.

And then the Journal:—

*July 5th.*—Lady Waldegrave died. The news came while we were attending Lord Lawrence's funeral in Westminster Abbey.

*26th.*—To Foxholes. *August 16th.*—Visit to Weymouth; 18th, drove to Abbotsbury.

*August 30th.*—Tom Longman died at Farnborough—seventy-five.

*September 3rd.*—His funeral.

*5th.*—To St. Malo with Christine and Hopie; 6th, to Dinard and on to Dinan; 8th, to Guingamp; 9th, to Lannion, seeing Chateau de Tonguebec on the way; 10th, to Louannec—fine rocky coast; 11th, Morlaix—drove to St. Pol de Léon; 12th, Brest, but it rained; 13th, to Auray; 14th, expedition to Carnac; 15th, expedition to Locmaria-quer; 16th, Auray to St. Malo; 18th, home again—a pleasant tour.

*24th.*—To Stratton, to see Lord Northbrook about article on Affghan War. Read him the article.

*October 21st.*—Lord Northbrook at Foxholes.

*30th.*—Left Foxholes. Visit to Pember's [at Lymington], Beaulieu Abbey. To town on November 1st.

Frequent mention has been made of M. de Circourt's letters, the writing of which occupied a great part of his time. In a short memoir, or, rather, an appreciation, which Reeve contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review' of October 1881, he wrote: 'It was his pleasure and his desire to live and die comparatively unknown. With an insatiable curiosity and love of knowledge, with an extraordinary facility in mastering languages, and a universal love of literature; with a memory so precise and so inexhaustible that it retained without effort all he had acquired, he found in the mere exercise of these singular gifts a sufficient employment for a long and not inactive life.... He possessed and enjoyed the friendship of an extraordinary number of men of the highest distinction, not only in France, but in all lands. The correspondence he carried on with his friends in Germany, Italy, England, Switzerland, America, and Russia was inconceivably voluminous. To each of them he wrote in their own respective language, equally vehement and profuse in every tongue.'

The bulk of his letters to Reeve alone is truly formidable. But these, and presumably most others, were to a very great extent political or literary pamphlets, which, though not given to the press, were—there can be little doubt—intended to be circulated among a select public such as he delighted in addressing. Two of the latest of these, written very shortly before his death, are here given:—

*From M. de Circourt*

La Celle, October 27th.

My dear Reeve,—I don't know whether the article 'Germany since the Peace of Frankfort' has done in Great Britain so much noise as the 'Affghanistan,' which has been, over here, an event in the literary-politic world. But the first one is quite equal to the second, and gives career to endless (alas! useless, too!) reflections. It is a sombre picture, quite in the style of Rembrandt, with a *chiaroscuro* much akin to darkness. It can be objected that the lights are sacrificed to the shades. But, excepting the strong constitution of the Imperial army, and the perfection to which, according to competent judges, the preparations for an offensive and defensive war have been pushed, I cannot see anything, in the condition of finances, industry, husbandry, and, above all, public morals, which is not threatening, if not absolutely disheartening. No traveller comes back from Germany without a tale of woe. *Savior armis Luxuria incubuit, victamque ulciscitur Galliam.* And while the rancour and the thirst for vengeance are

still, in France, what they were in 1871, the whole of power, riches, and fashion in Germany crowding to Paris, give it a sort of transient popularity, and suffers itself to be led by what is among us most frivolous, most immoral, and even less French, in the old and legitimate sense of that word. It is very curious to observe how the strangers flock to Paris in order to enjoy the spectacle of themselves, reckoning the French for nothing save the ministers of their pleasures, *et improbi turba impia vici*. If, in the midst of these brilliant saturnalia, the *pares* were to rise, and another Commune spring from the kennel to the day, how many of the lords of the Philistines would be buried under the ruins of the temple of Dagon? But to revert to Germany, or, rather, to her ruler.

Prince Bismarck, I apprehend, has lived too long. He begins to feel the fickleness of fortune. He has never had any friends; he begins to be burdensome to his associates. I don't know whether he could have managed a Parliament elected after the actual method on the Continent; I am certain that he did not, and never was able to, uphold a consistent and honourable system whatever. He is no financier, no economist; and as he does always act upon the interests of the present hour, without regard to past engagements, he can have with him but those who superstitiously deem him a prophet, or those who choose to *servir à tout prix*. He is rude, suspicious, and vindictive. The only great minister with whom he can be compared, Richelieu, was at least frank and open towards friend and foe. Bismarck has never negotiated with any man, nor charged any man with an important measure, without becoming their ruin, or changed them into implacable enemies—Savigny, Usedom, Arnim, Gortschakoff. The good genius of his country has protected Moltke against his insidious praises and bitter censures. It is easy to prove that, during the late war, all the good advice given to the King came from Moltke; all hurried, or lame, or improvident, or perfidiously cruel measures came from the Chancellor. Why did he leave half of the forts round Paris in the power, not of our army, but of the armed rabble, to which he left the possession of 1,500 field-pieces and 300,000 guns, while he disarmed the regulars to the last man? To his calculations we owe the Commune; posterity will hold him responsible for that incalculable calamity, which it was at every hour in his power to avert, or to crush instantly. Presently his tenure of office is very precarious. The Emperor is eighty-two, and has never liked Bismarck; he has given recently some signs that he feels galled by the chain. The Crown Prince may make use of him, and sacrifice his personal feelings to the advantage not to upset suddenly the system of government; but, under Friedrich Wilhelm V., it is more than probable that Bismarck shall have to choose between retire or obey. Even in the present occurrence, considering that France is wholly taken up with her internal dissensions, which are not likely to become soon better, and that Russia has need of time for recruiting her exhausted resources, it was certainly not sound policy to blow the trumpet of a coalition which was, presently, dreamed of by nobody, and shall, in the future, result from the necessity of things.

The article upon the Code of Criminal Law is an excellent treatise of *Criminalison*; we, too, want a *refonte* of our criminal law. What is called civilisation has gorged our society with an infinity of malpractices unknown to our ruder but better fathers; and we suffer from the bane of modern civilisation, that idiot charity towards the refuse of mankind, coupled to a perfect indifference for the honest people they assail or bring to ruin. To that endemic disease of the mind no penal statute can afford a remedy. MacMahon was as weak as a school-girl on such occasions; Grévy is scarce better; at least he does not call weakness Christian charity.

'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such' are little intelligible to me, merely because I have read so few books of the authoress. Doudan [Footnote: Ximenes Doudan (1800-72) was in early life a tutor in the family of the Due de Broglie, and remained attached to him. His critical judgement and sparkling conversation made him a special feature of the Duchess's *salon*. He was well known in literary society, and was compared by Reeve (*Ed. Rev.*, July 1878) with John Allen of Holland House. Like Allen, his reputation was based almost entirely on his conversation and encyclopaedic knowledge. After his death, his few essays and numerous letters were collected and edited by the Comte d'Haussonville, under the title of *Mélanges et Lettres* (4 toms. 8vo. 1876).] wrote that he could never be quite unhappy while he had *des romans anglais à lire*; I confess that, when they are not first-rate, they seem to me to belong rather to the department of industry than to that of literature. The article upon the civil engineers of Britain is an admirable compilation of much that's useful to know and easy to understand; the magnificence of the *tableau* strikes the fancy and weighs upon the mind. But, after all, is humanity become grander, or better, or happier by so many performances of the inquisitive and constructive genius? *That's the question*. With trembling hope I'll answer Yes! Life is less dark, a little longer, and better provided against the material plagues of nature: but farther?

I am pent up with a severe cold, and losing the last day of a capricious autumn. Mme. d'Affry has promised me a visit.

What of the parliamentary strife between Disraeli and his rivals? At least, it is *Diomedes cum Glaucos*, statesman pitched against statesman. But in our camp: *non melius compositus cum Bitho Bacchius*. Yours truly,

A. C.

The letter that follows is endorsed by Reeve 'M. de Circourt's last letter to me. He was struck with apoplexy on the 15th, and died on the 17th of November. The last token of fifty years' friendship':—

*From the Comte de Circourt*

La Celle, November 12th.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind letter of the 6th. I am still an invalid, *conjuguant* in all its tenses the verb *grippe*, with its near relation bronchitis. However, I am recovering by-and-by, and the weather—not fine, still very mild—helps me towards recovering my liberty of locomotion. I am the more sorry for my *réclusion* that I had begun some plantations in my garden. Fancy what it is to plant trees by half-dozens and to buy land by wheelbarrows!

We are in a state of partial fermentation and general disgust. The President *videt meliora probatque, deteriora sequitur*; he is absolutely sunken in the opinions, but tolerated, because he lets every party at freedom to plot and to hope. Waddington does not fare better, but Jules Simon has presently no chance of replacing him. The sympathy which Ferry has proclaimed for the Reformed Church [Footnote: See *Times*, November 8th.]—very natural in itself—may be mischievous for them; our nation has never any sympathy for minorities. The leaders of the Clerical party have lowered their teaching and their practices to the level of the most obtuse intellects and the most childish enthusiasms; they make conquests by myriads; and as, in our present state of society, numbers are accounted for everything, the Government and ruling party have already encountered, and shall encounter more and more, a formidable opposition, which, if it does not drag the country into civil war, cannot fail to accelerate and precipitate the fate of the Republican Government. As the Duc d'Aumale seems resolved never to put himself forward, the conjectures hover between Galliffet [Footnote: General de Galliffet was more especially known for the stern justice he had meted out to the Communards of 1871.] and several others, all men of action, although none of them has the prestige which made, in 1799, the task of Bonaparte so wonderfully easy. The 'Great Unknown' will be revealed to us by some sudden stroke; our people is perfectly disposed to acknowledge a master, and prays only that 'nous ayons un bon tyran,' since we must have one.

Lord Beaconsfield's speech [Footnote: At the Mansion House on the 10th. See *Times*, November 11th.] shall not put an end to the embarrassments of our Exchange, shaken to its foundations by the curiously tragical episode [Footnote: 'Gigantic swindle' would more correctly designate it. See *Times*, November 7th. Philippart, having made away with some 100,000,000 francs, had judiciously vanished.] of Philippart. *Imperium et Libertas*, i.e. 'Domination abroad and Freedom at home,' is a proud legacy of 'the most high and palmy days of Rome'; but it will be difficult to force the submission to that maxim upon all the powers of the world. If the Turks had studied the history of classical times, they would believe that the days of *Civis Romanus sum* and the *Reges clientes Populi Romani* are come again for the East; and what immense space does this name design, since the exclusive and dominating influence claimed by the Premier begins at the Adriatic and ends—nowhere; for the whole of Affghanistan being brought under British control, and Turkish Asia on the other side being claimed as a protected and indirectly governed country, it will become necessary that the intermediate region, Persia, be assimilated to the rest of the dependencies of an Empire which, at the farthest end, shall soon be contiguous to China.

The task of the Russian people is very different. The stern decrees of Providence have made of it the antagonist and hereditary foe of the Asiatic barbarics, which it has faced under the walls of Kief and Moscow, and pressed, by dint of repeated battles and immense sacrifices, to the foot of the Himalaya range and the course of the Upper Oxus. Sooner or later, a tremendous shock must happen between the two gigantic Empires which meet upon that debateable ground. I hope I may never witness it; but I do regret much the disparition of the ample neutral ground, which till lately stretched from the Indus to the Yaxartes....

Many wishes for your health and occupations.

Yours very truly,

A. CIRCOURT.

The Journal gives the chronicle of the last weeks of the year:—

*November 22nd.*—Visit to Chatsworth. Delane died. *23rd.*—Chatsworth. Long talk with Lord Hartington.

29th.—Delane's funeral at Easthampstead. Went down with Barlow and Stebbing; then across by Woking to Lithe Hill (Haslemere); very cold.

At Christmas severe illness came on—gout and violent bleeding of the nose. I was totally laid up for two months.

The year had been a sad one, and had marked its progress by the death of many of Reeve's dearest and oldest friends—Lady Blackett (to whom he had always been tenderly attached), Longman, Circourt, and Delane.

## CHAPTER XX

### OUTRAGE AND DISLOYALTY

The very serious illness which ushered in the year 1880, and which confined Reeve to his room till near the end of January, formed a very important era in his life. Though it passed away, so that, after a fortnight at Brighton, he was able, by the middle of February, to attend to his official duties at the Council Office, the bad effects remained. He was no longer a young man, but he had carried his years well. He had travelled, he had occasionally shot, and always with a keen sense of enjoyment. Now, the full weight of his age told at once. His illness left him ten years older; unable to undergo the fatigue of field sports, and feeling that of travel sometimes irksome.

And Foxholes afforded him a tempting excuse. From this time, instead of going for his holiday to Scotland, to France, or to Geneva, it seemed so much easier to go to Foxholes, so much more comfortable to spend it there. And for the next fifteen years a large part of his time was passed at Foxholes, where, in the most delightful climate known in this country, surrounded by beautiful scenery and with a commanding view of the sea, amid the comforts of home and in the company of his books and his chosen friends, he could say, from both the material and moral point of view:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

Of course, his duties at the Council Office required him to be in town during the season and while the Court was sitting; and in the April of this year he noted a breakfast at Lord Houghton's, to meet Renan, and presiding as a Vice-President at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries. Otherwise the Journal is almost a blank, containing little beyond the dates of going to Foxholes or returning to town.

But though thus in a measure withdrawing from the swirl of society in which so much of his life had been passed, he in no sense lost touch with the movements of the day, and in none of these did he take a more lively interest than in those which affected the state of France. And that seemed particularly unsettled. No one could attempt a forecast of the future, though wild guessing was easy. Nothing was certain; everything was possible. Hope was guided rather by fancy than by reason, and tinted the years to come in brighter colours than—now that those years have passed—history has warranted. For many years back the French Princes had been Reeve's occasional correspondents, but their letters had seldom had any political significance. At this time they began to have a more serious importance; and during the next six years those of the Comte de Paris, more especially, are full of deep and pregnant meaning. In England, the topics of the day were the dissolution in March, Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign, which will live in history as an instance of the noxious admixture of sentiment and politics, and the overwhelming success of the Liberal party at the polls, which brought Mr. Gladstone back to office, at the head of an absolute majority in the House of Commons of 56. Reeve, of course, followed the progress of the election with anxious eyes. To Mr. T. Norton Longman he wrote:—

*Foxholes, April 2nd.*—The Liberal gain on the Elections is far more than I anticipated, and I begin to hope there may be a decided Liberal majority. What I most deprecate is an even balance of parties. If the Liberals are strong, they will be moderate; if weak, they will be violent.

It is raining heavily to-day—rather damp for the electors, but a capital thing for the country and for my shrubs.

The further course of the election brought him the following letters from the Comte de Paris:—

*Château d'Eu, le 12 avril.*—Je vous remercie de tout mon coeur des voeux que vous m'adressez à

l'occasion de la naissance de mon fils, et je suis heureux de pouvoir vous donner les meilleures nouvelles de la mère et de l'enfant.

Je suis bien peiné d'apprendre que vous avez été si longtemps souffrant cet hiver. La rigueur de la saison peut bien en avoir été la cause, et j'espère que l'été achèvera de vous remettre. Nous serions heureux, la Comtesse de Paris et moi, si durant cet été vous pouviez, avec Madame et Mademoiselle Reeve, renouveler la visite que vous nous avez faite au château d'Eu il y a trois ans. Depuis lors la maison a été toujours en deuil; l'événement qui vient de s'accomplir ici nous permet, j'aime à le croire, une année plus heureuse.

The result of the elections in England has caused great surprise in France. Nothing led us to expect such a complete change in the opinion of the electorate. When I saw Mr. Gladstone a few months since, he did not seem at all confident of his party's speedy return to power. A year or two ago I should have greatly regretted the fall of Lord Beaconsfield; but my opinion is entirely changed since Lord Salisbury's speech in honour of the Austro-German alliance. Lord Beaconsfield's term of power has had the one good result of obliging the Government which succeeds him to pay more and closer attention to Continental politics than the English Cabinet did in 1870 and 1871. But for some time back the Russophobia of the Foreign Office and its agents has been so great that it looked as if England was going to give up the idea of preserving the equilibrium of the Continent, and become the accomplice or the dupe of those who played on this passion.

20 avril.—Je m'empresse de vous remercier de votre lettre et de vous dire tout le plaisir que la Comtesse de Paris et moi nous aurons à vous voir ici avec Madame et Mademoiselle Reeve. Malheureusement les trois dernières semaines d'août sont le seul moment où je ne serai pas ici, et si vous venez un peu plus tôt en France je vous prierais de commencer par le château d'Eu.... I have read the article on M'Clellan by Mr. Curtis, in the last number of the 'North American Review.' It did not teach me much, for I have often talked it all over with M'Clellan, in his visits to Europe. But the article is good, and all the facts alleged are perfectly true. Lincoln was very weak in this business, the tool—without knowing it—of Stanton and Halleck. The author sometimes closes his eyes to M'Clellan's faults, which, though they do not excuse Lincoln, impartiality will not permit us to ignore. M'Clellan was an excellent organiser and a skilful general, but he made blunders; he could not take a decided resolution at the proper time, and it is not correct to say that he was considered a faultless general: he was loved, appreciated, and respected by all, and justly considered as the best chief of the Federal armies, when Grant, Sherman, and Thomas were as yet little known. Personally, he was, at times, very indiscreet: he permitted those about him to speak of the President in insulting terms, and he wrote the letter quoted by Mr. Curtis. An extremely silly thing, for it could not possibly do any good, and it was easy to see that his enemies would use it against him. With these exceptions, I entirely share the views of the author of the article.

We await the formation of your new ministry with curiosity. I agree with you that it is better that Gladstone should be its recognised head than its unofficial and irresponsible leader. I hope the experience of 1871, and the verdict of the electors in 1874, have opened his eyes to the dangers of a *far niente* policy, as practised by the Foreign Office during his last administration.

27 avril.—Je vous remercie infiniment de votre lettre du 21 et je me réjouis bien de penser que nous aurons probablement votre visite ici au mois de juillet. Je vous remercie de l'intention que vous m'exprimez d'arranger vos projets de manière à pouvoir venir en France à cette époque.

I see Mr. Gladstone has not been afraid of the fatigue you thought would be too much for him. I quite understand that after his disaster in 1874 he should insist on a material proof of his wondrous political rehabilitation. But it seems to me that he ought not to have combined the Exchequer with the leadership—unless, indeed, his friends wanted to handicap him by allowing him to take upon his strong shoulders a burden which is usually divided between two ministers. I am not surprised at this change, so complete, so striking to one who thinks of the time when Mr. Gladstone, almost disavowed by the party he had so imprudently led to defeat, could hardly find a constituency to open the doors of the House to him. It is a spectacle presented by all free countries, a salutary warning to the victors of the day, and a consolation to the vanquished, to whom hope is always left. But what does astound me is that the change should not have been foreseen. It is rather a severe democratic shock to the parliamentary machine. Is it the effect of the lowering of the franchise, or of the secret ballot? I do not know. But does not the astonishment of the leaders of the victorious party prove that their followers are escaping from their control? And if so, where and to whom will they go? However, I am confident that the practical spirit which has hitherto inspired all classes of the English people, as they have been successively called upon to take their part in the government—from the old nobility to the petty shopkeepers—will not be found wanting in the new electoral body, constituted by the last reform.

4 juin.—Si, comme je l'espère bien, vous pouvez réaliser la bonne promesse que vous m'avez faite de

venir ici avec Madame et Mademoiselle Reeve dans la seconde moitié de juillet, je serais heureux de vous voir fixer votre visite aux environs du 22: en effet, nous attendons ce jour-là ou le suivant quelques personnes qui vous intéresseront certainement et qui seront charmées de vous rencontrer: le Comte et la Comtesse d'Eu, le Duc et la Duchesse d'Audiffret-Pasquier, M. et Madame de Rainneville (Rainnevillea formosa, d'après votre botanique spéciale).

*19 juillet.*—Je m'empresse de vous remercier de votre lettre, et de vous dire que je vous enverrai jeudi, à Dieppe, une voiture pour vous chercher à l'Hôtel de la Plage à deux heures après midi, à moins d'avis contraire.

Toutefois je dois vous prévenir que M. Alexandre Dumas, qui habite près de Dieppe, et auquel j'avais demandé de venir déjeuner ici l'un de ces jours, en lui laissant le choix du jour, m'annonce qu'il viendra déjeuner au château le jeudi 22. Le déjeuner est à onze heures et demie. Si vous désiriez le rencontrer il faudrait que vous partiez le matin de Dieppe. Dans ce cas, sur un avis de vous, je vous enverrais la voiture à neuf heures du matin, au lieu de deux heures après midi.

So on July 21st, Reeve, with Mrs. Reeve, left London for Dieppe, whence they went on to the Château d'Eu. On the 26th they went on, through St. Quentin, Namur, and Liège, to Aix, where, for the next fortnight, Reeve drank waters and took baths. They then returned through Brussels and London, reaching Foxholes on August 14th.

And there they stayed for nearly three months, during which time, beyond noting a few visits or visitors, the Journal is a blank. On November 6th they returned to London.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*C. O., November 26th.*—I have not for a long time read a book so fascinating to me as these Reminiscences of Carlyle; for though he calls them reminiscences of Irving &c., they are, in fact, essentially an autobiography. It is impossible to present the details of life with more attractive clearness and picturesque effect. The most curious thing is that the style, instead of being a mass of cloudy affectation, is simple, flowing, and natural. To me, especially, all this is most captivating. The account of Mrs. Montagu, Coleridge, the Bullers, the Stracheys, &c. revives a thousand recollections. It was through the Bullers that we first knew Carlyle, and I suppose in due time he will relate his intimacy with the Austins and Sterlings in the same manner.

It is right to say that there are many persons still alive who will not be pleased at having their portraits drawn by so strong a hand—Mrs. Procter, for instance.

Altogether, I think the book is eminently interesting and valuable, and will have a very large circulation indeed. It is the sort of book everybody likes to read, and in this case it is backed by names of great celebrity. I will send the MS. back to you on Monday. What a wonderful thing it is that Froude should have had the patience to copy all this out in his own handwriting!

I dined last night with the Chancellor, and found both him and the Home Secretary deep in 'Endymion.' Everybody abuses it more or less, but everybody reads it, so the abuse does not go for much. Only Lady Stanley (the dowager) declares she could not get through the first volume. Such is the strength of party feeling.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

Chantilly, 2 décembre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je me fais une fête de vous revoir. J'ai vendu mon hôtel de Paris et n'ai pas encore pu y reconstituer d'établissement. Mais Chantilly [Footnote: During the next few years, before he was again exiled, the Duc d'Aumale restored Chantilly on a magnificent scale (see *post*, pp. 319, 320), making it a repository for his splendid collection of pictures, works of art, and library, which included many precious MSS. By a will dated June 3, 1884, he bequeathed the whole to the 'Institut de France,' in trust for the nation.] est si près! Dès que vous pourrez, donnez-moi votre adresse de Paris, et indiquez-moi quels jours vous serez libre, afin que je puisse en choisir un et vous demander de venir à Chantilly. Dites-moi aussi quels jours il vous serait agréable d'avoir ma loge aux Français.

J'espère bien avoir lu 'Endymion' d'ici là. Je vous serre la main.

#### H. D'ORLÉANS.

Reeve was thus meditating a visit to Paris for Christmas, as soon as the Court rose. Its session ended in the death of one of its most esteemed members. Sir James Colvile, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bengal, had a house in Rutland Gate, and a great intimacy had grown up between

the two. On Friday, December 3rd, he had dined with the Reeves, 'in fair health and excellent spirits,' as Mrs. Reeve wrote a few days later. 'He, with Lady Colvile and his brother-in-law, Lord Blachford, sat on for quite half an hour after the other guests left' On Saturday morning he went down to the office with Reeve. On the Monday he was dead. Sir Lawrence Peel,[Footnote: First cousin of Sir Robert Peel (the statesman), formerly Chief Justice of Calcutta, and since 1856 a member of the Judicial Committee. He died in 1884, in his 85th year.] one of his colleagues in the Judicial Committee, himself now old and feeble, wrote, apparently the same day:—

My dear Reeve,—A blow terrible indeed to all of us, to me most terrible. A man so close to death as I think myself feels more deeply the awe a sudden death causes. I know not the man to whom a sudden death could come and find more well prepared than he was. I thank you for your kind forethought. Say for me to his late colleagues that I feel his loss to them and to all of us irreparable. That he should go first! Oh God, preserve me and bless you all. Ever yours truly,

**L. PEEL.**

Could you say or write a line in season to Lady Colvile? They say I am better.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Rutland Gate, December 7th.*—I have been and am horribly upset by the sudden death of Sir James Colvile, which took place yesterday morning. He was really my most intimate friend; for twenty-two years we have worked and lived together, and to all of us the loss is irreparable,

*From Sir Lawrence Peel*

*December 11th.*—One word about your 'resignation.' 'Don't.' The weaker the thing is, the more your value will be felt. Sir Montague [Footnote: Sir Montague Smith, one of the paid members of the Judicial Committee. He resigned the office on December 12th, 1881, and died, in his 82nd year, in 1891.] will go. He has as much as told me so, not very lately. It will be a new Court, not the old P. C., nor can it have the character of the House of Lords. It will have its entire way to make, and where is the stuff? It may in time win approval; but it will be a child at first. Of course if things are made unpleasant to you, Go; but my impression is the other way.

I think I do get better, but I am very bad. It [the death of Sir James Colvile] was a terrible shock; and I lie and think, yet cannot throw it off. To-day is the funeral. Alas! Alas! *Nulli flebilior quam mihi!* When earth covers him, not a better man will be left on its face. *Tibi constabat.* Ever the servant of Duty and of his God, and letting no man note in him a sign that he thought himself better than the ruck... God bless you! Don't resign—wait.

On December 15th Reeve went to Paris alone. His Journal notes:—

*17th.*—Opera 'Aïda,' with the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale.

*18th.*—To the Français, with the Duc d'Aumale.

*19th.*—Breakfasted at Chantilly; went all over the Château, rebuilt.

*24th.*—Dined alone with Lord Lyons.

But a few letters written at this time to his wife give the best description of his visit, and call more particular attention to what seems to have been in great measure the cause of it—the paper to be read before the Institute.

*Paris, December 21st.*—I dined yesterday with Laugel to meet the De Witts, the young De Barantes and M. de Mérode. The Duc de Broglie came in the evening. The eldest son of Cornélis de Witt is about to marry Mlle. de Labruyère, a considerable heiress, dans l'Agénois. This is a capital marriage for the family. To-morrow I am going to a lecture by M. Caro at the Sorbonne. On Thursday there is the reception of M. Maxime du Camp (who wrote about the Commune) by M. Caro at the Académie Française, when I shall take my seat amongst the Forty Immortals. It will be interesting. On Wednesday 29th I shall probably make an address to the Institute (simple énoncé de faits) on the State of Landed Property in Ireland—a formidable undertaking!

I think now that the Radicals will break up the Government and break their own necks. I cannot conceive that the English people and Parliament will condone such monstrous conduct. I therefore now hope that they will play out their abominable game. Mr. Plunket's speech is admirable.

*December 23rd.*—I am just come back from the Institute, where there has been a grand function—the reception of Maxime du Camp by M. Caro on behalf of the Académie Française. All Paris was mad to

go, and I believe they expected the Communards would storm the sacred building. I sat aloft among the Immortals, with the Duc de Broglie, Haussonville, Lesseps, Vieil Castel, and next Alexandre Dumas, who was very pleasant. The Duc d'Aumale was on the other side.

Yesterday we had a very pleasant dinner at the De Broglies'—Gavard, Lambert de Ste.-Croix and Cornélis de Witt. They shot 1,250 pheasants at Ferrières [Footnote: It was here that the celebrated meeting between Bismarck and Jules Favre (cf. *ante*, pp. 186-7) took place, on September 19th, 1870.] (Baron Rothschild's) on Sunday. The Comte de Paris brought down 300 himself.

I have written out my speech on Irish Land and read it to Gavard. It will take about fifteen or twenty minutes in the delivery. I breakfast tomorrow morning with St. Hilaire.

*December 27th.*—I went to the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau on Christmas Day—full congregation and nice service—but saw nobody I knew. Mme. Faucher's dinner was dull, but Passy and Leroy-Beaulieu were there, and there was some good music after dinner. I called yesterday on Feuillet de Conches and Mme. Mohl, each looking a thousand and older than the hills; and I spent some time in the galleries of the Louvre with my old favourites in their eternal youth. It is infinitely touching, when so much else is gone, to look at those pictures which I myself remember for sixty years in unchanging beauty. I perfectly remember the impression made on me when I was seven years old by the picture of the Entry of Henry IV into Paris.

I have copied out my whole oration to be read on Wednesday, and, in copying, enlarged it. It is chiefly taken from the Irish Land Pamphlet.

*December 30th.*—My discourse at the Institute went off very well. I was told by the best French writer, Mignet, that it was well written, and by the best French speaker, Jules Simon, that it was well delivered, which is enough to satisfy a modest man. The MS. will be printed and published in several forms. Léon Say sat by my side. There were about thirty people present.

I went to the Duc de Broglie's reception last night. Nothing can exceed the dulness of French society—ten or twelve men sitting in a circle to discuss miserable municipal politics; not another subject, or a book, or an idea so much as mentioned. I am now going to breakfast with the Duc d'Aumale at Laugel's.

Gladstone seems to think that everything must go right since he is in power. It is a case of mental delusion, but I am curious to see how the House of Commons will deal with him.

*December 31st.*—We had a very pleasant breakfast with the Duc d'Aumale at Laugel's yesterday. He was most agreeable. He had a narrow escape on Monday from a stag at bay, which pursued him with fury, killed a hound and wounded a horse. He said, 'J'ai fui comme je n'ai jamais fui de ma vie.' The stags they hunt are wild red deer. He asked me to go in the evening with him to the Français to see 'Hernani,' which I did; glad to see the old piece again, though I thought it not well acted.

I am now going to breakfast with St.-Hilaire.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Paris, December 29th.*—I am very anxious to learn what the bulk of the Liberal party in England now think of the results of a Radical policy in Ireland and elsewhere. Unhappily our friends, the Whigs, are to a certain extent responsible for having assented to it, though reluctantly; but the real author of this Irish policy is Mr. Bright. The consequences of it appear so disastrous that I cannot conceive it will last. But we are on the eve of stormy times.

The Journal continues:—

1881, *January 2nd.*—Returned to London in 8 1/2 hours.

The Club met in January as Parliament was sitting.

*14th.*—Dinner at home. Prince Lobanow, [Footnote: The Russian Ambassador.] Acton, Burys, C. Villiers, Leckys.

*15th.*—Small dinner at Lord Derby's.

*18th.*—Tremendous snow-storm. 21st. Excessive cold.

*From Mr. E. Cheney*

*Audley Square, January 5th.*—I must apologise for having kept your precious manuscript [Footnote: The *Greville Memoirs*, second part], so long. The truth is, I left town for a month, and left the volumes carefully locked up, and only finished them on my return. I have read them with the deepest interest,

and am truly obliged to you for having procured me so much amusement. I think these volumes even surpassing the last in interest.

I see you have marked several passages for omission which I should retain. I allude particularly to those relating to the French Revolution and the conduct of the Orleans family. It is impossible that any relation of those facts can be made so as to be agreeable to that family; and no omissions could be made that would render the narration palatable to them. Besides, these are Charles Greville's opinions, and not yours; and you are not answerable for them.

His remarks on the state of Ireland and the conduct of the Government are curious, as being exactly those which people are making at this moment. Gladstone's policy is exactly that of Lord John Russell; but the urgency of action is now still greater, and the outrages committed still more heinous. Gladstone may apply the words of the poet to himself—'In not forbidding, you command the crime.' Also the Duke of Wellington's opinions on army reform are applicable to the present moment, when such determined attacks are made upon its efficiency. The Duke said, 'We had a damned good army, and they are trying to make it a damned bad one.' Our present patriotic Government, he might say, 'are trying to make it a damned deal worse.'

What would be personally offensive to the Queen should be omitted; but as to his criticisms on public men and their measures, I cannot see why they should be suppressed. The daily newspapers all over England are free to make what comments they please, and I cannot see that a well-informed individual is not entitled to the same privilege.

His account of his quarrel with Lord G. Bentinck should in justice to him be printed; Lord G. told his own story, and Greville has every right to give his version of it. He certainly intended it, for he read me that part of his journal. The name of the Duchess of —— should of course be left in blank, but, with this exception, I think the whole might be printed. There is no private scandal, and public men and their friends should not be thin-skinned, and must learn to bear adverse criticism. The affectation of calling Lord Russell 'John' and 'Johnny' is offensive and tiresome; also, by omitting persons' titles there is frequently some ambiguity— 'Grey' may mean Sir George or the Earl, and the context does not always make his meaning clear.

I think a few lines of preface from you explaining your motives for leaving Greville to express his own views and opinions would quite clear you with all reasonable people.

*From M. B. St. Hilaire* [Footnote: At this time Ministre des Affaires Etrangères.]

Paris: January 10.

Cher Monsieur Reeve,—I quite understand that the reticence of the Tories is very wise. Office is not tempting, and it is prudent to leave it to those who actually have it. But the situation is very precarious, as Mr. Gladstone will no doubt soon learn. Meanwhile he has given me powerful assistance by speaking of arbitration as he has done, supported by the complete and unanimous assent of the English Cabinet. This may very likely decide the Greeks and Turks to adopt more sensible notions. But the thing is giving me a great deal of trouble...

I hope you may be able to pacify Ireland, but it will be very difficult. Against such atrocious and persistent determination, force is almost as unavailing as gentleness. If, as we may believe, that is what Cromwell met with, we can understand the excesses into which the barbarity of his age led him; but in two hundred and thirty years we have not gained much. Even emigration has had no good effect. 'Tis a frightful sore; though during the last forty years England has done wonders to cure it.

Much might be said on this subject. I see by the newspapers that you have read before our Academy a most interesting paper on Property in Ireland. If you should print it, I hope you will not forget me. Towards the end of this month I will send you one of my latest works—to wit, a Yellow Book on Greece. It will at least be curious.

Agréez, cher Monsieur Reeve, tous mes voeux de nouvel an pour vous et pour tous ceux qui vous sont chers. Bonne santé.

Votre bien dévoué,

**B. ST. HILAIRE.**

*Paris, January 11th.*—I am greatly obliged for the account of your interview with Musurus Pasha. If the key to this business is in our views on the Conference of Berlin, the house is open, and we have nothing to do but enter. I have written with my own hand three long despatches, showing by a reference to Vattel that the Conference was nothing more than the mediation promised by the XXIVth

article of the Treaty of Berlin. These despatches I have communicated in the first place to Athens and Constantinople, and afterwards to all the foreign ambassadors here, as well as to Essad Pasha and to Braïlas Arméni.

If there is one thing certain, it is that the Conference of Berlin neither did nor could do anything but mediate; it merely gave advice; it did not deliver judgement to be enforced. I am doing what I can to convince the Greeks of this all-important fact, but hitherto without much success. I have even gone farther, and have pointed out to them in these despatches the limits within which arbitration will probably have to confine itself. As I am only one out of six, I can do no more, and even this was perhaps too much. The Porte and Greece cannot help knowing all this. The public also will know it by the end of the present month, when I shall publish the despatches in the yellow book which I am preparing, and which I will send to you.

The state of Ireland appears to us here to be truly dreadful. We do not see how such crimes can be tolerated.

*From Mr. E. Cheney*

*January 13th.*—I see no reason why this sequel [of the 'Greville Memoirs'] should not be published whenever it is convenient, but of this you only can be judge. There is very little private scandal, and that little should of course be omitted.

The Queen should always be spared; but as to Lord J. Russell and Lord Palmerston, they are public men, and their public conduct requires no reserve in the discussion of it;—the Queen herself, in her own Journals, speaks of them and of Gladstone in terms that prove how little reserve she thought necessary. It is amazing to me that a man who lived so much in the world [as Greville], and who had great curiosity and a taste for gossip, should so carefully have avoided all scandal.

The criticism that was sometimes made on the former volumes reminds me rather of the note on the quiz on Crabbe in the 'Rejected Addresses':—'The author is well aware how ill it becomes his clerical profession to give any pain, however slight, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.' Pain must be given, and offence will be taken; but you will do what is right and must be indifferent. I think these last volumes even more amusing than the first, and the discussions about Ireland are of peculiar interest at this moment—I am very glad that these precious volumes are again in your hands. I felt quite uneasy whilst they were in mine.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Chateau d'Eu, le 2 février.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Nous ne pouvions douter, ma femme et moi, de la part que vous et Madame Reeve prendriez au malheur si cruel et si inattendu qui vient de nous frapper. Vous aviez vu ici le bel enfant que Dieu nous avait envoyé il y a dix mois [Footnote: *Ante*, p. 275] et dont la naissance nous avait causé une si grande joie. Il était si fort et si bien portant que jusqu'à la veille de sa mort nous n'avions pas eu un instant d'inquiétude. Vous comprenez donc bien notre douleur. Je ne doute pas que Mademoiselle votre fille ne s'y associe, car nous connaissons et nous apprécions les sentiments dont vous nous avez donné, tons les trois, tant de preuves.

Ma femme, qui depuis dix ans a perdu trois soeurs, deux frères, et deux fils, est, comme vous le pensez, bien accablée; mais les enfants qui lui restent l'obligeront heureusement à reprendre à la vie. Ne voulant plus après notre malheur laisser derrière elle notre dernière fille, la petite Isabelle, et ne pouvant l'emmener en Espagne dans cette rude saison, elle a remis ce voyage à l'automne prochain, et s'est décidée à ne pas quitter le château d'Eu, où l'hiver a été rude. Mais si nous avons eu le froid et la neige, l'Andalousie n'a pas été épargnée par la tempête, et les inondations y sont terribles.

Je termine en vous priant de croire aux sentiments bien sincères de  
Votre affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.**

During the preceding autumn the state of Ireland had been exceptionally bad. There were many who believed that the attempt was being made, by a cold-blooded calculation, to work on the sentimental instincts of Mr. Gladstone's character. The verb 'to boycott' had been introduced into the English language; murders and agrarian outrages had been frequent; but witnesses and juries were so terrorised, that prosecution was found to be difficult and conviction impossible. In charging the grand jury at Galway on December 10th, the judge had commented on the fact that, out of 698 criminal offences committed in Connaught during the four months, thirty-nine only were for trial, no sufficient evidence as to the other 659 being obtainable. On November 2nd, fourteen members of the Land

League—including five members of Parliament—were arrested and committed for trial on the charge of inciting to crime. The facts were matter of public notoriety, but the jury refused to convict, and the prisoners were discharged. The Government was compelled to act; and on January 24th Mr. Forster moved for leave to bring in a bill for the better protection of person and property in Ireland. After an unprecedented obstruction on the part of the Irish members, and after a continuous sitting of forty-one hours, the Speaker summarily closed the debate, and the bill, commonly known as the Coercion Bill, passed the first reading on February 2nd. On the 3rd, twenty-seven of the Irish members were suspended; and the bill, having passed through the succeeding stages, finally became law on March 2nd.

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*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, February 6th.*—I am happy in your approval, and permit me to add that I am proud of it. I know the value and sincerity of your judgements. You have a long experience of politics, and every reason not to be deceived even by the most obscure complications. There was certainly an intrigue on foot against the Cabinet, but I believe a stop has been put to it for some time to come, and we shall now probably have all the trouble of the general election, which will be very advantageous for the republic; but, from a personal point of view, I am anything but charmed with the prospect, finding myself chained up for several months. Nothing could be more vexatious, though I put as good a face on it as I can.

We do not understand here how a political assembly can endure what your Parliament has put up with. Thanks to Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker is now armed with sufficient power, and I take for granted he will know how to use it. But Ireland, terrible Ireland, is always there. If an insurrection break out, it will be necessary to have recourse to repressive measures, more or less similar to those of Cromwell. I do not believe that there would be many in Europe to blame you. How can you do otherwise? Of their own free will, the Irish sink to the level of brute beasts, which are to be tamed only by force.

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The next letter, and many others following it, from M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, refer to the action of France in regard to Tunis, as to which there was a strong feeling in England both then and since. France, it may be admitted, had grievances; whether she would have taken the steps she did for their settlement if the English Government had been stronger in its foreign policy may very well be doubted.

For many years, almost since the first establishment of the French in Algeria, there had been differences between France and Tunis, over which the French pretended a protectorate which neither Tunis nor Constantinople would allow. There had been also many commercial difficulties—some honest, some dishonest; but what led to the acute stage which these difficulties and differences assumed in 1881 was the purchase, in 1880, by the Société Marseillaise, for 100,000 £, of a large tract of land known as the Enfida—subject, it had been stipulated, 'to the provisions of the local law.' But the purchase was no sooner publicly declared than its legality was disputed; a Maltese—therefore an English subject—named Levy claiming that by the local law he had a right of pre-emption and was prepared to buy. This right the French Government denied, and alleged that the intending purchasers were really Italians—private or official—Levy being only a man of straw put forward to strengthen their case by the English name. Lord Granville, the then Foreign Secretary, instructed the English Consul at Tunis that it was an affair of Tunis law, and that he was not to interfere beyond seeing that the English subject got what the law entitled him to. The French Government, however—of which M. St.-Hilaire was the exponent—refused to be bound by Tunis law, and on May 1st landed 10,000 soldiers, and took military possession of Tunis, disclaiming all idea of being at war with Tunis, but being obliged—they said—to defend and maintain their just rights. They were neither going to annex Tunis nor to rebuild Carthage.

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*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, February 25th.*—I should be quite as deeply vexed as you if any coolness should arise between England and France. I am doing everything in my power to maintain and even strengthen the good relations. I am happy to say we have a better understanding than ever in Egypt; but at Tunis matters are not so favourable, and I fear that the English Cabinet has been too hasty in taking under its protection a person who is but little deserving of it. I hope to show this very plainly. The Marseilles Company which we defend is quite *en règle*, in every respect, and what M. Levy is aiming at against it is simply a forcible spoliation by means of an intrigue hatched by the principal members of the Tunis Government, [Footnote: It is quite possible that this was true, but it was merely an assertion based on the one-sided declaration of the Marseilles Company and its agents.] with the prime minister at their

head. And whatever difference of opinion there may be, Lord Granville, of his own accord, said to M. Challemeil-Lacour that in this there was no cause of quarrel between the two countries. That is my opinion also, and I hope to bring the English Cabinet to it; but it is not for us to sacrifice the Marseilles Company, by subjecting it to tribunals whose hostile decision is known beforehand. The whole trouble has been caused by the Italians, who have started and are prosecuting this intrigue, at the very moment in which they are asking us for a loan of six hundred and fifty millions.

The speech of M. Gambetta was eloquent, and above all dramatic, but not convincing; and it is really very difficult to believe that he knew nothing of the Thomassin mission till after it had failed. I have no knowledge of what passed between M. de Freycinet and M. Gambetta; but it is certain that for the last five months Gambetta has made no attempt to control me and my policy. He affects to show his sympathy and approval whenever he meets me, and notably so last Monday. At the same time, his newspapers attack me in every way they can, whilst he, verbally, disavows them, as he did for M. Proust and M. Reinach. This double game does not tell in Gambetta's favour; he has lost much during the last two months, and if the *scrutin de liste* is not passed, his influence will be greatly diminished. In short, he is playing a very equivocal part, which is injurious both to himself and to this republic. What saves him are attacks of the kind which M. de Broglie ineffectually made yesterday in the Senate....

Of current and social events the Journal notes:—

*March 5th.*—Visit to Battle Abbey. Duke and Duchess of Somerset there. Ed. Stanhope, Arthur Balfour, H. Brougham, Lord Strathnairn.

*11th.*—Dinner at home for General Roberts: but he had been ordered off to the Transvaal.

*13th.*—Emperor of Russia (Alexander II.) murdered.

*16th.*—Tennyson gave an evening party in Eaton Square.

*April 7th.*—To Foxholes. Cold: gouty. Lady Colville came.

*20th.*—My cousin, John Taylor, died.

*26th.*—Lord Beaconsfield's funeral.

Of this last, he received the following account from Mr. T. Norton Longman:—

*April 28th.*—The sad ceremony I had the honour of attending the day before yesterday will for ever live in the memory of all who were present. Nothing could have been more simple in its character, nothing more striking in its solemnity, and nothing more in strict accordance with his wishes. I may well say I shall not forget so great an occasion, not only from the fact that the ceremony was the burial of a great man, but from the very select band of followers I had the privilege of joining. There were only 120 invitations sent out, and all these were not made use of. I travelled down in a saloon carriage with Drs. Quain, Bruce, Lord Lytton, Lord Alington, Count Münster, with all of whom I had very pleasant conversation. Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, the Danish Minister, and another ambassador were also in the carriage; so I had plenty of good company. I had a little conversation with poor Lord Rowton, and thanked him for thinking of me. 'Not at all,' he said; 'I am quite sure it would be *his* wish that you should be here to-day.' This was, to say the least of it, gratifying. The persons who appeared to be most touched were poor Bruce and Lord Henry Lennox. On our return to the Manor about fifty of us went into the drawing-room to hear the will read, and a very interesting document it proved to be. It is perfectly clear Lord Beaconsfield contemplated a great deal of publication. After the reading was finished and those present had mostly left the room, I waited behind a little for the three Princes to move first; and, much to my surprise, the Duke of Connaught turned round and shook me by the hand. This little incident makes it all a peculiarly interesting and eventful day. We all returned to town together (I mean the Princes and the guests); and I think I may safely say that a train never arrived at Paddington Station with a more distinguished company on board.

As I walked up from the church I could not help thinking that the last time I walked up that hill I had poor Lord B. on my arm. The demand for 'Endymion' is very great, and in fact the demand for all his novels is greater than we can meet. We are printing night and day to try and keep the trade supplied.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, 27 avril.* Il y a bien des jours que je voulais vous écrire, et ce long silence me faisait craindre que vous ne fussiez malade, comme vous l'étiez en effet; mais je me disais aussi que les vacances de Pâques vous amèneraient sans doute à Paris. J'espère que le printemps vous guérira complètement de cet accès; et que vous serez délivré de ce mal si douloureux, dès que la chaleur nous sera revenue. Ici,

nous avons un temps des plus maussades.

I have done everything in my power to keep clear of this Tunis business; but the Khroumirs' affair has filled the cup to overflowing, and we are obliged to resort to force. I shall finish the business off as quickly as I can, and as we have no idea of annexation, all that we want is a treaty with the Bey, giving a lasting guarantee for the security of our frontier and our interests. I believe that even in Italy people are beginning to understand or to admit the necessity which is pressing on us; but they will owe us a grudge, and later on will resent it, if they can. For the present, the loan of six hundred and fifty millions paralyses their wrath. We are no more going to refund Carthage than Italy is going to re-establish the Roman Empire.

The death of Lord Beaconsfield is a great blow for England. I have noticed, not without some surprise, that I am of the same age as he was.

I have reason to believe that Lord Dufferin is quite of your opinion about Russia, and thinks that the most truly sick man is not at Constantinople. He may be right. Meanwhile the Conference will fail. I happen to know that three of us will refuse—England, Italy, and France. Austria would like to do the same.

People are speaking no more of the *scrutin de liste* than if the question did not exist. It was in fact altogether artificial; but the talk will begin again with the meeting of the Chamber. The *scrutin d'arrondissement* appears to gain ground. Its success is much to be desired; for if it is rejected, we shall pretty quickly find ourselves in a critical position.

*May 16th.*—Your letter is gloomy indeed, and should your forebodings be realised you may be sure that I should be as grieved as yourself. All my life, and now as much as ever, I have looked upon the alliance of France and England as infinitely desirable for both; and if I were so unfortunate as to cause a breach between the two countries, it would be very much against my will, and without my knowledge. Tunis cannot be a source of discord between us, and I hope that public opinion, over-excited at present, will return to a more calm and just appreciation of the case. We have declared to Europe that we wish for no annexations or conquests, and will attempt none; we have quite enough with the two million five hundred thousand Mussulmans in Algeria; it would be madness to add fifteen or sixteen hundred thousand more to them, and a hundred and fifty leagues to our frontier. For Algeria thus extended we should require an army of 100,000 men, who would be much missed in case of any complication in Europe. All that we want in Tunis is a power which will not be hostile to us, and continually threaten our African possessions. We shall only occupy Biserta and the other places as long as appears necessary; but we will not make a port of it; for that, as Sir Charles Dilke has said, would involve a cost of some 200 millions. I have just sent Lord Lyons a despatch upon that special subject, which will appear in the next Blue Book.

Tunis will never belong to France; she does not want it; but should it belong to Italy, who already owns Sicily, the passage to Malta might be made difficult. I know that England has not much to fear from Italy; but circumstances may change; and the gratitude she shows towards us now proves how much she will have for other benefactors. I cannot understand how my despatch of May 9th can have been interpreted as the announcement of our taking possession. In form and intention it was quite the contrary. Our actions will show that we only speak the truth. Neither can I admit that even the conquest of Tunis can ever equal in importance the taking of Constantinople by the Russians, which in my eyes will be the greatest event of modern times, as the taking of it by the Turks in 1453 was an important event in the fifteenth century.

As to the Treaty of Commerce, I am doing all in my power to facilitate the negotiations. I suppose that public opinion in England is at present principally occupied with this; and that, if it is satisfactorily arranged, Tunis will very soon be forgotten. A thousand more interests are engaged in the agreement on a specific tariff than could ever be involved in this unfortunate Regency.

But I content myself with saying with the poet—*Di avertant omen*; and I desire that England may be as well disposed towards us as we are towards her.

*May 23rd.*—I knew of the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Waddington long ago. I should never have thought myself authorised to publish it; but I will take it from the Blue Book and publish it in the Yellow Book. It is quite allowable.

My declarations of our intentions in Tunis are the exact truth. Annexation would be an act of folly. We have quite enough with three million Mussulmans in Algeria without adding another two million in Tunis, and another hundred and fifty leagues to the length of our frontier, which already reaches from Nemours to La Calle. In doing good to the Regency we are serving ourselves, and we only ask one thing in return—that it should be as well disposed to us as we are towards it. But it is not easy to establish

the good terms which would be so profitable to all. England ought to be very well pleased that both sides of the passage to Malta are not in the hands of the same Power, which would be the case if Italy, who already possesses Sicily, had possession of Tunis on the other side. Geography demonstrates the fact. As to us, we wish to do nothing at Biserta. Our port is necessarily at Algiers in the centre of our possessions.

Like you, I deplore the *scrutin de liste*. It will give rise to formidable difficulties in the near future. I am an optimist by nature, but that future seems to me very dark. I do all I can to prevent it by foretelling it to everyone; but I only play the part of Cassandra. In the Council, M. Ferry and myself were the only ones who supported the *scrutin d'arrondissement*.

*July 9th.*—I did not think that the Tunis affair was concluded by the treaty of May 12th; that is the first stage if you like; but it was rather difficult. The difficulties which arise are very simple consequences; we will put down rebellion, but this will not incite us to conquest, which we do not want. The interests of the English, and those of other nations, would not suffer by our preponderance; and unless all the advantages of civilisation are ignored, it is certainly better to treat with the French than with the Moors. Europe will soon see [Footnote: Europe has seen; though not quite in the sense that St.-Hilaire wished to convey.] that our promises are not vain, and that we have only good intentions towards Tunis. We wish for nothing but the security of our great African colony.

The commercial negotiations have been transferred to Paris, at the request of the English Cabinet, which had at first expressed a wish that they should take place in London. This seems to me to imply the very opposite of a rupture, which, for our part, I can answer for it, we ardently desire to avoid. We only wish for an equitable treaty, and this I hope we shall manage....

Est-ce qu'on ne vous verra pas durant les vacances? Mistress Ross est passée par Paris il y a huit ou dix jours; elle est venue me voir un instant; elle m'a paru très bien portante. Bonne santé et bien des amitiés.

*July 22nd.*—I assure you that should any rupture take place between England and France, it will be very much in spite of all my efforts to preserve harmony between two great nations. The English alliance is, in my opinion, the right one for France; for many reasons, with which you are as familiar as myself, it is the one which should take precedence of all others. I do not by any means disdain other alliances, but the English is the first, the most important, and, I may add, the most natural. It was sincerely desired under Louis Philippe, in spite of a few passing clouds. Under Napoleon III. they were, in reality, strongly inclined to break it, notwithstanding the Crimean war. To-day we are anxious for an agreement with England, if both sides will consent to reciprocal concessions.

I am deeply grieved—surprised too—at the death of Dean Stanley. Sixty-two is too early to die, and nothing seemed to foretell his premature end. He passed through Paris, scarcely two months ago, and came to see me at the Ministère.

Like yourself, I should be happy to escape, but my chain is too short; and whilst I am minister I shall not go the length of a day's journey away. We must be at the command of circumstances, since they are not at ours, and the shortest absence is enough to spoil many things. But I shall be happy on the day when I can break my bonds, and return to philosophy.

*July 27th.*—I hope that my answer to the Duc de Broglie the day before yesterday will convince England of the value I set upon our good intelligence, and of the open honesty of French policy. I hope, too, that my declarations may appease Italy and Turkey. I have done my best, and if I do not succeed it will not be my fault.

Our treaty of commerce is my chief source of anxiety, and for my part I am trying to avoid a rupture. But there are the resolutions of the two Chambers which cripple the negotiators and above all our minister of commerce. These are impassable limits to the best will. The negotiations will doubtless begin again in Paris, in about a fortnight, but it is not yet certain. The incident you point out is very curious, and England becoming Protectionist, and England becoming Protectionist again under Mr. Gladstone, would be an astonishing spectacle....

Je ne savais pas que l'île de Man fût 'le royaume des chats sans queue.'

The Journal meantime notes:—

*June 3rd.*—To Foxholes: beautiful weather; 13th, back to town. More dinners.

*30th.*—To Drury Lane to see the German company act 'Julius Caesar.'

*July 2nd.*—Dinner at Walpole's to meet Archbishop Tait, Arthur Stanley, Lord Coleridge, Lord Eustace

Cecil.

*6th.*—Arthur Stanley's garden party at the Abbey. Lord Carnarvon's dinner to the Antiquaries. [Footnote: Lord Carnarvon was president of the Society of Antiquaries, of which Reeve was, at this time, a vice-president.]

*July 13th.*—Breakfast of Philobiblon at Lord Crawford's. Large garden party at Holland House. Great heat.

*16th.*—To Foxholes and back. 18th, Arthur Stanley died.

*July 23rd.*—From London to Government House, Isle of Man, on a visit to the Henry Lochs—eleven hours.

*25th.*—To Peel Castle with Loch and Coleridge; thence to Castletown. 27th, Ramsay.

*July 29th.*—To Barrow in Furness. Furness Abbey. [Thence to Scotland—Ormiston, Novar, Perth, Abington, &c.]

*August 24th.*—Back at Foxholes.

*From Archbishop Tait*

August 16th.

My dear Reeve,—It seems to me that a most important service might be done if a good article was published in the 'Edinburgh' on the pernicious periodical literature which spreads low Radicalism and second-hand scraps of infidelity amongst the labouring classes, both of town and country. My friend Mr. Benham lately gave a lecture at Birmingham on the literature of this or a kindred style, written for boys—'Police News' and the like. We do little for the people if we only educate them to read and rejoice in this trash. Ever yours,

**A. C. CANTUAR.**

The hint was not lost on Reeve, but it did not bear fruit till nearly six years later. In January 1887 the 'Edinburgh Review' contained a strong article on 'The Literature of the Streets,' in which the proposal was definitely made for the issue of wholesome fiction and good works of good writers, sensational and otherwise, in penny booklets. Eight or nine years later the idea was taken up by at least two publishers; such penny books are now issued by thousands, and, together with the countless number of halfpenny and penny periodicals, do something to mitigate the evil complained of by the Archbishop. The Journal notes:—

*September 9th.*—Picnic in New Forest with the Lochs and Clerkes. 30th, steamed round the Isle of Wight.

*To Lord Derby*

*Foxholes, October 6th.*—I must express to you the very great pleasure with which I have read your article [Footnote: 'Ireland and the Land Act,' in the *Nineteenth Century* for October. It does not attempt to argue the question of Home Rule, but concludes with the pregnant words: 'My present object will be sufficiently accomplished if I have indicated some of the difficulties which lie before us, and explained why—at least in my belief—it is premature to say, "Now we have settled our Irish troubles and may deal in peace with questions that concern England."'"] on the Irish Land Act. It states in the most terse and telling language precisely the views I have entertained for the last two years; and the conclusions it suggests are even more striking than those it expresses. The ministers of England, be they who they may, have a difficult task before them. The odd thing is that our present ministers seem totally unconscious of the difficulty and the dangers. I am told that they view the state of Ireland with great complacency. It is astonishing how office blinds people's eyes.

We have lost two members of The Club—Lord Hatherley and alas! Arthur Stanley. I hope you will be able to suggest somebody to replace them.

*From Lord Derby*

*October 8th.*—I am glad you liked the article in the 'Nineteenth Century.' I do believe it comes near to an accurate statement of the facts of the case—no one can hope for more than approximate accuracy in such matters—and on that account I expected it to be equally disagreeable to both sides. Its reception has been better than seemed probable. Gladstone has spoken out his mind about Parnell, and quite right too; but I wish he had not accused the unlucky loyalists in Ireland of being slack in their own

defence. He does not know, evidently, how much they are overmatched...

As to The Club. Two names have occurred to me—one, Browning the poet, who is an excellent talker (I have heard him), and as unlike his books as possible; the other, Sir John Lubbock. What do you say?

The opening sentence of the next letter, from Lord Derby, appears to refer to an after-dinner speech made by Mr. Gladstone at Leeds, on the 7th, when he had alternately complimented Mr. Dillon and denounced Mr. Parnell. The latter part, the denunciation of Mr. Parnell and his faction, is unusually straightforward, and might profitably be studied in connection with some of Mr. Gladstone's later speeches.

*October 11th.*—I don't understand Gladstone's phrase any better than you. Probably the explanation of it is that in Ireland it will be read as meaning fresh concession, in England as meaning coercion. For anybody who had leisure and disposition to take it up, I think a very interesting and useful article for the 'Edinburgh Review' might be made out of the present state of Irish literature and journalism. I do not believe the Irish lower and middle classes ever read an English book or newspaper, and their native literature is saturated throughout with the bitterest hatred to England and all that belongs to our side the water. We do not in the least know here the kind of mental food which is supplied to the amiable Celt. A good analysis of it would throw more light on the very old subject of why they hate us so.

Reeve adopted the suggestion, and the subject was discussed in an article on 'Irish Discontent' in the next number of the 'Review.' Lord Derby goes on:—

*October 15th.*—Since you wrote the Government has screwed up its courage to act. I never knew any proceedings so universally approved as the arrest of Parnell. [Footnote: Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and the chief officials of the League were arrested in Dublin on the 13th and lodged in Kilmainham.] But we have not seen the end yet.

*October 21st.*—Many thanks for your letter, which is returned. I do believe that it would be of use, as making intelligible the present state of Irish feeling, to show to the English public (which is absolutely ignorant on the subject) what the kind of instruction is that the Irish peasant and farmer receives.

Another matter. What do you think of Matthew Arnold as a possible member of The Club? He is a good fellow and his literary reputation is very considerable. I think we could do with him if he would attend.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*November 22nd.*—You know how little value I set on my office; I only accepted it from a sense of duty, and quit it to-day, not only without regret but with great pleasure. I am glad to receive your congratulations because you correctly estimate the person to whom they are addressed.

Like yourself, I am not without anxiety for the future. In placing matters in the hands of M. Gambetta, I said all I possibly could on the affairs of Europe and our relations with Germany; but I will not swear that more attention will be paid to my advice than to that of many others.

The Journal has:—

*December 10th.*—To Timsbury; 13th to Foxholes. The Mintos were living at Bournemouth. Lunched with them on the 31st.

1882, *January 1st.*—At Foxholes. Sir A. Lyall came.

*9th.*—Returned to London. A few dinners.

*From Mr. E. Cheney*

*Badger Hall, January 19th.*—I have been reading the political articles in the last number of the 'Edinburgh' with great interest and pleasure. The one on 'The Bonapartes,' though not strictly political, amused me much, as at one time of my life I knew Hortense and Louis Bonaparte intimately. Hortense was an agreeable woman, very French, but lively and full of anecdote. She had been and was *très galante*, but with decency. When I knew her at Rome she was near fifty, and though not handsome, had still the appearance of once having been a desirable woman.... Her son was then with her—a youth of my own age, with whom I was intimate without liking him. He was cold, disagreeable, and full of pretension, silent and reserved in his own family, and anxious for distinction, which no one seemed willing to accord him. I believe—contrary to the usual opinion—that he was the son of Louis Bonaparte; he was like him. He was short, not ill-made, but ungraceful; his face was plain, his skin bad, complexion muddy; small pig's eyes, a coarse nose and mouth, lank hair, with little expression, and what he had far from good. Neither I, nor any that then knew him, thought him at all clever. I remember he got into a

ludicrous scrape by intruding, in female attire, into the apartments of the mistress of the Spanish ambassador, from whence he was kicked out with every circumstance of ignominy.

When the disturbances broke out in the Papal States, he took a part in them which was eminently unfitting, as he and his mother had found hospitality in the States of the Church which they were refused in every other country. I saw Hortense at night, just before her hurried departure from Rome, when the news of her son's participation in the revolt at Ancona became public. I had always been well treated by her, and had tasted her hospitality both at Rome and at Arenenberg, and wished to show her sympathy and interest, though I had nothing else in my power.... She received a passport from Sir Hamilton Seymour and travelled through France. In Paris she had an interview with Louis Philippe, who was kind to her. In the days of her prosperity she had had an opportunity of showing kindness to the King's mother. She showed me a letter from that princess, in which there were very ardent expressions of gratitude for the service rendered to her. This she told me she intended to show to L. Philippe as the certificate for her claims on his protection. I saw her in London several times during her stay; she returned to Switzerland, and I never saw her again.

Louis Bonaparte I only spoke to once afterwards. I happened to be at Cork when he landed there from America. I was at the same inn, and I understood he was in great distress for money. I asked to see him, and we met. I asked him if he required any trifling service that I could render him, thinking a five-pound note might take him to London. He thanked me, but said he was supplied for the moment. He lived with the D'Orsay and Blessington set, which I did not frequent. I did not call on him, and in Paris I never afterwards made the slightest effort to renew my former acquaintance with him....

I had intended saying something about the two other articles that relate to home politics, but I have been already too prolix. I must tell you, however, how much I like them. Whigs as well as Tories will soon cease to be separate; the struggle will soon be between those who have *culottes* and those who have not. We have got already to the Girondist ministry—a party I hate particularly, in spite of their pretensions to virtue and philosophy, or perhaps in consequence of it. There are some men of birth and distinction who belong to the party; but the Levesons and the Cavendishes may soon find themselves stranded like the Narbonnes and Montmorencies amongst the Rolands and the Condorcets....

When are your new volumes to make their appearance? I long to have them as though I had not already read them.

*To Mr. E. Cheney*

*Rutland Gate, January 20th.*—I am uncommonly glad to hear from you again, and I have to thank you for a most interesting and amusing letter. My acquaintance with Louis Napoleon began when yours left off, and I saw a good deal of him in 1838 and 1839. He wanted me to translate his 'Idées Napoléoniennes.' But when he became a great man I dropped his acquaintance.

I am glad you like my tirade. I suspect my Whig friends do not; for the more one asserts Whig principles, the bitterer is the reflection on those who desert and betray them. I do not believe that the majority of the country or of the Liberal Party is Radical; but the danger is that a violent minority always overpowers an inert majority. I care nothing at all for any political persons, and but little for parties. It seems to me that the right and the wrong of government lies in the principles that regulate it, some of which are as certain as the truths of mathematics.

The 'Greville Memoirs' have rather slumbered of late, but I am gradually screwing up my courage to begin printing, slowly.

We are very well, and spent our Christmas pleasantly in Hampshire, the weather being delightful. London is dark and undelightful.

Then the Journal:—

*February 24th.*—Visit to the Markbys at Oxford. Vespers at New College. Dined at All Souls.

*28th.*—The Club. I was in the Chair. Mr. Gladstone attended; Lord Derby, Maine, Hewett, Tyndall, Coleridge. Matthew Arnold elected.

*March 23rd.*—Electrical Exhibition at Crystal Palace, with Dr. Mann.

*April 1st.*—To Foxholes. Very fine weather. No rain for three months.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, April 4th.*—I like the concluding pages by Froude in the Carlyle book, but I am disappointed in Mrs. Carlyle's letters. They are pleasant and cheery, but there are thousands of women who write as

well. As for Carlyle himself, he is *odious*—arrogance, vanity, self-conceit, ingratitude to old friends—I never thought I should dislike him so much. He seems to have looked at everything the wrong side outwards.

The Journal notes:—

*April 11th.*—Lunched with the Mintos. They drove me to Christchurch. Lady Minto died on the 21st.

*29th.*—A great salt hurricane that singed the trees all over the country, and also in France.

*May 5th.*—Saw Lord Frederick Cavendish before he started for Dublin. On the 6th he was murdered.

*From the Duke of Argyll*

*May 8th.*—You ask a difficult question about politics. On the one hand, I see no possibility of a Conservative Government being formed just now, nor do I believe that a Liberal Government could be formed on purely Whig lines. On the other hand, I have the deepest conviction of the mischievous tendencies of Gladstone's leadership, and of the utter instability he is imparting to all the fundamental principles of government as hitherto understood in all civilised countries. I can only advise that the truth in this matter should be spoken freely, in the hope that when Gladstone disappears from the stage, there may be some return to sounder principles of legislation. I do not wish to see a change of Government just now. The Tories could not govern Ireland in its present condition; at least it would be a dangerous experiment. Half the Liberal party, which now supports coercion when it is forced on Gladstone, would undoubtedly oppose every possible form of it if proposed by Tories. The deplorable disaster made known to-day will have its effect. I hope it will force the Government to give form and substance to an amended Coercion Act—strengthening the ordinary law and widely extending the sphere of summary jurisdiction. If this be done well and sufficiently, it will be better than the power of arbitrary arrest. But before this event, I really feared that the Government might do nothing of the kind.

The Journal mentions:—

*May 20th.*—At Foxholes, till June 13th. Bought rowing boat.

*June 20th.*—Great dinner at The Club to the Duc d'Aumale. Nineteen present.

*21st.*—Great dinner at Archbishop Tait's at Lambeth. Forty-three people. Evening service in Lambeth Chapel.

*22nd.*—Wagner's 'Meistersinger' at Drury Lane.

*From Sir Henry Taylor* [Footnote: A very old friend of Reeve's. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 91.]

Bournemouth, June 22nd.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—Thanks for telling me what splendours I missed at The Club dinner. You ask what Dr. Johnson would have said if he had stepped in. As it was his own Club, he would have been gracious; but it was not every dinner that could please him. Do you remember his remark as he went away with Boswell from a dinner at one of the colleges at Oxford? 'This merriment amongst parsons is mighty offensive.'

I always remember the singularly representative character of the only dinner I have had an opportunity of attending since I was elected. Literature and Learning represented by yourself, Dr. Dictionary Smith, Lecky and Lord Acton; the Church by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dean Stanley; political life by Lord Derby and Spencer Walpole; the Law by Lord Romilly, and the Dukes by the Duke of Cleveland—and there was no one else. It was very pleasant, and there were not too many for conversation in common.

I always feel that, as I have not been in London for more than a day since that dinner, and am not likely to be there again, it is hardly right to occupy a place which might afford so much pleasure to some one else; but I have said this before, and your answer was that no one ever retired from The Club. As I am in my eighty-second year, I suppose it will not be long [Footnote: He lived four years longer, dying in 1886.] before Providence will place my seat at the disposal of some one who will turn it to more account. Believe me, yours sincerely,

Henry Taylor.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Château d'Eu, 22 juin.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—J'apprends par M. Gavard que vous avez l'intention de venir en France vers le 20 juillet. Je m'empresse de vous dire tout le plaisir que vous nous ferez, à la comtesse de Paris et à moi, en commençant ce voyage par un séjour au Château d'Eu. Je regrette seulement que vous ayez l'intention de l'entreprendre seul. J'ai fait ici, il y a trois semaines, de fort belles pêches à la truite, qui m'ont fait regretter que Mademoiselle Reeve ne fût pas ici. Vous trouverez chez nous le Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, que vous avez déjà vu ici, je crois, il y a deux ans; et un général américain, qui a servi avec moi sous M'Clellan, M. de Trobriand.

Je ne vous parle pas de la situation de nos deux pays en Orient: elle est pénible, et il me semble que le dernier numéro du *Punch* l'exprime avec une vérité parfaite.

Veillez offrir mes hommages à Madame Reeve et me croire votre affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.**

The Journal here notes:—

*July.*—The Egyptian Expedition was now resolved on. [Alexandria was bombarded on the 11th: the Army Reserves were called out on the 25th.] Lord Granville thought it would be finished before the end of August.

*16th.*—Crossed to Boulogne. Thence by Abbeville to Château d'Eu. Duc d'Audiffret, St. Marc Girardin, Duchesse de Montpensier. 21st, drive in the Great Park. Tréport. 24th, returned to London. 28th, to Foxholes: quiet life.

*To Mr. E. Cheney*

*Foxholes, October 20th.*—I am glad the article on Shelley [Footnote: 'Shelley and Mary,' *Edinburgh Review*, October 1882.] has interested you. The perusal of these private letters and correspondence has considerably altered and raised my estimate of Shelley as a man. As to his poetry, it produces on me exactly the effect of delicious music, which enchants the ear even when you can't understand it. But these papers, which Lady Shelley has had printed in order to secure their preservation, are a sealed book. I believe she never can show them again to anyone—at least not at present. The copy she lent me has been returned to her and I do not possess it. Nobody else does. It is, therefore, impossible to ask her for a copy. I undertook to compile an article—as I did for Lady Dorchester, on her father—*omissis omittendis*. But that is all. I think the history of Allegra is in great part new, and one of the difficulties in this matter is the connexion existing between these papers and the papers of Lord Byron, which are unpublished.

Are you going to stay in London? I hope so. I shall return to town on November 6, and should be very glad to find you there.

And the Journal accordingly has:—

*November 6th.*—Returned to London.

*18th.*—The troops came back from Egypt.

*December 3rd.*—Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait) died.

*4th.*—The Law Courts opened.

*16th.*—To Foxholes till the end of the year. Gambetta died just as the year expired.

*To Lord Derby*

*Foxholes, December 23rd.*—The Club has lost one of its most respected members in the Archbishop, and all parties seem now to feel how great and wise a man he was. Huxley would be rather an odd successor to an archbishop; but I am inclined to think that he ought to be one of our next additions.

I am a very old and fervent supporter of the Anglo-French alliance, but in the present state of France I doubt whether anything is to be gained by making sacrifices to her pretensions. In justice to other States, such as Italy and Austria, I see no reason for conceding to France any exceptional position in Egypt, and I think all countries should be treated with equal justice and liberality. It is probable that a firm though friendly attitude towards the French will answer best for them and for us. Their expeditions to Congo, Tonkin, and Madagascar will do more harm to themselves than to anyone else; but they prove the weakness of the present French Government.

*From Lord Derby*

*Knowsley, December 25th.*—I agree in what you say about France, if you mean that the dual control is dead and cannot be revived; nor ought it, if it could. Other nations may fairly claim a voice in Egyptian affairs. What I lay stress upon is that we should make it clear that we are not going to take Egypt for ourselves; which nearly all foreigners suppose to be our intention, and give us credit for disguising it so well.

It is odd that the French are doing badly. The country is fairly prosperous, there is no war of classes, no apparent revolutionary feeling, yet distrust and doubt as to the future seem universal. It almost looks as if revolutions had driven the better sort of men out of public life. I cannot believe that their colonial craze will last long. There is, in all Europe, no country to which colonies are so entirely useless; for the French never emigrate and seldom even travel; and to send conscripts to tropical settlements cannot be popular with the peasantry.

As to The Club—I am quite in favour of Huxley's admission; but have we only one vacancy? Would not any possible opposition to him be disarmed, if he were brought in, not singly, but as one of two or three? We must talk over candidates when we meet.... Poor old Owen cannot, in the course of nature, last long. [Footnote: He lived, however, for another ten years, dying at the age of eighty-eight in 1892.] Huxley would be his natural heir; more than the Archbishop's.

*To Lord Derby*

*Foxholes, December 27th.*—To return to what you say of France. Do you not think that a democratic republic, in which every citizen is striving to get all he can for his vote at the expense of the State, necessarily becomes the most rapacious and corrupt form of government? It is this which has raised the budgets of France for 1883 to 122 millions sterling; and if you add the communal expense, to 154 millions. It is this which compels them to persist in a reckless expenditure, and to invent new modes of spending money and creating places by absurd expeditions abroad. The system there, as you say, drives every man of honour and honesty out of political life, and substitutes for them adventurers and idiots. The evil will become more intolerable still, and there will come another revolution, probably at first violent in form and ultimately put down by force. This is a melancholy forecast, but it is that of all the persons in France whose judgement is of value.

As to The Club—we had better not propose Huxley while Owen is amongst us. But we have several octogenarians—Overstone, Henry Taylor; and as for the lower grade of septuagenarians, they are numerous; but I will say nothing of them, as I shall shortly join that body. Altogether The Club presents a respectable array of years, and tends to longevity. I should like an engineer, if we could catch an agreeable one. What would you say to Sir Henry Loch? Few men have seen more of the world—in India, China, the Crimea, down to the Isle of Man; and I think him vastly agreeable. However, we can talk this over when we meet.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE FRENCH ROYALISTS

Many others besides Lord Derby were at this time speculating on the chances of one more revolution in France. The state of public opinion seemed to point to a coming weariness of the corruption incidental to a republic, and a desire for the restoration of the monarchy. Since the obstinate refusal of the Comte de Chambord, in 1873, to accept the change from the *drapeau blanc* of the Bourbon dynasty to the flaunting *tricolor* which savoured of democracy, monarchy had seemed impossible. But the Comte de Chambord was known to be in feeble health, and he had no children. If he should die, the fusion of the antagonistic parties was possible, was indeed probable; and it was generally understood that the Comte de Paris was singularly free from the prejudices which had rendered impossible a restoration in the person of his cousin. He was, indeed, not ambitious, and he was wealthy. The two ordinary motives of conspirators were wanting; but he loved France by force of sympathy and education, and he honestly believed that a restoration would be the best thing for his country. As a matter of love and duty he felt bound to work in order to bring about this most desirable of changes.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Chateau d'Eu, le 2 janvier 1883.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je suis bien touché de la bonne pensée que vous avez eue de m'écrire à l'occasion de la nouvelle année. Je vous remercie de tous vos bons vœux, et je vous prie de recevoir ici l'assurance de ceux que je forme pour vous et pour les vôtres.

I am greatly obliged by your remarks on the future of France. This is indeed dark; and, as you so well express it, the sterility of democracy and the impotence of the institutions based on it are most striking. They are especially so here. This dearth, this void, of which you speak increases from day to day. The men of note who were formed under a different rule, and who came to the front under special circumstances, are dying off and are not replaced. It is only a few days since one, [Footnote: Gambetta, died December 31st, 1882.] the most able we have had since the death of M. Thiers, has been carried off by an obscure—a mysterious—illness. Of those left, there is no one who can take his place. In some respects he was a truly remarkable man. He, and he alone, was known from one end of France to the other; he, and none but he, could even for one day have united the blind and jealous forces of democracy; he alone could give the republicans the organisation and appearance of a party, but owing to the violence of his temperament he could never have held the reins of government. He would have been exceedingly dangerous in the department of foreign affairs, which would have been his choice. He would, indeed, have brought to it a most honourable sentiment of the dignity of France, but he had neither prudence nor experience. There were in Europe some who counted on him; others who feared him; every one, I think, exaggerated what he would have done or tried to do.

I regret extremely the difficulties which are rising between France and England about Egypt, and I confess I do not understand the attitude of our Government. The temper of France towards England resembles that of a man who has been offered an equal share in a profitable adventure, who has refused to accept the risk, and who is now vexed at the success of his neighbour. But no Government worthy of the name will allow itself to be influenced by such feelings, or is unable to adapt itself to the changes which circumstances may give rise to. And besides, so little attention is paid in France to foreign politics that the Government may do whatever it likes, provided that does not lead to war—under any form or against any enemy....

J'ai bien regretté de ne pas pouvoir rencontrer Mlle. Reeve à Paris. Veuillez lui dire que si elle veut prendre quelques truites, elle devrait venir ici du 28 ou 29 mai au 5 ou 6 juin. C'est la date exacte de l'éclosion du May-fly, et à ce moment-là nous faisons vraiment de très belles pêches. En attendant nous partons pour Cannes la semaine prochaine. J'espère y rencontrer quelques amis d'Angleterre, dont plusieurs sont déjà fort anciens—comme Lord Cardwell, Sir C. Murray, Lord Clarence Paget, le Duc d'Argyll, &c.

Veuillez offrir mes hommages à Madame Reeve, et me croire.

Votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILLIPE D'ORLEANS.**

*From Lord Granville*

*Walmer Castle, January 7th.*—I return you, with many thanks, the Comte de Paris' remarkable letter. If the Duc de Bordeaux would follow the example which has been sadly set by Gambetta and Chanzy, [Footnote: Chanzy had died two days before, January 5th. The Duc de Bordeaux better known at this time as the Comte de Chambord, did follow the example a few months later, August 24th.] the prospects at Eu would be good.

With you, I do not feel inclined to gush over Gambetta. It is true that he was well disposed towards England, but his love would have been of a troublesome and exacting character.

The Journal has little of interest. It notes the return to London on January 13th; a journey to York on the 29th, on a visit to the Archbishop [Thomson], who wrote an article for the 'Review' on the Ecclesiastical Commission; and, on February 17th, to Battle Abbey. Beyond these trivial entries, nothing except the mention of several dinner parties—some 'good,' some 'dull.' Then, later:—

*April 16th to May 22nd.*—At Foxholes. Very cold. Snow in May.

*June 8th.*—Dinner at Lord Carnarvon's. Sir R. and Lady Wallace, Lord Salisbury, Lady Portsmouth.

*15th.*—Dinner at Alfred Morrison's, [Footnote: Mr. Morrison, so well known to historical students by his splendid collection of MSS., died on December 22nd, 1897.] first time. Splendid house.

*21st.*—Dinner at home. Duc d'Aumale, Granvilles, Malmesburys, Carlingford, G. Trevelyans, and

others.

23rd.—Philobiblon breakfast at Gibbs's. Duc d'Aumale, Duke of Albany. To Military Tournament with Lady Malmesbury.

25th.—Duke of Cleveland's dinner to Duc d'Aumale. Duke of Grafton, Lady Cork.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Château d'Eu, 16 juin.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—J'ai hâte de répondre à votre aimable lettre du 8, et de vous remercier de votre bienveillante appréciation d'un travail qui prend des proportions vraiment formidables. Je suis en effet en train d'imprimer le 7<sup>me</sup> volume, et d'écrire le 8<sup>me</sup>, qui sera suivi encore de deux autres, si Dieu me prête vie. Je suis obligé d'entrer dans beaucoup de détails pour donner à cette histoire un véritable intérêt aux yeux du public américain, qui est celui auquel je m'adresse particulièrement, le seul qui puisse me fournir beaucoup de lecteurs. La traduction anglaise en un gros volume a dû paraître ou paraîtra incessamment à Philadelphie.

Vous trouverez le Duc d'Aumale en fort bellé sante et très brillant, malgré toutes les préoccupations que nous avons eues, et la blessure très vive que lui a faite l'odieuse mesure militaire [Footnote: The removal of the Orleanist princes from the active list of the army in February.] dont il a été l'objet. Je regrette de ne pouvoir l'accompagner en Angleterre, où j'ai tant d'amis que je serais heureux de revoir. Mais ne puis-je au moins espérer que vous nous ferez cette année, avec Madame et Mademoiselle Reeve, une visite au Château d'Eu? Nous resterons ici tout le mois de Juillet. J'ai été assez heureux à la pêche ici dans notre petite rivière. Pendant une quinzaine, du 25 mai au 10 juin, j'ai pris à la mouche 82 truites pesant 42 livres.

This was the sport to which he had particularly invited Miss Reeve in January, and which, he goes on to say, has given him the idea of going to Norway in August. As to this, he begs Reeve to make some inquiries for him, and concludes—Veuillez me croire votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS.**

Another chatty letter, four days later, June 20th, has:—

Nous serons charmés de vous voir venir ici vers le 24 juillet avec Madame Reeve, tout en regrettant que Mademoiselle votre fille ne puisse pas vous accompagner. Nous espérons qu'elle pourra venir ici l'année prochaine en mai. Mais qui peut faire sous un gouvernement démocratique des projets à si longue échéance?

The visit was, however, prevented by an event of the most serious political importance; an event which during the next three or four years was thought by many to be likely to change the destinies of France, to affect the fortunes of Europe. It may be best told in the words of the person most affected.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Château d'Eu, le 18 juillet.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je suis revenu ici il y a deux jours après avoir fait en Autriche un voyage imprévu dont vous avez connu le motif et le résultat. J'ai été reçu par l'auguste malade [Footnote: The Comte de Chambord, known among the Legitimists as Henri V.] avec une affectueuse cordialité qui m'a profondément touché, et j'ai quitté Vienne en conservant quelque espoir de le voir sortir de la crise cruelle qu'il vient de traverser. Les dernières nouvelles reçues ne démentent pas cet espoir, quoique son état soit toujours fort grave et plein de périls. Je ne puis naturellement faire dans une pareille situation de projets à longue échéance. Non seulement tout plan de voyage est abandonné pour le moment, mais je vis au jour le jour, toujours prêt à partir au reçu d'une dépêche annonçant le dénouement fatal. Aussi ne puis-je dans ce moment insister pour vous engager à faire au Château d'Eu cette visite dont je me promettais tant de plaisir et d'intérêt, mais qui, dans les circonstances actuelles, risquerait fort d'être brusquement interrompue. Je le regrette vivement, et j'espère pouvoir m'en dédommager plus tard.

En attendant, j'ai hâte de vous remercier de tout ce que vous me dites sur ma situation actuelle et sur l'intérêt que vous y portez. Je vous remercie également de ce que vous avez écrit sur ce sujet à la fin du dernier numéro de la *Revue d'Edimbourg*. On sent en lisant ce morceau combien celui qui l'a écrit aime et connaît bien la France. Il a été fort remarqué chez nous. Si vous me permettez d'ajouter un seul mot qui vous prouvera que je l'ai lu avec attention, je vous signalerai un *lapsus calami* qui vous a échappé.

Le fondateur de notre branche d'Orléans, fils de Louis XIII, frère de Louis XIV, s'appelait Philippe et non Gaston. Gaston était le nom du fils de Henri IV, frère de Louis XIII, le Duc d'Orléans de la Fronde, qui ne laissa que des filles, entre autres Mlle. de Montpensier.

Like you, I am uneasy at the existing relations of France and England, though I fully believe that the two Governments are respectively animated by the most conciliatory intentions. In my opinion, the blame rests on what is now called 'the colonial policy,' which consists in scattering our forces to the four corners of the world, while Continental Europe is armed to the teeth and does not afford us a single ally. But even this policy might be followed without causing any difficulty with England, if there was a readiness to anticipate it by frank explanations. The world is big enough for it. Unfortunately, since the Egyptian business—which might easily have been the opportunity for a friendly agreement, but which we have made such a mess of—all these questions are confused and taken amiss....

Je termine en vous renouvelant encore tous mes remerciements, et en vous priant de me croire votre bien affectionné,

**LOUIS-PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS.**

The Journal then has:—

*July 24th.*—Great dinner at the Granvilles' to receive Waddington [Footnote: M. Waddington had a career that has perhaps no parallel. The son of an Englishman settled in France, he was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and was second classic, Chancellor's medallist, and No. 6 in the University boat in 1849. Having elected to be a Frenchman, he travelled in Asia Minor, and achieved a reputation as an archaeologist and numismatist. After the fall of the Empire he entered into public life; was foreign minister and the representative of France at Berlin in 1878; was prime minister and the representative of France at the Coronation of the Tsar in 1881, and was French ambassador in London from 1883 to 1893. He died in 1894 at the age of 68.] [the new French Ambassador]. I was introduced to Count Herbert Bismarck. Sat by Errington. Forty-two people there at several tables.

*26th.*—To Foxholes.

*September 10th.*—Left Foxholes for Broglie *viâ* Havre. Slept at Rouen. 11th, Broglie, by rail to Bernay; at Broglie, Vieil Castel, Laugel, Target, Gavard. Old name of Broglie, Chambrey.

*15th.*—Left Broglie for Val Richer. Drive with De Witt.

*17th.*—Gout coming on in foot. Started for Honfleur and Havre; quite lame. Spent the day on board the Wolf; met Prothero again. Managed to get home on the 18th. Laid up in bed for a week.

*From Lord Granville*

*September 29th.*—The Comte de Paris has a difficult game to play; and the large intelligent family, living in great luxury and consideration, is not the best machine for carrying hopes more or less forlorn; but I expect it would be difficult to find an abler or more judicious pretender. My fear is that—as you say—their way to success lies through some disaster. I do not feel convinced, if an opportunity or a necessity arose, that men like Waddington and Ferry would not be among the first to act as civil Moncks.

In the meantime, we shall know in a very few days whether the wisest among the present ministry will have their way and do the right thing by us in the Madagascar matter. It will take a little longer to settle the Chinese difficulty. This can only be done by great sacrifices on the part of the French. The Chinese will not hurry themselves, and believe they have the French in their pockets.

*From the Comte de Paris*

Château d'Eu, 3 octobre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—J'ai reçu votre lettre du 4 septembre à mon retour de Frohsdorf, mais j'ai eu tant à faire depuis lors que je n'ai pas, jusqu'à ce jour, trouvé un instant pour vous remercier de la preuve d'amitié et de sympathie que vous m'avez donnée dans ces circonstances si graves pour moi. J'ai eu depuis des nouvelles de votre séjour à Broglie et au Val Richer par Messieurs Gavard et de Witt, et j'ai bien regretté que les convenances du deuil ne m'aient pas permis de vous demander cette année de venir au Château d'Eu. J'aurais été, en effet, fort heureux de pouvoir causer avec vous de toutes les graves questions qui se posent aujourd'hui devant nous, tant à l'intérieur qu'à l'extérieur.

Je serai heureux d'en retrouver l'occasion; car, plus les événements rendent ma situation grave et difficile, plus ils grandissent ma responsabilité, plus naturellement je tiens à recueillir les avis d'un

observateur éclairé, impartial et bienveillant pour la France. Dans cette situation si nouvelle, et, je puis dire, sans précédents, je tiens à resserrer les liens de mes vieilles amitiés, et je tiens particulièrement à entretenir mes relations avec la société anglaise, ce grand centre intellectuel qui recueille et juge les affaires du monde entier....

Je vous prie d'offrir mes hommages à Madame et à Mademoiselle Reeve et de me croire Votre bien affectionné,

**PHILIPPE COMTE DE PAEIS.**

All the Comte de Paris' earlier letters are signed Louis-Philippe D'Orleans, the capital D' being a noticeable peculiarity. By the death of the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf on August 24th, the Comte de Paris had become the head of the Bourbons, [Footnote: Always excepting the impossible Don Carlos.] and linked the Legitimists and Orleanists in the person of one capable man. At the same time he changed his signature, as now claiming the throne by hereditary right. Among the Orleanists, however, there were many—including the Duc d'Aumale—who considered the change ill-judged, as implying that his grandfather, Louis Philippe, was a usurper—as, of course, he was, if the will of the people is to count for nothing. [Footnote: Cf. *Le Duc d'Aumale*, par Ernest Daudet, pp. 334-5.] Among the Legitimists, on the other hand, there were many who protested that under no circumstances could they accept one of the line of Philippe Égalité as their lawful sovereign. Still, for the next two or three years, it seemed not impossible that the Comte de Paris might be called to the throne by a constitutional reaction and a popular vote. He does not seem to have had any wish to head or stir up a revolution of force and bloodshed.

The Journal records:—

*October 29th.*—To Oxford. Dined at the Deanery. Jowett, Duke of Buckingham, Max Müller, Brodrick. 31st, dined at All Souls. Sir William Anson. November 1st, lunched with Max Müller.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*November 21st.*—I notice that to you, as to me, the situation of France appears very sad. I conceive that it is a source of alarm to all Europe. We are falling lower and lower towards the Radicals and the Extreme Left. If that party should come into power, it would be a very serious threat to the peace of the world. From the weakness of our Government, everything is to be feared; and as this weakness must become greater, there does not seem any remedy in the near future. Notwithstanding our wealth, our finances are in a bad state, and it is on that side that the inevitable storm will burst. To ward it off an entire change of conduct would be necessary; and at the present time we have no one strong enough to guide our policy in the right direction.

*To Mrs. Parker*

*Foxholes, December 18th.*—If anyone is to write Lord Westbury's Life, yours is the pen to do it. Nobody expects a daughter to be impartial, or wishes it. I will see what letters I can find, and will write again when I have looked over my packets of letters.

This promise was afterwards fulfilled. Lord Westbury's letters were sent to Mrs. Parker, and several of them, with some of Reeve's, were incorporated in the 'Life of Lord Westbury' (2 vols. 8vo. 1888), by Mr. T. A. Nash, whom Mrs. Parker afterwards married.

Early in January 1884, Mrs. Reeve went to Paris, on a visit to Lady Metcalfe—one of Mr. Dempster's nieces. On the 16th Reeve joined her there. Among other entries, the Journal notes a breakfast at Chantilly on the 27th—'château finished, galleries splendid'—and on the 30th, dinner at the Embassy. They returned to London on the 31st. A few dinners in town are noted, and a visit to Covent Garden on March 5th, to see Salvini in 'King Lear.' To Foxholes on April 9th.

This meagre chronicle of course gives no idea of Reeve's intellectual activity at the time, which was really very great. With his official duties, the conduct of the 'Review,' an extensive correspondence, and, at this time, the preparation of the second part of the 'Greville Memoirs,' with dinner parties or receptions three or four times a week, it would seem as if Reeve's days must have consisted of an abnormal number of hours. And effectively they did; for, though on pleasure—at proper seasons—Reeve might be bent, he had always a frugal mind as to the disposal of time. Most, if not all, of his correspondence, much even of his more serious work, was got through in spare half-hours at the Council Office; and when at home, in his study in the house in Rutland Gate, it was a standing rule that he was not to be disturbed. The study was a cosy room on the ground floor, built out at the back, and so removed from all noise of passing to and fro. It had no outlook to distract the attention, and no man

was ever less addicted to day-dreaming. To work whilst he worked and play whilst he played was the golden rule which enabled Reeve for over fifty years to get through as much hard work as a successful lawyer, to do as much hard writing as a successful novelist, to hunt, shoot, or travel whenever opportunity offered, and to be one of the best known figures in the world of London society.

*From the Duke of Argyll*

*March 8th.*—Many thanks for your letter. I am pleased to know that the scientists find my science accurate. Writers in the interest of religion have generally, of late, been disposed to make as much as possible of the distinction between man and nature. The speciality of my book [Footnote: *The Unity of Nature*. There is an article on it in the April number of the Review.] is, on the contrary, to maintain the unity, as really essential to all belief, thus going back to the paths of Butler.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, 15 avril.*—Cher Monsieur Reeve,—J'étais bien sûr de vous faire plaisir en vous envoyant les discours prononcés sur la tombe de M. Mignet. Celui de M. Martha est le plus remarquable; M. Jules Simon a très bien parlé aussi; mais on peut trouver cependant que M. Martha l'emporte.

Je suis très sensible à votre amicale invitation, et je serai heureux de visiter cet été votre ermitage de Foxholes. Nos vacances commenceront probablement en août, et je réglerai mes mouvements sur les vôtres.

Je vous remercie de votre bienveillance pour l'Histoire des Animaux; je ne crois pas que nulle part le génie d'Aristote se soit montré plus grand, plus scientifique et, l'on peut ajouter, plus moderne. Entre lui et Linné, Buffon et Cuvier, il n'y a rien. L'histoire de la science a beaucoup à profiter de cet exemple frappant.

Je suis absolument de votre avis sur le rôle de l'Angleterre en Égypte; vous n'avez qu'à faire ce que nous avons fait à Tunis, où les choses marchent à souhait. C'est l'intérêt de votre grand pays, en même temps que l'intérêt de la civilisation et de l'humanité. Les affaires égyptiennes ne peuvent rester dans l'état où elles sont; et il faut les régler au plus vite, pour l'honneur de tout le monde.

Je présente mes hommages bien respectueux à Madame Reeve, en attendant le petit voyage à Foxholes vers l'automne. Votre bien dévoué,

B. St.-HILAIRE.

And here the Journal notes:—

April 16th.—Edward Cheney died, aetat. 82.

From Dr. Vaughan [Footnote: Then Master of the Temple; he died November 15, 1897, aged 81.]

The Deanery, Llandaff: April 19th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—I am grateful to you for your kind letter. I will try to remember to make the reference with which you furnish me when I am again at the Athenaeum.

The year 1185 is always in my recollection as the date of the consecration of the Round Church by the Patriarch Heraclius. I am already in communication with Dr. Hopkins about the musical part of its celebration, on or about the day (I think February 10) next year. And there must be a sermon about it on the nearest Sunday. So you see how exactly your thoughts and mine agree on the subject.

Ever truly yours,

C. J. VAUGHAN.

The other part of the church was consecrated on Ascension Day 1240. Who will be Master when *that* seventh centenary comes round?

*From the Duke of Argyll*

Argyll Lodge, Kensington: April 19th.

My Dear Mr. Reeve,[Footnote: Written in pencil.]—I am laid up with a very sudden and sharp attack of the enemy; but I must write a line from bed to say how *more* than satisfied I am by the article in the Review, which goes straight to the main points of my Essay, and which distinguishes exactly those which best deserve notice. I am the more grateful as all the others I have seen—whether laudatory or not—have all been the production of ignorant men who did not see, or of learned men who did not wish

to see, any of the specialties of the book.

I am better, but unfit for any work.

Yours very truly,

**ARGYLL.**

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, April 20th.*—Much obliged to you for the Beaconsfield book, [Footnote: The *Beaconsfield Birthday-Book*.] which is very pretty. I hope you will sell as many as there are bunches of primroses in Covent Garden Market. The extent of Lord Beaconsfield's popularity is really curious. Yet this is the man whom Gladstone hunted to death and called a fiend!!

And the Journal for the summer runs:—

At Foxholes all May.

*June 26th.*—Marriage of Hallam Tennyson and Miss Boyle in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

*July 12th.*—Dinner at Sir Henry Maine's. The Actons, Lindleys, Evelyn Barings, Brookfield, Venables—interesting party.

*16th.*—Duchess of Argyll's garden party.

*17th.*—The great Canadian case between the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba was argued for six days before the Judicial Committee.

*24th.*—To Foxholes. On August 11th we went to Strode, to see Mr. Gollop, aetat. 93. 15th, back to Foxholes.

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At this time, on behalf of Sir Henry Taylor, Reeve had been conducting a negotiation with Longmans for the publication of Taylor's Autobiography, and an agreement had been come to which was to take effect after Taylor's death.

*From Sir Henry Taylor*

Bournemouth, August 26th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—Thanks for your very kind letter. I am so glad you can take a favourable view of my autobiography.

I am rather surprised myself that there is nothing in it of Mrs. Austin and Lucy. I was intimately acquainted with them, and I may perhaps find something said of them in letters, as I proceed with the task of sorting my correspondence. Of Mr. Austin I saw very little. He led such a secluded life. But one could not see him at all without knowing something of the intellect which lay hidden in him for so many years.

As to the date of publication, I shall leave the necessary instructions. I wish the work to be published as soon as possible after my death.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

**HENRY TAYLOR.**

*From the Comte de Paris*

Château d'Eu, 17 septembre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Je ne veux pas tarder un instant à vous remercier de votre lettre du 14, et des félicitations que vous m'adressez à l'occasion de la naissance de mon fils Ferdinand.... Grâce à Dieu, tout s'est passé aussi bien que possible et, depuis l'événement, la mère et l'enfant vont à merveille. Je vous remercie bien cordialement des voeux que vous formez pour celui-ci. Je connais de longue date les sentiments qui vous inspirent, et vous savez tout le prix que j'y attache.

Vous avez raison de dire que l'avenir se montre assez sombre pour toutes les nations de l'Europe. Les opérations de l'Amiral Courbet au Tonkin et en Chine montrent que notre marine se maintient à la

hauteur de sa vieille réputation; elle le doit aux traditions, à l'esprit de corps, aux sentiments de respect pour les chefs qui s'est conservé chez elle tandis qu'il disparaissait ou s'affaiblissait partout ailleurs. Mais cette démonstration nous coûte bien cher. La guerre avec la Chine nous alarme, parce qu'il n'y a pas de guerre plus difficile à terminer que celle-là. La politique coloniale est un luxe que nous aurions pu nous donner dans un autre temps, mais que ne nous convient pas dans notre situation européenne. Elle a de plus été conduite d'une façon irrégulière, l'action au Tonkin succédant à l'inaction en Egypte. Cette affaire d'Egypte aurait pu servir de base à une entente avec l'Angleterre. Au lieu de cela on n'a pas voulu l'aider, puis on a boudé parce qu'elle agissait seule, et lorsque les difficultés ont commencé pour elle, on n'a su ni s'entendre absolument pour agir en commun, ni s'effacer derrière l'Europe pour ne pas assumer la responsabilité de l'échec de la conférence. Bien des gens croient ici que toute cette politique a eu pour but de sauver le ministère Gladstone. Cela n'en valait pas la peine. Il en est résulté de l'aigreur dans les journaux. Mais cette aigreur sent bien un peu le fonds des reptiles, et personne n'a sérieusement envie de chercher querelle à la perfide Albion.

Ceux qui admirent ses institutions et qui croient que leur pondération est la garantie du plus précieux de tous les biens—la liberté, se préoccupent vivement des tendances jacobines de notre ami Gladstone. L'extension du suffrage est logique, l'anéantissement de la chambre des Lords est logique. Mais les meilleures institutions ne sont pas les plus logiques. À force de logique on tend à remplacer le gouvernement pondéré de l'Angleterre par ce que nous appelons le gouvernement conventionnel, c'est à dire le despotisme d'une Assemblée unique appuyée sur la brutale loi du nombre. Que Dieu vous garde d'un tel avenir. C'est le vœu d'un ami sincère de vos institutions.

Ce qui préoccupe ici bien plus, et à bon titre, que les aventures coloniales, c'est la situation économique. La France s'appauvrit parce qu'elle perd en impôts improductifs une partie de son épargne, parce que ses fils travaillent moins, dépensent plus et boivent davantage, parce qu'ils demandent des salaires trop élevés, et parce que la concurrence allemande, américaine, italienne, anglaise, nous ferme peu à peu tous les marchés, et enfin parce que le phylloxera ruine la moitié du pays. Le courant protectionniste se prononce avec une force irrésistible en ce moment.

Je vous prie d'offrir mes hommages à Madame et à Mademoiselle Reeve, et de me croire Votre bien affectionné,

**PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS.**

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

Paris, 19 octobre.

Cher Monsieur Reeve,—J'ai reçu le numéro de la *Revue d'Edimbourg*, et je vous en remercie. Le rédacteur de l'article a été plein de bienveillance à mon égard, et je vous prie de lui faire savoir que je suis fort touché de l'appréciation qu'il veut bien faire de mes travaux. Je profiterai de ses justes critiques pour mes autres traductions; mais il est un point où je ne suis pas tout à fait d'accord avec lui. Je ne trouve pas qu'il tienne assez compte à Aristote d'avoir commencé la science, et de l'avoir fondée. Les débuts sont toujours excessivement difficiles, et il ne serait pas équitable de demander à ces temps reculés de savoir tout ce que nous savons aujourd'hui. Nous devons toujours nous dire que dans deux mille ans d'ici on en saura beaucoup plus que nous, tout savants que nous sommes. Ceci doit nous engager à être reconnaissants et modestes.

Je vais mettre sous presse le *Traité des Parties des Animaux* en deux volumes, et je prépare celui de la *Génération*, qui, sans doute, en aura trois.

J'espère que vous vous portez bien, ainsi que Madame Henry Reeve; je lui présente mes respects et mes amitiés, avec tons mes vœux pour sa santé et pour la vôtre.

Votre bien dévoué,

**B. ST.-HILAIRE.**

The Journal here has:—

*October 28th.*—Dinner of The Club to Lord Dufferin before his departure for India.

*November 14th.*—Dinner at Lady Molesworth's to the Waddingtons.

*December 3rd.*—Small dinner at Lord Cork's, with Gladstone and Sir H. James.

*From Sir Henry Taylor*

Bournemouth, December 10th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—It has come into the head of my family, and through theirs into mine, that there is no particular reason why my Autobiography should not be published now, instead of posthumously, and that there are some motives for giving a preference to present publication. The agreement with Messrs. Longman which you brought about has been, perhaps, a sort of suggestion of this change of purpose; so I write to mention it. The work was written with more unreserve than would be natural to a man who hears what he says, and some erasures will be required; but a man in his eighty-fifth year is, in some respects, as good as dead, or, at all events, as deaf: so there need not be much alteration. I hope you will not disapprove.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

**HENRY TAYLOR.**

On December 17th the Reeves went to Foxholes, where they spent Christmas, ushered in the New Year, and returned to London on January 15th, 1885. The entries in the Journal are for the most part trivial, though politically the year was one of extreme interest and excitement, much of which is reflected in the correspondence.

*From the Comte de Paris*

6 *janvier*.—J'ai été vivement touché de la lettre que vous m'avez écrite, des vœux que vous m'adressez au moment où nous entrons dans une année qui semble nous réserver bien des surprises. L'avenir est plein d'incertitudes et de dangers. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que j'observe avec une sérieuse inquiétude l'état des relations entre l'Angleterre et la France, non que je croie même à la possibilité d'un conflit qui répugnerait également à tous les membres des deux nations voisines, mais parce qu'une hostilité diplomatique seule serait déjà un grand malheur pour l'une et pour l'autre.... Vous avez raison de croire que le désir universel de la paix prévaudra sur les périls de la situation internationale. Ce désir est bien puissant en France, et les aventures de l'extrême Orient, dans lesquelles on nous a lancés si mal à propos, ne font que lui donner l'occasion de se manifester.

Ces aventures ne font pas diversion à la crise si grave qui éprouve notre industrie et notre agriculture. Les causes de cette crise sont multiples. Quelques-unes sont communes à toute l'Europe, d'autres le sont aux quelques nations qui avaient le monopole de certaines industries, et le perdent, grâce aux facilités actuelles des transports. Il en est une, malheureusement très-active, qui nous est propre; c'est la tendance des ouvriers depuis l'établissement de la République à chercher l'amélioration de leur sort, moins dans l'accroissement de leur salaire que dans la diminution de leur travail. Cette funeste tendance leur a été inspirée par les flatteries de tous ceux qui briguent leurs suffrages, et leur rappellent que toute législation émane d'eux. Le pays produit moins, et par conséquent s'appauvrit. L'imprévoyance de nos gouvernants a aggravé la crise. Aujourd'hui un cri puissant s'élève en faveur des droits protecteurs, même sur le blé. Il est probable qu'on en fera assez pour inquiéter les consommateurs des villes, pas assez pour satisfaire l'agriculture.... Si Mademoiselle Reeve voulait faire de jolies pêches de truites, c'est le 1er juin qu'elle devrait venir à Eu.

*From the Duke of Argyll*

*Inveraray, February 13th*.—The Nile affair is too miserable. No possible issue can be otherwise than a misfortune. The despatch in which the Government asked Gordon to advise them how to relieve him—in April last, when he was closely beleaguered—reads like a horrible joke now.

A horrible joke indeed:—for on February 5th news had come of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. On the 26th a vote of censure on the Government was carried in the House of Lords by 189 to 63; but a similar motion in the Commons was rejected by 302 to 288. The Government majority had fallen from 56 to 14.

On March 8th a special service was held in the Temple Church to commemorate the completion of the seventh century since its consecration. [Footnote: See *ante*, p. 322.] The Master preached the sermon on the text Psalm xc. 1—'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.' [Footnote: The *Times* of March 9th gave a pretty full abstract of the sermon.] Reeve, who was present, considered it one of Dr. Vaughan's happiest efforts, and wrote to say how greatly he had been pleased by it. Vaughan's acknowledgement of the kindly feeling which dictated the letter has otherwise no particular interest.

*From Sir Alfred Lyall* [Footnote: At that time lieutenant-governor of the North-West Provinces.]

*March 31st*.—When we closed in 1881 the second act of the Affghan drama, I calculated on an interval of at least five years; and I thought that if we could get a joint commission to settle some

boundary that Russia could provisionally agree to, the interval might be longer. But the Boundary Commission, which I first pressed for in 1881, has propelled, instead of delaying, the crisis. I suppose our Egyptian entanglement seemed to Russia to offer an irresistible opportunity; at any rate, the Russians have some reason for precipitating the issue between us, and at this moment we may be on the verge of a war. It is very curious to find ourselves so close to the collision that we have been so long trying to fend off, and to realise that a land invasion of India by a European Power, which has been the nightmare of Anglo-Indian statesmen since Bonaparte seized Egypt in 1798, is now no longer a matter of remote speculation. The Russian menace is, however, already producing one result that I had always anticipated; it is evoking among all substantial classes of Indians a strong desire to support the British Government in India. You may remember that in my paper of January 1884 I wrote that the natives would, in times of rumoured invasion, hold by any Power that could keep the gates of India against Central Asia; and this is now strongly showing itself. The adventurous classes are ready to enlist and follow our colours; the propertied classes look to us as the representatives of order and security; the educated classes depend wholly upon our system; if the Russians calculate on any serious rising against us in India, they will be mistaken. Of course a series of reverses would change the whole face of affairs.... We are very fortunate in having Lord Dufferin here at this time. Everyone likes him, and has confidence in him. He is clearly a Viceroy who listens to everyone, but makes up his own mind independently. And Lady Dufferin charms us all....

The Mahdi's fortunes do not interest India. The talk in some of the papers about the necessity of smashing him, in order to avert the risk of some general Mahomedan uprising, is futile and imaginative. The Indians think the English rather mad to go crusading against him in the Soudan, and they may soon get irritated at the waste of Indian lives at Suakin, when we want our best men on the N.W. frontier; but, for the rest, they do not concern themselves about remote Arab tribes. Of course everyone sees that the English Government has now an excellent pretext for getting partially out of a hopeless mess by transferring most of our English troops from the Red Sea to the Punjab.

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On April 9th news reached London that on March 30th the Russians, under General Komaroff, had attacked and carried the Affghan positions at Penjdeh, concerning which negotiations were going on. As our Government was pledged meanwhile to the support of the Amir, this action of Komaroff's was held to be a very aggravated insult to England. Explanations were demanded, but preparations for war were hurried on, and on April 27th, after an impassioned speech by Mr. Gladstone, a vote of credit for eleven millions was passed almost by acclamation. The negotiations, however, were continued; explanations were given: the Russians kept Penjdeh; the Affghans had lost their territory, their guns, and 500 men; and Mr. Gladstone expressed himself satisfied. Four days afterwards, May 8th, the Government was defeated on the budget, and resigned a few days later, the Marquis of Salisbury forming the new ministry.

*From Sir Alfred Lyall*

*June 5th.*—Probably you know more in England than we do in India of the course of negotiations with Russia. It seems just now more smooth than satisfactory. I fear we have lost credit in India over that unlucky Penjdeh business. One would fancy that our representatives on the spot might have been wary enough to discern that where the Russians and the Affghans were drawing close to each other, there lay the risk and the strain of the situation. I have a very moderate trust in our ally the Amir, though he is a very able, if unscrupulous, ruler. I hope fervently he has sense enough not to use those breech-loaders we are sending in such quantities, and that he won't repeat the Penjdeh blunder by provoking some collision with the Russians on his border....

India is very quiet. The Russian scare of the spring has turned rather to our advantage, as I always prophesied it would, by bringing home to the natives their dependence on England for protection from foreign invasion.

*From Sir Henry Taylor*

*Bournemouth, July 14th.*—I have just read the excellent article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on my Autobiography; and as there is no amount of kindness on your part which I cannot believe in, I am disposed to think that it is you who have written it. [Footnote: It was written by Reeve.] Whoever it is, I should like him to know that I am very thankful.

*From Sir Alfred Lyall*

*August 1st*—India is now perfectly quiet; but the new generation of hungry, ambitious, English-speaking natives are persuading themselves that they can have all the benefits of English rule without the burden of English officialism. If they are encouraged and supported by the English *Demos*, there

will be confusion before long.

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On August 14th Parliament was prorogued, with the clear understanding that the dissolution would follow. This, however, was put off for three months, during which time the country was turned upside down by the excitement of the electoral campaign and the unbridled license which many of the most distinguished candidates permitted themselves; rank Socialism, the abolition of property, 'three acres and a cow,' being freely spoken of by the irresponsible, and hinted at, in no obscure language, by some who had borne office in the Gladstone ministry. By a curious coincidence, the French elections were nearly synchronous with ours, and the results were keenly watched by one, at least, of Reeve's correspondents. But of all this excitement and agitation the Journal has no trace. The only entries of any interest are:—

Foxholes: very hot: no rain for two months.

*August 22nd.*—Excursion to Studland with the Denisons, Lord Canterbury, and Prothero.

*26th.*—To Malvern with Hopie; 27th, Worcester; 28th, Tewkesbury; 29th, Hereford Cathedral; then Boss, Monmouth, and Chepstow.

*September 1st.*—Chepstow Castle, Tintern Abbey, then to Clifton across the Severn. 2nd, rain, so returned to Foxholes.

*From the Comte de Paris*

18 *septembre.*—Je m'empresse de vous remercier de votre lettre du 15, qui m'est parvenue hier. Vous savez avec quel plaisir je reçois toujours de vos nouvelles, avec quel intérêt je lis toujours vos appréciations sur la situation de nos deux pays. Malgré de bien grandes différences dans l'état politique, qui sont tout à l'avantage du vôtre, et dans l'état social, qui le sont peut-être moins, ces deux situations ne sont pas sans analogies. Les modérés, de part et d'autre, comme vous le dites, semblent être peu écoutés, et cependant je suis persuadé que leurs vues finiront par l'emporter des deux côtés du détroit, parce que, sous une surface agitée en apparence, aucune passion violente ne bouillonne dans l'une ou l'autre des deux nations. Vous avez devant vous le grand inconnu de la nouvelle loi électorale; dangereux, parce que l'omnipotence de la Chambre des Communes, favorable au gouvernement parlementaire lorsque cette Chambre se recrutait exclusivement dans la haute classe et en avait l'esprit, pourra être un instrument redoutable pour la liberté et pour toute l'organisation sociale le jour où MM. Chamberlain, Parnell et Bradlaugh auront chacun un parti derrière eux. Heureusement pour vous, l'institution monarchique vous permettra de traverser la crise qu'entraînera la modification de la composition et de l'esprit de la Chambre des Communes. Grâce à cette institution, l'esprit politique du pays pourra rétablir l'équilibre entre les pouvoirs publics. En France, l'expérience de la République démocratique et pacifique s'est faite dans les conditions les plus favorables, et a échoué. Elle n'est ni conservatrice ni réformatrice. Tout en restant bourgeoise, elle est pardessus tout prodigue. Les classes qui payent l'impôt sont parfaitement édifiées sur son compte; celles qui ne le payent pas, et qui votent cependant, sont frappées indirectement par l'appauvrissement national et commencent à s'étonner que la République, dont le nom les flatte encore, réponde si mal à leur attente. La République reste bourgeoise parce que le suffrage universel est trop défiant pour chercher des représentants dans le sein de la classe la plus nombreuse. Mais il n'est pas difficile dans les choix qu'il fait dans les rangs d'une classe plus élevée. Le niveau intellectuel et moral des Assemblées qu'il élit s'abaisse à chaque renouvellement. C'est un fait qu'il faudra accepter désormais comme inévitable, et dont il faudra tenir compte dans l'avenir. La République est essentiellement prodigue parce que, toute la machine gouvernementale reposant sur l'élection, les ministres sont obligés de donner aux députés des places innombrables pour satisfaire la foule encore plus nombreuse de leurs agents électoraux, et de permettre des travaux, des dépenses exagérés dans chaque arrondissement, ici pour favoriser le député républicain, là pour nuire au député conservateur. C'est par là qu'elle périra, parce que le mal est sans remède et s'aggrave chaque jour. Loi générale d'ailleurs. C'est par les finances que périssent les gouvernements définitivement condamnés: témoin l'ancien régime. Cette mort-là est sans résurrection.

Le caractère nouveau de la période électorale qui s'est ouverte pratiquement depuis quelques mois est le réveil des Conservateurs. Ils comprennent enfin qu'ils peuvent et doivent lutter pour défendre la société menacée, les richesses nationales compromises. Ils apportent à cette lutte une ardeur tout à fait nouvelle. Depuis deux ans [Footnote: Since the death of the Comte de Chambord.] je me suis efforcé de faire comprendre à nos amis que la politique avait sub les mêmes transformations que la guerre; que, pour gagner la victoire sur le terrain politique, il ne fallait rien laisser au hasard, rien confier aux petites coteries; qu'il fallait agir avec de gros bataillons, et que, pour les mouvoir il fallait un système de mobilisation aussi parfait que celui de l'armée allemande. Ces conseils ont été suivis, et les

monarchistes se sont préparés à entreprendre la lutte électorale avec une organisation de comités de département, d'arrondissement et de canton, appuyés le plus souvent sur des réunions plénières qui marquent un grand changement dans la vie politique du parti conservateur. Cette organisation se perfectionnera dans les élections mêmes. Elle doit donner un jour, et par l'élection et par l'action plus puissante encore de l'opinion publique, le pouvoir à ceux qui l'auront constituée et qui sauront s'en servir.

A la veille des élections... tandis que tous les autres partis faisaient faire leur programme par un petit comité parisien, craignant qu'une grande réunion ne trahît leurs divisions, les monarchistes ont envoyé des quatre coins de la France des délégués qui, tous animés du même esprit, ont adopté par acclamation le programme soumis à leur approbation. Je dois même dire que nous avons tous été frappés de leur extrême modération. Pas une voix ne s'est élevée pour réclamer en faveur d'un ton plus agressif. Le programme, retouché sur place par une commission de neuf membres, avait, vous le pensez bien, été soigneusement préparé d'avance; toutes les expressions en avaient été pesées. Aussi suis-je heureux qu'il ait eu l'approbation d'un aussi bon juge que vous.

21 *septembre*.—Depuis que je vous ai écrit, j'ai lu le grand manifeste de M. Gladstone. De celui-là, on ne peut pas dire qu'il brille par la modération. Il y a des phrases redoutables et effrayantes à l'adresse de la richesse et de la propriété, base de la société. Jamais je n'aurais cru le Gladstone que j'ai connu capable de parler de la Chambre des pairs comme il le fait. Et cependant, une profonde modification dans la composition de la Chambre Haute ne sera-t-elle pas un jour le salut de la cause et des intérêts conservateurs en Angleterre? Si cette Chambre se retrempe au moins partiellement dans l'élection, elle y trouvera, peut-être, une force capable de lui assurer dans le gouvernement une part au moins égale à celle de la Chambre des Communes, au moment où celle-ci baissera en valeur morale proportionnellement à l'extension du suffrage....

En ce moment, il serait bien désirable, également en France et en Angleterre, de voir les modérés de nuances diverses se rapprocher, pour former un véritable parti conservateur: chez vous, anciens whigs et anciens tories; chez nous, les centres droits et les centres gauches. Mais c'est entre ceux qui sont le plus rapprochés en politique que le souvenir des luttes passées laisse les plus profondes rancunes.

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The Journal notes:—

*October 12th*—Went to town for the Riel [Footnote: Louis Riel had stirred up a rebellion in Manitoba, had been captured, tried, and sentenced to death. He appealed, and the case thus came before the Judicial Committee. On October 22nd the appeal was dismissed, and on November 16th Riel was duly hanged at Regina.] case. Dined with Captain Bridge [Footnote: Now Rear-Admiral Bridge, lately commander-in-chief on the Australian station.] at the United Service Club.

*14th*.—Second part of 'Greville' published; 2,700 copies subscribed.

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In comparison with the tremendous excitement caused by the publication of the first part of the Greville Memoirs, the second part attracted little notice, although large sales testified to the interest it raised. Reeve mentions 2,700 as the number of copies subscribed for: but the first edition of 4,000 was exhausted almost immediately, and a second large edition was sold out within a few months.

*To Lord Derby*

*Foxholes, October 28th*—I am much obliged to you for your note. We might elect three new members of The Club, because there remain two vacancies caused by the honorary list, besides the death of Houghton. I should very much like to see Edward Stanhope and Harry Holland in The Club. They are among the most rising men of the day—accomplished and agreeable—and their fathers were respectively two of our most faithful members. We should, I think, choose men from the younger generation, for many of us are frightfully old. It is more difficult to point out eligible men in the literary or scientific world. To say the truth, there is a remarkable dearth of distinguished authors. Violent politicians are objectionable.

I am very much gratified by what you say of the new volumes of Greville's Journals. Your estimate of their value exactly coincides with my own. I am happy to say that I have not yet heard that anyone is annoyed or offended. I sent a copy to Henry Ponsonby, who laid it before the Queen, but I have not heard what sentence Her Majesty has passed upon me.

There is a great deal of political noise, but very little light. In the south of England I think the Conservatives will carry a good many seats. If I were to venture on a prognostic, I should say that the

opposition will have a majority in Great Britain, though by no means so large a one as the Radicals expect. The effect of this would be that the Irish can turn the scale, and I think Mr. Parnell would refuse, for the present, to turn out the present Government in order to bring in Mr. Gladstone. In that case, the existence of the present ministry may be prolonged for some time, but it would be on sufferance and by Irish support. On the other hand, if a Liberal Government were formed, it could only exist with the support of the Irish vote. Eventually, I hope, this anomalous state of things may bring the moderate men of both the British parties together, and throw both extremes into opposition. That, I am convinced, is the real wish of the country, and the obstacles to such a combination are chiefly personal. I fancy the next parliaments will be very impracticable and probably shortlived.

*From the Comte de Paris*

22 novembre.—Je vous remercie de ce que vous me dites à propos des Mémoires de M. Greville. [Footnote: Sc. that there were passages in it not complimentary to the Orleans family.]

Je comprends parfaitement que vous ne pouviez supprimer certains passages dont vous ne voulez cependant pas assumer la solidarité. Ces passages ne m'empêcheront pas de lire avec intérêt la suite des oeuvres de cet observateur peu bien-veillant, mais fin et spirituel.

Ne croyez pas que je vous écrive avec d'autre pensée que de faire part de mes vues à un étranger qui connaît, comprend et aime la France.

On November 18th Parliament was dissolved by proclamation and the elections were held from the 23rd to December 18th. In the English towns, where the elections were first held, the Conservatives had a large majority, and it seemed as if they were going to sweep the board. In the counties, however, the 'three acres and a cow' was taken by the ignorant rustics, just admitted to the franchise, as a splendid reality, and their votes went strongly in favour of the Liberals, or rather—as it would be more correct to say—the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone had appealed to the country to give him a working majority. He had, in fact, a majority of eighty-four over the Conservatives; but the Irish, or so-called Nationalist, party numbered eighty-six; and as these were bound by their bond of union to oppose the Government, whatever it was, they had to be counted with the Conservatives as soon as the Conservative Government had fallen. And the comparison of the numbers showed that it must fall as soon as Parliament met. As Reeve had forecast, neither party could form an effective administration without the support of the Nationalists, a position which seemed for the moment to render them the arbiters of the nation's destiny.

*From Count Vitzthum*

Paris, December 1st.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—Many thanks for your kind letter. You will find me here in my winter quarters until the end of May, then from June to the end of October at Baden-Baden, where we have built a villa. I would always be happy to see you and talk over old times.

I have just finished reading the third volume of Greville's Memoirs and have been very much struck by your notes, without which some passages would not have been intelligible. Old Greville was a portrait-painter rather in Rembrandt's style. In putting together all he says of Palmerston, Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, very remarkable full-length portraits would come out. He seems rather partial for John Russell.

My little book makes more noise in Germany than I expected. W. Oncken, the celebrated historian of Austria and Prussia in 1813, will review it for the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' and the Vienna press has been unexpectedly favourable. An English friend of mine wants to translate it. I think it would be 'love's labour lost;' for everybody who cares for such trifles and photographs taken on the spot understands German nowadays in England, and will prefer the original. Still, if you thought it worth your while to send a short notice to the 'Times,' it would be a favour. My old friend Delane is no more, else I should have asked him. Cotta writes me that he has secured the English copyright, and sent some copies to the principal Reviews and the 'Times.' Believe me, very faithfully yours,

**VITZTHUM.**

*From the Comte de Paris*

Château d'Eu, 9 décembre.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Un de mes amis va partir pour la Belgique. Je tiens à en profiter pour lui confier une lettre à votre adresse, qu'il mettra à la poste chez nos voisins. En effet, je connais par expérience l'indiscrétion dont la poste française a pris la mauvaise habitude sous l'Empire, habitude

qu'elle n'a pas perdue sous la République. J'ai hâte de vous remercier de votre lettre du 1<sup>r</sup> qui m'a vivement intéressé. J'ai été un peu confus d'apprendre l'usage que vous aviez fait de la mienne, car je l'avais écrite au courant de la plume, et uniquement pour me donner le plaisir de causer avec vous. Mais, puisque vous l'avez trouvée bonne à montrer, je m'en rapporte à votre amitié, et j'espère qu'elle n'a pas été trop indulgente. Je suis d'ailleurs fort heureux d'avoir quelquefois, par votre intermédiaire, des relations avec Lord Salisbury, pour le caractère et le talent duquel j'ai toujours eu une si haute estime, et que j'aime d'ailleurs toujours à considérer comme mon proche voisin de campagne.

The success of the Conservatives in the towns, their defeat in the country, is the very opposite of what is taking place here; so that we foreigners must exercise great reserve in giving an opinion on the political situation created in England by these last elections. It is, however, evident that there, as everywhere else, the old parties are in process of disintegration, and that, in a new social state, in presence of new problems, a new distribution of parties is called for. In the history of all nations there are periods when the need of political progress renders it necessary for the reformers to remain long in power; and if from time to time they yield it to their adversaries, it should only be for long enough to recover breath in climbing the long ascent. On the other hand, there are also periods when the wearied people long for repose; when progress no longer aims at completeness, but at change; when reforms are mere Utopian fancies or appeals to evil passions; and when the partisans of the *status quo* ought to have the direction of affairs for as long a time as possible. I believe that we are now entering on one of these periods. But it becomes the duty of the Conservatives to defend existing institutions by taking the initiative in such modifications as may be necessary. This is what, with a true political insight, they have always done in England. The vote of the counties does not affect the justice of your appreciation of the general character of the elections. It is not a return to the old Tory party, but rather the condemnation of the Radical programme; and from this point of view they have an international importance which nothing can weaken. All the same, this vote of the counties seems to me to render absolutely necessary the modification of parties which the complete success of the Ministry would have postponed. After the redistribution of seats, there is need of a redistribution of persons and of political groupings. Either Parliament will be controlled by the Irish Nationalists, and Ireland by Mr. Parnell, or, in opposition to the Nationalists and the Radicals, there will be formed a Government which will be Conservative in its respect for the great social institutions, in its antagonism to the levelling and centralising spirit, and withal Liberal in the manner in which it will handle the agrarian question.

Judging by what I see here, where over three millions of rural proprietors are 'a tower of strength' for the Conservatives, I am persuaded that in England also the Conservatives have no greater interest—after the defeat of the socialist and revolutionary plans of Mr. Chamberlain—than to work vigorously at the formation of a numerous class of small landowners. *Mutatis mutandis*, we have here also the corresponding phenomenon of the transformation of parties. We are unquestionably entering on a period of lassitude. The Conservatives have gained one hundred and twenty seats at the last elections, for four principal reasons, all of which spring from the faults of their adversaries.

1. The Tonkin expedition.
2. The waste of the national and municipal finances.
3. The aggravation of the agricultural and industrial crises by the gross errors in the conclusion of treaties of commerce and the establishment of transit tariffs.
4. The war on the clergy, foreshadowing the separation of Church and State.

To these particular reasons must be added the general dissatisfaction with an administration at once weak and corrupt, which is not in accord with those instincts which a thousand years of monarchy have impressed on our manners and tone of thought.

The moderate Republicans have been beaten because they allied themselves with the Radicals, and because they themselves have not shown the governing qualities which could gain the confidence of the country. If the check has not been still greater, it is because the country has a horror of all change; because the interest of the Government is exceedingly strong; because the electors do not care to vote for the opposition candidate, who cannot do anything for them; and lastly, because, at the second *tour de scrutin*, the Government, in the most shameless manner, brought pressure to bear on all who are directly or indirectly dependent on it, the number of whom is very great.

We have then two hundred Conservatives deputies, who represent three and a half millions of electors. Three-fourths of these are Monarchists more or less avowed; one-fourth represents the Bonapartist element, and among these last are many with whom I have well-established personal relations. It is not, however, the part of this large minority to set forth any opinions as to the form of the Government, nor even to cause obstruction; still less to ally itself with the Radicals for the vain satisfaction of overturning the Ministry. Its aim must always be to promote the passing of Conservative

laws, and by every possible means to oppose such Radical measures as will be proposed to the Chamber. It is for this that it has been elected. If it fulfils its task aright, when the dissolution comes—and this cannot be far off—it will reap the fruits of its policy. It will have merited the country's confidence, which the Radicals will have lost; and, notwithstanding the pressure, perhaps even the violence of the Government, the current of public opinion will be so strong that it will send a Conservative majority to the Palais Bourbon. Under the influence of this current we may hope to see the collective or individual conversion of the moderate Republicans, which must lead to the reconstruction of the Conservative party and to placing the direction of it in the hands of the Monarchists. For, though by temperament these moderate Republicans ought to be the last to come to us, the Radical danger must bring them; they are bound to come; their place is marked in our ranks. They will never go to Bonapartism: on the contrary, they will one day enable us to rid ourselves of the *intransigent* element which forms a disturbing minority in the party.

This will be the work of to-morrow. To-day, the principal task which I recommend to my friends is the reconstitution, or rather the creation, of the 'active list' of the Conservative array. We have the model in Belgium. People are beginning to understand that the Conservatives cannot remain for ever on the sufferance of the Government. No Government shall be stable but that which they can support. For this they must form a compact and well-organised party. Encouraged by the results of the elections, every one has set to work with new ardour. My only trouble at present is the utter inexperience of the Conservative minority. It is made up of men almost all of whom are new to Parliament, are unacquainted with each other, and as yet are without a leader. I reckon, however, that such blunders as it may commit will be balanced and amended by those of its opponents.

Je tennine sur cette pensée consolante, et je vous prie de me croire.

Votre bien affectionné,

**PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS.**

It is interesting to compare with this another view of the French elections and of the probable course of events, taken from a very different standpoint.

*From the Due de Broglie*

8 novembre.—Vous avez vu le résultat de nos élections, qui ont été plus heureuses pour la cause générale du parti conservateur que pour ce qui me regarde particulièrement. Si nous ne vivions pas dans un temps où toutes les prévisions sont trompées par une certaine inertie générale qui amortit toutes les passions et ralentit le cours naturel des événements, je croirais qu'une crise violente est assez prochaine, les éléments extrêmes se trouvant réums et rapprochés dans l'Assemblée nouvelle, de manière à former un mélange explosible comme la chimie redoute d'en amener. De part ni d'autre, d'ailleurs, il n'y a d'homme en état de diriger les événements; ils iront donc probablement tout seuls, comme des chevaux qui n'ont pas de cocher, ce qui est le moyen à peu près sûr d'aller dans le fossé.

## **CHAPTER XXII**

### **RETIREMENT**

Christmas and the early days of the New Year were passed at Foxholes. On January 15th the Reeves returned to Rutland Gate. Parliament met on the 21st, and, as had been foreseen, the Government was defeated on an amendment to the Address. Lord Salisbury's resignation was announced on February 1st, and, on the 3rd, Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet was formed, Sir William Harcourt being Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Rosebery Foreign Secretary, and Mr. John Morley Secretary for Ireland. Sir Henry James, now Lord James of Hereford, declined the office of Lord Chancellor; Lord Hartington, the present Duke of Devonshire, declined office of any sort in a Ministry whose policy, as yet but dimly shown, was generally understood to be on the lines of advanced Radicalism. For his part, Reeve abhorred Radicalism. He had never approved of Gladstone as a politician, and now less than ever. He looked on him as a danger to the Empire, to be fought against, to be resisted, to be crushed. Nor was he singular in this. It is customary to speak of the extraordinary influence which Gladstone exercised. It was this influence, directed by sentiment or by vanity, which constituted the danger. There were many who believed the country to be on the eve of a violent, perhaps a sanguinary, revolution, fomented and abetted by Mr. Gladstone; and this belief was strengthened when, on February 8th, an East-end mob,

meeting in Trafalgar Square, was allowed, without opposition, to march by Pall Mall, St. James' Street and Piccadilly, to Hyde Park, breaking the windows and plundering the shops on the way. When to this supposed revolutionary tendency of the new Ministry was added their avowed intention to bring in a measure for the pacification of Ireland, which—in the absence of details—was believed to mean the disintegration of the kingdom, the feeling of alarm, which must be very well remembered by many who read these pages, can be easily understood.

*From Lord Ebury* [Footnote: Lord Ebury died at the age of 92, in 1893.]

Moor Park, January 4th, 1886.

Dear Reeve,—Allow me to wish you and Mrs. Reeve a happy New Year, and to say how much I have been interested in the second part of our common friend's Memoirs, which—if you care to know it—pleased me more than the first; but the most characteristic passage of the writer, and which made me laugh aloud, is the three pages in which he vents all his wrath against the public for their approbation of Lady Blessington as an authoress, and the pedestal upon which they placed her. I was glad to read the editor's note, which completed the page. When once he got into that sort of mood, and perhaps was influenced by a touch of gout, and let himself go, it was very funny to listen to him; and really he was a good-natured man. I wonder what he would have said of Parnell and his ragged regiment, and the G. O. M. [Footnote: As even in twelve years the name has become quite obsolete, it may be as well to note that Mr. Gladstone was generally designated by these letters, said by his friends and admirers to stand for Grand Old Man.] as he now appears. What in the world are we to do? The 'Times' is working most patriotically; but why, in the world, did it or he not find out earlier what the G. O. M. really was and is?...

With my best regards to Mrs. Reeve,

I remain, yours very truly,

**EBURY.**

*From the Comte de Paris*

*8 janvier.*—Je vous remercie bien sincèrement des bons voeux que vous m'adressez pour la nouvelle aimée. Comme vous le dites fort bien, il y a des bonheurs que la politique ne peut pas empoisonner, et ce sont les plus solides.

L'année 1886, je le crois comme vous, nous réserve des surprises plus dramatiques que celle don't nous venons de voir la fin. En France, ce renouvellement de l'année nous donne un Président renommé mais non rajeuni, un Ministère reconstitué mais non raffermi ... En Angleterre, Gladstone et les Irlandais vous auront pour une fois rendu service s'ils forcent à s'unir les conservateurs, aujourd'hui séparés par d'anciennes divisions en whigs et en tories. Ce jour-la vous pourrez de nouveau avoir un gouvernement fort et national.

*From Lord Ebury*

*February 13th*—I cannot recollect anything about Charles Greville's pamphlet on Ireland, though I imagine I must have read it at the time. Can one get it now to look at it? or are things so much changed by the march of events since that its interest has passed away? I re-read Gustave de Beaumont's marvellous work, with which no doubt you are acquainted. I confess it rather staggered me when it first came out; and how the prophecies it contained are accomplished, almost to the letter! I remember calling the old Duke's attention to it; especially to that strange phrase-speaking of the then Irish landowners—'C'est une mauvaise aristocratic; il faut la détruire.' Was it ever reviewed in the 'Edinburgh'?

When will this horrible Government be overthrown?

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Rutland Gate, March 29th*—From what I learned yesterday as to the probable course of proceeding in the House of Commons, I am strongly of opinion that it will be necessary to accelerate the publication of the 'Review' by two days, instead of postponing it, as we had proposed to do. The 'Review' would be of use in the debate which will then be going on, and will probably be noticed; whereas, after the division on leave to bring in the Bill, it would be less opportune. The article on Ireland is complete, and it would be premature to speculate on the details of an unknown measure.

The 'Review' was published on April 13th, and, as Reeve had expected, the article on 'England's Duty to Ireland' was in everyone's mouth. It was a powerful appeal to the Liberals, as distinct from the

Gladstonians, which may even now be read with advantage as a lucid exposition of the principles of the Union.

*From Lord Ebury*

*April 14th.*—Thank you for so speedily answering my question: also for pointing my attention to the concluding article of the 'Edinburgh'—just published—written by yourself. I have just finished its perusal, and am very much pleased with it. No doubt you have had a certain advantage in seeing what has been already said upon this insane proposition of Gladstone's; but I have hitherto seen nothing which so completely exposes the dangers that threaten us, and gives so much historical information to guide opinion upon the subject; and you have put forward a subject which to my astonishment has not (or scarcely) been noticed at all. I mean the danger to the throne of England. I see you dismiss with scarcely a remark—which, indeed, in your province, would have been injudicious—the responsibility of those, our grandees—I won't mention names—who have assisted in giving the G. O. M. power to do the almost irreparable mischief he has perpetrated.

The Journal here has:—

*April 17th.*—To Foxholes. On the 29th, Unionist meeting at Christchurch; Lord Malmesbury in the chair. I read an address [which was printed and circulated as a leaflet]. This was one of the first Unionist meetings in England.

*May 3rd.*—To Portsmouth, on a visit to Captain Bridge, on board the 'Colossus.'

On May 10th Gladstone, in moving the second reading of his 'Home Rule' Bill, seemed to accept the truth of the maxim that 'Speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts,' and led someone—commonly believed to be Mr. Labouchere, who made no attempt to hide his own opinions—to say, 'How is it possible to play with an old sinner who has got an ace up each sleeve, and says God Almighty put them there?' What Gladstone wanted to do was, in fact, never exactly known; all that could be made out was that he was prepared to grant whatever the Irish Nationalist party demanded. It was for Mr. Parnell to speak; for him to obey. Such an attitude was revolting to a very great many of the Liberal party. They maintained—they rightly maintained—that the name 'Liberal' belonged to principles, not to men; and that those who sacrificed their principles to follow the lead of one man, even of Gladstone's eminence, ceased to be Liberals, and could only be called Gladstonians. The Bill was discussed for many days, and on June 7th it was negatived by the House of Commons in the fullest division ever known; the numbers being:

*Against the Bill. For the Bill.*

Conservatives. . . . 250 Gladstonians. . . . 230  
Liberals. . . . . 93 Nationalists. . . . 83

343 313

Majority against the Bill, 30.

Reeve was triumphant, and wrote to Mr. T. Norton Longman the next day, 'What a triumphant division! What a defeat for the G. O. M.! Even he must believe this. I think his colleagues will hardly agree to dissolve. If they do, they will be annihilated.'

They did, and they were. The General Election held in July fully ratified the vote of the House on June 7th, and left the Gladstonians and Parnellites combined in a minority of 115.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*C. O., June 23rd.*—Sir Francis Doyle's Epilogue [Footnote: The last chapter of Doyle's *Reminiscences and Opinions* (8vo. 1886). It is more than 'invective;' it contains much sound argument and admirable illustration.] is a powerful piece of invective; but it is essentially addressed to Gladstone's public career and conduct, and if he likes to publish it, I see no objection. Doyle was at Eton with Gladstone, and is one of his oldest and most intimate friends—or rather, *was so*. What he has written is not stronger than what George Anthony Denison has published on Gladstone, he too being a friend of forty years. I do not remember another instance in which a man's best and earliest friends have turned upon him, to unmask him, and that without any motive of personal resentment. It is the noble motive which led Brutus to strike Caesar.

If this is to appear, it should be published *immediately*, as it relates to the affairs of the day.

*C. O., July 21st.*—I think Gladstone has fulfilled all my predictions and completed the ruin of the

Liberal party and his own. The net result is that he has brought in the Tories for several years.

Whilst this tremendous storm was raging in the political world in England, France also had been much excited. The letters of the Comte de Paris have shown that he was, in point of fact, conducting an intrigue for the subversion of the republic, the re-establishment of the monarchy; and it is not surprising that the Government, more or less cognisant of what was going on, struck in defence of the constitution under which they ruled. Their action was said to be illegal; but in time of war the laws depend on, are upheld by, and interpreted by the greater force; and on June 23rd the Comte de Paris, with his family, was ordered to quit France, and the Orleanist princes, including the Duc d'Aumale, were deprived of their rank in the army, their names being erased from the army list. On June 29th Reeve noted in his Journal, 'To Tunbridge Wells, to see the Comte de Paris, exiled the week before;' but that is all; the home interest was too absorbing, though even of that the only trace in the Journal is on July 5th, 'Unionist meeting at Tuckton. I took the chair. Election.'

*To Lord Derby*

*C. O., July 10th.*—I am much obliged to you for the copy of your excellent speech. In this remarkable debate *coram populo*, it seems to me that the defeat of the Home Rulers in argument has been even more complete than their rout at the polling booths. The people have shown more serious intelligence than I had given them credit for. I saw this even in our Hampshire bumpkins.

On July 20th the Gladstonian Ministry resigned, and before the end of the month the new ministry was formed under Lord Salisbury as premier and first lord of the treasury. The Journal is occupied with personal and family affairs of special interest.

*July 25th.*—To Antwerp by the 'Baron Osy.' Forty-seven Americans on board. Aix very dull. Back to London on August 11th.

*August 18th.*—Letter from Hopie announcing her intended marriage.

*September 6th.*—Hopie married at Kirklands to Thomas Ogilvie of Chesters.

Chesters is in the immediate neighbourhood of Kirklands, and the friendship between Miss Reeve and Mr. Ogilvie was of many years' standing, though the determination to marry was rather sudden, and the engagement very short. Mr. Ogilvie was a man of good family and property, and though several years older than his bride, Reeve appears to have been very well satisfied; his relations with his son-in-law were always cordial, though the distance at which they lived restricted the intercourse, and the formed habits of both prevented anything like intimacy.

Amidst the political excitement and the family interest of the summer, the following comes in almost like the Fool in 'King Lear' or Caleb Balderstone in the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' It refers to a proposition—surely one of the strangest ever submitted to a publisher—which, in ordinary course, had been sent to Reeve for an opinion. And this is what Reeve wrote:—

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, August 24th.*—Your correspondent is the coolest fellow I ever heard of. He not only proposes to complete Macaulay's 'Lays' by some new ones, but to re-edit and correct the original Lays, which, he says, 'are very irregular.' His own verses have not a spark of poetry or fire in them; they are mere trash, and he is an impertinent fellow.

Here the Journal has:—

*September 7th.*—Went to Exeter with Christine; 8th, to Chagford and Dartmoor; 10th, back to Foxholes.

*29th.*—To Holyhead and Penrhos with Christine. Bad weather at Penrhos; gout in hand came on.

*October 2nd.*—To Knowsley; Lord Lyons there.

*6th.*—To London and Foxholes. Christine went on to Chesters. On the 20th, Mrs. Ogilvie came from Scotland. November 2nd, James Watney died.

*From Count Vitzthum*

Paris, November 7th.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—I beg you to accept kindly a copy of my memoirs 'St. Petersburg and London,' 1852-1864, which Cotta will send you from the author. Please to remember, if you find time to read these two little volumes, that it is a German book, written for Germans, by one who is neither Whig, nor Tory, nor

Red; who is very fond of Old England,, but has nothing to do with your party feelings and prejudices. I see men and things, not from the English, but from the European standpoint, and leave it, as far as possible, to the leading men of the day to tell their own tale. If you find time, read the book and tell me what you think of it.

Yours very truly,

**VITZTHUM.**

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

C.O., *November 12th.*—My old friend, Count Vitzthum, formerly Saxon Minister in London, has sent me his 'Reminiscences of St. Petersburg and London from 1852 to 1864' in German, 2 vols. This is a book of extraordinary interest to the English public, full of conversations and confidential details of Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Disraeli, &c.—quite a contemporary political history, as amusing and interesting as Greville himself. Vitzthum knew this country well, and all its society.

I shall write on Monday [15th] to thank him for the book, and I propose to ask him whether he has made any arrangements for the translation of it. I am not much in favour of translations; but this book is of such peculiar and exciting interest that I should strongly recommend you to secure it if possible. I think the Taylors, who did Luther, would undertake the translation.

I think this an important affair.

*November 15th.*—I am afraid you are out of town, but it is of great importance to come to an immediate decision about Count Vitzthum's book. It is a work of the greatest possible interest and importance, and contains many entirely new facts and anecdotes as to contemporary history. You will perceive this from the enclosed notice of the book which appeared last week in the 'Daily News.' [Footnote: November 6th, 'From our Berlin Correspondent,' a notice mostly made up of extracts from the book, then described as 'just about' to be published by Cotta of Stuttgart.]

The Queen has seen the sheets and approved them.

The result of this notice was that three English publishers at once applied to Cotta for the right of translation; but the Count has retained that in his own hands, and he says that, if *you* will publish the translation on suitable terms, and if *I* will edit the translation with my name, and write a preface to it, he will make an arrangement with us. This I am ready to do, and I shall tell him so to-day. There is not a moment to lose; and as you appear not to be in town, I must act myself in the matter. I want to know as soon as possible what terms you would offer. I think the Count would accept either a sum down or a share of the profits; you might propose either alternative. The Taylors would execute the translation promptly and the book would appear in May. I do not suppose that you will hesitate to agree to so important a proposal; but if it does not please you, I am certain that Murray or Macmillan would jump at it.

*C.O., November 17th.*—Max Müller has written to Count Vitzthum, to make exactly the same suggestion I have done. He highly applauds the book and recommends the Count to make arrangements with *you* for the translation. I have seen Fairfax Taylor. He will undertake to complete the translation by the 15th or 20th of February. The printing can go on when he has got some copy in hand, and the book can be brought out early in April, which is a very good time. I have given him my copy of the first volume to begin upon. Pray get another copy of the book.

*November 18th.*—Count Vitzthum accepts your proposal. He asks me whether he should write to you; but that is unnecessary. *Four* other English publishers have applied to him for the right of translation.

*November 23rd.*—It will be necessary that the translation of Vitzthum's book should be set up in slips, in order that he and I may have an opportunity of adding notes or making omissions.

At this time the question of having him elected as a foreign member of the Institute was mooted by Reeve's friends in Paris. It is to this that the following letters refer. Though not successful on this occasion, because—as Reeve was afterwards told—two out of the six foreign members were already English, they carried their point some eighteen months later, on an English vacancy.

*From M. Jules Simon*

Paris, 18 décembre.

Cher Monsieur,—J'ai en effet exprimé à notre ami commun, M. Gavard, le désir que j'éprouve de vous attacher plus complètement à notre Académie. C'est une opération assez difficile, car les associés

étrangers pouvant être choisis indistinctement dans tous les peuples du monde, il y a rarement disette de candidats. A chaque vacance, une commission est nommée au scrutin. Elle présente trois noms à l'Académie, qui consacre une séance à les discuter, et vote dans la séance suivante. Nous devons élire tout à l'heure le successeur de Ranke. Parmi les deux noms qui ne sortiront pas de l'urne, il y en a un qui pourra bien réussir quand on élira le successeur de Minghetti. En général on est porté deux ou trois fois avant de passer. Vos amis s'occuperont d'abord de vous faire figurer sur la liste. Il faut pour cela qu'un d'entre eux ait la liste exacte de vos écrits, et de tous les titres que l'on peut invoquer en votre faveur. Les débats ne sont pas publics; les candidats n'écrivent pas de demande; celui qui les propose parle en son propre noni, et est même censé les proposer à leur insu. Enfin, le public ne connaît que le nom de l'élu. Je crois que vous avez envoyé à M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire les renseignements nécessaires. Si cela n'est pas fait, faites-le, je vous prie, sans délai. Vous pouvez, si vous le préférez, les envoyer à M. Gavard, qui me les remettra, ou m'écrire directement. Je vous prie, cher monsieur, de croire à mes sentiments cordialement dévoués.

**JULES SIMON.**

*From M. Leon Say*

Paris, 25 décembre.

Mon bien Cher M. Reeve,—Je ferai naturellement tous mes efforts pour vous rapprocher encore plus de l'Institut, et vous y donner un rang digne de vous; mais je ne dois pas vous laisser ignorer qu'il y aura lutte. Je ne sais s'il vous conviendra que votre nom soit discuté. Pour vous éclairer sur ce point, je vous envoie à titre confidentiel un billet que me fait parvenir M. Aucoc pour faire suite à un entretien que j'ai eu avec lui.

Je vous prie de croire à mes sentiments les plus distingués et les plus affectueux.

**LÉON SAY.**

Jules Simon m'a promis une note qui me servirait à soutenir vos titres, et me permettrait de dire aux Français de ma section, passablement ignorants de l'étranger, avec exactitude ce que vous avez fait.

Meantime the Journal notes:—

*December 7th.*—Meeting of the Liberal-Unionist party. On the 11th, dinner at home. Duc d'Aumale, Froude, Carnarvon, Lady Stanley, Colonel Knollys, F. Villiers, Lady Metcalfe, Newton.

*19th.*—Dined at the Duc d'Aumale's, who had bought Moncorvo House in Ennismore Gardens. Comte and Comtesse de Paris, Haussonville, Ségur, Target, Audiffret, Leighton.

*December 21st.*—To Timsbury. 24th, to Foxholes. The Ogilvies there.

1887. *January 3rd.*—Came to London. 10th, dinner at Pender's to meet Stanley, the African traveller, before he went to find Emin Bey.

*19th.*—The third part of Greville published, 3,007 copies subscribed.

Among the many letters which the publication of these last volumes of the 'Greville Memoirs' brought him, the following from Sir Arthur Gordon [Footnote: Fourth son of the Earl of Aberdeen.]—now Lord Stanmore, and then Governor of Ceylon—have a peculiar interest from their exact criticism of a point of detail with which the writer was personally acquainted at first hand:—

Queen's House, Colombo, June 18th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I have very long delayed answering your last letter, in the hope that, when I did so, I might at the same time be able to send you my notes on the two last volumes of 'Greville.' But these notes will be numerous, and my time is scant for such work. On one point, the 'graspingness' alleged to have been shown by the Peclites after the formation of the Government in December 1852, and its modification to satisfy their exigencies, I have felt constrained to address the 'Times.' [Footnote: June 13th. The letter is reprinted in the *Appendix post*, p. 411.] The truth happens to have been exactly the other way, and Greville's notes are only the echo of the grumblings of the disappointed Whig placemen who talked to him. It is decidedly unjust not only to my father, Graham, and Gladstone, who are indirectly charged with this trafficking, but to the Duke of Newcastle and Herbert also, who more directly are so.

I have, of course, read the volumes with great interest, but have had my suspicions greatly heightened that whatever may have been the case before—say 1841, the confidences Mr. Greville

received in the later years of his life were not unfrequently only half-confidences, for the sake of obtaining his opinion on some collateral point, or of flattering or pleasing him by the show of confidence. There are, of course, many matters treated of in these volumes as to which I have no personal or private information, and I have no reason to question what he says about them; but I have some inclination to doubt, even as to these; for I find that as regards almost every transaction of which I do happen to know the whole history, he knows a good deal about it, but not *all* about it. He was kept specially in the dark about the real history of Lord Palmerston's resignation in 1853 which is all the odder because he very nearly found it out. Hardly anybody does know what lay behind, though the difference about Reform was a very real one, so far as it went, and quite sufficient to justify—at all events, ostensibly—Lord P.'s virtual dismissal. Again, on another occasion, I see Mr. G.'s special friend, Lord Clarendon—I will not say, deliberately deceived him, but, certainly with full knowledge—allowed him to deceive himself on the strength of a half-confidence. [Footnote: A politic reticence, that has been called 'an economy of truth.']

I am more disappointed than I can say to find that M. de Sainte-Aulaire's elaborate Memoirs have been 'used up' for that stupid book of Victor de Nouvion's, [Footnote: Histoire du Règne de Louis Philippe (4 tom 8vo. 1857-61)], if—as I suppose—that is the book you refer to. I thought it had never got beyond the first two volumes, and have never seen any more of it. I am vexed that M. de Sainte-Aulaire's elaborate Memoirs should have been utilised for such a book; generally, because I know M. de Sainte-Aulaire contemplated their publication, and because they deserved to appear in a separate form; and, personally and specially, because, of course, his accounts of his intercourse with my father, and the elaborate study of his character which he had written, are thus lost....

Yours ever faithfully,

A. GORDON.

*To Sir Arthur Gordon*

*C.O., June 13th.*—I have just read in the 'Times' of this morning your interesting letter on the formation of Lord Aberdeen's ministry. I have no doubt you are quite right. It was John Russell and the Whigs who were rapacious for office—much more than the Peelites. John Russell, I know, kept Cardwell out of the Cabinet. You observe that Greville only notes what Lord Clarendon told him; and I have no doubt that Clarendon was rather out of humour with arrangements which were personally disagreeable to himself. But that again was John Russell's fault, because he insisted on taking the Foreign Office *pro tem*. I shall probably publish another complete edition of Greville next year, and I think it would be well to insert in a note the whole of your letter, or at least the greater part of it. [Footnote: See Appendix, post, p. 411.] If you have any other criticisms to make, they would be valuable to me. I have availed myself of those you were so good as to send me on the second series.

You are aware that Mme. de Jarnac is dead. I do not know who has her husband's papers; but the Comte de Paris is here, and as I frequently see him, I will take an early opportunity of asking him whether he can give me any information about Lord Aberdeen's letters. M. Thureau's 'Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet' is a remarkable book, because he has access to original sources and quotes largely from them, especially from the Memoirs of M. de Sainte-Aulaire which are still in MS. [Footnote: And *still* so in 1898.] They appear to be extremely interesting.

We are getting on here pretty well. If the Whigs had joined the Government, there might have been a scramble for office, as there was in 1853; for the Whigs are now in the same position as the Peelites were at that time—officers without an army. It is much more to the credit of my friends to give a disinterested support to Lord Salisbury; and this alliance gives a sufficiently Liberal colour to the measures of the administration. There is every appearance that the Unionists will hold together. Mr. Gladstone continues to be in a state of hallucination and excitement which exceeds belief. It is a case of moral and political suicide. The crisis will probably end by the death of Mr. Parnell, the falling [off] of the American subscriptions, and the extinction of Mr. Gladstone; but in the meantime they have totally ruined Ireland.

*From Sir Arthur Gordon*

*August 30th.*—Your letter of June 13th must have crossed one from me, in which I explained to you why I had written to the 'Times' about the formation of the Government of 1853 instead of merely sending my observations to you as a note for future use. I need not say that I am much flattered by your proposal to insert the letter—or part of it—in a note to a future edition of Mr. Greville's Memoirs... I am struck very much by what I think I mentioned once before—the frequency with which Mr. Greville's friends gave him what may be called 'a three-quarters knowledge' of pending affairs. They told him a great deal, but frequently not *all*. In the affairs with which I am really acquainted, there is almost

always something—and that an important something—which does not appear in his notes... I have specially noticed this with regard to Lord Palmerston's 'resignation' in 1853, It is the more remarkable, because it is apparent from various passages that he 'burnt'—as they say in a game of hide and seek—but never actually quite caught the true facts. I have never known a secret better guarded than the fact—which, after a lapse of four and thirty years, one may, I think, mention—that Lord P.'s resignation on that occasion was *not* voluntary, and that he was, in fact, extruded. [Footnote: In a later letter, June 5th, 1888, Sir Arthur Gordon wrote:—'He had given great offence to the Queen; and his colleagues—at least, his most important colleagues—distrusted his action in reference to pending negotiations, Lord Clarendon especially resenting the intrigues he believed he was carrying on. Things being in this state, he announced his hostility to Reform, and it was determined to take advantage of this announcement to remove him; and removed he would have been, but for the two causes I have noted.'] But, to be sure, half the Cabinet did not know this; and it was their ignorance, coupled with Newcastle's and Gladstone's dislike of Lord John, that brought him back again.

I must get M. Thureau's 'Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet,' of which I never even heard. It is dreadful to reflect how utterly behindhand one gets in all things, literary, artistic, and political, through long sojourns out of Europe. But I do hope there is some prospect of M. de Sainte-Aulaire's Memoirs themselves being published at full length. I know it was M. de Sainte-Aulaire's wish and deliberate intention that they should be given to the world, and he took much trouble with them.

*From the Duke of Argyll*

Inveraray, January 22nd.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I have been longer in getting the book off my hands than I had hoped. It is now in the press, and Douglas talks of getting it out about February 10th or a little later.... There is a good deal in the book which, in one sense, may be called 'padding,' because I have endeavoured to relieve the very dry subject of Tenures and Agricultural Improvement with historical episodes, with pictures of manners, and even with personal anecdote. But I think there is a considerable bulk of new matter, or at least of old matter put in new points of view, and every part is written with an aim to establish the principles which *we* think 'sound' on Law, on Property, and on Union. Your new Greville seems to be very interesting.

Yours very sincerely,

**ARGYLL.**

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, 29 janvier.*—Je vous remercie de la peine que vous voulez bien prendre, et j'ai profité des corrections que vous avez bien voulu m'indiquer. J'avais déjà profité des deux articles de la 'Revue d'Edimbourg' sur les chemins de fer russes en Asie et sur l'armée indienne.

I have no wish to appear more royalist than the king himself; but I cannot feel so sure as you do about the security of India. The Russians are already threatening it, and I do not think they are near stopping. The base of their operations will be in the Caucasus, where they already have very considerable forces. It is true that their finances are in bad order; but this may perhaps be an additional motive to them to undertake a war of conquest. I agree with you, however, that before the attack on India will come the attack on Constantinople, the consequences of which will be very great. On the other hand, the railway connecting Candahar with the Indus will certainly be a great obstacle to the advance of the Russians on Cabul. In all this I see many of the elements of catastrophes which the next generation will witness. I hope I may be out of this world before they come.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, April 17th.*—I see the 'Athenaeum' complains that I did not correct all Vitzthum's mistakes and rearrange his book; but that is more than I undertook to do. We did correct a good many mistakes, natural enough in a foreigner; but I do not hold myself responsible for his facts or his opinions.

*April 22nd.*—I know more about M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire's book on India than any other Englishman, for I revised and corrected the proof-sheets for him. A French writer on the subject was sure to make blunders. The book is most valuable to *foreigners*, for it is a perfectly fair account of the British administration of India; but it would be entirely useless in this country, inasmuch as it is a mere compilation from well-known English documents. I think, therefore, that a translation into English would be a work of supererogation and a failure.

*Journal*

*April 30th.*—Dined at the Royal Academy dinner.

*May 9th.*—Great Unionist meeting at Winchester.

*28th.*—Barthélemy St.-Hilaire came to Foxholes on a visit.

*June 10th.*—Dined with the Duc d'Aumale, Moncorvo House. Electric light.

*15th.*—Dined at the Middle Temple. Grand day; Prince of Wales in the chair.

*18th.*—Dined with the Lord Mayor. Literature, Science, and Art.

*21st.*—Celebration of the Jubilee. Splendid day.

*July 3rd.*—Went to Eastbourne.

*7th.*—Dined at East Sheen with the Comte de Paris. Duc and Duchesse of Braganza there. Duke of St. Albans, Arran and daughter, Duc de la Tremoille—twenty.

*18th.*—Duc d'Aumale's evening party; very brilliant.

*25th.*—To Ostend and Brussels. 26th, to Cologne. Great heat.

*27th.*—To Wiesbaden. Lady Dartrey died while I was at Wiesbaden. I took leave of her on her death-bed just before I started. It was the loss of a most kind, faithful, and affectionate friend.

*August 5th.*—Ill in the night; incipient fever. 6th, to Cologne. 7th, to Aix, very unwell. 9th, got back to London by Ostend-Dover.

*From Captain Bridge, R.N.*

H.M.S. 'Colossus,' Gibraltar, August 3rd.

Dear Mr. Reeve,—The Naval Review and the ensuing operations have not, I hope, given you such a surfeit of naval affairs as to indispose you to hear a little of the recent cruise of the Mediterranean squadron. We left Malta, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, in May, and visited several ports on the coast of Italy. During H.R.H.'s absence in England, when attending the Jubilee, we stayed at the convenient harbour of Aranci Bay in the island of Sardinia. There we carried out a series of instructive torpedo and under-water mining exercises. After leaving Sardinia, we called at several Spanish ports—Barcelona, Valencia, Cartagena and Malaga—eventually reaching this place last Friday evening.

The effect of our visits to both Italy and Spain has been—especially in the case of the latter country—remarkably gratifying. The presence of a son of the Queen was evidently taken as a compliment by Italians and Spaniards of all classes. Barcelona, Cartagena, and Malaga are notoriously anti-monarchical in sentiment. Yet in every one H.R.H. had a most flattering reception. The enthusiasm of the populace at Cartagena was fully equal to any shown by an English crowd for any popular royal personage. People may say what they like, but the advantages to the country of having a prince in the position held by the Duke are considerable. The friendliness of the Italians is striking; and I am confident the feelings of Spaniards of all classes are more favourable to England than they have been for half a century. We hear now that we are to go on to Cadiz, where a maritime exhibition is to be opened this month; and it is understood that this extension of our cruise is at the request of the Spaniards themselves. I have visited Spanish ports often before now, and never noticed any friendliness towards us. Should the necessity of looking for allies arise, it is nearly certain that both Italy and Spain would be disposed to range themselves on our side. It will be a pity if diplomatic bungling occurs to alter this satisfactory condition of things....

Pray give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Reeve.

Yours sincerely,

**CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.**

It has been seen that for some years back Reeve had been occasionally thinking of retiring from his post of Registrar. The near completion of fifty years' service revived the notion, and his illness at Wiesbaden, following an earlier attack in April, confirmed it. When his mind was once made up, the rest was a matter of detail. The Journal notes:—

*August 10th.*—Taxed costs and wound up business at the Council Office for the last time again; but went there again on October 11th.

12th.—To Foxholes, where fever and bad fit of gout came on; I was very unwell till September 3rd.

21st.—My dog Sylvia [Footnote: A collie, so called after her donor, M. Sylvain van de Weyer. A brother of hers belonged to the Queen.] died. A fond and faithful companion of sixteen years.

September 5th.—Mr. G. H. Dorrell came as my secretary, and I dictated an article on foreign affairs.

From Mr. C. L. Peel [Footnote: Clerk of the Council in succession to Sir Arthur Helps. Now Sir Charles Peel.]

56 Eccleston Square, October 5th.

My Dear Reeve,—I was so taken aback by your announcement to-day, that I really could not find words in which to express the sincere regret with which I heard it. You are so thoroughly identified in my mind with the Council Office, and I am so much indebted to you for advice and assistance during the last twelve years, that I shall feel quite lost when I can no longer rely upon the experience, judgement, and kindness which have hitherto been available to me in any difficulty.

I only trust that by relieving yourself in good time from the ties of office, you may enjoy a long spell of happy and active retirement, which you have so well earned, and into which you will be followed by the best wishes of all you leave behind. Believe me always,

Yours most sincerely,

C. L. PEEL.

It appears from the Journal that the resignation was not officially made till some days later.

October 24th.—I resigned the Registrarship of the Privy Council, which I had held, as Clerk of Appeals and Registrar, since November 17th, 1837. The rest of the year at Foxholes.

At the sitting of the Judicial Committee on November 2nd, Sir Barnes Peacock formally announced to the Bar the resignation of the Registrar, and after briefly mentioning the dates of his service as Clerk of Appeals since 1837 and Registrar since the creation of the office in 1853, he went on:—

'It is unnecessary to state to the Bar the manner in which the duties of that office have been performed by Mr. Reeve. He is not present to-day. He has been prevented, I believe, by the state of his health, from travelling to London. Their Lordships are sorry that he is not present, that they might personally bid him farewell. They have given me, as the oldest member of the Judicial Committee now present, the privilege of expressing and recording their deep sense of the loss which must be sustained, both by the Judicial Committee and the public, by being deprived of the valuable services of Mr. Henry Reeve. His long and varied experience, extending over a period of nearly half a century, his extensive knowledge, his great tact and the sound judgement which he brought to bear in the discharge of the duties of his office, render his retirement a serious loss both to the Judicial Committee and to the public. Their Lordships could not allow Mr. Reeve to depart from his office in silence. They trust that he may long enjoy in health and happiness that rest, relaxation, and repose which he has so fully and meritoriously earned, and to which he is so justly entitled. Many men retire from an arduous profession or office, and when they are relieved from the duties which they have for many years been called upon to discharge, sink into a state of *ennui* and listlessness which are not conducive either to a long life or to health or happiness. But their Lordships feel sure that that will not be the case with Mr. Henry Reeve. His literary and other congenial tastes and pursuits, and his industrious habits, will no doubt supply him with full employment for his still active and vigorous mind. In taking their leave of Mr. Henry Reeve on his departure from office their Lordships will only add, 'Let honour be where honour is justly deserved.'

To this Mr. Aston, Q.C., replied, as the oldest member of the Bar present:—

'I refrain from attempting to add anything to what your Lordship has said, for fear that the feebleness of my addition might detract from the force of that which your Lordship has expressed. But I cannot help saying that, after having appeared at your Lordships' Bar in this place for upwards of a quarter of a century, I have myself personally received, and I have seen the members of the Bar who have practised with me always receive, from Mr. Reeve the utmost courtesy, attention, and assistance. We often have, my Lords, in practising before you, a difficult task to discharge. Our clients are not familiar with the practice of your Lordships' Court, if I may use the term. But on all occasions Mr. Registrar Reeve has given the utmost assistance, and therefore I beg to say, on behalf of the Bar whom I venture to represent, that we cordially endorse all that your Lordship has said, and express our unfeigned regret that we shall no longer have the services of Mr. Reeve in your Lordships' chamber.'

To Mr. T. Norton Longman

*Foxholes, November 4th.*—I hope you saw the funeral oration Sir Barnes Peacock pronounced on me in the Privy Council. It is in the outer sheet of the 'Times' of Tuesday [Nov. 1st], and perhaps in some other papers; a very kind and handsome tribute; and it is pleasanter to have these things said when one is alive than when one is dead.

The notice in the 'Times' brought Reeve many letters from his friends; amongst others, the following:

—  
*From Lord Ebury*

*November 9th.*—I see you are going to desert the Council altogether. I hope you will long enjoy the *otium* which you have so worthily merited, and will have time to assist in extinguishing Gladstone.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Woodnorton, 15 novembre.*—Je regrette d'apprendre que votre santé a été si éprouvée.... Je suis toujours affligée de voir mes amis se retirer de la vie active; mais je comprends les motifs qui vous ont dicté votre démission....

Je suis si honteux de ce qui se passe en France que je n'ose pas vous en parler, et je me borne à vous serrer bien cordialement la main.

The Journal then notes:—

1888.—The year began at Foxholes. The Ogilvies there for three weeks. Came to London on January 3rd.

*February 4th.*—Sir Henry Maine died at Cannes. A great loss.

*March 5th.*—The railroad from Brockenhurst to Christchurch opened. Went down to the ceremony. Came back at 7 and dined with Millais to meet the Lord Chancellor. Mrs. Procter died.

*9th*—Emperor William of Germany died. Various dinners.

*April 10th.*—Gladstone dined at The Club. Froude, Smith, Hewett, and Hooker there.

*27th*—Left London for Basle with Christine at 11 A.M. and arrived there, and thence, at Lucerne, on the 28th at 9 A.M. Capital journey.

From Lucerne they went on to Milan and Bologna and to Florence, which they reached on May 3rd, which they made their headquarters for the next three weeks, seeing all that was interesting in the city and the neighbourhood, and visiting Siena, Chiusi, Perugia, and Assisi. Then to Spezia, Turin, Geneva, and to Paris on the 24th.

Meantime Reeve, having been proposed by St.-Hilaire, supported by the Duc d'Aumale, Jules Simon, and Duruy, as a foreign member of the Institut de France, in succession to Sir Henry Maine, had been elected by a large majority on May 8th. He seems to have received the first news of this from the Duc d'Aumale, who wrote from Palermo on May 10th:—

Mon ancien maître, confrère et ami, Duruy, m'écrit que vous venez d'être nommé associé étranger de son Académie par vingt-sept voix. C'est un beau succès dont je veux tout de suite me réjouir avec vous, en attendant que je puisse le faire de vive voix. Je compte être le 20 de ce mois à Bruxelles, et dîner avec le Club quelque jour du mois de juin.

The election had to be approved by the President of the Republic, and the result was not officially communicated till the 19th. It would seem that Reeve did not receive it till his arrival in Paris, and on the next day, May 25th, St.-Hilaire wrote:—

Demain je vous accompagnerai pour votre entrée à l'Académie. Vous verrez que le cérémonial est des plus simples. Je vous présenterai spécialement à M. Franck, qui, sur ma demande, a été votre rapporteur, et qui a parlé de vous en termes excellents.

From the Duc d'Aumale he received, a few days later:—

*Bruxelles, 31 mai.*—Je ne doutais pas du bon accueil qui vous serait fait à l'Institut, et je suis ravi d'en recevoir le témoignage par votre lettre. Je voudrais bien pouvoir assister au dîner du Club du 12 juin; mais j'en ai quelque doute, tandis que je crois être certain, *Deo adjuvante*, de pouvoir m'asseoir à notre

table fraternelle le mardi 26. Je vous serre affectueusement la main.

On May 28th Reeve returned to London. The entries in the Journal are of little interest, but he noted:

*June 12th.*—At Lady Knutsford's, evening, met Lord and Lady Lansdowne, just back from Canada.

*15th.*—To Foxholes. The Emperor Fritz of Germany died. During the whole of his short reign, which lasted ninety-nine days, the most bitter quarrels went on about his medical treatment. It was a great tragedy.

*25th.*—To London again. 26th, breakfasted with the Duc d'Aumale, who dined at The Club.

*July 2nd.*—To Winchester Quarter Sessions to qualify as J.P. for Hampshire, having been recently appointed by Lord Carnarvon.

*9th.*—Attended Petty Sessions at Christchurch.

*30th.*—Winchester Assizes. On the Grand Jury.

The next letter, from Sir Arthur Gordon, refers to an incident alluded to in the 'Greville Memoirs,' [Footnote: Third Part, i. 54-5.] which Reeve had commented on at some length, with a reference to the Memoirs of Lord Malmesbury, published some four years before.

What Lord Malmesbury had said amounted to this—that in 1844, when the Russian Emperor Nicholas was in London, 'he, Sir Robert Peel (then prime minister) and Lord Aberdeen (then foreign secretary) drew up and *signed* a memorandum' to the effect that England 'would support Russia in her legitimate protectorship of the Greek religion and the Holy Shrines, without consulting France. Lord Malmesbury added that the fact of Lord Aberdeen, one of the signers of this paper, being prime minister in 1853, was taken by Nicholas as a ground for believing that England would not join France to restrain the pretensions of Russia, and therefore, by implication, that Lord Aberdeen's being prime minister was a—if not the—principal cause of the war. [Footnote: *Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs of an Ex-Minister* (1st edit.), i. 402-3.]

The memorandum itself, as printed in the Blue Book, differs essentially, both in matter and form, from Lord Malmesbury's description of it. It is entitled 'Memorandum by Count Nesselrode delivered to Her Majesty's Government and founded on communications received from the Emperor of Russia subsequently to His Imperial Majesty's visit to England in June 1844.' [Footnote: *Parliamentary Papers*, 1854, lxxi. 863.] It is unsigned, and from the nature of it must be so; it is in no sense an agreement, but a proposal that England should agree to act in concert with Russia and Austria; and nothing whatever is said about the Greek religion, the Holy Places, or the Russian protectorate. It is of course possible that conversations between Nicholas and Lord Aberdeen, which preceded the drawing up of this memorandum, may have encouraged the one and hampered the other; but of this there is no evidence, and Lord Malmesbury could not possibly know anything about it, though he did know something—very inaccurately it appears—about the memorandum. The discrepancies had, in fact, led Reeve to suppose that Malmesbury's statement must refer to another memorandum; and thus Lord Stanmore's letter has a singular historical interest, bearing, as it does, on a point that has been much discussed.

*From Sir Arthur Gordon*

*Queen's House, Colombo, July 30th*—I am very sorry that I did not contrive to meet you while in England.... I am almost equally sorry—in fact, am equally sorry—that my laziness and procrastination in sending you my notes prevented their being of any use in the revision of the seventh volume [of the Greville Memoirs]. I am the more sorry because I confess I greatly regret that the mare's-nest of the Russian Memorandum of 1844 should remain unpulled to pieces. You seem half-incredulous as to my explanation, and ask very naturally, If that is all, why should there have been any secrecy about it? The secrecy was due to the form, not the matter. The memorandum was the Emperor's own account of his conversations with the Duke, Sir R. Peel, and Lord Aberdeen, and a copy of it was sent in a private letter from Count Nesselrode to Lord Aberdeen. It was never in the hands of the ordinary diplomatic agents for official communication to the English Government, nor was it ever treated as an official document. But its importance was too great to allow its being treated as an ordinary private letter, and my father personally handed it to Lord Palmerston when replaced at the F. O. by him. Lord Palmerston delivered it in the same way to Lord Granville, Lord Granville to Lord Malmesbury, Lord Malmesbury to Lord John Russell, and Lord John to Lord Clarendon. In 1853 the Emperor made some reference to this paper which was supposed to make it a public document, and it was then printed and laid before Parliament soon after the beginning of the war. This I assure you is the whole history and mystery of the Russian Memorandum, Lord M. notwithstanding. This is not the only instance in which Lord M. has mixed up, in singular fashion, what he himself knew and what was the club gossip at the time.

The Journal here notes:—

*August 20th.*—Drove over to Lytchet Heath, to stay with the Eustace Cecils.

*September 10th.*—Joined Mrs. Watney in the 'Palatine' yacht at Bournemouth. Crossed to Trouville in the night. Lay in 'the ditch' for twenty hours. 12th, Cherbourg. Met the French fleet and saw the arsenal. 13th, back to Southampton and to Foxholes. Pleasant trip; good weather.

*20th*—The Eustace Cecils came: took them to Heron Court. This was the last time Lord Malmesbury saw people there.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

Woodnorton, 26 septembre.

Très cher ami,—Vous êtes bien heureux de pouvoir aller vous promener à Cherbourg et à Paris. Enfin!

Oui, j'ai reçu un peu de plomb, et même assez près de l'oeil gauche; mais le proverbe dit que ce métal est ami de l'homme. J'en serai quitte pour quelques petites bosses sous la peau, et je vous souhaite de vous porter aussi bien que je le fais en ce moment.

J'irai à Knowsley dans la seconde quinzaine d'octobre; à Sandringham, dans les premiers jours de novembre; puis mes neveux viendront tirer mes faisans. J'espère bien prendre part aux agapes du Club le 27 novembre et 11 décembre, et serai bien heureux de vous revoir un peu. En attendant je vous serre la main, mon cher confrère.

#### H. D'ORLÉANS.

*To Lord Derby*

*Foxholes, October 2nd.*—I am amused by the Court quarrel in Germany, though I am afraid the broken heads will not be royal heads. Bismarck will wreak his vengeance on numberless victims. Geffcken is a very old friend of mine, and an occasional contributor to the 'Edinburgh Review;' but I am afraid it will go hard with him, for Bismarck regards him as a personal enemy. If the Prince had lived Bismarck could not have remained in office, and the course of affairs might have been materially changed.

\* \* \* \* \*

On October 25th Reeve, with his wife, crossed over to Paris. He attended the Institut on the 26th, and heard mass at Notre Dame on the 27th; but his principal object seems to have been to consult Dr. Perrin about his eyes, which for some time back had caused him some uneasiness. A literary man of seventy-five is naturally quick to take alarm, and an English oculist had recommended an operation. This Reeve was unwilling to undergo, at any rate without another and entirely independent opinion; and as Dr. Perrin pronounced strongly against it, no operation was performed; and with care and good glasses his eyes continued serviceable to the last. On November 8th the Reeves returned to London, where, as Parliament was sitting, they remained till Christmas; and, according to the Journal:—

*November 27th.*—The Club was brilliant with the Duc d'Aumale, Wolseley, Lord Derby, and Coleridge. Boehm and Maunde Thompson were elected.

*December 1st.*—To All Souls, Oxford. Prothero, Dicey, Oman, George Curzon, &c. Stayed over Sunday.

*27th.*—To Timsbury: thence to Foxholes on the 29th.

*January 15th, 1889.*—Returned to London.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, January 20th.*—It was very good of you to think of my book on 'L'Inde Anglaise,' and I thank you for the 'Edinburgh Review' which you have sent me. I read the article with great interest. It is very well done, and I beg you to thank the author in my name for having taken the trouble to read me with so much attention and good will. I do not think I have exaggerated the danger which threatens your great enterprise in India. The Transcaspian Railway, which will very soon run from Samarkand to Tashkend, seems to me one source of it. Yours will, indeed, soon reach to Candahar; but Russia is at home in the country, whilst England is very far off. The magnanimous confidence you have in your own strength is most praiseworthy—provided that your watchfulness is not allowed to slumber.... Meanwhile I remain

constant in my admiration of what the English are doing in India; and the administration of Lord Dufferin may well confirm me in my opinion. There is nothing like it, or so great as it, in the history of the past.

*From Lord Dufferin*

British Embassy, Rome, January 27th.

My dear Reeve,—Many thanks for your letter of the 16th. As you may well suppose, I am delighted with Lyall's article; for he is acknowledged, both by Indian and by so much of English public opinion as knows anything of the matter, to have been the best Indian public servant that the present generation has produced. In addition, or, as perhaps some would say, in spite of possessing real literary genius, he proved himself a most wise, shrewd, and capable administrator. I do not believe he made a single mistake during his whole career. At all events, I never heard of his having done so; and a slip is scarcely made in India without the fact being duly recorded. What pleases me most is that the kind words he uses about myself should be embedded in the exposition of his own opinions upon Indian questions—opinions full of acuteness, justice, and knowledge. It is these that will really make the article interesting to your readers, and consequently give a greater importance to what he has said about me than otherwise would have been the case. I have obeyed your orders in regard to sending a copy of my speech to M. Barthelemy St.-Hilaire.

The social history of the season is adequately chronicled in the Journal:—

*February 5th.*—The Ogilvies in London.

*22nd.*—Mr. Gollop [Mrs. Reeve's father] died; born October 11th, 1791. Christine had been down just before.

*March 12th.*—The Club. Good party: Lord Salisbury, Walpole, Tyndall, Hooker, Hewett, Lecky, Lyall, A. Russell, Layard, and self.

*March 20th.*—Meeting at Lord Carnarvon's about the bust of Sir C. Newton.

*25th.*—Breakfast at Sheen House with Comte and Comtesse de Paris, to meet Lefèvre-Pontalis and Bocher.

*28th.*—Lunched with Major Dawson at Woolwich and went over the Arsenal. Very interesting.

*April 12th.*—Meeting for Matthew Arnold's Memorial. 7,000 *l.* raised.

*May 4th.*—Dined at the Royal Academy dinner. Sat by Horsley, Tyndall, and Chitty.

*From Sir Arthur Gordon*

*May 5th.*—You may rely upon it that I am absolutely right as to the Russian Memorandum—Lord Malmesbury does not himself assert that he ever saw it, which, had it existed, he must have done when Foreign Secretary. I cannot, of course, expect you to attach the same weight that I do to what I may call the personal reasons which make me utterly incredulous of Lord Malmesbury's story; but there are other reasons for doubting it, some of which may have already occurred to you. One is the alleged form of the document, which is said to be signed by the Emperor, the Duke, my father, and Sir R. Peel. Lord Malmesbury prides himself on the knowledge of diplomatic forms and etiquettes derived from his grandfather's papers. He might have known that the signature of an engagement by a Sovereign (and such a Sovereign!) on the one side and *three ministers* of another Sovereign on the other (thereby putting them on species of equality) was an impossibility. Such a paper, if it existed, would be signed either by *both* Sovereigns or by the ministers of both. I think I may say with confidence that the Emperor Nicholas was a most unlikely man to perform such an act of condescension. And why should he? He had his confidential minister with him. Another, and I think fatal, objection is that neither my father nor Lord Clarendon were altogether absolute fools, and when, in answer to the Emperor's challenge, they published the secret memorandum which had till then been handed on privately from minister to minister, they knew what they were about, and would never have put it into the power of the Emperor to retort that *that* was not what he referred to, but to a paper which would not improve the cordiality of the Anglo-French alliance. Again, is it likely that, if the Emperor had entered into such an agreement, he would take the trouble to write another long memorandum, containing the 'substance' of his discussions with the English ministers? This is the memorandum which was sent in a private letter, which I possess, from Count Nesselrode to my father; which was handed from minister to minister, and which was published in 1854. The original draft, Count Nesselrode said, was in the Emperor's own hand. I have another little bit of evidence which I think also goes to prove that no such agreement was entered into in 1844, as Lord Malmesbury supposes. In 1845 Count Nesselrode visited

England. My father, writing to the Queen, gives an account of his conversations with Nesselrode, and says: 'His language very much resembled that held by the Emperor; and *although he made no specific proposals*, his declarations of support, in case of necessity, were *more unequivocal*.' (The italics are mine.) Could he have written this if he had already, some months before, signed an agreement with the Emperor, which was both unequivocal and specific?

*From the Comte de Paris*

Sheen House, 7 mai.

Mon cher Monsieur Reeve,—Nous aussi, nous n'avons pas oublié votre présence à notre mariage le 30 mai 1864. La Comtesse de Paris et moi nous sommes bien touchés de la manière dont vous nous le rappelez, et je vous remercie de tout coeur de ce que vous me dites et des voeux que vous m'adressez en cette occasion. Au milieu de toutes les vicissitudes de notre vie pendant ces vingt-cinq ans nous avons été constamment soutenus par le bonheur domestique que cette union nous a donné et par toutes les satisfactions que nous ont causées nos enfants.

Lorsque j'ai reçu votre lettre j'allais vous écrire, ainsi qu'à Madame Reeve, de vouloir bien venir ici le 30 mai dans l'après-midi: nous recevons entre 2 et 5 tous les amis qui viendront fêter cet anniversaire avec nous. Je me souviens bien que Madame Reeve était avec vous à la chapelle de Kingston, mais ma mémoire n'est pas sûre en ce qui concerne Madame votre fille. Je vous serais bien reconnaissant de me faire savoir si elle était avec vous ce jour-là. En attendant je vous prie de me croire Votre bien affectionné,

**PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS.**

The Journal notes:—

*May 7th.*—The Club: Due d'Aumale, Lord Salisbury, Wolseley, Carlisle, A. Russell, Hewett, Stephen—very brilliant.

*8th.*—Returned to Foxholes.

*16th.*—Drove to Heron Court. Lord Malmesbury dying.

*17th.*—Lord Malmesbury died. 22nd, attended his funeral in Priory Church. 29th, to London.

*30th.*—The silver wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Sheen. All the French Royalties, Prince of Wales, &c. About five hundred people; 169 persons still alive who were at the wedding in 1864. A silver medal was sent to all the survivors.

*From M. B. St.-Hilaire*

*Paris, June 6th.*—If I am free in the autumn, it will give me great pleasure to pay you another visit at Foxholes; the first has left a pleasant memory, and I ask no better than to repeat it. But, without having to complain of old age, I find more difficulty in going about. I am not exactly ill, but my strength gradually fails—a sign that the end is not far off.

I foresaw that General Boulanger would have no success in England; you are much too serious for such a nature as his. His popularity diminishes daily; and if the Cabinet act with judgement from now to the October elections, I have no doubt they may regain public favour. The triumph of Boulangism would be the signal for horrible anarchy at home and war abroad, provoked by the madmen who had climbed into power.

Monarchy, in the person of the Comte de Paris, is losing rather than gaining ground here. If France should ever return to a dynasty, it would be more likely to be the Bonapartes. The terrible name of Napoleon has still an immense *prestige*, however unworthy his successors.

M. St.-Hilaire's visit did not come off. The Journal mentions many dinners, receptions, and garden parties in town during June and July, and eleven days in August on board Mrs. Watney's yacht 'Palatine,' to see the naval review on the 5th. 'Very rough weather all the time.' In September a journey to Edinburgh and on the 14th to Chesters, chronicled as 'my first visit to my daughter.' A week later Reeve returned south; and, paying a few short visits on the way, including a day at Knowsley, was back at Foxholes by the 26th.

*From Count Vitzthum*

Villa Vitzthum, Baden Baden, August 30th.

My dear Mr. Reeve,—I beg to send you the proofs of the preface and contents, in order to show you the plan of my book.

I am very sorry that you do not approve of the account I have given of our interview in September 1866. It was unfortunately too late to cancel the letter, but nothing would prevent leaving it out if those memoirs should ever be translated. On further consideration, and after reading the foregoing pages, you will find, I am sure, that your comment on the situation in September 1866 was not only correct, but very valuable. The peace of Europe then was threatened by two eventualities, of which one happened: by an ostensible alliance between Prussia and France, or by an immediate war between both. Rouher and Lavalette worked very hard for the alliance, and your sound judgement indicated the consequences which such an alliance would have had. I quite agree with you about these relations. But the opinion of a man like you is a fact, and an important fact; because you have been in those days what they call a representative man; because you represented a great portion of the Liberal party. It does not take one iota off the value of your opinion—which, you may depend upon it, was correctly recorded—if the course of events took another turn, and if this monster alliance remained a dream of adventurous French politicians. The thing was on the cards.

As for Napoleon's malady, all I can say [is] that Nelaton, who then was consulted for the first time, wrote a letter to King Leopold of Belgium, stating that it was very probable the Emperor of the French would be found any morning dead in his bed, and that he would most likely die before the end of November. Very truly yours,

#### VITZTHUM.

In consequence of this letter Mr. Reeve wrote to Mr. T. Norton Longman:—

*Foxholes, September 3rd.*—Count Vitzthum is about to publish two more volumes of his political reminiscences during his mission in London. I send you the index of the work, from which you will see that it contains a good deal of matter, anecdotes, &c., of interest to English readers. You will judge from the result of the former work whether you think it worth while to engage in the publication of a translation of these later volumes. But, as I am going away till the end of the month, I cannot negotiate with Count Vitzthum or with the translator, and I must beg you to take that upon yourself.

A month later, however, on October 2nd, he wrote that, after seeing the book, he was of opinion that it would not stand translation. It was reviewed in the 'Edinburgh' of January 1890, but was not translated.

*From Lord Derby*

*November 11th.*—I have only begun the Life of Lord John. It would be a very difficult one to write in a spirit at once of fairness and friendship. My impression of the man was and is that he was more thoroughly and essentially a partisan than anyone I have known; and sometimes open to the comment, that he seemed to consider the Universe as existing for the sake of the Whig party. Perhaps this would not strike anyone who was trained up in the same school, as strongly as it did me. On the other hand, I think he was more generally consistent, and had fewer of his own words to eat, than any politician of his time or of ours. His religious politics were his weak part; they were rather narrow and sectarian. I suppose he was forced by the Court into his quarrel with Palmerston; which was the trouble of his later official life, and caused these uneasy struggles to recover a lost position which did him harm. But with all drawbacks he has left an honoured and distinguished name. Do you think there is any ground for the idea which Lady Russell puts about that, if he had lived till now, he would have gone for Home Rule?

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE ONE MORE CHANGE

The very wide range of Reeve's studies has appeared from many indications scattered through these pages, and it has been seen how, at different times, he was occupying himself with various subjects far outside the ordinary course of reading. These were, however, connected by some general idea which pervaded the whole. Of natural science he knew little. As a boy, the study of mathematics was irksome to him and repulsive, nor was he at any later time more favourably inclined towards it. His acquaintance with astronomy, chemistry, physics, and the cognate sciences was very limited—not

more, perhaps, than he picked up in his careful and intelligent study of the articles published in the 'Edinburgh Review' during the forty years of his editorship. His real knowledge was confined by a band of history, but of history in its very widest sense, including not only war and politics and law, but political economy, literature, religion, and superstition. Of military science he had read sufficient to take a technical interest in the details of battles and campaigns, and he was perhaps one of the first landmen of this age to understand the 'influence of sea-power.' His attention had been called to this at a very early period in his career by the utter collapse of Mehemet Ali in Syria; and reasoning on that, he had learned that 'sea-power,' or, as he preferred to call it, 'maritime-power,' controlled and directed affairs with which, at first sight, it seemed to have absolutely nothing to do.

Long before Captain Mahan began to teach, or to write those admirable works which came as a revelation to the English and the European public, he had opened the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review' to writers who, in different ways and in different degrees, were inculcating the same doctrine, which during the long peace, and by reason of the overwhelming superiority of the allies in the Russian war, had been almost forgotten, even by professional men. It would not be difficult to show how, during the thirty years which preceded the publication of Captain Mahan's 'Influence of Sea-Power,' its most important theories were illustrated and discussed in the pages of the 'Review.' The following, by one of the most accomplished officers in our navy, refers to such an article in the January number:—

*From Captain Bridge, R.N.*

*January 19th.*—As an Englishman and a sailor, I feel it to be a duty again to congratulate you on the article 'Naval Supremacy,' &c., in the new number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' That article and the one concerning which I previously addressed you can hardly fail to do good. The Maurician school and its 'two Army-corps and a cavalry division,' which were to be launched at the Caucasus, must have received a severe check from the earlier article. The disaster-breeding facts of the fort-builders can hardly survive many more such assaults as that so sharply driven home in 'Naval Supremacy.' The opinions of the writer of the latter, I venture to think, foreshadow those of the Navy on the subject of huge ships and huge guns. I hold it to be highly beneficial to the country that the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review' should have so keen an appreciation and, for a civilian, so rare a knowledge of naval affairs.

*From Lord Derby*

*April 3rd*—What a new Europe is beginning! Bismarck dismissed; Emperors holding Socialist conferences; more attempts to murder the Tsar; strikes all over the world; Germans going to Prussianise Central Africa! No want of novelty in our time and amusing enough, if one is far enough off.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Chantilly, 14 juin.*—Où diable avais-je la tête, mon cher ami? (ne montrez pas ce préambule à nos amis puritains.) Je croyais bien vous avoir écrit que je comptais passer la mer vers le 22, dîner avec le Club le 24, embrasser mes neveux et nièces de toutes générations, voir quelques amis, et rentrer ici vers la fin de la semaine. Je persiste dans ce projet, *weather permitting*; c'est-à-dire sauf le cas de tempête que l'on est bien forcé de prévoir avec une pareille saison. A bientôt donc, s'il plaît à Dieu. Je finis mieux que je ne commence, et je vous serre la main.

**H. D'O.**

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Chantilly, 26 juillet.*—J'essaye de chasser par le travail les préoccupations qui m'obsèdent. Je n'y réussis pas toujours. Est-ce l'effet de l'âge? mais je suis de plus en plus anxieux sur l'avenir de mon pays et même de l'Europe. Nous sommes dans le faux depuis 1848, et il est sorti de la guerre de '70 un état de choses bien périlleux.

Au revoir et mille amitiés.

The diary and the correspondence for the rest of the year are singularly barren of interest. A troublesome attack of sciatica in the end of July led to Reeve's being advised to try Harrogate, whither he accordingly went in the beginning of August. He found the place—possibly also the water—disagreeable, and after a week's stay he went on to Bolton Abbey, to Minto, and to Chesters. By the end of the month he was back at Foxholes, where he remained throughout September. Early in October he went for a ten days' visit to Knowsley, where he met Froude and the Duc d'Aumale, with whom he returned to London. Then to Foxholes for a month, coming up to town in the middle of November, and—with the exception of a week at Easter—staying there till May 1891.

*From Lord Derby*

*Knowsley, January 20th.*—What do you think of Home Rule in its present phase? Chamberlain says it is dead; I say it is badly crippled, but capable of a good deal of mischief still. I see no new question coming forward, except that of strikes, eight-hours legislation, and Socialism generally.

Do you ever see the 'New Review'? I picked it up yesterday, and read a very pretty Socialist programme by Morris and a Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom I never heard of before, but who is apparently rather clever and rather cracked. I suspect ideas of that class are making progress.

This letter, though not calling for any hurry, Reeve answered immediately, as was his general custom. It was indeed only by this prompt attention that, with the enormous correspondence which he carried on, he could prevent an accumulation which would have been overwhelming.

*To Lord Derby*

*62 Rutland Gate, January 21st.*—I think Home Rule, as an English party cry, has received a death blow, and cannot be used to bring a party into power. But Ireland remains open, an eternal field of agitation, and the Irishmen are still in the House of Commons. Perhaps the want of funds may embarrass them. I have not seen the 'New Review,' but there is a vast deal of lawlessness and wild speculation in the air, injurious to the first conditions of social life, and I confess I have no unbounded confidence in the boasted good sense of the English people; they are very ignorant and very selfish. No one tells them so many sensible home truths as yourself. As for the strikes, the strikers are the greatest sufferers.

I have published a remarkable article on the fiscal system of the United States—by an American—which I hope you will read. My contributor thinks there are great difficulties ahead in America, and Mr. Blaine's bluster is an attempt to direct public attention into another channel.

I have been laid up for some days with a cold and gout, but have been out to-day and am better. I never remember so terrible a winter; but we hope it is passing away, though it is still freezing here.

*Foxholes, May 12th.*—I was sorry to leave London without seeing you and Lady Derby again; but the Fates were against me: you were laid up with cold, and I have been troubled for some weeks with sciatica, which impedes my movements. I hope you have shaken off your attack and will get out of town. The atmosphere of London seems to be in a very noxious state, and I don't know that the atmosphere of the House of Commons is much better. A committee of the whole House strikes an outsider as the clumsiest machine for legislation that was ever invented.

An unlimited power of moving amendments brings us to the same results as the Polish Veto.

I hope to come up to the dinners of The Club on June 2nd and 16th. On the latter day the Duc d'Aumale will dine with us, so I trust you will keep it free.

*From Lord Derby*

*May 13th.*—You are quite right about the House of Commons. They will pass the Land Bill, I suppose, but scarcely anything else. Most of the obstruction is unintended; loquacity, vanity, and fear of constituents do more mischief than faction. I am not sure that it is an unmixed evil that the legislative coach should be compelled to drive slowly.

For Reeve the principal social event of the year, or rather the one most out of ordinary course, was the conferring an honorary degree on the Duc d'Aumale by the University of Oxford. Of the preliminary step no record remains, but it would seem that at a very early stage Reeve was requested to sound the Duke, who wrote on November 30th, 1890, that he should feel greatly honoured if the University of Oxford should confer on him the degree of D.C.L.—'si pauvre légiste que je sois.' On this Reeve wrote to Dr. Liddell, then Dean of Christ Church, [Footnote: After having held this office for thirty-six years, Dr. Liddell retired in 1891, and died at the age of 87, on January 18th, 1898.] who replied on December 2nd:—

Dear Mr. Reeve,—I shall be proud to propose H.R.H.'s (the Duc d'Aumale's) name for an Honorary Degree at the next Encaenia. This will not be till June 17th, 1891. I hope his R.H. will be my guest on the occasion. Meantime, it is our rule that no mention should be made of the name to be proposed. Yours very truly,

**H. G. LIDDELL.**

Other correspondence about this there was, and on February 25th, 1891, Dr. Liddell again wrote:—

The arrangements you suggest for the Duc d'Aumale will suit very well. Of course it is running it rather fine to arrive at 11.13; but we will see about this as the time approaches. Meantime I must ask you and the Duke's friends not to say anything about the matter at present. I shall have to give notice to our Council in May. A fortnight after, his name will be submitted to ballot; and though there can be no reasonable doubt that H.R.H.'s name will be received with acclamation, they make a great point of secrecy till the ballot takes place.

Perhaps about the beginning of May you will be so good as to send me a complete statement of H.R.H.'s claims to an Honorary Degree. I know much about them, but should be glad to be fully equipped.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Chantilly, 9 juin.*—Bon! très cher ami, nous irons, s'il plaît à Dieu, ensemble à Oxford, le 17, par 9.55 en cravate blanche. Je compte arriver le 14 au soir à Claridge's, où je serai présent le lundi, 15, de 10 à midi, et de 6 à 7; le mardi, 16, de 10 à midi. Si vous pouvez venir m'y voir, je serai très heureux, car j'ai encore besoin de quelques renseignements complimentaires.

Vous m'avez offert l'hospitalité du Dean, et je lui ai écrit que je l'acceptais. Mais en quoi consiste cette hospitalité? Simple luncheon suivi d'un départ, ou dîner et coucher au doyené? Je ne voudrais pas manquer de courtoisie; but above all I would not intrude—et je suis *très disposé* à me retirer de très bonne heure. Seulement j'aimerais à être fixé pour prendre tous mes arrangements.

The Journal simply notes that on June 16th the Duc d'Aumale dined at The Club; and on the 17th 'with Duc d'Aumale to Oxford, where he was made D.C.L. Lunch at All Souls; very pleasant day.' Reeve left early and returned at once to Foxholes.

*From the Duc d'Aumale*

*Chantilly, 1er juillet.*—Après votre départ de Christ Church [Oxford] le 17 nous avons eu le ou la 'Gaudy.' Ainsi que vous l'aviez prévu, j'ai dû dire quelques mots à peine préparés. Comme il n'y avait pas de *reporter*, et que je n'avais aucune note, et comme l'auditoire, y compris nos Seigneurs les évêques, avait accueilli mon *speech* avec bienveillance, je l'ai noté sur le papier—comme disent les musiciens—avant de me coucher. Vous avez été presque mon parrain à Oxford, je vous en dois bien la copie. C'est, en tous cas, un témoignage de ma fidèle amitié.

The speech which follows, although delivered under circumstances which necessitated a complimentary tone, is a more than usually graceful tribute to our old Universities, and the introduction of the little analogue is singularly happy. The Duke, whose letters to Reeve are all in French, wrote this *verbatim* as here given, in correct English, perfectly well spelt.

Mr. Dean, my Lords and Gentlemen,—Let me first express how highly I prize the honour which has been conferred upon me to-day, and how glad I am to be so connected with your illustrious University. I have always admired the University of Oxford. I have more than once visited this town, when I received a princely hospitality in the noble baronial halls of this neighbourhood—Nuneham, Blenheim—or when I was quietly living on the banks of the Avon. Often I brought here my French friends, and I tried to explain the peculiarities, the complicated machinery of this illustrious corporation; to show how, remaining faithful to the traditions, preserving your old customs, you did not remain deaf to what might be said without, nor blind to the movement of the world; how, slowly perhaps, but prudently, step by step, you managed to bring the necessary changes, the wanted modifications, so as to keep pace with the times without breaking with the past.

'Mais c'est le couteau de Jeannot que cette Université,' said one of my interlocutors. Well, I will give you the tale of Jeannot's knife.

There was once a young peasant called Jeannot, and he had a knife of which he took great care. He found that the blade was rusting and he changed the blade. Then he found that the handle was decaying from dry-rot, and he changed the handle; and so on. His friends laughed at him, and would not take the same care of their knives, which they lost—one breaking the blade, another the handle. But Jeannot, having always kept his knife in good order, could always make use of it, cleverly and powerfully.

Well, I think there is some analogy between the tale of this humble man and the history of your great University. It seems to me I see the huge frame of a large fabric which has stood for centuries glorious and proud. The stones are changed, the bricks, the mortar, or the roof are renewed; and the fabric still stands through the ages, through the storms, glorious and proud. And I hope it will so remain and stand everlasting, with its old frame and the new materials; and I wish glory and prosperity to the University

of Oxford.

To all who have thought of my name and conferred upon me the honour I have just received, and to those who have given me such a kindly reception, I send my best thanks, and I wish prosperity and success.

At this time, and indeed ever since his retirement from the Council Office, Reeve's chief work was in connexion with the 'Review;' but he also did a very great deal as literary adviser of the Longmans. He had indeed, to some extent, acted in this capacity ever since he undertook the conduct of the 'Review;' the two offices fitted into and were supplementary to each other; and it will be remembered that in 1875 [Footnote: See *ante*, p. 243.] he had contemplated retiring from the public service, with the view of undertaking the main responsibility of this work for the firm. Circumstances had delayed his retirement; but by an arrangement with the firm in 1878, which continued in force during the rest of his life, the number of works he examined and reported on was considerably increased, and must have been very large. Books in French, German, or Italian offered for translation, MSS. in English offered for publication—whatever there was of grave, serious, or important, as well as a good deal that was not, was sent to him for a first or a revised opinion. And this opinion was given very frankly, and most commonly in the fewest possible words: 'My advice is that you have nothing to do with it' was a not unfrequent formula. Another, less frequent, was, 'He—the aspirant to literary fame and emolument—can neither write nor spell English;' 'I wish they wouldn't send their trash to me' was an occasional prayer; 'Seems to me sheer nonsense;'—'What a waste of time and labour!'—'It is very provoking that people should attempt to write books who cannot write English,' were occasional reports. Of course many of his judgements were very different: 'A work of great interest which must have a large sale;' 'Secure this if you possibly can;' 'A most able work, but will scarcely command a remunerative sale;' 'Not worth translating, but send me a copy for the "Review,"' are some of his more favourable verdicts. But in all cases the judgements were sharp and decisive; there was about them nothing of the celebrated 'This work might be very good if it was not extremely bad,' or its converse. These reports were, of course, in the highest degree confidential; and, especially of the unfavourable ones, Reeve made a point of forgetting all about the origin of them. On one occasion, when a reference was made to a work he had reported on a few weeks before, he wrote in reply, 'The numerous MSS. &c. sent for an opinion leave no trace on my memory.'

As it was with printed books and larger MSS., so it was with articles submitted for the 'Review;' but he did not encourage casual contributions, and seldom—perhaps never—accepted any without some previous understanding. The political articles and the reviews of important books were almost invariably written in response to a direct invitation; but whether the articles sent in were invited or offered, he equally reserved the right to express his approval or disapproval or disagreement, and to insist, if necessary, on the article being remodelled or withdrawn. Such an insistence is more than once noticed in his correspondence, quite irrespective of the high reputation of the author. Probably every one whose contributions have been at all numerous has had an opportunity of noticing how perfectly candid and yet how courteous his remarks always were. If an article pleased him, he said so in terms that from anyone else might have seemed extravagant. Many letters of this type might be given; one must suffice, written to a valued contributor, dead, unfortunately, many years ago—Colonel Charles Cornwallis Chesney:—

*C. O., February 26th, 1873.*—I received the proofs of your article on Lee last night, and therefore I conclude that you have received them also. I don't exaggerate the least when I say that the article strikes me as a *chef d'oeuvre* of military biography. You have drawn a most heroic character with peculiar grace and fervour, and the account of the military operations is singularly clear and interesting. It only strikes me that you have repeated the comparison with Hannibal rather too often.

Pray be so good as to return the proofs to *me* as soon as you can, that I may have the article made up and printed off. I feel infinitely obliged to you for it.

The value of such praise was heightened, its apparent extravagance done away with, by the knowledge that dissatisfaction would be expressed in language equally unmistakable, and that either by the contributor or the editor the modifications which seemed to him desirable would be made. It was partly because he reserved to himself this power and accepted all the responsibility, that he insisted so strenuously on the anonymous character of the articles. But more even than that was his abhorrence of anything like 'log-rolling,' which, in his opinion, was inseparable from signed reviews. To the very last he discouraged, and indeed openly expressed his disapproval and dislike of the presumably inspired announcements of authors' names in the 'Athenaeum' or other journals. Here is an extract from a letter dated October 6th, 1891, which illustrates this objection:— 'The only objection I have to the republication of articles with the name of the writer is that it destroys their anonymous character, which ought especially to be retained when they contain criticism of contemporaries.' So careful was he lest anything might warp the perfect fairness of criticism, which should 'nothing extenuate, nor set

down aught in malice.' I, who write these lines, can say positively, after having written for the 'Review' under Reeve for upwards of twenty years, that in all that time I never received a hint or suggestion that any book should be dealt with otherwise than on its merits; and whilst engaged on this present work I have learned, for the first time, that men whose books I have reviewed, not always favourably, were personal friends of the editor. The following letter, addressed to Mr. T. N. Longman, is merely a concrete illustration of this:—

*December 26th, 1891.*—I thought it best to tell Froude frankly that the review of his book [Footnote: The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon,' in the *Review* of January 1892.] in the 'Edinburgh' would be an unfavourable one. At the same time I disclaimed in the strongest language any disposition to make a personal attack on himself. Unfortunately he seems to ascribe adverse criticism of his works to personal animosity, which, in his case, is entirely wanting.

It is a painful necessity. Froude and his book are too important to be passed over in silence. But the judicial character and consistency, and I may say honour, of the 'Review' absolutely require that the truth should be told about the book. I should consider it a derogation to my duty to the 'Review' if, from personal motives or affection, I suppressed an adverse criticism of a work which imperatively demands an answer. The independence of the 'Review' requires an independent judgement; but I expressly stipulated with the writer of the article that he should abstain from *bitterness*, which was carried too far in Goldwin Smith's article on the same subject in 1858. The 'Review' is pledged to the views already expressed on that occasion.

I have therefore modified as far as possible any expressions which appeared to be of too censorious a character; but it is impossible to avoid condemning a mistaken book because the author is a personal friend. *Judex damnatur si nocens absolvitur* is our motto.

Froude does not like Mr. Gardiner's book. He says, 'It's a menagerie of tame beasts.' I think very highly of the book; and as we differ, I have yielded to his wish to be released from the engagement.

Nobody can regret more than I do any differences between old friends; but my duty is to look solely to the consistency and integrity of the 'Review,' without which criticism is worthless; and this consideration leaves me no other course.

Another point, of a similar nature, I can illustrate by my own experience. I had undertaken, at Reeve's request, to review a rather important historical work published by Longmans, but on reading it was so unfavourably impressed by it that I wrote to say that the best thing I could do would be to return the volumes; that the book was bad, and if I reviewed it I must say so; but that doing this in the publisher's own Review would have a certain resemblance to seething a kid in its mother's milk, and might probably be objected to. 'Not a bit of it,' was the sense of the reply I received by return of post: 'a bad book may be the text for an interesting article, and we have nothing to do with who published it.' So I expressed my opinion of the book in very plain terms; the review was printed exactly as I wrote it, and the editor thanked me warmly for what he was pleased to speak of as an 'excellent article.' It may, perhaps, be assumed that this was not an isolated case; but written evidence of any others is not before me.

After returning from Oxford, Reeve spent the rest of the year at Foxholes, He had intended going to London and possibly to Scotland in October, but an accidental stumble in his library over a heavy despatch box made a nasty wound on the left shin, which took many weeks in healing and prevented his travelling till the middle of December. On the 19th he went to town, where, with the exception of some short visits to Bath or to Foxholes, he remained till June, dining several times at The Club, entertaining at home in his customary manner, and keeping up a constant—almost daily—correspondence, such as has been indicated, with the Longmans, for the most part with the head of the firm, whom he had known from childhood and habitually addressed by his Christian name.

As he returned to Foxholes the country was in the throes of a general election. Tired, it would seem, of steady and consistent government, it longed for a change—anything for a change; and so opened the door for an administration whose almost avowed object was to play skittles with the Constitution—to bowl down the Union, the Established Church, the House of Lords, the rights of property, and any other little trifles that were sacred to law and religion. It was with deep regret that Reeve watched the overthrow of what he considered the true Liberal party, and he wrote to Mr. T. Norton Longman:—

*Foxholes, July 14th*—The results of the elections are far worse than could be expected. Some of them are very odd. I have to deplore the defeat of many of my friends. I suppose the Queen will have to make up her mind to a ministry composed of men she abhors; but the majority will have in it inherent weakness and the seeds of dissolution.

I have found it difficult to say anything about the elections and have been as short as possible.

From a somewhat different point of view, he wrote a few days later to Lord Derby:—

*Foxholes, July 22nd.*—I have, of course, been watching with great interest the progress of the elections, and I am happy to say that Hampshire, like all the southern counties, comes out with a clean Unionist bill. If the ultimate majority was to be small, is it not better to be in opposition than in power? Mr. Gladstone's position, as the man responsible for the conduct of affairs, is much less desirable than that of Lord Salisbury, for he has the better half of the country dead against him. How curious it is to trace on the map in the 'Times' the old traditions of Saxon, Celtic, Mercian, and Danish origin in the counties of England, Ireland, and Wales! Are the Celts to govern the Saxons?

Early in August Reeve was visited at Foxholes by Count Adam Krasinski [Footnote: Son of Ladislav and grandson of Reeve's early friend Sigismond Krasinski. He was born in 1870, and married at Vienna in 1897.]—a connecting link with the past, the merry days when he was young; and on Krasinski's departure, he went north to visit some friends in Wales and thence on to Chesters.

Parliament met on August 4th, and on a simple motion of want of confidence, as an amendment to the Address, the Ministry was defeated. Lord Salisbury resigned, and Mr. Gladstone came into office with a Cabinet in which every shade of unconstitutional opinion and every socially destructive fad were fully represented. Reeve consoled himself with the belief that such a ministry could not last. To Mr. T. Norton Longman he wrote:—

*Chesters, August 22nd.*—I have been paying some visits in Wales and have come on here, where Mrs. Reeve preceded me. We find the Ogilvies very flourishing, and the place beautiful. Here, at least, it is not hot, which seems to be the grievance elsewhere.

We are going to Rutland Gate on Friday and to Foxholes on Monday, and shall remain there, except for a visit to a neighbour.

I think Mr. Gladstone's Ministry a wretched affair. The old ones are worn out, and the young ones are not broken in, and bring no weight at all. The sole gratification of every one of them is absolute submission and obedience to the Chief. But he will have some troublesome outsiders.

*Foxholes, September 7th.*—We shall stay here till October 6th, when I mean to come to London for two or three days, on our way to Knowsley. The world seems fast asleep after the excitement of the summer, and people have nothing to talk or write about but the cholera—which is not amusing.

It was whilst at Chesters that Reeve received a curious note from the Marquis of Lorne, written to 'The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review,"' as to a total stranger:—

Osborne, August 21st.

SIR,—I have found a number of original unpublished letters written by the Duke of Argyll in 1705 and the Earl of Leven in 1706, from Edinburgh, to Queen Anne and Godolphin, on the measures taken in the Scots Parliament for the Union between England and Scotland, and am writing a notice of and giving extracts from these papers, and wish to ask if you would care to have this notice as an article in your 'Review.'

I remain, yours faithfully,

**LORNE.**

Reeve's answer corrected the mistake, and in forwarding the MS. referred to, to Foxholes, Lord Lorne wrote:—

Kensington Palace, September 5th.

My dear and ancient friend and editor,—I did not know, to my disgrace, that you are still in command. I never thought when the grey mare subsided under you at Inveraray, in—year, [Footnote: Blank in the original; meaning presumably—'so long ago that I've forgotten.' Reeve's one recorded visit to Inveraray was in August 1858 (*ante*, vol. i. p. 395), when the Marquis of Lorne was a boy of thirteen.] that in 1892 I should be writing to you about proofs! It makes me feel young again to think of you in your old capacity. If old times' gossip suits the 'Review,' please send the proofs to me here—to Kensington Palace—whence, if I be away, they will be forwarded to me.

Yours very faithfully,

**LORNE.**

A few days later came the following letter from Count Adam Krasinski, to whom, when at Foxholes, Reeve had given the letters of his grandfather, Sigismond Krasinski.

Royalin, September 10th.

SIR,—On arriving in Warsaw a few days ago, I took the liberty of sending you some bottles of wine from our cellar, among which is some Hungarian Tokay, one of the oldest wines we have, bought by my great-great-grandfather, the father of General Vincent, in the year of the latter's birth. I hope you will be so good as to accept this little present and make it welcome; for, being young myself, I have chosen an old ambassador to thank you for your kindness to me. I can never sufficiently thank you for the charming way in which you have made me the handsome present of my grandfather's correspondence, which is of inestimable value to me. The more I read it the more I realise its value. It contains the whole developement of a noble character, and a fine nature, set forth in long, full, and frequent letters to a trusted friend. And what a pleasure it is to have the answers of this friend, so clearly showing your relations to each other, and the reciprocal influence of two minds! Thanks, and again thanks.

I am very well, and am at present with my stepfather in the Grand Duchy of Posnanie. Our plans for the winter are not yet fixed. Paris attracts me greatly; but, on the other hand, I am advised to go to Heidelberg, where there is better air and a milder climate. In any case, I will endeavour to revisit England next year, and so recall myself to your memory.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'expression de ma très grande considération, à laquelle je joins des sentiments respectueux pour Madame votre femme.

**ADAM KRASINSKI.**

To Mr. Norton Longman at this time Reeve wrote—primarily on the business of the 'Review,' but incidentally on a literary conundrum which was just then causing a little excitement:—

*Foxholes, September 16th.*—I do not think the translation of a French book on Political Economy is *primâ facie* advisable. But the book seems (from the accounts in the 'Nation') to be so excellent that I should be glad to see it, and may have it reviewed in the 'Edinburgh.' The title is, 'Le Capital, la Spéculation et la Finance au XIXe Siècle;' par Claudio Jannet. Published by Plon.

No one who knew Sir Richard Wallace could believe that he wrote 'The Englishman in Paris.' I said from the first that it was a mere collection of old gossip to be passed off on the English public as something racy. If Grenville Murray were alive, this is exactly the sort of thing he would have done. But Grenville Murray left a son, who must now be grown up, and who may have inherited some of his father's sinister talents. They have lived for many years in Paris. Sir Richard Wallace was the very type of a gentleman of the highest breeding—rather stern, melancholy, not at all humorous, and incapable of vulgarity or pretence.

October slipped away in visits to Stratton (Lord Northbrook's) and to Knowsley, and the remainder of the year for the most part at Foxholes. In December Reeve was proposing to have a review of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's 'Life of Sir Henry Maine,' and consulted the author as to who would be the best fitted to write it. This is what Sir Mountstuart wrote in reply:—

*Twickenham, December 11th.*—I am very proud to find that so excellent a judge thinks well of my little memoir of Maine. As to the article about which you write, I think Sir Frederick Pollock would be very much the best man to undertake it—the only man who could tell us, without any bias, what I exceedingly want to know: how much of Maine's juridical speculations, especially in 'Ancient Law,' is finally accepted. He may say that he has said his say about Maine; but he has not; he has said a little, but I am sure he has a great deal more to say. I wish to know the real value of each of Maine's books.... I am writing a quite small book about Renan—the only great Frenchman of our day whom you did not know very well.

The next was a Christmas greeting from Lord Derby, with an interesting comment on the situation in France:—

*Knowsley, December 5th.*—Thanks for your letter of inquiry and good wishes; the latter are cordially returned. Lady Derby joins me in the hope that the coming year may be one of health and happiness to you and yours. I cannot give a very rosy account of myself, being still ill and weak; even if all goes well, I expect to have to lead in future a life of quiet and privacy. My days of speeches are almost certainly ended; and after forty-four years of public life, I do not much regret it.

The developement of events in 1893 will be interesting to watch. All reports agree that Gladstone is taking the work of his office very easily, and that he leaves nearly everything to his colleagues. That will not be so easy in the Session. The Cabinet will be prevented by fear of ridicule from breaking up on

the Irish Bill, but all their friends and backers seem prepared for its failure.

You are a hopeless pessimist as to French affairs. They certainly are not going on smoothly, but where is the new Boulanger? Bourbons and Bonapartes are played out; and France might advertise for a dictator without finding one. If that be so, what threatens the republic? A socialist outbreak would only strengthen it. Surely a nation may go on muddling its affairs a long while without mortal harm.

Waddington, I am told, was informed by his friends that he had no right to remain a Senator without taking his seat, and that he must give up one position or the other. This is the excuse made for his recall. The truth, I suppose, is that his place was wanted. He will be a real loss.

With the new year the party from Foxholes came to town, and there Reeve was laid up with a serious illness which lasted nearly a month. The Journal notes on February 7th—'I attended a dinner of The Club, and resigned the treasurership, which I had held for twenty-five years.' A corresponding entry a month later, on March 7th, is 'At the third dinner of The Club. Lord Salisbury came "to my obsequies" and Gladstone wrote to me. Grant Duff elected to the treasurership.'

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has been so good as to amplify this by a note from his own diary. 'At the dinner on February 7th, 1893'—he writes—'I was in the chair.... Reeve made a statement for which he had prepared me by letter, to the effect that his great age, breaking health, and frequent absences from London, would oblige him to resign ere long the treasurership of The Club—the only office which exists in connection with it. He has held it for some five-and-twenty years, and it is not surprising that his voice faltered as he addressed us....

*March 21st*—Dined with The Club, taking my seat for the first time as treasurer. After the last meeting mentioned, Reeve wrote to me to say that there was a feeling in favour of my becoming his successor, and asked whether I should object. I replied in the negative, and on the 7th I was unanimously elected, upon the proposal of Sir Henry Elliot, who was in the chair, and was seconded by Lord Salisbury.'

Of the correspondence of this period there is little. Lord Derby, who was almost, or quite, the last of his political correspondents, was too ill to write, and died on April 21st. On the 27th Reeve attended the funeral service at St. Margaret's. Letters relating to the 'Review,' of course, continued. Here are three referring to a political problem which, so lately as five years ago, few could have the patience to be bothered with. That Reeve, at his advanced age, could take it up with such interest is a strong proof of the vitality and even freshness of his intellect.

*To Rear-Admiral Bridge*

62 Rutland Gate: April 27th.

My dear admiral,—I wish you would read an article in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for May (just out) on the Russian occupation of Manchuria. I never read a more impudent piece of *blague*. ——— must have written it. Nobody else would boast of swindling the Chinese with a false map.

This induces me to ask whether you could not give me a short article for the 'Review' on 'The Russians on the Pacific' and the naval effects of their position at Vladivostock. They have made it a fortress, but it will take a long time to make it a settlement. But it may become important.

Yours very faithfully,

**H. REEVE.**

*April 30th.*—I am very glad you will revert to the North Pacific. You should refer to your excellent article of 1880, which I have read over again. It seems to exhaust the subject as far as relates to the settlements on the Amoor, and even as to Vladivostock; but I suppose that thirteen years have materially augmented the strength of Russia on the Pacific, and any additional information would be valuable.

*Foxholes, May 23rd.*—I am much obliged to you for your interesting article. I think the best heading would be 'Russia on the Pacific.' As I am much pressed for room, I have ventured to excise some of your introductory remarks, which are not essential to the main objects of the paper; but when you come to positive business at Vladivostock, all that you say is most excellent and important. I believe the Siberian railroad—like the line to Samarkand—is only a single line. Such a line 5,000 miles long is a very ineffective instrument for military and commercial purposes. How much can it carry, allowing for return trains, chiefly empty? Where is Russia, with a debt equal in charge to our own, to find forty millions sterling for such a work, which would be wholly unproductive? It is true that, by employing

troops and Turkomans, the work may be done cheaply; but all this will take a long time.

I am very glad you touch on the question between France and Siam: it is a serious one.

In the early days of July the Reeves settled down for the summer at Foxholes, avoiding the great heat, with the thermometer at 80° F. when in London it was reaching as high as 93° F. In the beginning of September Reeve, together with his wife, returned to London, crossed over to Boulogne, and so to Chantilly, where, as the guests of the Due d'Aumale, they spent his 80th birthday. They stayed there till the 12th, and returned, again by Boulogne and London, to Foxholes. It was his last visit to the France he had loved so well. The year was in many respects a sad one. His own health was becoming very uncertain, and gout, feverish colds, and violent bleeding of the nose laid him up for weeks at a time. The deaths of his friends, too, recurring in rapid succession, were frequent reminders of what he had written nearly sixty-two years before: 'Between seventy and eighty there rarely remains more than one change to be made.' [Footnote: See *ante*, vol. i. p. 17.] He had now exceeded the higher limit, and it happened that the obituary of 1893 contained an unusual number of men of high literary and scientific distinction. Through all, however, Reeve's head remained clear, and his work was seldom disturbed. There is no sickness or feebleness in the following:—

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, October 3rd.*—I have read a great part of the 'Life of Pusey'—an appalling book from the length of the letters in it. In my opinion it lays bare, as nothing else has done, the total weakness and inconsistency of the Tractarians, and their absolute disloyalty to the Church of England. It is very difficult and very important to find a suitable person to review such a work, for it must be done in the spirit of the articles of Arnold, Tait, and Arthur Stanley, which express the principles of the 'Edinburgh Review.' I incline to think it had better be done by a layman. The parsons are all hostile to their own Church.

*To Rear-Admiral Bridge*

*62 Rutland Gate, November 12th.*—We are come to town, and I hope it will not be long before I have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile, I have been reading again the article on Mediterranean Politics which you gave us last autumn. The combination of the French and Russian fleets seems to me to be a matter of grave importance. Both those countries are unhappily animated by very hostile intentions to us. They have discovered that it is only by a superiority of sea power in the Mediterranean that they can accomplish their twofold object, which I take to be for Russia to force the Dardanelles and for France to compel us to evacuate Egypt. This seems to me to be the *but* of the alliance, in as far as it is an alliance. It is all very well to talk of our maritime supremacy, but have we got it? You know, and I do not. But to my mind, the worst is that we have got a Government—or rather a minister—profoundly incapable of foreseeing a great emergency or providing against it. It is quite possible that the Gladstone administration may be blown up by a tremendous catastrophe. These thoughts perplex me; but I hope you will tell me that I am quite wrong and that Britannia rules the waves.

An exceptional chance gives us a picture of Foxholes, at this time, when twenty years' occupation had enabled its owner to perfect all the details which go to make up comfort.

During his absence in London in the beginning of 1894, he let it, for the only time, to his friend, Lord Hobhouse, for many years a member of the Judicial Committee, and just then convalescent after a serious illness. A couple of notes which Lord Hobhouse wrote during his four weeks' tenancy may be classed as 'Interiors' or 'Exteriors' from the practical point of view.

Foxholes, February 16th.

My dear Reeve,—I imagine that this morning Mrs. Reeve will have got a note from my wife telling her of our settlement here. I was contemplating 'a few words' to you, when Lady H. told me of her writing; and now comes your letter, partly of welcome, partly of information.

I don't think it possible that we could be more happily housed. Size, arrangement, warmth, beauty, inside and out, evidences everywhere of cultivated taste and refined pursuits—all is calculated for enjoyment and repose, probably for anybody, certainly for an invalid. I have established myself in a corner of the library—which, partly from its intrinsic advantages and partly from the presence of a thick cushion in the seat of the armchair, I conjecture to be yours—between the writing desk and the N.W. bookcase, with the N.E. window at my back and my legs protruding beyond the jamb of the mantelpiece into the sacred [Greek: *temeuos*], which is guarded by a low marble fence, and over which the fire which I worship has sway. Both by day and by night the situation is perfect for distribution of light and warmth. And I can read almost all my waking hours; for all through my illness my head has been clear. My principal embarrassment is to choose among the many temptations with which your

goodly bookcases beset me. However, after reading Traill's 'William III.' (a rather thin composition, I think) I have settled into Gardiner's 'Civil War,' which is much more solid and satisfying.

This morning I have been reading your little notice of Lord Derby; and I think you do not speak at all too highly of his capacity for examining political and social movements. In 1880 I delivered a lecture, which was printed and circulated, on the eternal division of political tendencies—movement and rest; and I took Lord Derby (then temporarily in the Liberal Camp) as the best type of conservatism; cool, patient, keen, sceptical, critical, just, impartial, with a mind always open to conviction, but refusing to move until convinced. Such men are an invaluable element in the deliberative stages of every question; but their very critical powers paralyse action, and when movement becomes necessary their hesitations are a drawback. I fancy that Cornwall Lewis was just such another, but I did not know so much about him....

For me, I improve, slowly but enough, I think, to show at least that our move was not premature. In the pick of the day (would that it were always afternoon) I am able to walk for an hour or more, and I get good sleep in the most luxurious of beds. Pray give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Reeve, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

#### HOBHOUSE.

*Foxholes, March 6th.*—Alas, alas! time flies away, and pleasant things come to an end, and I shall not have many days' more enjoyment of your charming house and library and outlook. But my time has not been wasted. I have recovered strength, a good deal more than I expected, and am probably now—at all events hope, by our return next Monday or Tuesday, to be—able to re-enter the ordinary routine of life. Of course, we have had, like other people, a great deal of blustering wind—for the most part from north-west—very cold and very noisy in your chimneys. But there has also been a great deal of sunshine with the gales, and the exposure of your house to south-east has, on most days, given us a sheltered walk. Moreover, your soil is so porous and absorbent, that one gets dry walking immediately after rain. I have only been kept indoors two days since our arrival.

A few letters from Reeve himself show the continued activity of his mind, and at the same time his consciousness of, his readiness for, the end which was drawing nigh.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, May 29th.*—Lord Derby's Speeches contain more political wisdom than any other book of our time. I think people will find out its permanent value.

*June 13th.*—I have nothing to correct or alter in the Greville Memoirs, and am glad to find that some sale of them goes on.

I am much touched by the [approaching] death of Coleridge, whom I have known so well and so long. I expect he will not survive to-day. He dined with us at The Club on April 24th, and was then very well. *Sic transit.*

*Foxholes, October 23rd.*—The notices of our old friend Froude [Footnote: He died on October 20th, in his 77th year.] have been very gratifying—especially the leader in the 'Times.' He leaves the world quite glorified, and they now find out what a great man he was. I wonder whether you are going to attend the funeral. I never send wreaths on such occasions, but if I ever did send one it would be now, for I am truly affected by the loss of such a friend. The newspapers seem to have discovered that there were some big men in the last generation, and that there are very few of them in the present.

*Rutland Gate, February 16th, 1895.*—I am pretty well—not worse than usual; but I don't go out.

My dear old friend, Lady Stanley of Alderley, died this morning. She was only ill four days, and expired without pain or suffering at eighty-seven. To me an irreparable loss, and to a vast circle of descendants and friends. [Footnote: Among Reeve's papers there are a great many letters from Lady Stanley of Alderley, telling plainly of the long and close friendship between the two. Unfortunately, there are no available letters from Reeve to her.]

*To Rear-Admiral Bridge* [Footnote: At this time Commander-in-Chief in Australian waters.]

62 Rutland Gate, May 2nd.

My dear admiral,—I wish you were in reach of us, to discuss the extraordinary events which are taking place in the North Pacific, to which your articles on that subject have for some time pointed; but

no one foresaw the sudden uprising of Japan.

It seems to me that, in spite of her victories, Japan is in a very critical position, politically speaking. She lies between two huge empires, and she has undertaken to occupy more than she can hold. Her position is absolutely fatal to the grand design of Russia, of crossing the north of Asia to the Pacific, and I expect Russia will not submit to it. But Russia would find it extremely difficult to carry on military and naval operations at such an enormous distance from her base. I doubt whether she could destroy the Japanese fleet, and it certainly is not for our interest that it should be destroyed. The disposition here is to observe strict neutrality and watch the course of events.

It is curious that nobody points out that the United States are the country with the largest future interest in the Pacific, and that they must have a voice in this controversy. It also largely affects our own Australian colonies. A Russian establishment in Corea would effect a momentous change in the Pacific, and Japan will doubtless resist it to the uttermost.

We are very dull here. Lord Rosebery has sunk into complete insignificance, and his state of health is doubtful. The Government is rotten, but continues to hold together. I think something must occur before long to stir the waters.

We are going to Foxholes on May 20th to stay there. I have spent a dreary winter, being unable to go out, but I am not seriously ill—suffering chiefly from old age. Mrs. Reeve sends you her kind regards, and I am always

Yours very faithfully,

**H. REEVE.**

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*To Miss A. M. Clerke*

*Foxholes, September 8th.*—Many thanks, dear Miss Clerke, for your elegant and instructive *Life of the Herschels*; they could not have had a more accomplished biographer, if they had waited for it another century. Your article on Argon fills me with amazement and admiration. How can the human mind fathom such things! I beg you to send me the corrected proofs to-morrow by return of post, as I want to make it up immediately. If anything new is said on the subject at the British Association, you can add a note to be printed at the end of the number.

To-morrow is my 82nd birthday—probably the last. But I am not ill, only feeble and tired of living so long.

Yours most faithfully,

**H. REEVE.**

*To Captain S. P. Oliver, R.A.*

*Foxholes, September 12th.*—I have sent your corrected proofs [Footnote: 'The French in Madagascar,' October 1895.] to Spottiswoode, with a few slight suggestions of my own. They will send you a revise.... I see you have now so far modified your opinion that you think with me that the position of the French is most critical. Unless they can announce some signal success in the next two weeks, there will be a disaster and an awful row. I see by the map that on the 5th of this month they were still at Andriba, which I take to be about three-fifths of the distance to Antananarivo. They have been five months getting there, and as they advance the difficulty of bringing up stores, supplies, and reliefs increases, and will increase. In my opinion, the Hovas are quite right *not* to treat for peace till they see what the rains will do for them. I hope they will hold out, but avoid fighting.

Captain Oliver writes that 'One of Reeve's last pieces of work connected with the "Edinburgh Review" must have been the paragraphs which he substituted for my ending to the article. He was doubtful of the eventual French success, whereas I felt pretty certain that affairs would terminate as they have done in that island.' The forecast of the result of a complicated business was erroneous, but to make one at all, and to commit it to paper, was a remarkable display of energy in a dying man who was now in his eighty-third year.

*To Mr. T. Norton Longman*

*Foxholes, September 12th.*—Thanks for your birthday congratulations, but I doubt whether great age is a subject of congratulation at all.

29th.—I am extremely feeble, faculties low, eyesight weak. I should like, if I live so long, to edit the January number of the 'Review;' but after that I must stop.

October 2nd.—Much obliged to you for your very kind note.... You will doubtless pay me on November 15th the sum due then; but I wish to say that I cannot go on to receive remuneration for services I am scarcely capable of rendering. Therefore this payment in November will be the last on that account [as literary adviser].

This was probably the last letter Reeve wrote with his own hand. For several months he had been very much of an invalid, though he had persisted in continuing his work, in which he found distraction and relief. And no complaint passed his lips. 'The kindest thing you can do for me,' he said to his anxious wife, 'is to leave me alone.' He made a point of coming down to breakfast; but his strength was gradually failing, and he moved with difficulty. His medical attendant recommended an operation, but this he was unwilling to undergo, feeling doubtful whether at his advanced age it could be successful. Sunday, October 13th, he passed in the library among the books he prized. He dictated a letter, listened to the Psalms of the day, and asked his wife to read also the First Epistle General of St. Peter. In the afternoon Dr. Roberts Thomson and Dr. Davison saw him, and after a consultation wrote to the distinguished specialist, Mr. Buckston Browne, to be prepared to come on receipt of a telegram. On Monday Reeve was unable to get up; he consented to undergo the operation, and Mr. Browne was telegraphed for. On his arrival, about 7 o'clock in the evening, it was decided to lose no more time. The operation was successfully performed, under chloroform, and everything, the surgeons hoped, would go well. And this they repeated for the next few days; the wound, they thought, was closing nicely. At 82, however, wounds do not close readily, and Reeve's system was weakened by some years of bad health. He never regained entire consciousness; and though from time to time he gave some directions about the 'Review,' they were not intelligible to those who heard; they probably had no meaning even to himself. On Monday, October 21st, at half-past one in the morning, 'the one last change was made,' and he passed away peacefully and without suffering.

In a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Reeve Dr. Roberts Thomson wrote:—

'I was very much struck with your husband's wonderful patience when I saw him, and the calm way in which he was able to face the future—whatever it had in store for him. It is some consolation to know that he did not suffer much, and that perhaps, had he recovered from the illness, his health would have been so affected that great valetudinarianism would have been inevitable. To him, this would have been suffering; and for his sake we are thankful that he was spared it.'

His remains were interred in the Brookwood cemetery at Woking on October 24th.

He died, literally in harness. On Saturday, October 12th, he dictated a last letter on the business of the 'Review;' and his indistinct words during the few days of partial unconsciousness showed that his mind was still endeavouring to fix itself on what had occupied it for so many years.

It was in his editorial capacity that I, who write these lines, first knew him in 1866, though I did not make his personal acquaintance till 1877, when he was a few months over 63. I found him a tall, stout, and—though not strictly handsome—a good-looking man, who might very well have passed for ten years younger than he actually was, and whose burly figure might have seemed more at home in the covers or the turnip-fields than in the Privy Council Office; his weight, which cannot, even then, have been much under eighteen stone, must have stopped his hunting some time before. But in his manner there was no trace of this fancied rusticity—how could there be, indeed, in one trained in society almost from the cradle?—and his voice was soft and musical. I have seen it stated that he was pompous, self-assertive, and dictatorial. That his manners, formed by his mother and his aunt on eighteenth-century models, and perfected in Paris among the traditions of the *ancien regime*, had about them nothing of the 'hail fellow, well met' fashion of the present day is very certain, and, joined to his height (about 6 ft. 1 in.) and his great bulk, may sometimes have given him the appearance of speaking *de haut en bas*, and must, unquestionably, have enabled him to repress any unwelcome or undue familiarity. As an editor, of course, he was dictatorial. We may talk of the Republic of Letters; but in point of fact a successful journal is and must be an autocracy. In his private capacity, I never found in his conversation that habit of 'laying down the law' which some, with probably inferior opportunities of judging, have complained of. Of his untiring application and power of work enough has already been said; but the uniform good luck which attended him through life is worthy of notice. In the course of eighty-two years he experienced no reverse of fortune, no great disappointment, and—with the one, though terrible, exception of the death of his first wife—no great sorrow beyond what is the lot of all men. We know that fortune favours the brave. It favours also those who to ability and temper join prudence, courtesy, and careful, systematic, painstaking industry.

At the age of 82 Reeve had outlived all of his contemporaries—the men who had associated with him and worked with him in his youth. Their opinion of him is only to be gauged by the fact that, with but

few and easily explained exceptions, the friendships of his early manhood were broken only by the grave. The number of friends of forty or fifty years' standing who died during the last decade of his life is very remarkable. As these are wanting, I am happy in being able to conclude this tribute to his memory by two appreciations, one English, the other French; the first, from and representing the 'Edinburgh Review' to which it was contributed in January 1896, by Mr. W. E. H. Lecky.

'Although it has never been the custom of this "Review" to withdraw the veil of anonymity from its writers and its administration, it would be mere affectation to suffer this number to appear before the public without some allusion to the great Editor whom we have just lost, and who for forty years has watched with indefatigable care over our pages.

'The career of Mr. Henry Reeve is perhaps the most striking illustration in our time of how little in English life influence is measured by notoriety. To the outer world his name was but little known. He is remembered as the translator of Tocqueville, as the editor of the "Greville Memoirs," as the author of a not quite forgotten book on Royal and Republican France, showing much knowledge of French literature and politics; as the holder during fifty years of the respectable, but not very prominent, post of Registrar of the Privy Council. To those who have a more intimate knowledge of the political and literary life of England, it is well known that during nearly the whole of his long life he was a powerful and living force in English literature; that few men of his time have filled a larger place in some of the most select circles of English social life; and that he exercised during many years a political influence such as rarely falls to the lot of any Englishman outside Parliament, or indeed outside the Cabinet.

'He was born at Norwich in 1813, and brought up in a highly cultivated, and even brilliant, literary circle. His father, Dr. Reeve, was one of the earliest contributors to this Review. The Austins, the Opies, the Taylors, and the Aldersons were closely related to him, and he is said to have been indebted to his gifted aunt, Sarah Austin, for his appointment in the Privy Council. The family income was not large, and a great part of Mr. Reeve's education took place on the Continent, chiefly at Geneva and Munich. He went with excellent introductions, and the years he spent abroad were abundantly fruitful. He learned German so well that he was at one time a contributor to a German periodical. He was one of the rare Englishmen who spoke French almost like a Frenchman, and at a very early age he formed friendships with several eminent French writers. His translation of the "Democracy in America," by Tocqueville, which appeared in 1835, strengthened his hold on French society. Two years later he obtained the appointment in the Privy Council, which he held until 1887. It was in this office that he became the colleague and fast friend of Charles Greville, who on his death-bed entrusted him with the publication of his "Memoirs."

'Mr. Reeve had now obtained an assured income and a steady occupation, but it was far from satisfying his desire for work. He became a contributor, and very soon a leading contributor, to the "Times," while his close and confidential intercourse with Mr. Delane gave him a considerable voice in its management. The penny newspaper was still unborn, and the "Times" at this period was the undisputed monarch of the press, and exercised an influence over public opinion, both in England and on the Continent, such as no existing paper can be said to possess. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that for the space of fifteen years nearly every article that appeared in its columns on foreign politics was written by Mr. Reeve, and the period during which he wrote for it included the year 1848,—when foreign politics were of transcendent importance.

'The great political influence which he at this time exercised naturally drew him into close connexion with many of the chief statesmen of his time. With Lord Clarendon especially his friendship was close and confidential, and he received from that statesman almost weekly letters during his Viceroyalty in Ireland and during other of the more critical periods of his career. In France Mr. Reeve's connexions were scarcely less numerous than in England. Guizot, Thiers, Cousin, Tocqueville, Villemain, Circourt—in fact, nearly all the leading figures in French literature and politics during the reign of Louis Philippe were among his friends or correspondents. He was at all times singularly international in his sympathies and friendships, and he appears to have been more than once made the channel of confidential communications between English and French statesmen.

'It was a task for which he was eminently suited. The qualities which most impressed all who came into close communication with him were the strength, swiftness, and soundness of his judgement, and his unflinching tact and discretion in dealing with delicate questions. He was eminently a man of the world, and had quite as much knowledge of men as of books. Probably few men of his time have been so frequently and so variously consulted. He always spoke with confidence and authority, and his clear, keen-cut, decisive sentences, a certain stateliness of manner which did not so much claim as assume ascendancy, and a somewhat elaborate formality of courtesy which was very efficacious in repelling intruders, sometimes concealed from strangers the softer side of his character. But those who knew him well soon learnt to recognise the genuine kindness of his nature, his remarkable skill in avoiding friction, and the rare steadiness of his friendships.

'One great source of his influence was the just belief in his complete independence and disinterestedness. For a very able man his ambition was singularly moderate. As he once said, he had made it his object throughout life only to aim at things which were well within his power. He had very little respect for the judgement of the multitude, and he cared nothing for notoriety and not much for dignities. A moderate competence, congenial work, a sphere of wide and genuine influence, a close and intimate friendship with a large proportion of the guiding spirits of his time, were the things he really valued, and all these he fully attained. He had great conversational powers, which never degenerated into monologue, a singularly equable, happy, and sanguine temperament, and a keen delight in cultivated society. He might be seen to special advantage in two small and very select dining clubs which have included most of the more distinguished English statesmen and men of letters of the century. He became a member of the Literary Society in 1857 and of Dr. Johnson's Club in 1861, and it is a remarkable evidence of the appreciation of his social tact that both bodies speedily selected him as their treasurer. He held that position in "The Club" from 1868 till 1893, when failing health and absence from London obliged him to relinquish it. The French Institute elected him "Correspondant" in 1865 and Associated Member in 1888, in which latter dignity he succeeded Sir Henry Maine. In 1870 the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

'It was in 1855, on the resignation of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, that he assumed the editorship of this "Review," which he retained till the day of his death. Both on the political and the literary side he was in full harmony with its traditions. His rare and minute knowledge of recent English and foreign political history; his vast fund of political anecdote; his personal acquaintance with so many of the chief actors on the political scene, both in England and France, gave a great weight and authority to his judgements, and his mind was essentially of the Whig cast. He was a genuine Liberal of the school of Russell, Palmerston, Clarendon, and Cornwall Lewis. It was a sober and tolerant Liberalism, rooted in the traditions of the past, and deeply attached to the historical elements in the Constitution. The dislike and distrust with which he had always viewed the progress of democracy deepened with age, and it was his firm conviction that it could never become the permanent basis of good government. Like most men of his type of thought and character, he was strongly repelled by the later career of Mr. Gladstone, and the Home Rule policy at last severed him definitely from the bulk of the Liberal party. From this time the present Duke of Devonshire was the leader of his party.

'His literary judgements had much analogy to his political ones. His leanings were all towards the old standards of thought and style. He had been formed in the school of Macaulay and Milman, and of the great French writers under Louis Philippe. Sober thought, clear reasoning, solid scholarship, a transparent, vivid, and restrained style were the literary qualities he most appreciated. He was a great purist, inexorably hostile to a new word. In philosophy he was a devoted disciple of Kant, and his decided orthodoxy in religious belief affected many of his judgements. He could not appreciate Carlyle; he looked with much distrust on Darwinism and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and he had very little patience with some of the moral and intellectual extravagances of modern literature. But, according to his own standards and in the wide range of his own subjects, his literary judgement was eminently sound, and he was quick and generous in recognising rising eminence. In at least one case the first considerable recognition of a prominent historian was an article in this "Review" from his pen.

'He had a strong sense of the responsibility of an editor, and especially of the editor of a Review of unsigned articles. No article appeared which he did not carefully consider. His powerful individuality was deeply stamped upon the "Review," and he carefully maintained its unity and consistency of sentiments. It was one of the chief occupations and pleasures of his closing days, and the very last letter he dictated referred to it.

'Time, as might be expected, had greatly thinned the circle of his friends. Of the France which he knew so well scarcely anything remained, but his old friend and senior, Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, visited him at Christ-Church, and he kept up to the end a warm friendship with the Duc d'Aumale. He spent his 80th birthday at Chantilly, and until the very last year of his life he was never absent when the Duke dined at "The Club." In Lord Derby he lost the statesman with whom in his later years he was most closely connected by private friendship and political sympathy, while the death of Lady Stanley of Alderley deprived him of an attached and lifelong friend.

'Growing infirmities prevented him in his latter days from mixing much in general society in London, but his life was brightened by all that loving companionship could give; his mental powers were unfaded, and he could still enjoy the society of younger friends. He looked forward to the end with a perfect and a most characteristic calm, without fear and without regret. It was the placid close of a long, dignified, and useful life.'

The second, the French appreciation, was spoken at the meeting of the 'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques,' on November 16th, 1895, by the Duc d'Aumale, who, after regretting his absence on the previous occasion when the President had announced the death of their foreign

member, Mr. Henry Reeve, continued:

'Je n'aurais sans doute rien pu ajouter à ce qui a été si bien dit par M. le Président, mais je tenais à rendre personnellement hommage à la mémoire d'un confrère éminent, pour lequel je professais une haute estime et une sincère amitié, et je demande à l'Académie la permission de lui adresser quelques mots.

'Qu'on l'envisage au point de vue littéraire ou au point de vue social, la figure d'Henry Reeve était essentiellement originale, et il devait ce caractère non seulement à la nature de son esprit, mais à l'éducation qu'il avait reçue. Sur la base anglaise de la forte instruction classique son père [Footnote: A momentary lapse of memory. It is scarcely possible that the Duc d'Aumale did not know that Reeve's father died whilst Reeve was still an infant, and that his education was directed by his mother.] voulut ajouter le couronnement des hautes études continentales, et, pour que cette culture intellectuelle n'eût rien d'exclusif ou d'absolu il fit choix de Genève et de Munich. C'est dans ces deux villes, dans ces deux grands centres intellectuels, que Reeve passa une partie de sa jeunesse. Ce séjour dans des milieux si différents laissa dans son esprit une double impression qui se refléta sur toute sa vie.

'Peu de personnes, de nos jours, ont aussi bien connu que lui cette charmante et originale société de Genève, qui semblait dater du dix-huitième siècle, et qui en a si longtemps conservé les traditions. C'est là qu'il acquit la connaissance approfondie de notre langue; il en avait saisi les nuances délicates; il connaissait toute notre littérature. Je ne connais guère d'étrangers qui puissent parler, comprendre, écrire le français mieux que lui.

'L'allemand ne lui était pas moins familier. Le séjour à Munich lui inspira aussi le goût des arts envisagés à un point de vue qui n'est pas tout à fait le nôtre. Dans un petit volume, oeuvre de jeunesse, "Graphidae," il traduisit sous une forme poétique l'impression que lui avaient laissée les oeuvres des premiers maîtres italiens. On y retrouve, avec la mesure qui était un des caractères de cet esprit bien pondéré, la trace des théories qui prévalaient alors dans l'Allemagne méridionale.

'À d'autres points de vue ce long séjour à l'étranger lui avait laissé des traces plus profondes encore. Il en avait rapporté une sorte de cosmopolitisme éclairé, tempéré, entretenu par ses nombreuses relations. Je ne veux pas dire qu'il ne fut pas Anglais avant tout. Passionnément patriote—et ce n'est pas moi qui lui en ferai un reproche—il épousait les passions, les colères de son pays, mais sans rudesse, sans hauteur, sans haine ou mépris des autres peuples, sans préjugés contre aucune nation étrangère.

'Il ne cessa d'entretenir des relations intimes et constantes avec tout le parti libéral français (je prends le mot libéral dans le vrai sens, le sens le plus large), depuis M. le Duc de Broglie et M. Guizot jusqu'à notre vénéré confrère M. Barthélémy Saint-Hilaire.

'Malgré son impartialité j'oserai dire qu'il avait une certaine faiblesse pour la France. Certes il n'aurait jamais épousé la cause de la France engagée contre l'Angleterre; mais quand il voyait la France et l'Angleterre d'accord sa joie était vive. Et lors de nos malheurs, sans prendre parti dans la querelle, il n'a jamais cachée la sympathie que lui inspirait la France vaincue.

'Je ne sache pas que Reeve ait écrit aucun ouvrage de longue haleine, sauf certaines traductions difficiles, importantes: quelques-unes rappellent à cette compagnie des noms qui lui sont chers—la "Vie de Washington," par Guizot; la "Démocratique," de Tocqueville, un de ses plus intimes amis.

'Il n'a pas pris une part directe au mouvement des affaires de son pays, n'ayant siégé ni dans le parlement ni dans aucun cabinet; mais son influence était considérable: sans cesse consulté, souvent chargé de messages importants; enfin sa plume, sa plume surtout, ne restait jamais inactive, et ses écrits portaient coup. Le "Times" l'a compte longtemps parmi ses principaux collaborateurs; plus tard il se recueillit et se consacra exclusivement à la direction de la "Revue d'Edimbourg," dont il avait été longtemps un des principaux rédacteurs. [Footnote: The Duke would seem to have misunderstood Reeve's position, or, more probably, his memory was confused by the lapse of forty years. Reeve was never '*un des principaux rédacteurs*' of the Edinburgh Review. Till he became sole editor and, in a literary sense, autocrat, he had no part in the conduct of it, nor was he a constant contributor (cf. *ante*, vol. i. p. 173).]

'Je n'ai pas besoin de rappeler à l'Académie quel rôle appartient à "l'éditeur" dans les grandes revues anglaises, quelle part il prend au choix des sujets, à la rédaction des articles, quelle autorité il exerce, ni de m'étendre sur l'histoire du plus ancien, je crois, des recueils périodiques, assurément un des plus importants. La "Revue d'Edimbourg" est plus qu'un simple organe; souvent elle donne la note, la formule des idées acceptées par le parti dont elle continue d'arborer les couleurs sur sa couverture bleue et chamois, les couleurs de M. Fox.

J'ai dit que Reeve n'avait pas pris part au gouvernement. Il exerçait cependant une charge, un véritable office de judicature, dont les attributions ne sont pas d'accord avec nos mœurs et dont le titre même se traduit difficilement dans notre langue. Attaché au Conseil privé comme *Appeal Clerk*, puis comme Registrar, il jugeait des appels des îles de la Manche. [Footnote: This, as has been seen (*ante*, vol. i. pp. 85-6), is a very inexact and imperfect description of Reeve's duties, either as Clerk of Appeals or as Registrar.] On comprend qu'une connaissance si parfaite de la langue et des usages français le qualifiait particulièrement pour remplir ces fonctions, quand on songe que la langue officielle de ces îles est encore aujourd'hui le français et que dans les questions de jurisprudence la coutume de Normandie y est constamment invoquée.

Officiellement Reeve était sous les ordres du secrétaire du Conseil privé, et ces rapports de subordination avaient créé des relations intimes entre son supérieur et lui. M. Charles Gréville avait tenu la plume du Conseil dans des circonstances délicates et s'était trouvé mêlé à une foule d'incidents; en mourant il chargea Reeve de publier ses mémoires. Cette publication eut un grand retentissement.

Reeve était fier d'appartenir à votre compagnie. Lorsque l'Université d'Oxford me conféra le degré de docteur il était près de moi. "Rappelez-vous," me dit-il en souriant, "que l'Académie des Sciences Morales a sa part dans l'honneur que vous venez de recevoir." Fort répandu, fort apprécié dans le monde, il menait de front ses travaux littéraires, ses devoirs de juge, ses relations sociales, ses excursions; son activité était extraordinaire. La goutte le gênait quelquefois, et d'année en année ses visites devenaient plus fréquentes.

Il avait bâti au bord la mer, en face de l'île de Wight, sous un climat doux, une charmante villa, où il aimait à s'enfermer avec ses livres, poursuivant ses travaux auprès de la digne et gracieuse compagne de sa vie. Ses dernières années s'écoulèrent ainsi entre cette résidence et la maison bien connue de Rutland Gate, où sa table hospitalière était toujours ouverte à ses amis de France ou d'ailleurs. C'est à Foxholes que la mort est venue le chercher.

Je n'ai pas la prétention de prononcer devant vous l'éloge d'Henry Reeve; la compétence me manque comme la préparation. En vous rappelant quelques traits de cette noble figure je voulais, comme je vous l'ai dit tout à l'heure, acquitter une dette de cœur envers un ami qui, jusqu'aux derniers moments de sa vie, m'a prodigué les marques d'affection. Il voulut célébrer à Chantilly le 80<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de sa naissance, et un de ses derniers soucis était de réclamer les bonnes feuilles du septième volume de "L'Histoire des Condé," dont il voulait rendre compte dans sa Revue. [Footnote: The present writer feels a personal satisfaction in adding that one of the last letters which Reeve dictated about the work of the *Review*, was to him, asking him to undertake this article.]

'La mémoire du philosophe, du lettré, de l'érudit, du confrère éminent, de l'homme bon et aimable, mérite de rester honorée dans notre compagnie.'

## APPENDIX

It has been seen (*ante*, vol. ii.) that Reeve intended quoting Lord Stanmore's letter on the formation of the Aberdeen Cabinet, in a future edition of the 'Greville Memoirs.' There seems, however, to have been no opportunity for doing so, and the letter has remained buried in the columns of the 'Times' of June 13, 1887, becoming each year more and more inaccessible. As relating to an interesting point raised by the 'Greville Memoirs,' and also as, to some extent, carrying out Reeve's intention, it is here reprinted, with Lord Stanmore's express permission.

*To the Editor of the 'Times'*

Sir,—It is only recently that the two new volumes of the 'Greville Memoirs' lately published have reached Ceylon. I fear that before this letter can arrive in England the interest excited by their appearance will have passed away, and that, consequently, comments upon their contents addressed to

you may seem as much out of place as would a letter written for the purpose of correcting some error in any well-known collection of memoirs which have been long before the world. It is therefore not without some hesitation that I venture to request permission from you to point out the inaccuracy of a statement which appears near the commencement of the first of these two volumes, and casts an undeserved imputation upon the conduct, in 1852, of the chief members of the Peelite party.

Mr. Greville, under the date of December 28, 1852, writes thus:—

'Clarendon told me last night that the Peelites have behaved very ill, and have grasped at everything; and he mentioned some very flagrant cases, in which, after the distribution had been settled between Aberdeen and John Russell, Newcastle and Sidney Herbert—for they appear to have been the most active in the matter—persuaded Aberdeen to alter it, and bestow or offer offices intended for Whigs to Peelites, and in some instances to Derbyites who had been Peelites' (vol. i.).

In the next two pages lie comments with severity on the selfishness and shortsightedness of the Peelites in reference to this matter. Now, the reflection thus cast on the foresight and disinterestedness of the Peelite leaders is in no wise warranted by the facts. What really occurred at the formation of the Cabinet of December 1852 was, in truth, the exact reverse of what is stated in Mr. Greville's pages. It was not the Peelites, but Lord John Russell and the Whigs, who, after the list of the Cabinet and of the chief officers of the State had been agreed on between Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell, and had been submitted to and approved by the Queen, objected to the composition of the Cabinet as 'too Peelite,' and strove to change the arrangements made originally with Lord John Russell's entire acquiescence. I will not, however, occupy your space with remarks of my own; I will at once produce incontestable proof of what I have asserted. I have now before me a manuscript journal kept by Sir James Graham, and from it I quote the following extracts. In reading them it should be borne in mind that the proposed distribution of offices agreed on between Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell had been formally approved by the Queen on December 23rd.

*December 24th.*—'Lord John Russell most unexpectedly raised fresh difficulties this morning, on the ground that the Whigs are not represented in the new Cabinet sufficiently. He wished that Sir F. Baring should be placed at the Board of Trade to the exclusion of Cardwell; that Lord Clarendon should have the Duchy, with a seat in the Cabinet; and that Lord Granville should be President of the Council. He thus proposed at one *coup* an infusion of three additional Whigs, and talked of Lord Carlisle as the fittest person for the Lieutenancy of Ireland. It became necessary to make a stand and to bring the Whigs to their ultimatum. Lord Aberdeen consented to Lord Granville as President, and proposed that Lord Lansdowne should sit in the Cabinet, without an office. This proposition, which reduced the Whig addition, from three to two, saved the Board of Trade for Cardwell, but excluded both him and Canning from the Cabinet. Lord John did not regard it as satisfactory, and fought the point so long and so pertinaciously, that the new writs could not be moved to-day, and the House was adjourned till Monday. Towards evening, at the instance of Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell yielded an unwilling assent to Lord Aberdeen's last proposals...'

*December 25th.*—'Lord John Russell is very much annoyed by the disparaging tone of the articles in the "Times," which, while it supports Lord Aberdeen, attacks him [Russell] and the Whigs. He is still also dissatisfied in the exclusion of Lord Clarendon and of Sir George Grey from the Cabinet, and thinks that the Whig share of the spoil is insufficient. It is melancholy to see how little fitness for office is regarded on all sides, and how much the public employments are treated as booty to be divided among successful combatants. The Irish Government, also, is still a matter of contest. The Whigs are anxious to displace Blackburne and to replace him with Brady, their former Chancellor; they are jealous also of St. Germans and Young, as Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, and want to have Lord Carlisle substituted for the former. I discussed these matters at Argyll House with Lord John and Lord Aberdeen. If we three were left alone, we could easily adjust every difficulty; it is the intervention of interested parties on opposite sides which mars every settlement...'

*December 27th.*—'The Whigs returned to the charge, and claimed in a most menacing manner a larger share of the minor offices. Sir C. Wood and Mr. Hayter came to me in the first instance and tried to shake me individually in my opinion. I was stout and combated all their arguments, which assumed an angry tone. We came to no satisfactory conclusion in my house, and the discussion was adjourned to Lord John's. I found Lord John more amenable to reason; but the whole arrangement was on the point of being broken off. It was 1 o'clock. The House of Commons was to meet at 2 by special adjournment, and the writs were to be issued punctually at that hour. Sir C. Wood intimated that unless some further concessions were made the arrangement was at an end, and that the moving of the writs must be postponed. I said I should go down to the House, and make then and there a full statement of the case, and recall by telegraph my address to the electors of Carlisle, which declared my acceptance of office. This firmness, coupled with my rising to leave the room, brought the gentlemen to reason. I had a note in my pocket from Lord Aberdeen, which placed the Duchy of Lancaster at their disposal, and Strutt

was in the House ready to receive it at the hands of Lord John. This offer was snatched immediately; Strutt was consulted and accepted on the spot, and Hayter was sent to the House of Commons, and he moved the writs of the Cabinet Ministers, of Strutt also, and of Baines...'

*December 28th.*—'The contest as to minor offices was renewed with equal pertinacity, but with less effect, after the moving of the principal writs. A battle was fought for the Great Seal of Ireland, which was ultimately yielded to Brady, the ex-Whig Chancellor. This concession was no sooner made than an attempt to force Reddington as the Under-Secretary for Ireland was commenced. He, being a Catholic, had consented to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, against his private judgement and in defiance of his coreligionists. His appointment would have been war with the Brigade, and it was necessary to refuse it peremptorily. The dissatisfaction of Lord Clarendon and of Lord John Russell was eagerly expressed, but was ultimately mitigated by the offer to Reddington of the Secretaryship of the Board of Control. The suggestion that Lord John might provide for him abroad was not so favourably entertained. I have never passed a week so unpleasantly. It was a battle for places from hostile camps, and the Whigs disregarded fitness for the public service altogether. They fought for their men as partisans, and all other considerations, as well as consequences, were disregarded. Lord Aberdeen's patience and justice are exemplary; he is firm and yet conciliatory, and has ended by making an arrangement which is, on the whole, impartial and quite as satisfactory as circumstances would permit.'

The evidence of Sir James Graham on points of fact will hardly be disputed, nor will it be denied that he, who took an active part in the construction of the Government and was in the most intimate confidence of Lord Aberdeen, was in a better position for knowing what passed than Mr. Greville, who was dependent on the information which he received from others. But if any confirmation be desired it will be found in the extracts which I add from the correspondence of Lord Aberdeen. The Queen, as I have before said, approved the lists submitted to her on December 23rd. The same evening, Lord John Russell wrote to Lord Aberdeen as follows:—

'I am told that the whole complexion of the Government will look too Peelite. G. Grey suggests, and I concur, that Clarendon should be President of the Council immediately, and when he leaves it someone else may be named—Harrowby or Granville. I am seriously afraid that the whole thing will break down from the weakness of the old Liberal party (I must not say Whig) in the Cabinet. To this must be added:—President of the Board of Trade, Postmaster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, all in Peelite hands. I send a note which Bessborough has given me, and which is said to convey the opinion of the Irish Liberal members. *It is not very reasonable*, but I think Blackburne should be changed for Moore, and St. Germans for Lord Carlisle. Palmerston consents to Bernal Osborne. You should write or see Cranworth. Forgive all this trouble.'

Lord Aberdeen replied:—

'I do not admit the justice of the criticism made on the composition of the Cabinet, if you fairly estimate the persons and the offices they fill. I do not object to Clarendon; but my fear is that he will not be able to do the business of the office in the House of Lords, and we are so weak there that I entertain very great apprehensions.'

Lord John rejoined:—

'What I suggest is (1) that, as I have frequently proposed, with your consent, Lord Granville should be Lord President; (2) that Sir F. Baring should be President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet; (3) that Clarendon should at once enter the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; (4) that Lord Stanley of Alderley should be Vice-President, not in the Cabinet. Let me add to what I have said that ten Whigs, members of former Cabinets, are omitted in this, while only two Peelites are omitted, and one entirely new is admitted—Argyll. Let me propose further that the minor posts be recast with less disproportion. Cardwell ought not to have office while Labouchere, Vernon Smith, and others are excluded.

'Pray let me have an answer before the writs are moved. I have sent for F. Baring. If he will not join, G. Grey will.

'P.S.—About Ireland afterwards.'

On the receipt of this letter Lord Aberdeen wrote to the Queen that it put it entirely out of his power to go to Windsor on that day as had been intended, and that 'he regretted to say that the new propositions, which had been made by Lord John that morning, although the scheme submitted to the Queen had been approved of, were so extensive as very seriously to endanger the success of his [Lord Aberdeen's] undertaking.'

It appears to me to be thus shown, beyond dispute or question, that it was the Whigs and not the

Peelites who, after the distribution of offices had been fully agreed on, and approved by the Queen, sought to modify the arrangements effected. Whether the Whigs had or had not cause for their discontent is another question, on which it is unnecessary now to enter. That such discontent was (considering their numerical strength) extremely natural, none can deny. That, on the other hand, it would have been impossible to exclude Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, or the Duke of Newcastle from a Cabinet formed and presided over by Lord Aberdeen, and that the important share taken by Mr. Sidney Herbert in the overthrow of Lord Derby's Government rendered him also entitled to claim Cabinet office, most men will admit.

While anxious to correct a statement which appears to me injurious to the reputation of public men, some of whom are still living, I trust I may be permitted at the same time to record my strong sense of the general accuracy of Mr. Greville's information. Where his notes are inaccurate, their inaccuracy may, I believe, be more generally accounted for by his omission in those cases to insert in his diary (as in many other instances he has done) a subsequent correction of the erroneous reports which had in the first instance reached him.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

**ARTHUR GORDON.**

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