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Celebrities of the Day :

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

*A Monthly
Repertoire of Contemporary Biography.*

JULY, 1882.

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Celebrities of the Day

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A Monthly Repertoire of Contemporary Biography.

No. XIII.

JULY, 1882.

VOL. III.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

EUROPE has just lost one of the most remarkable if not the greatest man of the time, who was beyond a doubt the most disinterested and self-devoted hero of whom a record is left to us either in ancient or modern times. He was, moreover, a man who pursued one great object through good and evil fortune, until at length he brought it to a final successful issue, and having given evidence of his own pure devotion, retired to his humble abode whence he continued for the remainder of his life to exercise an influence for good on the destinies of his beloved country. He has been compared to Quinctius Cincinnatus, who after having wielded the dictatorship of Rome for six months, resigned his power and retired to his plough, but the parallel does not hold, for there can be no doubt in the minds of politicians of the day that after Garibaldi had been chosen dictator of the Two Sicilies he could have occupied the throne of the kingdom had he been so minded. It is no answer to such an assertion to say that he would have failed in its government, or that he would in attempting it have played false to Victor Emmanuel. Both these positions are true, but there is no doubt that had he been ambitious he could have assumed the crown, and all Europe would have acquiesced in his having taken it, while neither Cavour nor Victor Emmanuel would have dared even to protest. His taking no step to obtain any personal advantage of the unheard-of success to which he had attained, proves beyond

a doubt that he was working solely for the good of his country and that he was wholly devoid of any selfish ambition or of avarice. History affords us no parallel of equal abnegation.

Giuseppe Maria Garibaldi was born at Nice on the 22nd July, 1807. His father was Dominique Garibaldi, a sailor, whose father had been the owner of several vessels, and who himself was the owner of one. Dominique and Rosa Garibaldi occupied in Nice the house which had been that of the baker Massena, and Giuseppe was born in the same room in which forty-nine years previously had been born Massena, who was called by the French the Child of Victory, the famous Marshal of France. Giuseppe was the second son of his parents, his elder brother Antonio, being a very studious lad, and attempts were made to induce the younger to study and become a priest, but he had already acquired a taste for the life of a sailor, and he persistently refused to study. He even with three other lads took possession of a boat in which they left the harbour of Nice with the intention of seeking their fortunes in Genoa. An abbé, however, told his father in time for a successful pursuit by a fishing smack, and he was brought back. When but a boy of eight years old he evinced remarkable courage and presence of mind. While walking with a relative on the banks of the river Var, they saw a woman washing linen in a deep trench; suddenly she staggered and fell on her face into the water. Little Giuseppe at once dashed in and contrived to lift her head above the surface, holding it there until she had recovered sufficiently for him to assist her to the bank.

At length his father seeing it useless to oppose the boy's inclinations, sent him to sea in the *Costanza*, a brigantine of Nice, on a voyage to Odessa, and on his return he continued his sailor's life on board his father's vessel, the *Sancta Reparata*, in which he made several voyages, the first of which was to Rome, a city for which he entertained a romantic fervour of attachment even as a boy. After this there was a series of voyages in the Levant. During these, the ship in which he sailed was three times taken and plundered by the same pirates. He was left sick at Constantinople, and his stay there was prolonged by a declaration of war between Turkey and Russia. For a livelihood he became tutor in the house of a widow named Teniori.

By 1830 Garibaldi had become the commander of a

brigantine, *Notre Dame de Grace*, in which he made voyages hither and thither. On one of these to Taganrog, he made the acquaintance of a fervid Italian patriot, who was a casual passenger, and from him he heard of the fermentation in Italy, and may be said to have at once imbibed Mazzinian opinions. "In another voyage," he says, "which I made on board the *Clarinda*, that vessel transported to Constantinople a section of the Saint Simonians, led by Emile Barrault." From Barrault, Garibaldi, by his own confession, gained the first glimpse of the idea of the brotherhood of all nations, and was impressed with the belief that whoever offers his sword and his blood to every people struggling against tyranny is more than a soldier, he is a hero. Returning to Marseilles, he heard of the abortive revolution of Piedmont, and of the *fusillades* of Chambery, Alessandria, and Genoa. Then also he formed the acquaintance of one Cové, who introduced him to Mazzini. This introduction proved the turning or twisting point in the life of Garibaldi.

In 1834 Garibaldi joined a conspiracy to arrest Piedmont from Charles Albert, and to form a Young Italy, and to increase the numbers of this society he entered as a first-class sailor on board the *Eurydice*, in the hope of raising a mutiny and seizing the ship. A rising in Genoa was planned, and Garibaldi who wanted to join in it, jumped into a boat and got to shore in time to find that the attempt was a failure. He escaped to France, and there told the French Custom House officers who he was. They detained him evidently hoping to make money by giving him up, but in a cabaret at Draguinan he jumped out of the window and escaped from them. He reached Marseilles in safety, where he learned that he had been condemned to death in his absence, and he thought it advisable to change his name to Guiseppe Pane.

After spending some months in Marseilles he joined a ship, and on the next Sunday afternoon he jumped from her stern and saved a boy from drowning. After a voyage in this vessel, the *Union*, he entered the service of the Bey of Tunis, but it was not long before he resigned his commission, and afterwards joined the *Nantorrier* of Nantes, for Rio Janeiro. At Rio he purchased a fishing smack of thirty tons, in which he cruised under letters of marque from the Republic of Rio Grande, then in rebellion against Brazil. The boat was named the *Mazzini*, and the crew

consisted of sixteen men. The *Mazzini* speedily took an important prize,—a brigantine loaded with a valuable cargo of coffee, and this vessel was no sooner secured than the smack was abandoned, the name of the prize becoming the *Irradilla*. In this vessel his cruise was not fortunate, and after some adventures he received a shot in the neck, was captured, and thrown into prison in Galiguay, where he was most barbarously treated, and was kindly nursed by Madame Alleman. Eventually he escaped, reached Bento Gonzales, President of Rio Grande, and ere long was in command of two small sloops on the Lago dos Patos, where they became very annoying to the Brazilians. Here also Garibaldi distinguished himself by defending a block house against a considerable force which he drove off. He was thus successful in saving the Republic. Some time after this he narrowly escaped with his life from the wreck of the *Rio Pardo* which he commanded, and in the loss of which sixteen, out of the thirty on board, perished.

In 1839, Garibaldi married Anita, a Brazilian, whom he first saw from the cabin of his vessel, in the lagune of Santa Catharina. She sailed with him in a transport which had been captured by the Republicans from Brazil. Again he commanded a squadron, which, after some stirring events, he eventually had to set on fire and abandon. He afterwards commanded in a battle with the Imperialists conducting a retreat on Lagos, and in this fight he became separated from his wife, who however, by her marvellous pluck and intrepidity, contrived to reach Lagos before her husband. After further fighting, which was on the whole unsuccessful, Garibaldi went to the stancia of St. Simon, on the Lago dos Patos, to superintend the building of vessels. Here, on the 16th of September, 1840, was born the child now Colonel Menotti Garibaldi, who as an infant, was carried by Anita through her hardships of the terrible retreat of Las Antas. The struggle still continued with Brazil, and at length, after the Republicans had refused terms which were fair, and would have secured a share of political freedom to their country, Garibaldi after six years of service, obtained leave to collect some bullocks on the Pampas, by the sale of which he realised sufficient to travel with his wife and child to Monte Video. Here he met with Anzani, who aided him in the organization of the Italian legion of the Republic of Uruguay, and who, while he lived, served with him. After

being for some time in Monte Video, Garibaldi was appointed Commodore, and sailed with a little squadron on a disastrous expedition, resulting after some three days' fighting in his having to burn his ships and escape to the woods, through which he made his way with his little band back to Monte Video, which he entered about the same time as the troops who had been defeated at the battle of Arroyo Grande.

This expedition which had been planned by members of the Monte Videan Government, who were hostile to Garibaldi, and who had hoped thus to get rid of him and his faithful friend Anzani, had disappointed its promoters and had served a useful purpose, though in the end all had been lost save honour.

Garibaldi after this settled for a brief period in Monte Video, and carried on some business as a dealer in cattle, also earning something by teaching mathematics. But the Republic was, ere long, in imminent danger, and with the aid of his friend Anzani, he collected a little band of his own countrymen, numbering 400, which was charged specially with the defence of Monte Video by land. He also organised and commanded a flotilla, and was commander both on land and sea doing signal service on both, often with his 400 Italians conquering corps of the enemy numbering 600, and making successful naval onslaughts, also on superior forces. During this successful career, Rivero, the President of the Republic, sent him a deed of gift of a tract of land for the Legion, but Garibaldi returned it saying that he and his countrymen required no recompense but the honour of sharing the dangers of the country, and no stimulus to exertion but the triumph of the Republican cause. The Legion was thus decreed a precedence over all the other troops of the Republic, and continued to do such service, that after the Boyada and Salto Sant 'Antonio, in February, 1846, its leader was empowered to write to the Republican Government, that to them were due these brilliant successes. In the course of his command of the legion, he had the good fortune to capture Don Leonardo Millan, who had insulted and tortured him at Galiguay. The hero forgave his former petty tyrant and let him go.

The news of the elevation of a liberal Pope to the chair of St. Peter, and of the commotions in Europe, however, came to Monte Video, and led Garibaldi and his compan-

ions to determine on a return to Italy. Garibaldi wrote to the papal Nuncio at Monte Video, offering to the Pope the services of his Italian Legion, and his offer was forwarded to Rome, whence, however, no reply came, and Garibaldi, after much difficulty, procured the means of taking over to Italy his friend Anzani and a couple of cannon, with some eighty or ninety of the Legion, leaving the rest to follow when able. On reaching the first port in Europe they heard that the Piedmontese constitution had been proclaimed, and that the Austrians had been driven out of Milan. Garibaldi and his companions landed at Genoa, where but a few days later his devoted friend Anzani died. When they reached Nice, Garibaldi offered his services to Charles Albert, who declined them, and he went to Milan where the provisional government gave him the title of General, and with the aid of Colonel Medici, who had just laid the brave Anzani in the grave, he organized his Lombardian volunteers. The new government, however, treated him badly, and after some brilliant fighting he maintained a brief guerilla contest for a few days, and afterwards got back to Genoa whence he reached Florence, which was for the moment a republic. He then went to Leghorn to organize an insurrection in Sicily, but desisted on hearing of the course of events in Rome.

In November, 1848, the Pope was driven from Rome, and early in the next year the French landed at Civita Vecchia to reinstate him. The Government of Rome had been cold to Garibaldi, but at length on the 28th April, 1849, he entered the Eternal City at the head of his volunteers to the number of about 2,500. On the 30th of April the French expedition to restore the Pope appeared before Rome, consisting of 8,000 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and twelve guns. Garibaldi was posted with 1,200 men in some villas outside the gates. He at once, and in spite of the disparity of the forces, attacked the French right wing. Fortunately Avezanna saw his peril, and sent 1,500 men to his assistance. Garibaldi at once led his men to the attack, charged the French, put them to flight, and after pursuing them for several miles returned with 300 prisoners. The Neapolitans now marched upon Rome, but were beaten at Palestrina and Velletri. It is needless here to record the long and gallant defence of Rome, conducted by Garibaldi against General Oudinot, who was largely reinforced. The French contrived on the night of the 21st of June to enter

a breach and there to entrench themselves after a stubborn defence both at the walls and within the city.

We must give the account of the last struggle at Villa Spada, on the walls of the Eternal City, in his own words:—

The night of the 29th settled on Rome like a winding sheet. To prevent the repairs in our breaches, the French artillery thundered all night. It was a terrible night. The storm of heaven blended with that of the earth. The thunder growled, the lightning met the shell in mid-air; the thunderbolt fell in two or three places, as if to hallow the doomed city. In spite of St. Peter's Day, the two armies continued their mortal duel. At nightfall, as an attack in the dark was expected, the whole town was lighted up. All—even the dome of St. Peter's. Such illumination, in fact, is the custom in Rome on St. Peter's Eve. Any man throwing, on that evening, a glance on the Eternal City, would have seen one of those sights which can be viewed but once in the lapse of centuries. At his feet he would have seen a grand valley of churches and palaces, cut in twain by the winding Tiber, dark, at the moment, as Phlegethon. On the left, a mound, the Capitol, upon the tower of which waved the standard of the Republic. On the right, the dark outline of Mount Mario, where flaunted, in antagonism to ours, the French and Papal flags. Below it, the dome of Michael Angelo, rearing itself to the clouds, a blaze of light; and finally, as a frame to the picture, the Janiculum, and all the line of San Pancrazio, also lighted up, but by the flashes of the artillery and musketry fire.

At midnight the sky cleared, the thunder and the cannon were hushed; silence followed upon all that infernal roar, and the French profited by it to draw nearer and nearer to the walls, and to take possession of the breach opened into bastion No. 8. At two in the morning we heard three cannon shots fired at equal intervals. The sentries called to arms; the trumpets sounded. The Bersaglieri, always ready, always unwearied, sallied from the Villa Spada, and ran to the San Pancrazio Gate, leaving two companies as a reserve in defence of the villa. They sank to their knees in the soaked earth. I placed myself at their head, with my sword drawn, intoning the Italian popular hymn. At this moment, I confess, I had only one desire—to get myself killed. I threw myself, with my men, upon the French. What happened then? I know nothing about it. For two hours I struck without intermission. When the day dawned I was all covered with blood. I had not a single scratch. It was a miracle.

In the morning the National Assembly resolved to discontinue the defence, as no longer possible, and elected Garibaldi Dictator of Rome, Mazzini and his brother Triumvirs having resigned. They summoned Garibaldi to the Assembly, to ask his opinion as to the chance of maintaining the struggle, and as he entered, covered, as above described, with blood, and wearing the sword so hacked and strained by the struggle of the morning, that he had been unable to get it more than half into the sheath, tremendous shouts of applause greeted his appearance. He had but to reply

sorrowfully to their questions, though he still hoped to carry on the war in the open country, if driven from Rome.

He had accepted the task which had been looked upon as hopeless, and in the face of all odds had continued the struggle against the French troops, who had poured such a hail of messengers of death on the devoted city, and especially upon the prominent dwelling which Garibaldi made his head-quarters, that frequently his guests were shot while sitting beside him at table. His friend Vecchi had one or two narrow escapes, and one day told a story of a gipsy girl having predicted that he should be buried in Rome, very rich, in his thirty-sixth year. He was then at the age, and Manara, who was present, begged Garibaldi not to send Vecchi out on any errand that day. Garibaldi, knowing that Vecchi was tired with two nights' watching, made him lie down and sleep, but an hour or two later sent him out to fire on a party of French, who were fusillading a certain point. Somewhat later he was told that Vecchi had been killed, but to his great joy, not very long afterwards he reappeared, and told him how he had been buried under a heap of bags of earth, thrown down by the French projectiles. At this time, however, even the lion heart of Garibaldi was compelled to admit the hopelessness of the struggle which he had maintained for three months, and he issued the following order of the day:—

Whoever chooses to follow me will be received among my own men. All I ask of them is a heart full of love for our country. They will have no pay, no rest. They will get bread and water when chance may supply them. Whoever likes not this may remain behind. Once out of the gates of Rome, every step will be one step nearer to death.

This remarkable invitation was accepted by about two thirds of the remaining defenders of Rome, and thus on the night of the 2nd July, he set out from the city, with some four thousand infantry, and about eight hundred horsemen. They reached Terni on the 9th, intending to make their way to Venice, which still held out against the Austrian forces. Marching by Tivoli to Turin, he met the Second Italian Legion, which had been there awaiting him. The French and Austrians, who followed in pursuit, were enormously superior in point of numbers, and it seemed certain that Garibaldi would be surrounded. But here the genius of Garibaldi showed itself in a marked manner. He so manœuvred as to prevent a general engagement, and to leave the enemy behind him every time he seemed likely to

be surrounded. On the 30th July he reached San Marino with 1,800 men; but there he found before him a fresh Austrian army, while 13,000 men were pressing close behind him. Terms were now offered. It was proposed that there should be a general amnesty, and that all should return home, their arms being surrendered to the Republic of San Marino. It seems highly probable that such terms would have been accepted generally, but that it was insisted that a few French belonging to the Second Legion (who would have consented to go to Switzerland) should be sent to Rome, and in consequence the offer of the Austrians was substantially rejected. As matters turned out, about half the force chose to surrender. The rest made their way to Cesena, with a view to embarkation, and in all, 290 embarked in fishing boats for Venice on the 2nd August. Towards nightfall they were descried by the Austrian fleet; some of the boats were captured, and the rest scattered. In the boat with Garibaldi were his wife and a few of those most involved in the insurrection. These managed to gain the shore near Ravenna, where they dispersed in twos and threes. Two days later the faithful Anita succumbed to exhaustion, and died in childbed. His children were then at Nice, under the care of his mother. Striking through Italy, sorrowful and alone, he made his way from the east to the west coast, while a decree was issued assigning the punishment of death to whoever should give him bread, water, or shelter. At Chiavari he was arrested and conducted to Genoa, where he was received by General La Marmora, and allowed to go to Tunis, whence he soon returned, the French Consul there having objected to his remaining. The Chamber of Deputies at Turin passed an order of the day to the effect that any attempt to induce him to leave the country would be a violation of the Constitution, but notwithstanding this, Garibaldi, who had gone to Nice, and resided there for a few days, was informed that he had better absent himself for some years. He went to Caprera, and lived by his gun and net, with the aid of a little money he had saved. Again he entered the merchant service, but afterwards went to New York, where he became a candle maker.

In 1851 he went to Lima, where were more than 100 Italians who had fought with him in 1849. Here he was received with enthusiasm, and shortly afterwards accepted the command of a ship bound for China. His voyage home

was one of terrible incident, and he again went to the United States, where he obtained the command of the *Commonwealth*, in which he arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in April, 1854. Here a sword and a telescope were presented to him by the inhabitants. At Newcastle he took in a cargo of coal for Genoa, and in that city he found that the Government had ceased to fear him, and he recognised the fact that the House of Savoy had become the hope of Italy. He bought half of the island of Caprera, and accepted the command of a steamer trading between Nice and Marseilles, living at intervals on the island, and thus, till 1859, he took no part in politics, save by showing his confidence in Victor Emmanuel, whose Minister, Cavour, had, by dispatching troops to aid the English and French against Russia, earned a place for his country in the Congress of Paris. In March, 1859, Garibaldi, who had been enrolling volunteers at Curreo, was appointed Major-General and Commandant of the Chasseurs of the Alps, *Caeciatori dei Alpi*. Then came the war of 1859, followed by the cession of Milan and Lombardy. In the campaign Garibaldi did good service, but the short war gave no time for great deeds, and all Italy was wofully disappointed by the peace of Villa Franca. This peace was, however, followed by a declaration from Tuscany and the Sicilian provinces, in favour of annexation to Sardinia. In 1860 Garibaldi married the daughter of Count Raimondi, but as to this marriage there is a mystery. He had pledged his word to the woman ere he discovered her unworthiness, and he kept it, but bid her an eternal adieu at the church door.

On the 5th May, 1860, Garibaldi, with 1,180 men, henceforth to be known to history as the "Thousand of Marsala," seized two steamers belonging to the Genoese Company, and weighed anchor for Marsala, where they landed, under the fire of Neapolitan cruisers on the 11th, and issued the following proclamation:—

"Italy and Victor Emmanuel! That was our battle cry when we crossed the Ticino; it will resound into the very depths of Etna. As the prophetic battle-cry re-echoes from the hills of Italy to the Tarpeian Mount, the tottering throne of tyranny will fall to pieces, and the whole country will rise like one man."

On the 10th of the month he landed in Sicily. On the 14th he assumed the Dictatorship of the Island, in the name of King Victor Emmanuel. The day following, in spite of the smallness of his force, he routed an army of

3,000 Neapolitans at Calatafimi, and such was the confidence inspired in his generalship, and the gallantry of his soldiers, that after this both he and they were looked upon as absolutely invincible. The Sicilians flocked to the standard of the Dictator. Twelve days after the conflict at Calatafimi, they appeared near and captured the heights of Palermo. Thence, in spite of the desperate resistance of the troops of Francis II., he made his way into the city, which the magnanimity of the commanders of the Neapolitan garrison and fleet caused to be bombarded. The British fleet in the harbour, however, intervened, and partly on this account, partly, also, because of the destitute condition of the garrison shut up in the forts, the General of the royalist troops surrendered, and Garibaldi became master of Palermo. He armed the inhabitants, whose enthusiasm for their deliverer was intense, and at the head of 2,500 men, fought and beat an army of 7,000 Neapolitans in the battle of Melazzo. Pressing hard on the Neapolitans, he now drove them into Messina; the garrison mutinied, and compelled their General to submit, and the citadel was neutralised by a convention. In a few days this "mad-man's freak" was successful, and Garibaldi took Palermo, and came in, the Sardinian Government not interfering to prevent it; and on the 24th July the adventurer was master of Sicily. Messina was given up to him on the 28th. He carried forces across the Straits, entered Calabria, and marched upon Naples. Thousands of volunteers joined him. The Neapolitan troops surrendered, and Naples was deserted by the King, who retired to Gaeta.

Garibaldi beat the Royalist forces near Capua on the 19th September, and then occupied himself chiefly in putting affairs in Naples in order, and as the representative of Sardinia, in introducing judicial reforms. On the 1st of October he was called to resume military duty. The Royalists, 15,000 strong, came forth from their entrenchments and attacked the Garibaldians, who were stretched along the line of the Volturno. For some time the issue of the engagement, which was a desperate one, hung in suspense; but at length the general Garibaldian good fortune asserted itself, and Garibaldi was able to send off the telegram, "complete victory along the whole line." Meanwhile Victor Emmanuel himself had become active, and at the head of a Piedmontese army, crossed the Papal frontier. Routing the troops under the command of General

Lamoricière, he passed into Neapolitan territory. With a body of volunteers, Garibaldi advanced to meet his King, then marching on the line of the Volturno. The meeting, which took place near Speranzano, on the 26th October, was an affecting one. "Seeing the red shirts," says an eye-witness, "the King took a glass, and having recognised Garibaldi, gave his horse a touch of the spur, and galloped to meet him. At ten paces distant the officers of the King and those of Garibaldi shouted 'Viva Victor Emmanuel!' Garibaldi made another step in advance, raised his cap, and added, in a voice which trembled with emotion, 'King of Italy!' Victor Emmanuel raised his hand to his cap, and then stretched out his hand to Garibaldi, and with equal emotion replied, 'I thank you.'" Shortly after this Capua and Gaeta surrendered to the Sardinian troops, and his work accomplished, he laid down his Dictatorship.

On the 7th November he entered Naples with the King, and formally surrendered to him his authority. Two days later he sailed for Caprera. Had he when Dictator chosen to declare himself King, Europe would have undoubtedly supported him, but he was faithful to Victor Emmanuel—as has been written in *Punch* :—

And now his foot's on the step of a throne—
 His hand is on a crown ;
 But lo ! he takes his hand away,
 And from the throne steps down,
 And simple and shabby as he came,
 So, simple and shabby, goes
 Back to Caprera's cabbage beds,
 And early potato rows.

Immediately after his return to Caprera the late Walter Savage Landor wrote the following Latin eulogy of him :—

Garibaldus terrâ marique præclarus, miles strenuus, acer, impiger ;
 dux identidem sagax atque audax, pericula providens pedibus subjecit.
 Sanguinis corum hostium parcus, profusus sui, imperator clemens,
 dictator modestus, titulis ipsique gloriæ virtutem prætulit. Regem
 bene meritum, populo dare quam rex esse maluit, ea qui imperaverat
 novit obtemperare. Quum alii per dolos ac perjuriam regiones exteras
 et vicinorum domos occupaverant, suam "egregius exul," sero redit-
 urus, dereliquit. Neque hoc sæculorum neque vetus quod assuefacti
 sumus magis admirari, parem Garibaldo tulit : multos Roma, plures
 Græcia, celebravit ; at vos, O Itali, proprius vidistis clariorem. Adu-
 lationis vocabula ea trita, levia, virum adeo excelsum non attigerunt ;
 laudes vel proborum, pariterque eloquentium, defecere. Sed fama non
 silebit. Ad insulam suam reversus est, parvæ Ithacæ dimidio minorem,
 ibi terræ sterilis iacolas agriculturam exemplo docet. Abiit desidera-
 tus omnibus, ablitinter fletus fortissimorum.

The following is the above rendered into English :—

Garibaldi, renowned on land and sea; energetic, bold, and indefatigable soldier; general at once prudent and daring, whose foresight and skill trod dangers down. Sparing of the blood of his foes and prodigal of his own, clement commander, modest dictator, he preferred virtue to titles or glory. He preferred to give to the people a deserving King than to reign a King himself; he who had commanded knew how to obey. When others by wiles and perjury annexed foreign regions and occupied the homes of their neighbours, he, a noble exile, bade his own home a long farewell. Neither this age nor the antiquity we admire yet more has brought forth the equal of Garibaldi. Many has Rome, more has Greece celebrated, but you, Italians, have seen a nobler face to face. The vocabulary of adulation, trite and poor, fails to reach one so exalted; even the praises of the just and the eloquence of the orator fall short of his merit. But fame will not be silent. He has returned to his island, smaller by half than poor Ithaca itself, and there by his own example teaches how the sterile earth may be made to bear. He has gone regretted by all; he has gone amid the tears of the sternest and the strongest.

Garibaldi could not forget Italian unity. In 1862 he endeavoured to organise volunteers to operate in Hungary, then pretty well ripe for revolt. He hoped thus to aid in obtaining Venice for Italy. He raised a body of men in Sicily and crossed into Calabria, where General Pallavicino attacked him on the heights of Aspromonte on 29th August. He was wounded in the ankle and the thigh and conducted to prison. This act will be ever remembered against Rattazzi, who was then Premier of Italy. The prisoners were not ill-treated, but Garibaldi was never brought to trial. It was not until 22nd November that the bullet was at length extracted from the wound in the ankle by Dr. Partridge, an English surgeon. At last an amnesty was proclaimed, and Garibaldi was again removed to Caprera. Here he recovered, and in 1864 he paid a visit to England, where he received such an ovation from the people as probably has never been accorded to any man. The city of London entertained him at a banquet and nearly every important town in the country sent him an invitation. He, however, rather suddenly left England in the yacht of the Duke of Sutherland, who, with the Duchess accompanied him to Caprera, where again he rested for awhile. His hasty departure was much commented upon at the time and ascribed, probably not without reason, to representations from Italy and from the Governments in Europe, which were not without their effect on Lord Palmerston who was then Premier and had as little liking for revolution as any king in Europe.

Events were, however, progressing, and in 1866 broke out the war between Prussia and Austria, when it was found that Italy had agreed to co-operate with the northern Power. Again Garibaldi took the field, and the passes of the Alps and the Tyrol saw his Bersaglieri again arrayed against the Austrian troops. Austria found that she could not fight both enemies, and Venetia was ceded, leaving Victor Emmanuel master of all Italy save Rome, which was still held by the French for the Pope. It had been agreed upon in a Convention with the Italian Government that at the end of this year, at furthest, the French troops should be withdrawn from Rome, and steps were taken to organise a Papal force consisting of men of all nations. This was called the legion of Antibes, and largely consisted of French soldiers who were allowed to fulfil their term of service to the Emperor of the French in the Papal forces. The French troops were, however, ostensibly withdrawn from the Papal dominions, and the result was a movement in Italy to obtain Rome. The Pope, who was offered every guarantee possible by the Italian Government, refused to cede the most minute point, and matters were in this state when Garibaldi accepted an invitation to take the chair at the Peace Congress of Geneva. It was a singular thing to note the bold and determined warrior in such a position, in which indeed, he in no way concealed his warlike disposition, and proclaimed his readiness to obtain peace by fighting for it, showing plainly enough that he cared for no peace till Rome was part of Italy.

At this time Rattazzi appears to have been playing a double game, and to have been allowing Garibaldi to inflame the people, in the hope that he might terrify the Pope into accepting terms. He, however, misjudged Pio Nono, who, masterly *non possumus*, was a match for all diplomacy and all dangers. The Minister was compelled to draw back, and to show that he was trying to keep Italy quiet; and when, after his return from the Peace Congress at Geneva, Garibaldi quitted Florence for a tour in the provinces, unexpectedly to all, he was arrested at Sinalunga and sent a prisoner to the fortress of Alessandria. This time he was really and thoroughly indignant, and wrote in pencil at the station at Pistoja, the following proclamation:—"The Romans have the rights of slaves to rebel against their tyrants, the priests: it is the duty of Italians to aid them, even if fifty Garibaldis were in prison! Avanti,

therefore, O Italians!" The commotion throughout Italy was great; in Rome, among the people, and especially in the army. The Minister of War went to Alessandria, and believed that he had obtained from Garibaldi the promise to return to and remain at Caprera. On the contrary, Garibaldi had only pledged himself to go to Caprera free and without condition. He sent his son Menotti to Italy where he began to collect volunteers, who, however, came to him faster than provisions to feed them. In like manner, arms were more abundant than ammunition. However, the men were fed somehow, and the force increased, until it numbered about 15,000 armed men, under officers of some experience. Garibaldi was so firmly convinced that the Government was on his side, that to a friend who managed to reach Caprera and inform him that the Government meant to keep him a close prisoner, he refused to escape when escape was possible on the same evening. Only at dawn on the morrow, seeing six men-of-war anchored off Caprera, he realised the truth, and entrusted the same friend with instructions to his son-in-law to effect his release, in case he should be prevented on the following evening from embarking on board the regular mail steamer. As he was rowing off to embark, the commander of the *Sesia* fired and ordered him to surrender, took him on board, and carried him back to Caprera. The story of his flight thence is on a par with his South American episodes. Nine men-of-war, besides all the smaller craft and the fishing-boats in the waters, were stationed between the islands of Maddalena and Caprera. In the tiniest of dingies—the veriest toy-boat—the General during the night wound his way among the craft, and arrived at Maddalena. Hidden during the day by an English lady, during the next night he crossed the island on horseback. At the extreme point of the Maddalena his faithful friend Basso awaited him in a boat. They reached Sardinia at dawn, slept in a grotto during the day, and after fifteen hours on horseback and on foot, arrived at Porta Prudenza, where his son-in-law and a brave young Sardinian were waiting with another boat. One other day and night on sea and shore, and they landed safely at Leghorn, came up to Florence, and thence, on the following day, Garibaldi made once more for the Papal frontier, and warned by a telegram from Crispi, actually crossed it during the night, in order to avoid a fresh arrest by the Italian troops.

On crossing the Roman frontier he assumed the command of the forces which had been raised by his son, and advanced towards Rome. A victory was gained at Monte Rotonda by a force of about 8,000, and from the battle-field Garibaldi decided to transfer his troops to Tivoli; but, the march being delayed for twelve hours, and his orders being neglected, while the difficulties of provisioning, &c., led to numerous desertions, so when the General had reached Mentana, he had scarcely more than 4,000 fighting men. Just at the moment 6,000 Frenchmen and 5,000 Papal troops, with ten pieces of artillery, came upon the volunteers just as they had set out upon their march. It was a gallant struggle against desperate odds. Until every cartridge was spent and the artillery ammunition exhausted, the Garibaldians held their own. Even then, at the point of the bayonet, the positions were all retaken; but, overpowered by numbers, retreat became a necessity. It was clear to all, and especially to the members of his staff, that Garibaldi, seeing victory impossible, sought death at every hazard. Once more arrived at Monte Rotonda, he remounted his horse, and insisted on retaking the defensive. But the venerable General Fabrizzi, the Bayard of Italy, who throughout the day had been ever foremost in the battle-field, undertook the bitter task of persuading him that all further attempts could but result in a useless massacre, and half by persuasion, half by force, induced him to recross the frontier, where he was once more arrested by the Italian Government and sent back to Caprera, and thus on the 3rd November, 1867, terminated the last effort made by Garibaldi to obtain Rome for the capital of Italy. He escaped unwounded from the battle-field, but the only immediate result of this ill-fated, and, it must be said, ill-considered expedition, was the return of the French troops openly to Rome, where they remained for more than two years longer. The Italian minister, Rattazzi, who, if he had not actively encouraged the volunteers, had at least winked at their proceedings, was obliged to resign, and General Menabrea became Prime Minister. Garibaldi was again arrested, and taken to Varignano, on the Gulf of Spezzia; the Minister, however, evaded every attempt to induce him to bring him to trial, and eventually he was sent back to Caprera. In October, 1868, he resigned his seat in the Italian Parliament, and was at once re-elected. Little did he dream at this moment that events in Spain

were giving rise to a train of circumstances which were to lead to the accomplishment of his dearest wish, and to his own entrance again into military enterprise, for a chivalrous but mistaken idea, and one unconnected with his own country.

In September, 1868, Topete, Serrano, and Prim raised the standard of revolt in Cadiz, and at the end of the month Serrano defeated the Marquis de Novaliches at Alcolea. The Queen of Spain fled, and a Provisional Government was formed. Spain made one or two futile attempts to obtain a King, and at length negotiations, which were about to terminate successfully, were proceeding with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, when the French Emperor interfered. It is needless here to recount the steps by which the difference between France and Prussia on this affair led to a declaration of war by France, which was over-run by the German armies in the course of a few short months. On the 4th September the French Empire fell, and about the same time the Roman people, who had been for some time relieved of the presence of French troops, began afresh to clamour for union with Italy. The King marched his troops into the Pontifical territory, after vainly trying to negotiate with the Pope; and on the 20th September the gate of Rome was breached, a capitulation was agreed to, and Rome, after she had declared her will by plebiscitum, was formally incorporated with Italy. The events of the 4th September, however, had a more direct effect on Garibaldi, for after the proclamation of the French Republic he conceived it to be his duty to go to fight for it, against the German army. He proceeded to Lyons, where Gambetta joyfully accepted his services, and after organising a legion, moved on into the Vosges, where, in the east of France, he waged for a brief period a partisan warfare, though with small success. It is worthy of note, however, that the only German standard captured during the war was taken by him, the detachment which were bearing it being cut off and destroyed. When, on the capitulation of Paris, an armistice was agreed to, for the election of the Assembly, Garibaldi was elected by two or three constituencies; he however only entered the Assembly to resign his seat, and he again returned to Caprera, somewhat wiser than he had been when leaving that island for France.

In Caprera he remained for three years, still nourishing his hostile feelings to the King and Government of Italy,

but though an elected Deputy, abstaining from taking any part in the Opposition. He had lived to see his cherished dream of boyhood accomplished. "Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic" was no longer a cry, and an object for which to struggle. It had become an accomplished fact. He could look back to the struggle, commenced twenty-two years earlier, and no one can deny that to himself, his daring, and energy, the accomplishment of the work was mainly due, although he had not in any sense placed the last stone on the now completed edifice of United Italy.

It was a little after this time that the startling news was received in England that he was compelled to sell the yacht which had been presented to him by the Duke of Sutherland. It was purchased and again presented to him. He had always refused subsidies from his own country and he still did so. The Chamber of Deputies voted him a gift, but he refused it. He could not, however, refuse all the voluntary donations which were sent him from city after city in Italy, and he accepted some of these as well as some gifts from English friends, and also a few from the United States. He, however, was strongly indisposed towards Victor Emmanuel, and would have nothing from the Italian Government. Things, however, ere long changed in this respect.

In 1874 died Rattazzi, the man who of all Italians had treated him worst, and his death induced Garibaldi to come to Rome. He went in the next year to that city which he had last seen in the ruins that told of his own glorious defeat in 1849 as he left it with his first wife Anita, who perished sadly a few weeks later in the woods of Ravenna. He returned to the Eternal City, once more the capital of a great nation, and hither he brought his young wife and her children. A curious episode occurred as he came into the city. The keeper of a small house of entertainment brought out a bottle of ale and stopped the carriage to give it to the General, telling him that it was his, as he had paid for it and desired him to put it by, in 1849. In that year, while engaged as defender of Rome, Garibaldi, with one or two friends, had been seated in this house and had called for another bottle of ale which arrived just as he had received an instant call for departure. He had told the keeper of the house to keep it till he returned and now the man brought him the bottle due to him. He took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies amid the warmest and heartiest

cheers ever given in that ancient city. However, he quickly disappointed the party that had hoped to have gained strength from his name. He made up his differences with the King and accepted from him a house in Rome. He cared not for politics, and indeed, probably did not understand much of the partisanship of the Chamber. He said that his political work had been ended when Italy attained her freedom, and he would turn his attention to works of public benefit. He wanted to see the Tiber embanked so as to make a new port for Rome, and the Campagna drained. The project was a big one, and he plunged into it with his usual energy, remaining in Rome in the hope of seeing the work carried on to a success. His moderation in the Chamber had delighted the moderate party and an immense credit was voted for the drainage and embankment. Unfortunately the money was not in the Treasury. Garibaldi was wearied with the waiting and finally left Rome and again returned to his island, but not before the King had persuaded him, in 1876, for the sake of his wife and young family to accept the national gift of £20,000, and a life pension of £2,000 a year.

In 1878 King Victor Emmanuel died, but a few days before Pius IX. breathed his last, and in the following year Garibaldi again visited Rome, to inaugurate the monument to the slain at Mentana, and had an interview with King Humbert. He again announced his purpose of residing in Rome, but the pains, which had attacked him even in 1849, began to tell on him severely, and he was ere long fain to return to his island, being, in truth, a man worn out in the services spontaneously rendered to other countries, and afterwards to his own. He lived in the island, and was solaced by the attentions of his young wife, and the caresses of his children, and those of his daughter Teresita, whose husband, Major Canzio, an old companion in arms, he had induced the Italian Government to release from the prison into which he had been cast for some overt acts of republicanism.

In January of the present year, he was watching his boy Manlio fishing, and fell out of his invalid carriage, cutting his head on the stones, and becoming insensible. After recovery from the shock, it was followed by an attack of bronchitis, and he was ordered by his physicians to a somewhat lower latitude for the rest of the winter. He went to Dosilipo, and was watched by all Naples, as he was brought

ashore in a litter from the *Esploratore*. Even the Moderate papers affirmed that two hundred thousand people watched the *Esploratore* round the promontory, and with breathless anxiety watched the litter hoisted up from the commander's own cabin, which he had unroofed to make the invalid comfortable. Too weak to be exposed to excitement or fatigue, only the Syndic was allowed to express the heartfelt joy of the Neapolitans to have him once more in their midst. A consultation of physicians was held, and with the exception of inhaling turpentine and ordering the strictest attention to be paid to the temperature, perfect quiet and freedom from excitement was the remedy from which any hope remained. Never, perhaps, has any other sufferer been as patient. Grateful for any attempts to alleviate his pain, he was never peevish nor impatient. Silence and solitude were his great resources ; only Manlio's noise never seemed to disturb him, nor would he ever allow him to be checked. When in too much agony to speak, his eyes still rested with a caress upon the boy, and when tolerably at ease he would narrate the wonderful events of his life, the prowess of his comrades, and of his first wife, Anita. Often in the last months of his life, he referred with tenderness to his mother, whose picture always hung at the head of his bed at Caprera, and to whom he said he owed all that was good in him, especially thoughtfulness for others.

He returned again to Caprera, which he again left to attend the celebration of the 600th anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers at Palermo. On his way thither he received ovations wherever he halted, but on his arrival at Palermo, on the 28th March, where he received an enthusiastic welcome from an immense concourse of people, he was not able to respond, and the Mayor of Palermo, in his name, thanked them for their welcome. The fêtes were conducted in perfect order, and Garibaldi, who was unable to take any part in them, wrote to the Mayor, congratulating the inhabitants upon their moderate attitude.

On the 4th April, a pyramid, erected on Mount Gibilrossa, near Palermo, by a public subscription, to which King Humbert had been one of the principal contributors, was formally unveiled, in the presence of a large concourse. This monument is in commemoration of the 26th May, 1860, when Garibaldi said to his volunteers, "To-morrow we will enter Palermo." The two sons of Garibaldi were

present, and Signor Menotti Garibaldi, in the name of his father, thanked the people for this new evidence of their sympathy.

From Palermo, Garibaldi returned to Caprera, whence a few weeks later the news came that he was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis. A question was asked in the Italian Chamber, of the Minister, who replied that Dr. Albanesi, an old comrade of the General, had been dispatched to Caprera, and that there did not appear to be any reason to apprehend serious danger. In fact, however, at that time, the illustrious Italian was dying. He had been much weakened by the great heat which had prevailed, and it is believed that he indulged incautiously in exposing himself to cool air, which had aggravated the bronchial affection from which he was suffering. During his last hours he asked occasionally if Dr. Albanesi were in sight, but the Doctor arrived only to find his old friend peacefully sleeping his last long sleep. His eldest son, Menotti, had been with him for some days, and his second son, Ricciotti, with his son-in-law, Major Canzio, were summoned at once. He suffered a good deal near the end.

Although it had been for some time known in Italy that the hero's health was failing, the news of his death was productive, throughout the whole kingdom, of such a shock as can scarcely be described. The King, as soon as he received the intelligence, wrote, with his own hand, and dispatched to Menotti Garibaldi the following telegram:—

My grief at the death of your illustrious parent is only equalled by the blow which his decease has inflicted upon the Italian nation. From my earliest youth my father taught me to honour in the person of Garibaldi the virtues of a citizen and a soldier. These virtues were witnessed by his glorious exploits. I had the deepest affection and admiration for him, and entertained towards him feelings of the profoundest gratitude and admiration. These sentiments, coupled with the remembrance of those shown by the brave General towards me and my family, cause me to feel doubly the irreparable gravity of the loss we have sustained. While joining in the profound sorrow of the Italian people and that of the family of the deceased I beg you to convey to the latter my deepest sympathy, which is shared by the entire nation.

The Municipal Council of Rome was sitting when the news arrived, and at once sent off a telegram, in the name of the city of Rome, to Menotti Garibaldi. The news spread through the city, and was told in the theatres, which were filled; but as soon as the death of Garibaldi was announced, the performances were stopped, and the

audiences silently and sorrowfully left the houses. Telegrams arrived in Rome next day from all parts of Italy, telling of the intensity of feeling in every city, town, and village in the kingdom. In Rome the flag at the Palace hung half-mast high, by the special orders of the King; business was almost entirely suspended, and sorrow and quietude prevailed.

Signor Farini, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, sat up all night, with his secretary, and when the Chamber met, at two in the afternoon, the hall was crowded. He rose, and all the members rose also, and standing uncovered, in token of their reverence for the deceased hero, listened to a long address, which was, in fact, a memoir of the late General, referring also to the grief of all Italy at his death. When he had concluded, the Prime Minister, Signor Depretis, briefly expressed his full concurrence in all that the President had said, and then introduced two Bills; the first, to postpone to the 18th the Festa di Statuto, held by law on the first Sunday in June; and the second, providing that funeral honours should be paid to the deceased General, and a monument erected to him, at the cost of the State, and that a pension of 10,000 francs should be granted to his wife, and to each of his five children. Upon Signor Depretis resuming his seat, Signor Farini again rose, and proposed the following resolutions:—“ 1. That this House do now adjourn until the 12th inst., and that it do assist as a body in the popular demonstration in honour of General Garibaldi. 2. That a deputation of members of this House be sent to Caprera, to be present at the funeral of the deceased General.” Both resolutions were approved, and the two Bills were almost unanimously adopted. Signor Filopanti moved that General Garibaldi's body should be brought to Rome and interred in the Pantheon. Signor Nicotera, however, pointed out that the deceased General's intentions in regard to his interment were not known, and he therefore proposed that the Chamber should suspend its decision in the matter, a course which was agreed to by the House. The death of the General was commemorated in the Senate in a similar manner, and there the Bills passed in the lower Chamber were also adopted. Deputations were appointed from the various Italian cities to attend the funeral, and the bourses of Rome, Naples, and Genoa were closed, as a mark of respect. The French Chamber of Deputies adjourned for a day, and the Greek and Hungarian

Chambers passed votes of sympathy and condolence with the family.

The General left instructions in his will that his body should be burned, and the ashes collected, to be enshrined in an urn, and deposited close to the tomb at Caprera of his two young children. Thousands of people came to attend his obsequies, among whom was a deputation from the Municipal Council of Paris. The cremation, however, was found to be impracticable, and the body was interred at Caprera, near to those of his children. A storm came on, and the crowds were prevented from leaving the island, where there was scarcely any food to be had, and not sufficient shelter for so many. After some hours, however, steamers arrived with bread, and the weather having moderated, the visitors were enabled to depart. There is now some idea that the body will yet be taken to Rome, and interred in the Capitol. The General, in the course of one of his Italian campaigns, presented to Colonel Chambers, who was serving under him, his sword and belt, saying:—"This belt makes you a General in the Italian Army." Colonel Chambers is about to present this sword and belt to the City of Rome.

It must be mentioned that Garibaldi, besides his writing of letters, more or less imprudent, and of proclamations which were always sincere and soul-stirring, also appeared as an author. In 1870 he published the novels, "Cantoni il Volontario" and "Chelia il Governo Monaco; Roma del Secolo XIX." The latter has been translated into English, under the title of "Rule of the Monk; or Rome in the 19th Century." In 1873, also, he published a poem, "Le Mila de Marsala." Further, he gave to the world an account of his own life and achievements, which have been admirably set forth in the free translation executed by Alexander Dumas.

In conclusion, to sum up the character of the deceased hero—whatever may be the opinions of those politically or clerically opposed to him, it must be admitted by all, that no man ever afforded, throughout his whole life and career, more thorough and perfect freedom from the smallest trace of self-seeking. In South America, in Italy, in France—he fought for the principles of liberty, and ever refused reward. Few men have ever met with such success in their career, for to him it was granted to see the triumph of his dearest wish, and to know that he was rightly acknowledged

as the man to whom the Unification of Italy was really due. His abilities as a General have been denied, and it is true that he never had the opportunity of commanding an army on anything like a large scale. Nevertheless, on many occasions he showed no mean degree of skill as a tactician, and the rapidity of his movements was wonderful. He was no disciplinarian, but he had a rare genius for command, springing in the main from the fact that none could mistrust or doubt him in the least, and that all loved him. He inspired his followers with his own enthusiasm, and none for a moment questioned any order he gave. The Spartan three hundred at Themopylæ showed no more firmness and devotion than did the 4,000 who followed Garibaldi from Rome, or the thousand who landed at Marsala, and in less than three months were able to proclaim him Dictator of the Two Sicilies. His figure and his name are henceforth enshrined in the history of the present age, as the most remarkable man of the 19th century, and the most self-devoted and self-denying patriot as yet recorded in the history of mankind. Other men have died for their country. He lived and worked, devoted to it as long as his services could be of value.

THE EARL OF ZETLAND.

LAWRENCE DUNDAS, who succeeded his uncle as Earl of Zetland in 1873, comes of a celebrated family. "The Dundases," says Lord Woodhouselee in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, "are descendants of a family to which the historian and genealogist have assigned an origin of high antiquity and splendour, but which has been still more remarkable for producing a series of men eminently distinguished for their public services in the highest offices in Scotland." That this is no exaggeration the records of the family show. At an early period in the history of Scotland the Dundases are heard of. Hugh Dundas, who was a companion of William Wallace, is described as

“a man of remarkable courage and merit,” who “eagerly embraced every opportunity of defending the liberties of Scotland, and of signaling himself against the enemies of his country.” His son, too, who fell at the battle of Duplin in 1332, is mentioned as a steady friend of Robert the Bruce. Even earlier than this, in the time of William the Lion, there is a Serle de Dundas frequently referred to, and later on we read of a Sir Archibald Dundas, who was in such high favour at Court that he had several confidential embassies entrusted to him, and who would have been made Earl of Forth but for the unexpected death of the monarch, who had notified the royal intention of conferring that title upon him. Alexander Dundas, of Fingask, had five sons slain with the flower of the Scotch nobility at the battle of Flodden in 1513.

A century before this there was a Duncan Dundas, Lord Lyon, a man of note, who was frequently employed in embassies to England, and, says “Burke’s History of the Commoners,” “ever discharged his duty with integrity and honour.” King James VI. of Scotland, writing in 1579 to a gentleman respecting the affairs of Perthshire, recommends him to consult Archibald Dundas, of Fingask, as a man in whom he had the greatest confidence, says the same authority. The Dundases of Fingask were a branch of the family of Dundas of Dundas. The lands of Dundas were granted to the family in 1109, by Waldegrave, Earl of March. The charter conferring the grant, the oldest document of the kind in the possession of any family in Scotland, is still extant. In conformity with the prevailing custom of that period, the family took the name of Dundas from the name of the estate granted to them. The ruins of the old castle of Dundas, built early in the twelfth century, may still be seen, forming part of the present castle, which was built in 1818, and commands an extensive view of the Firth of Forth. Besides the Dundases of Dundas and the Dundases of Fingask, there are several other branches of the family, which has struck its roots deep, not only in several parts of Scotland, but in England and in Ireland.

George Dundas of Dundas, espoused the cause of the Parliament in the civil wars, and was one of the committee for the trial of Montrose. Sir J. Dundas of Fingask was, on the other hand, enthusiastically attached to the cause of Charles I., for whom he ruined his estate, and from whom

he received the honour of knighthood in 1633. His great-grandson, Lawrence Dundas, sat as M.P. for Edinburgh, and was in 1762 created a baronet. In 1766 Sir Lawrence purchased for £60,000 the estate of the ancient Norse Earldom of Orkney and Shetland, for which Islands his eldest brother, Thomas Dundas of Fingask, was M.P.

Sir Lawrence Dundas had a son, Sir Thomas Dundas of Kerse, who was in 1794 elevated to the peerage as Baron Dundas of Aske, in the county of York. In 1686 a Dundas, an eminent lawyer in Scotland, was made a judge, and had a son who was Solicitor-General, and afterwards Lord-Advocate for Scotland, represented Edinburgh in Parliament, and was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Session, of which he subsequently became President, taking the title of Lord Arniston. One son of Lord Arniston became President of that Court, another was Lord-Advocate of Scotland in 1775, and after taking a prominent part in politics in England, was in 1802 created Viscount Melville.

A grandson of Lord Arniston was Lord Chief Baron of Scotland. Mr. Thomas Dundas, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, died in 1786. His eldest son was a distinguished officer, who died in the West Indies in 1794. The second son of this M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, was Mr. Charles Dundas, of Barton Court, Berkshire, which county he for many years represented in Parliament, and in 1832 was raised to the peerage as Baron Amesbury. His daughter married a cousin, then Captain Dundas, who became M.P. for Devizes and afterwards for Greenwich, and was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1854. In 1855 this gentleman was Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Black Sea. In the time of James III. of Scotland, a Dundas married Marjory Lindsay, a highly connected lady, heiress of Duddingston, thus founding another branch of the family. A descendant, marrying one of the noble family of Napier, was mother to a distinguished man, Admiral Napier. Sir Thomas Dundas of Kerse, elevated to the peerage in 1794 as Baron Dundas, was, on his death in 1820, succeeded by his son Lawrence, who, on the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838, was created Earl of Zetland. After no less than forty years of Parliamentary life, he having entered the House of Commons in 1798 as Member for Richmond, which borough, and York, he had alternately represented till succeeding his father as Lord Dundas, he entered the

House of Lords. His lordship's grandfather had purchased the estates of the Earldom of Orkney and Zetland, and these had come to him by inheritance. He was Lord Lieutenant of Orkney and Zetland, and an active, consistent, and distinguished Whig. But there was already an Earl of Orkney in the peerage, so the title of Earl of Zetland was given him. The Earl was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, an LL.D., and Pro Grand Master of the Freemasons.

Lawrence, "first" Earl of Zetland, married Harriet, daughter of General John Hale, and had several sons and daughters, among them Thomas, who in 1839 succeeded him as second Earl. Before coming into the title the second Earl had been for many years in the House of Commons, representing Richmond and York successively. From 1843 to 1869 he was Grand Master of the Freemasons of England. He received the Order of the Thistle and subsequently that of the Garter. Dying in 1873 without issue, the title went to his nephew, Lawrence, third and present Earl, whose father was the Hon. John Charles Dundas, M.P., a younger son of the first Earl.

From the facts which have been given, though they are by no means all that might be produced, it will be seen that Lord Woodhouselee had solid ground to go upon in referring to the Dundases in such terms as we quote, though a history of the family would be a considerable contribution, not only to the history of Scotland but to that of England, since the union of the two countries.

All this may not be novel information. It is not, however, known that the Earldom of Zetland is even more ancient than the family of Dundas. Burke, Debrett, and Lodge, all give the date of the creation of the title as 1838, and describe the present as the third Earl. In one sense these authorities are right. The title of Earl of Zetland was unknown to the peerage of the United Kingdom before that year. But this title, which is generally regarded as a comparatively modern one, is only the revival of a very ancient dignity, which dates from two centuries before the Norman conquest. To understand this you must know something of the history of the place from which the title is derived, and as many fairly educated people hardly even know where the place is, it is not surprising that you make them stare if you speak of the Earldom as ancient. Men who would consider themselves rather slighted if you ex-

pressed a doubt as to whether they knew the exact whereabouts of Durham, or Orkney, or New Zealand, may be heard to confess without a blush that they do not know where Zetland is. The fact that Zetland is now generally termed Shetland, has perhaps something to do with this. But even when you explain that Zetland is only an old name for Shetland, many estimable people are not much wiser than they were before, unless you speak of the Shetland Islands and connect them with Orkney.

As the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarked in a leading article not many months ago, "to the vast majority of Englishmen Shetland remains a veritable *terra incognita*." Under the title of "A British Terra Incognita," a series of articles soon after appeared in one of the London papers, giving a good deal of information about Shetland. A year or two before the *Times* sent a correspondent there, and published a number of letters from him describing the place and people, missing, however, many of the best points, as the *Times* so frequently does. Within the last twelve months a political and literary review of the highest class plaintively lamented the dearth of information respecting Shetland.

An age when you can hardly call yourself a traveller unless you have been round the world, an age when "forty centuries look down" on Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson enjoying their holiday and Bass's Pale Ale under the pyramids of Egypt, is, in truth, one of locomotion. If a habit of "walking up and down and going to and fro upon the earth" be characteristic of Satan, the *laudator temporis acti*, casting about for signs that the race of men is degenerating, might discern in this restlessness pronounced Satanic tendencies. In spite of all this restlessness, Shetland, as a paper said the other day, is still so much "out of the world that on the occasion of the recent visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who went there to inspect the Naval Reserve, and who was prevailed upon to lay the foundation stone of new municipal buildings in the chief town of the Islands, several papers found it worth while to publish descriptive and illustrated accounts of Shetland, as if it had been some newly discovered country instead of one which has formed part of Scotland for the last four hundred years."

"Separated by one hundred and fifty miles of sea, which the weather often does not permit steamers to cross from Scotland, and lying out of the track of everyone, except

the whalers bound for Greenland or vessels going to Iceland, the remote and insulated position of the Shetland Islands, their comparatively small commercial importance and smaller population, perhaps sufficiently account for the prevailing ignorance thus recently indicated respecting the place, and might even justify it, were not Shetland, owing to its history and peculiarities, a singularly interesting part of Great Britain."

"Anything but history, for that is all lies," Sir Robert Walpole is said to have exclaimed in his old age, when asked what he would have read to him. Macaulay, inviting the "jilted dupe of Fame" to hear, on the text of "skulls and bones," his "Sermon in a Churchyard," not only undertakes to inculcate

A stoicism more deep, more stern,
Than ever Zeno's porch hath taught,

but to produce the impression that

Science is a blind man's guess,
And History a nurse's tale.

The latter part of this project has been in a great measure carried out for us by the ruthless way in which Mr. Freeman has demolished some of our most cherished notions about history. "In our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief," says Teufelsdröckh in "Sartor Resartus," "the very Devil himself has been pulled down; you cannot so much as believe in a Devil." Isaac D'Israeli in his "Amenities of Literature," reminds us that "Our earliest historian, the Monk of Monmouth, aiming at probability, affirms that there were but a few giants in the land," and these the more melancholy Gildas, to familiarise us with hell itself, accompanied by "a few devils." The historian must, now-a-days, aim not at "probability" but at something like scientific accuracy.

For in the manhood of God's days
We live, and not in careless youth:
The essence more than form we praise,
And beauty moves us less than truth.

"The world," to quote again the hero of "Sartor Resartus," "is an old woman and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin, whereby, being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but common copper." In the matter of history, there has been so much "cheating" and alleged "cheating," that the obvious course for a writer who would not have his veracity impugned is to stick to fiction, which,

unless "strange as truth," may be accepted as "probable." But for the purpose of this sketch a little history is unavoidable, though it is not only as perilous as all history, but it is surrounded with some additional difficulties. The Sagas, or songs of the Skalds or poets are, for a considerable period, the chief materials for a history of Shetland. If the Monk of Monmouth could throw in a "few giants" and Gildas add a few "devils," as much perhaps to lend piquancy as probability to their chronicle, the Skalds were surely tempted to exaggerate. Though held in the highest esteem, they were still dependents of the heroes whose exploits they celebrated, and therefore, scarcely impartial. The minstrels of the age of chivalry in some instances found their imagination equal to descriptions of combats which had never taken place, and of the deeds of men who had never lived. The Skalds appear to have been far more trustworthy; still, they, too, had their temptations to exaggerate.

Although the place-names in both Orkney and Shetland are altogether Norse, the early remains found in the Islands correspond closely with those found in the North of Scotland, and it is consequently inferred that the earliest inhabitants of the Islands of whom any traces remain, were Celts. Agricola visited Orkney in the year 84, and saw beyond it land, exclaiming "Despecta est et Thule, quam hactenus nix et hiems abdebat." This land must have been Shetland. In the third century Solenus described Orkney as a complete desert, so that the Celtic population seem to have deserted it by that time.

In the best history of Shetland yet written—that by Dr. Hibbert, of Manchester, afterwards known as Dr. Samuel Ware—it is stated that Orkney and Shetland were next inhabited, probably, by a Gothic tribe of Saxon Rovers, who were defeated A.D. 368. In the introduction to the English translation of the "Orkneyinga Saga," edited by the Keeper of the National Museum of Antiquaries of Scotland, we read, "It is not till the middle of the fifth century of the Christian era, that the early chronicles begin to cast occasionally a feeble light upon the history of the Northern Isles. It is stated in the 'Historia Britanum of Nennius,' that the Saxon chiefs Octha and Ebissa, who came over with 'forty keels, in the year 449,' laid waste the Orkney Islands. At that time, and for a long period previously (according to Nennius), the Picts had been

in possession of the Orkneys. Whatever value may be attached to these statements, as referring to events which took place 400 years before the author's own time, there can be no reason for discrediting his testimony, when he says that the Picts continued in possession of the Orkneys in his day." Mention is made, we further read, by Adamnan, in his "Life of St. Columba," of a missionary voyage to Orkney, and in the "Annals of Ulster," of an expedition thither, in 580. It is probable, we are also told, that Orkney and Shetland were visited at an earlier period by missionaries of the Irish church. "De Mensura Orbis Terrarum," written by the Irish monk Dicuil, about 825, is quoted, to the effect that "thirty years before that time some clerics had told him that they had lived in an island which they supposed to be Thule, where at the summer solstice the sun only hid himself behind a little hill for a short time during the night, which was quite light; and that a days' sail towards the north would bring them from thence into the frozen sea." This island, says the introduction to the "Orkneyinga Saga" is "obviously Iceland." Referring to other islands, lying at a distance of two days and a night's sail from North Britain, Dicuil is cited to the effect that "a certain honest monk," told him he had visited one, and it is supposed to be Shetland. Everyone who has visited Shetland knows that the night in summer there is "quite light." The correspondent of the *Times*, already referred to, says that at that season "the rays, if not the orb, of the sun may be seen at midnight," from the top of Saxaford Hill, in Unst, so that the island which Dicuil's informants "supposed to be Thule" might have been Shetland, only the "frozen sea" is more than "a day's sail towards the north." Be this as it may, Icelandic historians concur with the biographer of St. Columba, and the author of "De Mensura Orbis Terrarum," that the whole of the northern islands—Orkney, Shetland, Faroe, and Iceland—were visited at this period by Irish Christians, and this concurrent and independent testimony is further supported by the ecclesiastical remains.

In A.D. 872, Harold Harfagre, the "fair-haired," became sole king of Norway, despoiling many powerful Odallers of their lands. Odallers, it may be here stated, were those who held land on the Odal system of tenure, between which and the feudal system of tenure there was this difference: that while the one acknowledged a feudal superior, the

other did not, "neither homage, nor rent, nor service, being required from the Odaller."

Numerous Odallers, unwilling to submit to Harold, settled in Orkney and Shetland, which had, for at least a hundred years before, been the rendezvous of the Northmen, or Norsemen rovers, whose "first ships that sought the land of the English race" are noticed under the date of A.D. 787, in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." The new settlers appear to have taken to the business of "roving," or piracy, with much zeal. In the amusing modern opera, the "Pirates of Penzance," a youth is sent to be apprenticed to a pilot, but is by mistake apprenticed to a pirate, much to the diversion of the audience. But in those days nobody would have seen anything more ludicrous in sending a lad to be apprenticed to a pirate than we should see in sending one as an apprentice to a pilot. If there were any pilots at all in the times of which we write, their numbers must have borne about the same proportion to those of the pirates as the "ha'porth of bread" in *Falstaff's* tavern bill bore to the "monstrous deal of sack" which that *bon vivant* had consumed.

The refugees harried the coast of Norway, till Harold decided to punish them. Collecting a fleet, he proceeded to Shetland, Orkney, the Hebrides, and as far as the Isle of Man, suppressing the Vikings, rovers, or pirates. This accomplished, he proceeded to place Orkney and Shetland under his rule, by bestowing these Islands upon Rögnvald, Earl of Moeri, who had assisted in their conquest, and to whom he gave the title of Earl of Orkney. Rögnvald was Earl of Shetland—then called Hjaltland, afterwards, Hiattland, Yetland, and subsequently Zetland—as well as of Orkney.

The earldom of Zetland thus dates from A.D. 872, only a decade short of a thousand years, though it has not been an earldom in the Peerage of Great Britain for a century. You read in the peerage of an Earl of Orkney at the present day, the date of the creation being given as 1626, both the title and the family who hold it having no connection with the title or family of the Earl of Zetland, though the original Earls of Orkney were also Earls of Zetland, and continued to be for centuries. It was neither an Earldom in our peerage, nor in the modern sense. Even the term viceroy will not convey to the mind of the modern reader an adequate idea of the position. Like a king, the holder

of the Earldom had to swear "to observe the laws, to defend his country, to extend its boundaries, and to revenge whatever injuries his predecessors had received, and to strike some signal stroke, which should render him and his people famous." Colonel Balfour, of Balfour and Trenaby, an accomplished Orkney gentleman, who evidently knows what he is writing about, states in his spirited little book, "Odal Rights and Feudal Wrongs," that the holder of the Earldom had "little to remind him of his own subjection, unless when face to face with the king, nor of the Odallers' independence, except their rare refusal to join in a Viking-för. When at home he passed, like the Kings of Norway, from one guest-quarter to another, receiving most of his revenues in kind, for the ordinary necessities of his household, and defraying his wasteful hospitalities at the cost of his Saxon or Celtic neighbours impartially. He kept up a fleet of restless rovers ever ready for a provident Haust-viking on the coasts of England, Scotland, or Ireland, for their Jol-feasts and winter cheer, or a thrifty Vörviking when their exuberant carouses threatened a short supply of beeves and ale."

In the most recent book on the islands ("Shetland—Historical and Descriptive," written some twelve years ago, by the late Robert Cowie, M.A., M.D.), it is stated that these Earls held a high position among the potentates of the North, and frequently intermarried with the royal families of neighbouring countries. Dr. Cowie tells us, too, that "A son of the Earl of Orkney and Zetland left his island home a thousand years ago, and founded the illustrious Anglo-Norman dynasty." Rögnvald, the first Earl, was father of Rollo, conqueror of Normandy, and ancestor of William, the Conqueror of England. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited Shetland recently, he was reminded that he was a descendant of the first Earl.

The Earls, besides keeping clear of anything like perjury, so far as their oath to defend their own country went, attacked and plundered other countries. Not only were Orkney and Shetland subject to them, but occasionally a large part of Scotland, all the Hebrides, and the Isle of Man. The Earldom created by Harold Harfagre in 872 lasted till 1471, when, on the marriage of Princess Margaret of Denmark to King James III. of Scotland, Orkney and Shetland were pledged to the latter country for part of her dowry, and an Act was passed by the Scotch Parliament,

annexing the Earldom, in accordance with the marriage treaty, to the Crown of Scotland, "nocht to be gevin away in time to come, to na persain or persains excep allnarily to ane of the king's sonnys of lauchful bed."

The terms of this Act of Parliament are significant. It could be, and was, no ordinary Earldom from which all save legitimate members of the Royal Family were thus carefully excluded. "When," says Colonel Balfour, "Harold Harfagre gave the Earldom to Rögnvald waiving his royal rights of Skatt and Lydskyld, he ostensibly reserved to his successors the kings of Norway, little more than a nominal sovereignty." (Skatt was a duty on common pasture land payable to the Earl.) The earldom founded by Harold Harfagre in 872 was till 1231 held by various Norsemen, or Northmen, of whose exploits we have a record in the "Orkneyinga Saga," which for this period is the principal authority for the history of the North of Scotland. The Sagas are the songs of the Skalds or poets of the North, and when this is stated they may appear very poor authority indeed. But Nilsson, in his "Primitive Scandinavia," edited by Sir John Lubbock, concludes, after a careful examination, that the Sagas are often founded on history. Even the giants and dwarfs who figure in some of them he is able to account for by explaining that to the stunted Esquimaux larger men seemed giants, while the Esquimaux appeared dwarfs to them, and primitive peoples complacently assumed that "men" could only be found among themselves, strangers from other countries being calmly set down as a species of monsters—giants or dwarfs, according to stature. (Something of this way of regarding aliens may still be noticed. "Here's a stranger," says a character in *Punch*; "let's heave half a brick at him." In small country towns in England, even at the present day, a stranger is generally thought inferior to a native.) Some Sagas may be purely fictitious; others, again, are historical, and among them the Orkneyinga Saga, the heroes of which are real men. The Skalds who were held in high esteem among the Norsemen, accompanied them in all their expeditions. Nearly four centuries after Harald Harfagre's wars, the songs of the Skalds who were with him were known and repeated. Wise in peace and formidable in war, as the Earls have been described, they were known and feared through the widely extending lands whose coasts they swept, yet many of them sought the reputation of being good Skalds, a fact

in itself sufficient to show that the art of the Skald was highly prized. In Iceland, the home of the Sagas, it appears that the art is still in more than ordinary request, for in an article on that country contributed a year or two ago to the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir David Wedderburn, who had just visited Iceland, we read that the Icelanders, who number only 70,000, "can boast of many learned men and several poets now living. In this respect no community of equal numbers can rival them. * * Gallant deeds and poetic genius have made classic ground of almost every habitable spot, and like the cultivated Greek, the Icelander lives much in the past. * * Among the clergy in general are to be found men of high literary culture, scholars who would do credit to any seat of learning in Europe." The same writer deploras the neglect of science by Icelandic students. Poetry must, indeed, have had a great charm for the Norsemen in their palmy days, seeing the hold which it thus appears still to retain on their descendants.

An early Scotch Act of Parliament against vagabonds, directs the authorities to make search for and punish "one that makes themselves fuiles and are bards, or other sik like runners about." (According to Skene's definition—in *De Verborum Significatione*—a bard is a "fuile or unwise man.") In England, a century later, Richard Sheale—a minstrel who, according to Sir Walter Scott, was the preserver if not the author of "Chevy Chase"—having been robbed of "some three score pounds" on Dunsmore Heath, writes in this wise:—

The loss of my mony did not greve me so sore,
But the talke of the people did greve me moch mor,
Some sayde I was not robde, I was but a lyeng knave,
Yt was not possible for a minstrel so moch mony to have.

People might be equally incredulous in the present day. The only autograph of Edgar Allan Poe extant, is said to be contained in a promissory note for fifty dollars which Horace Greeley lent him,

And the tempest whispers, pay him,
And I answer, Nevermore!

so says an exquisite parody of the "Raven," *apropos* of this transaction.

Although bard, beggar, and fool were synonymous terms in Scotland, and the cases just referred to indicate that poetry and poverty were one and the same thing, among

the Norsemen the case was different. They loaded their poets with princely gifts, treating them better than do many nations which take credit for more culture. President Dupaty is reported to have told Laplace that he considered the discovery of a new kind of pudding of far more importance than the discovery of a new planet, inasmuch as there were already more planets than people knew what to do with, while there could never be too many kinds of pudding. The British public would, if polled on this subject, probably award its preference to a new pudding rather than to a new poem. As Carlyle says, "In the modern arrangements of society, it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, 'ask for bread and receive a stone.' The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day, but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly sure of the contrary." Admitting all this, admitting, too, that, as Lord Beaconsfield said, or made one of his characters say, "The English have mistaken comfort for civilisation;" yet Fletcher of Saltoun was not far wrong when he wrote, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of a nation." The Norsemen appear to have been much of Fletcher's opinion, and to have known that song must be a power

As long as the heart has passions.

"I never heard the old ballad of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet," said Sir Philip Sidney. "The Lacedaemonians," Spenser reminds us, "were more excited to honour by the verses of Tirtæus than by all the exhortations of their captains." The "Song of Roland" won the battle of Hastings. "Lillibullero had," we are told, "once a more powerful effect than either the Phillipics of Demosthenes or Cicero, and contributed not a little to the success of the Revolution of 1688." Burnet says, in his History, "Perhaps never so slight a thing caused so great an effect." It was "Ca Ira" which carried the French flag over Europe. Neither the throne of the Third Napoleon nor the Russian batteries of Sebastopol could withstand the enthusiasm evoked by the "Marseillaise." Dibden's songs are said to have done more to man the English navy than all the press-gangs. The songs of the Skalds, after being recited from age to age, were at length, in a more clerkly period, committed to writing as

“Sagas.” The following extracts from a translation of the Viking-code given in Fridthjof’s Saga, are interesting:—

When the storm roars on high, up aloft with the sail;
 Ah! how pleasant’s the sea in its wrath!
 Let it blow, let it blow, he’s a coward that furls,
 Rather founder than furl in thy path.
 On the shore, not on board, may’st thou toy with a maid,
 Freja’s* self would prove false to thy love;
 For the dimple deceives on her cheek, and her tresses
 Would, net-like, entrap thee above.
 Wine is Valfather’s† drink, a carouse thou may’st have,
 But steady and upright appear.
 He who staggers on shore may stand up, but will soon
 Down to sleep-giving Ran‡ stagger here.
 Sails the merchant’s ship forth? thou his bark may’st protect,
 If due tribute his vessel has told;
 On thy wave art thou king; he’s a slave to his pelf,
 And thy steel is as good as his gold!
 With the dice and the lot shall the booty be shared,
 And complain not however it goes;
 But the Sea-King himself throws no dice on the deck,
 Only glory he seeks from his foes.
 Heaves a Viking in sight? then comes boarding and strife,
 And hot work is it under the shield;
 But from us art thou banish’d, forget not the doom,
 If a step or a foot thou shalt yield!
 ’Tis enough should’st thou conquer! who prays thee for peace
 Has no sword and cannot be thy foe.
 Pray’r is Valhal’s own child, hear the pale virgin’s voice,
 Yes, a scoundrel is he who says no!

From the foregoing code of the Sea-Kings, they would seem most romantically disinterested sovereigns. But the English and Scotch, whose coasts they scourged, did not regard them in that light, and the Earls, Norsemen and pirates were all classed together as Danes. These, however, were the golden days of the Earldom. Among the men who held it during this period must be mentioned, Sigurd, who married a daughter of Malcom, King of Scots. Though nominally converted to Christianity by Olaff Tryggson, King of Norway, Earl Sigurd carried his “raven banner woven with mighty spells,” to the bloody battle of Clontarf, where, says Dasent, “the old and new faiths met in the lists, face to face, for their last struggle.” Here Sigurd fell fighting gallantly, says the enemy’s account, against the Christian King Brian. Sigurd is the Earl alluded to in Gray’s “Fatal Sisters” (a translation from the Norse).

* Goddess of Love.

† Father of the Slain; one of Odin’s names.

‡ Goddess of the Sea.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound.

Thorfin, who began his Viking life at fourteen, was another famous Earl. In a naval battle off Orkney, described in the Saga, he is represented as defeating the King of Scotland and all his forces. The following are extracts from a version of the Saga :—

Soon with grappling hooks had Thorfin,
All the ships together moored ;
And with banner borne before him,
Led his men the way to board.
Merry beat the heart of Thorfin,
Blazed the fire within his eye,
As he cheered his men to follow,
And to conquer or to die.
But beneath his splendid mail-coat,
Quailed the heart of Scotland's King,
When he heard the Norsemen's cheering
Making all the welkin ring.
Soon the Norsemen's ships were swimming
With the hated Scotsmen's blood,
And the Scotsmen's hearts were quailing,
As it dyed the Pentland's flood.
* * * * *
Few remained of all the Scotsmen,
In that fight off Orkney's shore,
When the battle gulls were feasting,
And the bloody day was o'er.

The Norsemen did not spend all their time in fighting. They found time for other employment, and were by no means so uncivilised as may be supposed. Their Althing, or Council of Freemen included, says Colonel Balfour, "all the governing powers of the state, the King, the Jarl, the Bishop, Odallers and Odal born. The Unfree were those who, having no land, had no political rights. The Althing was the simple prototype of a modern parliament, but primary, not representative. The estates met and voted together. Having once compiled a Book of the Laws, the Althing seems to have exercised its legislative functions but rarely, and under the less solemn name of Lawting to have restricted itself to matters of general administration."

In 1231 the Norse line of Earls became extinct, and Magnus, son of Gilbride, Earl of Angus succeeded, being confirmed in his title by both the King of Norway and of Scotland. The Earldom remained in the Angus line till 1321, when, on the death of Magnus V., it passed by lineal succession to Malise, Earl of Stratherne, who fell in the

battle of Halidon Hill in 1333. In 1379 Sir William Sinclair of Roslyn, whose father had married one of the co-heirs of Malise had his claim allowed to the Earldom by Hakon, King of Norway, but burdened with severe conditions. His son, Henry II., Admiral of Scotland, succeeded to the Earldom. Colonel Balfour says that the Earl's "Little Court of Orkney was the most elegant and refined in Europe. To his guardianship was committed the education of the most accomplished Prince of his time—James I. of Scotland, the Zerbino of Ariosto,—and half a century before Columbus commenced his baffling search for a patron among the sovereigns of Europe, the Venetian navigator, Zenoni, had been commissioned by Earl Henry to retrace the footsteps of the early Scandinavian discoverers of the Western World." Accompanying Prince James to France, Earl Henry was captured in the passage by the English, and sent to the Tower of London, and died in 1418, being the twenty-ninth Earl of Orkney and the third Sinclair who had held the title. His son, who was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, obtained a grant of the Earldom of Caithness, taking the title of Earl of Orkney and Caithness. The Sinclairs have ever since been Earls of Caithness. A table of the Earls of Orkney was about this time prepared, and is described as "a succession so long continued and so well vouched, that no family in any nation can boast of the like." In the line of Sinclair the Earldom remained till the impignoration of the Islands to Scotland in 1468. Three years later William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, received from James III. of Scotland, the castle and lands of Ravenscraig, Fife, in exchange for all his rights to the Earldom, which was now annexed to the crown by Act of Parliament, in accordance with the treaty with Denmark. Part of that treaty was that Orkney and Shetland should retain their ancient laws and customs. As the Feudal system of land tenure prevailed in Scotland, while in Orkney and Shetland the Odal system prevailed, and as the Islands had a Parliament of their own, the maintenance of their ancient laws and customs was a matter of some importance to them. Within less than a hundred years from the impignoration of the Islands, the question was discussed in the Scotch Parliament, whether "Orkney and Shetland sall be subject to the commone law of this realm or gif they sall brinke thair own lawis." Although it was decided that they should in accordance with the treaty retain "thair owne

lawis," yet many of their ancient laws and customs, which had been considered so important, had by this time been destroyed and were soon to disappear altogether.

For the first fifty years after the impignoration of the Islands to Scotland, successive viceroys and lieutenants were appointed to govern them, and appear to have fleeced both the Crown and the subjects.

"Orkney," says Colonel Balfour, "proved a rich acquisition to Scotland, if we may estimate the wealth of the victim by the annual plunder of 3,000 head of cattle, 5,000 boles of grain, 6,280 stone of butter, and 700 gallons of oil extorted from Orkney alone, in addition to its proportion of the ordinary taxation of the kingdom, and exclusive of the burdens of Shetland. But of this booty little was allowed by the unscrupulous collectors to reach the National Exchequer." Instead of being governed by their own Jarls, of whom they were so justly proud, the Islanders thus found themselves committed to the tender mercies of rapacious representatives of their hereditary enemies, in whose train came other settlers from Scotland, desiring to introduce laws more favourable to primogeniture and the perpetuation of wealth. The Scotch endeavoured to set aside the old Odal laws of succession, under which property, with the exception of the family residence—which was added to the portion of the youngest—was equally divided among the possessor's children, both male and female. We soon find grants of Crown lands made on Feudal tenures, at first on such easy terms as to render the difference between the Odal and Feudal system almost imperceptible. This was the thin end of the wedge. In 1530 James V. made an hereditary grant of the Crown estate—that is the estate of the Earldom—to his illegitimate brother James, Earl of Moray, whom the Islanders were required to recognise as a feudal superior; but they, indignant at this violation of the treaty and open attack on their rights, rose in arms, killed the Earl of Caithness, who was sent out against them, slaughtered hundreds of his forces, and made prisoners of all the rest, whereupon Scotland recognised the justice of their case, and till the next generation those rights were not openly attacked. To appreciate the grievance of the Islanders, it is necessary to point out more fully what the Odal system was. "The Al-odh-ial or Odh-al holding was," says Colonel Balfour, "the only tenure of land recognised in the Scan-

dinavian Kingdom. It was transmitted by Odin's followers to their offspring as the dearest of those free institutions which distinguished them from servile races, willing to hold their lands as the gift of a master; and in the end of the ninth century was established in the Norwegian Colonies of Orkney and Zetland as the rule and safeguard of all property, right, and privilege enjoyed or claimed by king or subject. The Odal tenure, by simple *primal occupancy*, has been so long and generally superseded by the more complex Feudal theory of landed property, as the gift of the State or its chief, repaid by service or payment, conveyed by Charter and Saisine, subject to casualties and irritancies, and inherited by a single first-born heir, by grace of the superior, that perhaps it is most easy to realise the Odal idea as the absolute negative of every Feudal principle." Venerated as the Earls or Jarls were, "No law," says the same writer, "could be made, no tax imposed or levied, and no power assumed or exercised by King or Jarl without the sanction of the *Althing* or *Council of Freeman*, where King, Jarl and Bishop, Odaller and Odal-born, were all and equally Thingmen."

As their institutions thus contained the rudiments of the British Constitution, and as no man could take part in the deliberations of the *Althing* unless he owned land, the jealousy with which the Odallers regarded encroachments upon their rights, particularly their claims to the soil on which all rested, may be readily understood. Galling, indeed, it must have been for the descendants of men who had swept the seas far and near, and the forbearance of whose Jarls powerful monarchs had eagerly purchased, to be ruled by hereditary foes, who had till lately been comparative savages, incapable of appreciating as they were of producing the poetry of the cherished Sagas, and consequently unable to understand, much less to sympathise, with the race they came to rule. But the interest, as well as the pride of the Islanders was attacked. Small wonder, then, that they should have resisted the grant made by James V. The wonder is rather that they did not offer a resistance as effectual to the next attack. But thirty-five years later Mary Queen of Scots made a somewhat similar grant to her illegitimate brother, Lord Robert Stuart, Abbot of Holyrood, and created Feudal vassals. Two years later she revoked this grant in favour of Bothwell, whom she also made Duke of Orkney. On the attainder of Bothwell, soon

after, Lord Robert Stuart was reinstated. In the matter of inconsistency this Lord Robert Stuart might serve for the prototype of the Vicar of Bray. He had been the Catholic Abbot of Holyrood. But—like the bishop who, as the story goes, earnestly exclaimed “Oh I hope not,” on being told during a storm at sea that it was expected he would soon be in Heaven—Lord Robert did not despise this world. Finding the Reformation inevitable, he turned his back upon Rome, and, exchanging the Abbey of Holyrood for the estates of the Bishop of Orkney, became the most aggressive of Protestants, though the change did not deter him from appropriating to himself an ancient annuity which the Islanders, who had been Catholics for centuries, had been in the habit of paying for the prayers of a Saint. Enriched with the revenues of both the Earldom and the Church, he had numerous retainers, and, establishing a military government, took care that nobody should escape even to unsympathetic Scotland to make grievances known, while he systematically fleeced the Odallers, and to remove evidence of their rights destroyed the charters of Kirkwall. Scotland at last heard of and was alarmed by his flagrant abuses, but after being recalled and undergoing a short imprisonment, he was allowed to return to the scene of his oppressions, armed with fresh powers which enabled him to take revenge on accusers. Appointed “Justiciar” of the Islands, with authority to convoke and adjourn the Lawtings, to administer justice in his own person, he was further enabled to fill the various offices with his own creatures, whom he carefully foisted upon the Lawtings that they might assist in his renewed designs upon the Odallers.

Again recalled and again reinstated, he had on the whole been supported by Scotland, and, dying, was succeeded by a son, Patrick Stuart, who even more effectually superseded the laws which Scotland had engaged to preserve. The ancient Law Book of Shetland speedily disappeared, Patrick Stuart proving, if possible, a more greedy tyrant than his father, deterring the Shetlanders by punishment from rendering assistance to ships in a storm, lest he should be deprived of the plunder of wrecks, compelling the natives to build a castle for him, and levying ruinous taxes.

Fines and forfeitures, which had the advantage of swelling their treasury, were much in favour with Robert and Patrick Stuart. When pretexts for fines and forfeitures did not

exist they were made. Witchcraft was an offence which anybody could allege, and nobody could refute the charge, accordingly it was frequently made. It is stated that in no part of Christendom had rulers a keener scent for the "black arts" in which—because, rather than in spite of prohibitions—the belief became so strong among the Islanders, that a Scotch missionary who visited Shetland two hundred years later, unable to resist what he has heard, gravely deploras the presence of supernatural beings among the population. There lived in Orkney about the same period, an old woman who drove a thriving trade by selling fair winds to sailors. This latter circumstance suggested to Sir Walter Scott the character of Norna in his novel, "The Pirate."

In 1613 Patrick Stuart was executed by the Scotch Government, not for oppressing Orkney and Shetland, but for "high treason" against the Crown. Scotland again annexed the Islands, the revenues of which were, for the next thirty years, "farmed" by men who do not appear to have found it convenient to encourage intercourse between Shetland and England or Scotland. For half a century, indeed, after this, communication was so infrequent that the Revolution of 1688 was not heard of till six months after it had happened.

Cromwell formally abolished the Lawtings or Parliaments, which had been decaying ever since the impignoration, and by 1670 nearly all the land had been Feudalised. The fisheries on the coast, which in 1633 had been reported upon as so valuable that they could "make the King rich and glorious, and the three kingdoms happy," but which had, nevertheless, been neglected by all save the Dutch, began to be utilised by the Islanders, to whom they have since proved the principal source of wealth.

In 1643 Charles I. mortgaged the Crown Estate in the Islands to the Earl of Morton, whose representatives and descendants held it for the next hundred years. In violation of not only the Treaty with Denmark, but Acts of Parliament, the Islands had since the impignoration been the prey of rapacious and impoverished courtiers, who were able to do very much as they chose, partly because of the extensive powers entrusted to them, and partly because Orkney and Shetland were so remote from the seat of Government, and were "Regarded as aliens of no value," says Colonel Balfour, "beyond the plunder which could be extorted from

them. Each Donatory or Tacksman, aware of his precarious opportunity, took for granted all previous exactions, and sought further profit in some mine of advantage hitherto unwrought, till the growing burden of extortion wrung from the Islanders a cry of oppression too loud to be smothered, and then the Government sometimes disavowed or removed the indiscreet official who could not conduct his pillage with decorum. But in general it was blind to all such profitable enormities and deaf to all complaints, unless the complainer could give interest to his case by charges of treason, of embezzlement of royal revenues, or, above all, of coquetting with the dangerous claims of Norway. In such a case the oppressor became, perhaps, a victim, and was forfeited, imprisoned, or beheaded, not for oppressing the subject but for alarming the Crown. But every change was to the Islanders only a change of tyrant."

After such a history well might the Islanders despair of any advantage from their connection with Britain, though they had not only been doubly taxed, but had contributed to her defence men in numbers out of all proportion to their population, which has not even yet fully recovered the blood lavished on her wars and the decimating oppressions of bygone ages.

A new and happier era was at hand when the Islanders, whose own Parliament had been suppressed, were to be represented in that of England. Hereditary jurisdictions were abolished. After that the Earl of Morton sold, in 1766, his estate in Orkney and Shetland to Sir Lawrence Dundas and in "that noble and excellent family," says Dr. Robert Cowie, "it remains." Orkney and Shetland gradually became an ordinary Scotch county, sending a Member of Parliament to Westminster, where it has been represented in turn by two members of the House of Dundas, to one of whom, the late Mr. Frederick Dundas, Lord Lieutenant of the county "which he had so long and so ably represented," Dr. Robert Cowie dedicated (in 1870) his book which has been quoted here.

In a modern Domesday Book, the "Great Landowners of Great Britain and Ireland," it is stated that the Earl of Zetland is the possessor of 49,324 acres, his estates lying in Yorkshire, Fife, Stirling, Orkney, Zetland, Clackmannan and Dumbarton. In Shetland, or Zetland he has 13,600 acres, the gross annual value of which is set down at £850—exactly one shilling and threepence an acre. The gross

annual value of 11,614 acres in Yorkshire is given as £21,674, or nearly £2 an acre. From these figures some idea may be formed of the comparative value of land in England and Shetland. But Zetland, which can furnish so little in the shape of money—the £800 is subject to reductions which render the actual receipts probably less than £500—furnishes its Earl with a title of high antiquity.

A dignity so ancient and celebrated in the Sagas—which will be read centuries hence, as Homer is now read, and which only require an attractive setting to be as popular to-day with the many as with the few,—is surely a dignity of which any family might be proud, capable, as it is, of lending lustre to the most illustrious. But just as “none but the brave deserve the fair,” so none but the really noble merit such distinction. Burns is right when he sings:—

The king can make a belted knight—
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might.

Mr. Tennyson, too, is right:—

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break,
At seasons, through the gilded pale.

It is precisely because all this is true, and titles are impotent to render men noble except in name, that it is a matter for congratulation that this Earldom should be in a family so worthy and distinguished as the ancient House of Dundas, to which the present Earl does credit.

Born at Aske, in 1844, Lawrence Dundas, Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas, Baronet, all in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, entered the Royal Horse Guards Blue in 1866, after being educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Marrying in 1871, Lady Lillian Selina Lumley, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, by whom he has issue, he retired from the Guards, and next year entered the House of Commons as M.P. for Richmond, in the Liberal interest. After marrying, he took up his residence at Waplington Manor, near Pocklington. Fond of hunting, the fact that many a long ride to covert, and equally long ride home was necessary, did not deter him from following both the Holderness and Lord Middleton's hounds. On the death of his uncle, the second Earl, whom he succeeded in 1873, his lordship ceased, of course,

to sit for Richmond in the House of Commons, and became a member of the House of Lords, taking up his residence at Aske. In 1876 he came forward to hunt the fine country—which judges pronounce second to none out of the Shires—bounded on the north by the South Durham, on the south by the Bedale, and on the west by the Hurworth Hunts. Croft-Spa, a pretty watering-place on the Tees, forms the head-quarters of the Zetland Hunt. As master of the Hunt, his lordship has been highly successful, some excellent “runs” being chronicled. Devoted to deer stalking, the Earl of Zetland rents a large forest in Scotland, where he spends much time. Though a thorough sportsman and a firm supporter of the turf, he bets comparatively little. Like his predecessor—who for nearly half-a-century was one of the most honourable patrons of the turf, achieving many successes and retaining his connection with it till the last—the present Earl has some fine horses. If the ancient Norse Earls could “revisit the glimpses of the moon,” the manly sports in which the Earl takes delight ought to gladden their hearts, for they, too, appear to have been “mighty hunters” whenever they had the chance, crossing the stormy Pentland Firth to chase the wild boar in Caithness.

When the present Government came into power in 1880, the Earl of Zetland was appointed a Lord in Waiting to the Queen. It is notorious that the victory at the polls which carried the Government into office, was won by the Radical tail of the party, and that Mr. Gladstone, in forming the Ministry, was much embarrassed between the claims of the Radicals and the Whigs. But for the necessity of rewarding the Birmingham section, no doubt a more prominent place than that which he accepted would have been offered to the Earl of Zetland, who, together with the Marquis of Lansdowne, within less than twelve months threw up his office, in consequence of his objections to the Irish policy of the Government. The retirement of those noblemen has since been followed by the resignations of the Duke of Argyll and of Mr. Forster, and events have more than justified the course they took. The Earl of Zetland, who, after his resignation, attended a meeting in Yorkshire, where he criticised the Government, is understood to have thrown in his lot with the Opposition, and they, it need hardly be said, cordially welcome a recruit so powerful. Belonging to a Liberal family, and having sat

in the House of Commons on the Liberal side, it cannot have been agreeable to the noble Earl to sever his connection with the present Administration. But if the policy of the Government appeared to him so inconsistent with Liberal principles, and the best traditions of Liberalism, as it appears to some Liberals, the Earl of Zetland in turning his back on the Government, was simply doing his duty. Mr. Tennyson writes in a patriotic song—

We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty State,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great!

In these days the prayer is truly much needed. The dominant section of Liberals have a horror of responsibility and very much require to recognise the truth contained in the old lines—

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
It will sting you for your pains;
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

It was not the spirit, or want of spirit, now prevalent among a section of the Liberals that built up, nor can it maintain, the British Empire. It was the roving spirit of adventure—that characteristic of the Norse Sea-Kings, which breathes in the extract here quoted from Fridthjof's Saga—that enables Mr. Tennyson to boast—

We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty State.

Zetland has taken its part in these achievements, furnishing more sailors in proportion to its population than any other part of Britain. While England and Scotland have become "a nation of shopkeepers," Zetlanders have remained a race of sailors. It is fitting, therefore that the Earl of Zetland should turn his back upon the Birmingham school, whose "craven fears of being great" threaten to destroy the Empire.

MR. R. G. C. HAMILTON.
UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

THAT a man whose ambition is to "get on in the world," ought not to enter Her Majesty's Civil Service, nine at least out of every ten Government employés maintain. The days are gone by when *Punch's* Government clerk, who had got through his official day's work when he had read the morning paper, can be accepted as typical. A Government clerk, having, like the wife of the equestrian Gilpin, "a frugal mind," can no longer evade the expenses attending the removal of furniture by the sweetly simple process of having his piano "franked" and sent post free. These good old times belong, indeed, so decidedly to the past that the present sceptical generation might question whether such things were ever done if we could not refer to the inquiry before a Parliamentary Committee on the abuses of the franking system, and reproduce the evidence of one of the witnesses examined who told of still more incredible "goings on," by declaring that, "Two maid-servants going out as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen—Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries," had been sent abroad, duly franked. Though its palmy days, in these and other respects, are over, the Civil Service still has many substantial advantages to offer. The Government clerk is, to a degree unusual among other clerks, exempt from the hard fate which Mr. Matthew Arnold poetically deplures. He neither "sells his freedom for a little bread," nor is he obliged to "drudge under some foolish master's ken," for his hours are notoriously so short as to leave him ample freedom, and if he should chance to have a "foolish master," in the shape of an objectionable head of his room, who has a grudge against him—not a very common event, for his master is invariably an educated man, and generally a gentleman, and having himself officers above him, cannot, as the head of a private office can, persecute with impunity—the aggrieved subordinate can get himself transferred to another room or section of the department, thus escaping the tyranny and obtaining a change of masters without having, as men in most occupations would in such a case have, either to put up with the persecution or else to resign his post altogether,

and find himself in the unenviable situation of Adam and Eve after their eviction from Eden,—

With all the world before him where to choose.

Besides, Premiers may come and go, but clerks—unless guilty of flagrant misconduct—go on, not exactly like the Laureate's brook, "for ever," but generally speaking, for the term of their natural lives, and a provision is made for them when unfit by old age for work.

"Whatever statesman hold the helm," ways and means must be, and are found; salaries must be, and are, paid. "That firm never breaks," you hear the City people say of the Government. All these advantages, so obvious to outsiders, Government employés cannot deny. "But," they will urge, "promotion is slow, you get up to £300 or £400 a year and you stick there; the Civil Service is *not* the place for a man who wishes to get on." This, no doubt, is true as a rule, though the Civil Service has its prizes, like every other occupation. The case of Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton, who recently succeeded the late Mr. Burke as Under-Secretary for Ireland, is, however, an exception to the rule. Born in 1836, in the Island of Bressay, one of the Shetlands, Mr. Hamilton passed his boyhood there. While quite a youth he matriculated at the University of Aberdeen, and at the age of nineteen took the degree of M.A., from that *Alma Mater*. Leaving Aberdeen in 1855, he proceeded to London, and entered the War Office as a temporary clerk. Towards the end of 1855 we find him in the Crimea, attached to the Commissariat Department. On the conclusion of the Crimean war, in the following year, he returned to England, where he was engaged as a junior clerk in the Office of Works. Here he remained till 1861, when he was appointed Accountant to the Education Department. Eight years later he was transferred to the Board of Trade, as Accountant, and subsequently became Assistant-Secretary to that Department. Mr. W. H. Smith, who succeeded the late Mr. Ward Hunt as first Lord of the Admiralty under the Beaconsfield Administration, appointed Mr. Hamilton, in the summer of 1878, Accountant-General of the Navy. This appointment was attacked by a solitary member of the House of Commons, on the ground that Mr. Hamilton had been transferred from the Board of Trade and promoted over the heads of men who had served, and were serving, in the Admiralty.

The Government of the day had at that time no stronger and more consistent opponent among London papers than the *Daily News*, which kept a sharp eye on all they did, and constantly picked their policy to pieces. But for once the *Daily News* could see some good in the Government, and saw it in the selection of Mr. Hamilton, whose appointment it highly approved. An independent Member of Parliament was described by Lord Palmerston as a Member who "could not be depended upon." Another paper which claimed to be independent (but whose independence generally took the form of attacks on the Government, not for being too hostile to Russia, but for being inconsistent in their hostility) agreed with the *Daily News* on the choice of Mr. Hamilton, whose appointment was justified on the ground that he was the best man for the post. He had the requisite administrative capacity, and he was known to be singularly able as a practical accountant; he was, moreover, the principal author of an excellent work, "Hamilton and Ball's Book-keeping," (published by Messrs. Macmillan) and was regarded, even outside the service, as such an authority on that subject, that he had been invited to act as Honorary Examiner in it by the Birkbeck Institute, where (the majority of the students being candidates either for the Civil Service, or commercial employment) proficiency in keeping accounts was of the utmost importance.

In one of Foote's farces there is an upholsterer represented as "Sitting up all night to watch over the British Constitution." Of human folly there is no end. On hearing the sentence in the Tichborne case, a woman went mad and died of the shock; painted sparrows are constantly being purchased for canaries; confiding people consent to hold babies while the mother gets out of the train, or goes round the corner, and carefully abstains from being seen again: there is an interesting curiosity in the possession of the present writer in the shape of a letter from a man inviting co-operation to establish a paper devoted to the sublime mission of proving the world, not the Editor, to be a flat; "'Tis a mad world, my masters"! That being the case it is conceivable that there may have been officials, something like Foote's too-vigilant upholsterer, who saw in the transfer of Mr. Hamilton from the Board of Trade to the Admiralty, alarming revolutionary tendencies, big with peril to the State, and—

Perplexing nations with the fear of change,—

though the sun had continued to rise and set as usual, and nothing particular had happened when he was transferred from the Education Department to the Board of Trade, and why he should not be transferred to the Admiralty was not apparent. But even the *Daily News*, which frequently made the most alarming discoveries of Lord Beaconsfield's designs upon the Constitution, failed to detect anything wrong in the transfer, and if such alarmed officials there were, their number must have been small. The outcry was of the feeblest kind, and Mr. W. H. Smith got credit for showing at the Admiralty, by appointing the best man, that shrewd common sense which has rendered his own business so successful.

Mr. Gladstone's Administration was not long in securing Mr. Hamilton's services for more important duties. Last March, the Earl of Northbrook, announcing in the House of Lords certain proposed changes at the Admiralty, stated that the Government had decided, among other things, to revive the post of Permanent Secretary, and had appointed to fill it Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton, whom he described as "a most distinguished officer who would be a worthy successor to the many distinguished men who had filled the post." On the following morning the *Standard*, in a leading article criticising the changes, remarked that "it would be impossible to find any public servant who has exhibited a greater power of organisation and administration, or who has had a wider experience than Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton," adding that he had been "employed in various capacities requiring tact and judgment, and, we believe, always with advantage to the public service. * * His appointment, therefore, as Secretary to the Admiralty will be a real accession of strength to that Department." Other papers, London and provincial,—some of them Conservative, and therefore usually hostile to the Government—also noticed the selection of Mr. Hamilton in even stronger and more favourable terms, though some of those papers condemned the other changes at the Admiralty. His promotion was thus the means of obtaining credit for the Liberal Government from political opponents, just as it had been the means of obtaining credit for the Conservative Government from their political opponents.

"When I give away a place," was the cynical remark of a certain monarch, "I make one man ungrateful and a hundred discontented." That Mr. Hamilton was not rendered "un-

grateful," was soon after to be proved by his alacrity, when Mr. Burke was killed, in going to Ireland, for as the *Manchester Guardian* said, "many a man after such an active career would have declined to exchange the post of Secretary to the Admiralty for the comparatively arduous and thankless one of Under-Secretary for Ireland." When an appointment is made somebody must be discontented, for it is impossible to give it to all the candidates. Naval officers may have felt, too, that their interests could be better looked after by a sailor than by a civilian. But among impartial outsiders Mr. Hamilton's promotion appeared to give general satisfaction. It was seen that to attend to the interests of the naval officers was only a part of the duties of the Secretary, that the best man for such a post was obviously one who combined a knowledge of naval matters with extensive official experience and long training, and such a combination could not be looked for in a sailor. Besides, the naval element was represented on the Board. It was seen, therefore, that a man who had been promoted by Liberals and Conservatives in turn, a man the recognition of whose ability had been approved by even the opponents of every Government which had promoted him, could be no mere favourite of this or that Administration or party.

Mr. Hamilton was soon to be called upon for more important and dangerous service. On Saturday, May 6th, Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered. On the following Tuesday, it was announced that Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Hamilton had been appointed Chief and Under-Secretary respectively. The same or next day they were in Dublin. Noticing Mr. Hamilton's appointment as Under-Secretary in the room of Mr. Burke,

The *Daily Telegraph* said:—

His powers of organisation and administration have been recognised by both political parties, and there are probably few instances in which a member of the Civil Service, entering it in a subordinate capacity, has risen so rapidly.

The *Daily Chronicle* (Liberal) said:—

It is fair to assume that his extraordinary official career indicates the possession of exceptional ability, and we hope that in his new office the tide of Mr. Hamilton's administrative success will continue to flow.

The *People* (Conservative) said:—

Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton is a lucky man. Promotion has come to him alike from Conservatives and Liberals. Besides his official ex-

perience in England, he has learnt a great deal about the Irish Civil Service, having served on the Treasury Committee appointed by the last Liberal Government to inquire into the state of the Public Offices in Ireland, a Committee to which he was re-appointed by the Conservative Government when they came into power. But not the least of his qualifications for the post in these dangerous times is the fact that he is an excellent shot.

The *Western Morning News* (Independent Liberal) found—

That hardly any appointment has given more general and complete satisfaction than that of Mr. Hamilton, the successor to Mr. Burke as Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland. The Tories are especially pleased. They say that Mr. Hamilton is their own man. Mr. W. H. Smith discovered him at the Treasury, and was so much taken with him that when he became Cabinet Minister he would not go to the Admiralty without him, but took him along. The official whom Mr. Smith thus discovered, his successor fell to liking, and Mr. Hamilton was reaching the highest heights in his department, when he was chosen by the Premier to go to Ireland. He is said to be one of the best officials in her Majesty's Civil Service.

The *Irish Times* (Liberal Conservative) noticing the appointment of Mr. Trevelyan as Chief, and Mr. Hamilton as Under, Secretary—

Did not think that it would be proper for any one to suggest a possibility of another appointment being preferable. The Government have so great a responsibility, and must have acted with so much caution, that every one is bound to sustain them in their judgment and to receive the new officials with welcome and hope. Mr. Hamilton, the new Under-Secretary, is known to be likewise an experienced administrator, whose training has been ample and whose personal qualities fit him for great duties. With such men at his side Lord Spencer will have a machinery of government that will give confidence in a perplexing crisis.

The *Bristol Times and Mirror* and the *Liverpool Daily Courier*, both Conservative papers, also noticed Mr. Hamilton's appointment favourably, the former saying, a wag had observed that the Government were so much "at sea" in the matter of Ireland that they were obliged to "go to the Admiralty" for men to get them out of the mess, and the latter remarking that it was informed that when Mr. Hamilton's nomination was proposed by Mr. Trevelyan (who, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, had had every opportunity of knowing his business qualities), it was at once assented to by Mr. Gladstone. So far, indeed, as one can judge from the Press, Mr. Hamilton's appointment as Under-Secretary appeared to give as much satisfaction to Conservatives as to Liberals.

"A rolling stone," it is said, "gathers no moss." From

the facts which have been given it will be seen that Mr. Hamilton has been very much a "rolling stone," and that as he has rolled to some purpose, his career tends to show that this hackneyed saying, like many similar ones, is not always true. To come up to London an entire stranger at the age of nineteen, enter a Government office in the capacity of a temporary clerk, and within twenty-six years to become an Under-Secretary of State, virtually entrusted with the whole permanent administration of Ireland, and that, too, at such a crisis, is truly a notable feat, and naturally suggests the question, "How has it been accomplished?" The answer is as full of significance and encouragement as Longfellow's familiar lines:—

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of Time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Though the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, though there are few men who could not point to cases within their own knowledge of youths who have started with apparently every advantage and prospect of success, and have yet come deplorably, even hopelessly to grief, still it cannot be denied that the prizes in every occupation, generally fall to those who start with obvious and extraneous advantage over other competitors. For instance, in the ordinary course of things, a curate with influence and ability stands some chance of becoming a dean, or even a bishop; on the other hand, a curate without influence stands no chance of becoming a bishop or even a dean, however able he may be. A good artist whose means allow him time to paint good pictures may become President of the Royal Academy; but an artist, however good, whose poverty condemns him to paint hurried daubs, or "pot-boilers," has no such prospect. The Editor of the *Little Pedlington Gazette*, if fit to become Editor of the *Times*, may become Editor of the *Times*, provided he can gain the ear of the right people; but if he cannot do that, his superiority over the Editor of the *Little Pedlington Herald* will be a curse rather than a blessing to him; for, conscious of his superiority, he will not be satisfied with

Little Pedlington, and so Little Pedlington in turn will not be satisfied with him, but possibly curse his "airs" and "conceit." Again, a surgeon may be so skilful in his profession that if he were in London he would become famous, but as his means have only enabled him to purchase a practice in Slocum-on-the-Sludge (where the squire, who is a retired pawnbroker, expects him to touch his hat), it would be safer to predict that he will die prematurely of dipsomania than go down to posterity as an eminent man.

A second Shakespere "rich enough," to use Sir Thomas Browne's neat expression, "to be honest and to give every man his due," would get his deserts; but a second Shakespere who could not afford to publish his poems, nor even to pay his laundress, and borrowed half-crowns from critics, would only get the reputation of a bore, and possibly of something worse.

To take another case, a young man who starts in a wealthy commercial firm with a prospect of partnership, may become Lord Mayor of London, but a young man who starts as an assistant to a rag and bone dealer in a small way, has no such chance. From these illustrations it will be obvious that the position a man will occupy depends a very great deal upon the start which he makes as a youth. This, in turn, depends upon the circumstances of his family. A lad may have the genius of Turner, but if his father can only apprentice him to a sign-board painter his prospects of rivalling Turner are not brilliant. If he should do so, the world, recognising how important a part extraneous circumstances generally play in determining a man's fortune, would stare and applaud, for few can help admiring, if only as a curiosity, a man

Who makes by force his merit known.

Had Burns and Dickens been men of "university education" they would have been less warmly applauded, and their lives would not have been so interesting.

Extraneous advantages are, indeed, known to exercise such an important influence that their importance is sometimes exaggerated. The value of university education to a literary man is generally over-estimated. There is a delusion, not wholly confined to people usually called ignorant, that such an education is necessary to success in literature, and that the man who embarks in literature without it ought to be treated like a man who would undertake to

command a ship without having been at sea. What are the lessons of history? As Dr. Bayne says in an article on Dickens in the *Literary World*, "The man who moves nations on the broadest scale by means of literature is never a regular scholar. * * * In order to move and charm immense masses of men, as a Homer, a Scott, a Dickens have moved them, there must be observation * * * impassioned and enthusiastic, observation that fires the imagination, fills the brain, warms the heart." The fact is, that external circumstances have less to do with the success of a man in literature than in any other occupation. When we read that Ben Jonson was originally a bricklayer; Shakspeare a strolling player; Keats apprentice to an apothecary; Bunyan a tinker; Burns a ploughman; Gifford (of *Quarterly Review* fame) and Anderson (a countryman, by the way, of Mr. Hamilton), who founded the great Peninsular and Oriental Company, both cabin boys; Lope de Vega, Douglas Jerrold, Lord Erskine, Lord Chelmsford, and James Hannay, all sailors; Schiller a regimental surgeon; Cervantes and Cobbett both soldiers, their careers interest us. Why? Because they are among the exceptions to the general rule that the destiny of men is generally determined by extraneous circumstances. Such careers prove not only the "force of genius" but also the "force of circumstances," for it is precisely because such careers are rare that they are interesting.

Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton's career is interesting because he started apparently without any extraneous advantages, but rather the reverse. The son of a minister of the established Church of Scotland, coming up to London after being educated at Aberdeen University, and entering the War Office in 1855, Mr. Hamilton found himself among men belonging to some of the best families in England, among men educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and having not only powerful friends but longer purses. Those were not the days of open competition. The story of the clerk who announced that his mother was a laundress and she would be happy to attend to the linen of as many gentlemen as might be pleased to favour her with their patronage, had not then horrified Pall Mall. Mr. Hamilton was a stranger to London and to official life, his home was so remote that in those days it took as long to communicate with it as it now does to communicate by letter with New York, and appointed too, as he was, only a temporary clerk, most people would

have said that his prospects were not brilliant. Yet friends who knew him ventured to hope and even to predict great things. To predict great things for a youth of nineteen, especially when he has been absent from you at college, except during his holidays, for three or four years, may be considered rash. But if "the child is father to the man" surely the father of the child should affect the man. In this instance the child had a very remarkable father in the person of the Rev. Zachary Macaulay Hamilton, D.D., parish minister of Bressay. Lying on the east side of Shetland, the Island of Bressay is separated from Lerwick, the chief or only town—and a very small one it is—by a sound some two miles wide. This Bressay Sound is no mill-pond. To cross it in a small open boat, fifteen feet long, during a storm requires both nerve and skill. The Shetlanders are essentially a seafaring race. Descendants of the Norse Sea Kings, who are said to have discovered America centuries before Columbus, and whose victorious galleys penetrated even to Palestine, most of the Shetlanders, like their ancestors, spend much of their time at sea. In Dr. Hamilton's days no steamers plied between the Islands. Communication was carried on by boats. Those of the natives who were not sailors were fishermen, and often faced the most terrible sea, in small open Norway yawls, in which they thought nothing of going forty miles from land. Probably there are no better boatmen in the world than the Shetlanders. The women, even, are so good at rowing, that they have been known to challenge to a race a picked boat's crew from an English man-of-war, and leave their male competitors far behind. Among people so accustomed to, and so expert at boating, you must be a good boatman indeed to be noticed. When it is stated that one of the sights of Lerwick was to observe Dr. Hamilton, attired in sou'wester and oil skins, crossing Bressay Sound in his open boat, under double reefed sails, during weather which nobody else faced, while experienced sailors considered it a treat to watch how he handled his frail craft—at one moment completely hidden by a wave, at another rising triumphantly over its crest, her sails drenched with spray—when this is stated, it will be readily understood that the reverend doctor was held in no small respect by the Shetlanders. Indeed—

A man he was to all the country dear.

But Dr. Hamilton was something more than one of the best

boatmen in the Islands. Clergymen in Scotland, whether belonging to the Established or the Free Church, were not at that time always the most polished of men.

Their manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Veré de Vere.

The Shetlanders, who had a literature and a civilization of their own, centuries before their Scotch neighbours, and whose intercourse with numerous countries renders them a critical folk, used to think that, as the Shetland livings were amongst the least valuable in Scotland, the refuse of the Kirk in the shape of ministers was sent them. This was often a mistake, but then the Shetlanders had no reason to love the Scotch. Colonel Balfour in his "Odal Rights and Feudal Wrongs" says of the Orkney and Shetland Islands: "Since they were separated more than three centuries ago from the kindred rule of Norway, their history has been a continuous tale of wrong and oppression, of unscrupulous rapacity and unheeded complaint." The Presbyterian form of the Protestant religion was originally forced upon Shetland by one of the most unscrupulous tyrants Scotland ever sent as viceroy to the Islands, and both the Established and the Free Church of Scotland are Presbyterian. The majority of the Shetlanders are a race totally distinct from the Scotch, for whose defects they have a sharp eye. They have also a keen sense of humour and a lively imagination. Scotland had long ceased to oppress Shetland, but the memory of the oppressions remained. It is not, therefore, surprising that the most ludicrous stories were current among them about some of their ministers. Dr. Hamilton was not regarded as a Scotchman, for he came from the neighbouring Islands of Orkney, the natives of which, though they had intermarried more with the Scotch, were kinsmen of the Shetlanders. Dr. Hamilton was emphatically one of those—

Who bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defiled by every charlatan,
And soiled by all ignoble use.

And the critical Shetlanders knew it. Genial, accomplished, courteous alike to poor and rich, he shone as conspicuously in the drawing-room as at the helm of his boat. "His good breeding," as Lord Beaconsfield says of some of the characters in "Coningsby," "Sprang from that only source of gentle manners—a kind heart—the result of nature,

not of education, for it may be found in a cottage, and may be missed in a palace." A gloomy Presbyterian divine who might do very well for a congregation of prosaic Scots would repel the more poetical Shetlanders. Dr. Hamilton, about whom there was nothing of the gloomy fanatic, attracted them. Catholics, whether Roman or Anglican, may find it difficult to understand how a Scotch Presbyterian Kirk could possibly be rendered attractive. But, if one may parody without offence in such a connection Burke's celebrated remark about vice in the days of Chivalry, Presbyterianism lost half its terrors by losing all its austerity in Dr. Hamilton. Unlike the "heated pulpiter," of whom Dr. Maurice Davies wrote in his "Anti Sillias"—

Who fed without a doubt
His hearers upon brimstone,
But left the treacle out,

Dr. Hamilton did not forget the metaphorical treacle; his kirk did not suggest the close proximity of a manufactory of lucifer matches.

"For Christe's love and his apostles twelle,
He preached, and first he followed it himselfe."

There was no more earnest and hard-working parish minister. It was not only to the spiritual wants of his parishioners that he ministered. The population of Bressay was much too small to maintain a medical practitioner; many of the people were too poor to pay; and the Sound was often too rough to cross, in order to fetch one from Lerwick. A scientific knowledge of medical matters, which in such cases was always gratuitously at the disposal of his neighbours, rendered the reverend gentleman so admirable a substitute for a regular medical man, that he was frequently complimented on his success and skill by Dr. John Cowie, the principal doctor in Shetland. Dr. Hamilton was, in short, the very beau ideal of what a minister in such a country as Shetland should have been at that time.

"Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

* * * * *

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray

These lines of Goldsmith on "the village preacher" of

"Sweet Auburn" apply with literal accuracy to him. Dr. Hamilton was, indeed, no ordinary man. This brief tribute to his memory is not, therefore, out of place in a notice of the career of his son, who was destined to play his part on a wider stage. On the contrary, the character and disposition of the father helps to explain the success of the son.

The courage which rendered Dr. Hamilton so famous a boatman, was seen to have been transmitted to the son, when he left "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," to winter in the Crimea; and again, when he relinquished his comfortable post at the Admiralty, to take, without any increase of pay, the dangerous and trying place of a man who had just been murdered—to exchange the comfort and security of Whitehall for the perils of administration in Ireland, at a period of something like civil war. In many a boating and shooting expedition, Mr. Hamilton had, before leaving home, given evidence of his pluck. It was seen, too, even at that period, that the warm heart and "the genial regard for the feelings of others that springs from an entire absence of selfishness," (according to Lord Beaconsfield, this constitutes good breeding) which distinguished the father, was reproduced in the son, who was thus enabled to hold his own with the best. His success in his studies, the early age at which he took his degree, the tact and judgment of which he gave evidence, his resemblance to his father in many respects,—all combined to raise great hopes among friends for his future. He had, of course, to become equally well known in the official world, before his success was assured, and this required some time.

For years he worked, first as a clerk, and then as an accountant, acquiring a thorough grasp of details, making the most of his leisure, and showing that he was fit for better things. When promotion at last came, his powers of administration marked him out as a most valuable official. His varied and wide experience led to his appointment on many Treasury committees. A revolution was taking place in Government offices; the old order of things was giving place to the new—open competition was being substituted for patronage. A Commission was appointed, presided over by Dr. Lyon Playfair, to re-organise the entire Civil Service of England, and to this Commission Mr. Hamilton was attached as Secretary. From that time his fortune was virtually made. A man with no ordinary powers of organisation was required at such a time, and was found in Mr.

Hamilton, whose valuable services brought him further to the front, showing of what mettle he was made. To re-organise the whole Civil Service of England is no small matter. Tact, judgment, wide official experience, a knowledge of details, of administration, of men, and of the best means of testing the qualities required in the Service, and a perfect genius for organisation,—had to be brought to bear on the subject. It is not, therefore, surprising that after this, Mr. Hamilton's services were in frequent request on committees and commissions, and that he was promoted with comparative rapidity from one post to another. His labours were not confined to mere official duties. He was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Colonial Defences, also a Commissioner of the Patriotic Fund. To the Patriotic Fund his practical experience as an accountant proved most useful, and the valuable services he rendered it were acknowledged by the Press. He was also on the Committee appointed by Mr. Gladstone's last Administration, to inquire into the state of the Public Offices in Ireland. At the dissolution of Parliament in 1874, this Committee ceased, with the Government, to exist. When the Beaconsfield Government came in Mr. Hamilton was re-appointed, to carry out the recommendations of the Committee, so that he has had exceptionally good opportunities for knowing all about the Irish Civil Service; and this circumstance no doubt weighed with the Government in selecting him for the Under-Secretaryship. Mr. Hamilton, being neither an Englishman nor a Scotchman, but a native of a country which has been as grievously oppressed by Great Britain in times past as Ireland has been, the Irish should have no prejudice against him. The history of his own country, no less than his personal qualities, eminently fits him to sympathise with them, for, unlike most self-made men, Mr. Hamilton's success has not hardened his heart to people less fortunate than himself. He has none of the airs which the self-made man too frequently assumes. Courteous to all who approach him, he can also be resolute when occasion requires, and truly, if Ireland needs a man who can conciliate, and yet be firm, he has been found in Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton started, as we have seen, without advantages from extraneous circumstances, but rather with disadvantages. The explanation of his success is therefore to be found in his personal qualities. This explanation is one full of encouragement for those who must make their

own way in the world. At the same time, it is not without consolation for the "square men in round holes," who have failed to do so. "Heaven," says Talleyrand, "has given to one man the power of statesmanship—to another, that of playing on the flute." If you set the statesman to play the flute, he will be a failure; if you set the flute-player to play the statesman, he will be a failure. Mr. Hamilton knew his true sphere, and was true to it. His ability brought him to the front—hence his success.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH, BART.
F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.

Look on England,
The Empress of the European Isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence;
When did she flourish so, as when she was
Mistress of the ocean, her navies
Putting a girdle round the world;
When the Iberian quaked, * * *
And the fair flower de luce grew pale, set by
The red rose and the white.

THIS apostrophe to England, written three centuries ago, by the patriotic Massinger, deserves to be inscribed on a marble monument, to be seen at all times by her children. From the same poet, we have other lines to quote, equally worthy of remembrance.

"No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can die
Scarlet or purple: * * * *
* * * * nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our king, the sea, by which we are environed;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,
That if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
* * * * *
* * * * we must starve,
Or eat up one another."

Though the dramatist is referring to Sicily, he was evidently thinking of his own country, as with one exception

(omitted) the facts apply to her, and are certainly, if anything, more applicable to her present condition. Our colonies, our commerce, our lives and liberties, demand for their preservation, formidable armaments and equipments to match. Wisely did the great Duke of Wellington say, that to preserve our own freedom and protect that of other nations, it is imperative to keep our army, navy, and our coast defences in a state so efficient as to be ready for any emergency that might arise. It is to be hoped our governments will not be oblivious of this sound advice, and that we shall never make revelation again to the world of our backwardness, compared with other nations in the march of improvements, as we did during the Crimean War, which may perhaps be attributed to the cheese-paring policy inaugurated by Joseph Hume, and the predictions of Richard Cobden, which events have falsified, and whose utterances were hardly cold, before the thunder of our cannon was heard in the Black Sea. Our insular position is some defence, though not so much as formerly, modern science rendering us more assailable, and it behoves us to avail ourselves of new inventions, and to give every encouragement to their productions. Of late years public attention has been directed to this end, and Sir Joseph Whitworth has contributed in various ways to the good work.

The North of England, naturally seems the birthplace of men of mechanical genius, their names being so well known, it were superfluous to enumerate them. It may not be surprising when we reflect that the hardy North steels every nerve that specially adapts them to the occupation they excel in. Sir Joseph Whitworth was born on the 31st December 1803, at Stockport, Lancashire. His education began at the school kept by his father, and at twelve years of age he was sent to an academy at Idle, near Leeds, where he prosecuted his studies for two years. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a cotton spinner in Derbyshire for four years; in the cotton mill he would gain some insight into the practical working of machinery, though at the time but in its babyhood. In 1821, he entered into a four years engagement with Messrs. Creighton & Co., Manchester. At the termination of the period specified, he proceeded to London, and was successively employed by Messrs. Maudslay, the engineers, Mr. Holtzapfel, and finally by Mr. Clement, the producer of Babbage's calculating machine. In 1833, Sir Joseph returned to Manchester, where he commenced busi-

ness on his own account, under the title of Joseph Whitworth & Co., as manufacturer of engineers' tools. Respecting the tools he has manufactured, a writer in "Discoveries and Inventions of the 19th Century," says "Sir Joseph Whitworth is especially famous for the most beautiful and most perfect machines that he has given to the world, by means of which great improvements have been made in tools generally. We may notice that the screws on bolts and nuts, and other parts of machines, were formerly made with so many different 'itches,' that, when a machine constructed by one maker, had to be repaired by another, great inconvenience was found on account of the want of uniformity in the shape and 'pitch' of the threads. A uniform system was many years ago proposed by Sir Joseph Whitworth, and adopted by the majority of mechanical engineers, who agreed to use only a certain defined series of pitches. The same engineer also contrived a hand tool for cutting screws with greater accuracy than had formerly been obtained by that process. Sir Joseph Whitworth who has done so many great things in mechanical art, was the first mechanic to perceive the importance of extreme accuracy of workmanship, and he invented many beautiful instruments by which this accuracy might be attained. We must notice his screw-cutting lathe and his measuring machine, by one of which latter instruments the expansion caused by heat in a bar of iron which has merely been touched by the finger for an instant, and even the difference of length produced by the heat radiated from the person using it, is indicated. His drilling and planing machines too are of the very highest order."

In 1840, Sir Joseph read a paper "On the Preparation of Plane Metallic Surfaces," before the British Association assembled at Glasgow. In the year following he lectured at the Institute of Civil Engineers, and was also the author of several articles on mechanical subjects. From 1840 to 1850 he gave proof of extraordinary activity by his production of a variety of inventions and improvements, the most important of which were the Duplex lathe, the reversing tool of the planing machine, and the standard gauge of size.

At the first Exhibition, opened in 1851, Sir Joseph made a grand display, which excited general admiration, of his celebrated engineers' tools, and a measuring machine, substituting the sense of touch instead of sight, its delicacy of construction being such that a difference of a millionth part

of an inch in extent can be detected. He was commissioned in 1853 to proceed to the New York Exhibition, and to furnish a report on the state of American manufactures, which was presented to Parliament by command of the Queen.

In 1854 Sir Joseph began his manufacture of firearms, and was in the habit of making experiments in the shooting-gallery attached to his establishment at Rusholme, near Manchester, which in the August of that year Lord Hardinge and Colonel Hay, Commandant of the School for Musketry at Hythe, visited and inspected; at that place, in April, 1857, his first completed rifle was tried, in the presence of Lord Panmure, Secretary for War, and a body of distinguished officers, with triumphant success, and beat the Enfield rifle. At least eighteen months elapsed before a report was submitted to public notice, at the first Wimbledon meeting, on the 2nd July, 1860.

Sir Joseph Whitworth's cannons, commonly known as the "Whitworth guns," are very celebrated for their finish and beauty of workmanship: steel being the material of which they are manufactured. In steel casting there is a great difficulty in producing uniformity in texture complete. Sir Joseph's method after the steel is poured into a mould is to apply great pressure, by which the desired results have been attained where uniformity of "texture" is of the first consequence. His method of rifling consists in constructing the bore of the gun so that its section constitutes a regular polygon, and the projectile used is an elongated bolt, whose sides fit exactly the barrel of the gun; the projectile in question is truly a "twisted prism." His cannons are breech-loaders, and are famous for their accuracy of aim and the distance they can reach. And it is a remarkable fact that one of his guns, with a fifty pound charge of gunpowder, sent a two hundred and fifty pound shot a distance near upon six miles, and we have another memorable instance—a shell weighing three hundred and ten pounds was projected a distance of about seven miles. Shot and shell have never been fired so far from any other gun. The material composing these unrivalled guns is very costly, and the workmanship is the most finished the best skilled and the best paid artificers can produce, making their entire cost exceed that of the Armstrong gun, the latter's price for a thirty-five ton cannon being £3,500, whereas Sir Joseph's is £6,000. An authority in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*

tells us that, "In the Whitworth gun the shot is constructed to pass freely through the spiral hexagonal bore, the windage being prevented by a greased wall, which is said to foul the piece considerably." In 1862 a flat-fronted shell was fired from one of these guns, and pierced a target of the same thickness as the side of the *Warrior*.

It is by no means an attempt to diminish the well-earned credit gained by one of the very first, if not the first of mechanical engineers of our day, to say that his mechanical skill and his success in improving machinery by accuracy of fitting misled him with regard to artillery. He had improved the power of steam engines by producing pistons that fitted the cylinders so closely that the steam was kept in its place to do its work, and his idea was that by means of closely fitting projectiles he could in like manner confine the explosive force of the gunpowder and thus ensure not only greater velocity but more accuracy. But a gun-barrel, though in principle the same as the cylinder of a steam engine, differs from it in the character of the force employed. Steam rushes in and out leaving no residuum, and a cylinder after a day's work is as clean inside as when started. But the force behind the projectile is obtained by the rapid combustion of bodies which produces not merely the gases which propel the piston from the barrel, but also ashes which collect on the sides of the barrel, and render it impossible to insert a projectile which fits it accurately. Mr. Whitworth found this out as soon as he began to make practical experiments. He was soon obliged to reduce the size of his projectile which therefore not filling up the barrel twisted a little, with the result of cutting fresh grooves in the sides. He used a lubrication of grease, which could not prevent such grooving, while it increased the fouling, and is inadmissible in the British Military Service, as not suited to all climates. This fouling of all guns, large and small, is the great difficulty in the way of accuracy, for the looseness in the fitting of the projectile, or as it is technically called "Windage" allows gases to escape beside it, introducing elements of disturbance which can never be fully guarded against. The Whitworth gun has a very long range and great accuracy of aim, but after one or two shots have been fired these difficulties become so great that it cannot be depended upon. Mr. Whitworth, though he worked hard to perfect his guns, large and small, at length had to admit that his excellent

idea of accurate fitting could not be practically carried out in gunnery, and we have ceased for some time to hear much of the Whitworth gun or rifle.

As to the merits of Sir Joseph's compressed metal, ample testimony was furnished at the last autumn meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute. On the 13th of October, 1881, Mr. B. Adamson read a paper, in which he said—"In my experience, Sir Joseph Whitworth's metal, or what is called compressed metal, stood far ahead of all the rest when it was of suitable composition. By his process they would get a carrying power of eighty tons per square inch, with a proportionate increase on elongation, thus showing by both these vital conditions great superiority. No metal now in use possessed the same endurance as Whitworth's compressed steel. It was the most suitable and dependable for torpedo cases, and that being so he could not see any reason against applying it to the construction of the heaviest artillery. It would indeed be better in the one case than in the other, as it had to be used against a very inferior metal." Colonel Maitland, Superintendent Royal Gun Factory, Woolwich, then read a paper "On the Metallurgy and Manufacture of Modern British Ordnance," and made the following remarks :—"The fluid compressed steel which forms the Whitworth speciality is of high excellence, and, as a rule, the castings are very sound. The qualities of the material, as shown by our test, are, however, scarcely so suitable to the peculiar necessities as could be wished. No doubt its percentage of elongation would be improved if it were worked and drawn out. The steel ingots obtained from Messrs. Whitworth and Co. are forged by hydraulic pressure. Casting is necessary, not only for the purpose of obtaining a sufficiently large block of steel, but also for making the block homogeneous and uniform in its structure. Forging or drawing out the cast block imparts to it the desirable properties of great solidity and density."

Sir Joseph's great achievements have been acknowledged by several learned bodies. Firstly, in 1857, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, an LL.D. by Trinity College, Dublin, and a D.C.L. by Oxford University. At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867, one of the five "Grand Prix" bestowed on Englishmen was allotted to him. In September, 1868, while at the Camp of Chalons, the Emperor Napoleon III. conferred on him the Cross of the

Legion of Honour, and he also received from the Society of Arts the Albert Gold Medal. Her Most Gracious Majesty crowned these honours by making him a baronet. He published his elaborate work on "Guns and Steel" in 1873.

If he had not done sufficient to perpetuate his name, his one act alone, independent of his inventions, namely, the founding the Whitworth Scholarship, at the cost of £100,000, would have made him famous, and this princely donation is so invested as to produce £3,000 per annum. We believe this is one of the noblest gifts ever bestowed by a single individual, and the object of it is beyond all praise, and can never be forgotten by those who derive benefits from it.

Sir Joseph Whitworth first married Fanny, youngest daughter of Richard Anken, Esq., who died in 1870, and for his second wife, in 1871, married Mary Louisa, widow of Alfred Orrell, Esq., of the Grove, Cheadle, Lancashire, and of the Cottage, Grasmere.

ROBERT WHELAN-BOYLE, F.R.S.L.

WITHOUT patience and self-denial the most gifted of men have failed to achieve success in the path they have chosen. It is not enough that they should give their talents a chance by severe application at the outset of life. Carried away by some transient success in these earlier days, they have often tried to snatch a victory which has resulted in a crushing defeat. Looking back by the aid of Xenophon's writings to those remote days when Cyrus planned his daring campaign against Artaxerxes, we can hardly fail to perceive the military genius of the younger brother of the Persian king, as well as his great natural ability in moulding men to his purpose. From the day when he left Sardis with his army, in which the elements of discord were present in an unusual degree, to that when he came to the trench dug to impede his progress across the plain of Babylon, his generalship and administrative skill seemed to show that he was born to be a leader of men. It is true that at

Cunaxa, as the place is called by Plutarch, Cyrus relaxed his efforts and allowed his men far more freedom than was prudent, with an unconquered though somewhat timid foe in his front; but when the ambitious Satrap found that the Persian king really intended giving battle, there was no lack of energy and skill in disposing of the troops to the best advantage. Even though Clearchus, in command of a division, blunderingly disobeyed the orders of Cyrus, the latter retrieved the error and would have materially altered the course of history, but for his want of patience and self-control when the prize he strove for was almost within his grasp. It was thus, however, that the Catabasis was destined to follow the Anabasis, and for the same reasons the "march up country," in a figurative sense, has countless times been the precursor of a precipitate "march down to the sea again," during the two thousand three hundred years that have elapsed since Cyrus fell on the plains near Cunaxa.

The name of the subject of this biographical sketch is associated with success, not defeat, and this is as much due to his patience and perseverance, as to his rare ability in the exercise of that profession in which he holds so distinguished a position. The late Lord Lytton has declared, and with good reason, that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Robert Whelan-Boyle, even in his boyish days, appears to have shared in the veneration felt by the author of "Richelieu" for those capable of enlightening and guiding the world with the aid of their pens. How much of this feeling was due to the early influence exercised upon him by his father, Mr. Thomas Boyle, can only be surmised, but it is not unlikely that it was considerable, for reasons which appear obvious enough.

The elder Boyle, a North of Ireland man, was himself a poet of no mean ability, and was acknowledged to be a wit even among the wittiest. As a grammarian, too, he had a wide-spread reputation. His accuracy and intimate acquaintance with the intricacies and delicacies of the English language, are still remembered by many of those who had the privilege of knowing him. He died in the year 1854, and his remains were interred in the burial ground of Kennington Church. Many months after he had passed away, an elegy was written by one of his friends resident at Archerstown, some stanzas of which may fitly be reproduced in these pages:—

'Mong the bards whose numbers stealing,
Softly o'er th'enraptured soul,
Gemmed with pure poetic feeling,
Boyle's inspiring music stole.

Ne'er again by Barrow's border,
Shall the song-creative sage,
Sweetly range in mystic order,
Puzzles for Di.'s much-prized page.

Green the vale, and sweet the mountains,
Rustling, health-bestowing breeze—
Pure the flow of boundless fountains,
Canopied by woodland trees.

'Mid such scenes, in lonely musing,
By the rill, or bowers beneath,
Oft did Boyle from fancy choosing,
Weave for Di. a flowery wreath.

Where unstrung, his harp forsaken,
To the heedless winds may rave—
He that could the lyre awaken,
Sleeps beyond the Irish wave.

Having thus given some idea of the elder Boyle, and the estimation in which he was held, we shall only briefly say that on the maternal side R. Whelan Boyle is a cousin of the late Sir Thomas Whelan, and also of the Reverend Canon Whelan, the present Protestant Rector of Maynooth. At an early age young Boyle displayed an aptitude for literature, and he was accordingly apprenticed to the proprietor of a country newspaper, who regarded the printing room as the best kind of college for the really intelligent, and maintained that printing was a profession, and not a trade. This gentleman treated the compositors and apprentices in his employment with as much consideration as if they were members of a literary staff, and, indeed, says one who well remembers the place, the printing rooms were the scene of constant journalistic work, for there the paper was edited, the reports transcribed from their original hieroglyphics, and the whole work of producing "copy" done. In this office there was no such person as a printer's reader, though we may be sure that the duties belonging to such a position must have been discharged by some one before the "proofs" were finally disposed of, and the galleys, as the columns of type in a wooden frame are called, pronounced ready for the press. But as there was no recognised corrector of typographic errors such as is to be found in every printing house now-a-days from which a newspaper is

issued, the gentlemen at the cases, to give them the designation which they themselves claim by ancient custom, and the apprentices, were held more directly responsible for the correctness of their typographic composition. The hand and the eye became trained to remarkable skill and accuracy, and the boys in the office improved rapidly, not only in the mechanical part of their work, but in their knowledge of the just value of words, and the importance of a lucid arrangement of them. It happened, too, that there was more than one man of classic attainments holding the printer's "stick" in that office, and the *res angustae domi* cannot, happily, prevent a man indulging in quotations from the favourite authors of his school-days. Horace and Ovid were frequently quoted amid the clicking of the type as letter after letter was picked up by nimble fingers. The English poets too from Chaucer to the days of Moore were often laid under contribution to express a passing impression. The editor of the newspaper worked at case in this printing office; and he brought out, at a subsequent period, it is worthy of mention, a new weekly paper in the West of England. From it has sprung one of the most ably conducted and lucrative of the provincial daily papers.

Robert Whelan-Boyle at an early period of his experience in a printing house conceived a desire to be an editor. In his boyhood he had often refrained from indulging in the enjoyments of the play-ground in order to study his favourite authors, who were, fortunately for the formation of his mind, usually the great masters in literature. From his earliest childhood, indeed, he has been a diligent student. It is but just, however, to the memory of his father to say that the choice of the books was not left entirely to the fancy or the judgment of the youth himself. The elder Boyle, a man of refined literary taste, gave him much sound advice as to the course of reading to pursue, and when Whelan-Boyle diffidently submitted some of his earliest efforts, whether in prose or in verse, to his father, valuable hints followed which the aspirant to literary excellence did not fail to ponder over in the privacy of his own room.

About the age of twenty, Whelan-Boyle left the provinces for Dublin, and for eighteen months he remained there using his leisure time with judgment and reading hard with a view to further cultivation of his mind. During this period of his life he used to attend the meetings of a debating society each week where he made the acquaintance

of many men of ability and scholarship. When his sojourn in the Irish capital came to a close he made his way to London, and pursued his business in the printing office of a newspaper. After a few months had passed, he was appointed reader, and as time went on he did not fail to use his pen whenever he found leisure, for he still kept steadily in view the object of his ambition. He contributed to several newspapers and periodicals about this period of his career.

At some subsequent period, the date of which is uncertain, Mr. Boyle joined an association composed of men of learning and literary ability, among whom was Douglas Jerrold. The objects sought by the members seem to have been further mental culture and the improvement of literary style. The reception of Mr. Boyle into this association marks the progress he had made as a writer, for the passport to membership was the production of an approved original essay. Without dates it is difficult to follow his career with any degree of chronological accuracy. It must suffice to say, then, that the subject of this biographical sketch became assistant sub-editor of a London daily paper, and subsequently chief sub-editor of another, and afterwards became editor of a country paper and leader writer.

After some six years' absence from the metropolis he again engaged in journalism here, and at length, in the year 1877, may be said to have reached the height of his ambition by receiving from Mr. Edward Lloyd—one of whose newspapers has a sale more than three times that of any journal in the Kingdom—the appointment of editor of that great morning newspaper the name of which meets the eye at every turn. Never in the history of journalism has so vast a success been achieved in so short a time as in the case of the *Daily Chronicle*.

That paper, under the personal management of its proprietor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, has obtained a circulation and an influence, within a period, too, of five years, which give unquestionable proofs that it is destined at no distant date far to out-strip all competitors for the favour and confidence of the public. Indeed, the unparalleled success of Mr. Lloyd with the famous weekly paper which bears his name seems certain to be repeated in the case of the *Daily Chronicle*.

This paper has already become remarkable for the variety and extent of its news, the soundness of its views, as an Independent Liberal organ, for the purity and consistency

of its tone, and for its ability to deal with the multifarious social questions, constantly arising, in a manner really conducive to the best interests of the community. The Daily Chronicle Buildings in Fleet Street were erected at a cost not far short, it is said, of seventy thousand pounds, and the value of the area that these offices occupy may be estimated from the fact that the ground-rent alone is reckoned at the rate of two thousand a year. This imposing building, which forms one of the chief ornaments in Fleet Street, is but the outwork, as it were, of the vast citadel under the governorship of Mr. Lloyd. In a corner of Salisbury-square, at the rear of Daily Chronicle Buildings, there is a well-known door which leads to the house once the printing office of Richardson the author of "Pamela," and familiar to writers of still greater note,—Oliver Goldsmith for instance—but long the property of the great pioneer of cheap newspapers, Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose labours in this respect entitle him to be considered among the benefactors of humanity. This house is but the vestibule of the labyrinth of buildings behind, where are to be seen the most wonderful triumphs of mechanical skill in the art of rapid and beautiful printing that have yet been achieved in any part of the world. Here may be seen at work four machines, among others, which print ninety thousand copies hourly, and here too, there is a marvellous machine which prints both sides of the *Daily Chronicle* at the same instant, and not only counts but actually divides the leaves of each newspaper by way of thoroughly completing the work. The journal in question has the advantage of being printed on paper manufactured at the celebrated mills of its proprietor at Sittingbourne. Indeed all that liberality and almost boundless wealth can procure has been secured for the further advancement of the fortunes of the *Daily Chronicle*.

Mr. Boyle has ably seconded the efforts of the owner of the paper. His watchfulness and constant attention in conducting the editorial department proves how truly his heart is in his vocation, while his judgment and ability are ever available for the advantage of the paper. There is probably no journalist in England who sits for so many hours daily in the editorial chair and retires to his home at so late a period of what is conventionally called the night, as he whose name stands at the head of this adumbration of his career.

He is always the first to appear in the editorial depart-

ment, and he is invariably the last to leave it. The late Mr. Delane was long supposed to be the most assiduous editor in England, but in his latter days he found a rival, with whom he could not compete, in Mr. Boyle.

In 1879 appeared a volume of selected poems, entitled *Quietude*, written by the subject of this notice. Many of them show very clearly that the author is full of sympathy with Nature, and a close observer of her marvellous operations. Fifteen years, a well-known *litterateur*, Thornton Hunt, in writing of his friend Robert Whelan-Boyle, says, "I wish all my correspondents put such admirable sense into such capital handwriting." But Mr. Boyle, in these poems to which reference has just been made, proves that he has a delicate and charming fancy allied to the admirable sense spoken of by his friend. In the presence of several thousands of persons gathered with a benevolent object in the great transept of the Crystal Palace, a poem was read one afternoon which had been specially written for the occasion by Mr. Boyle. As a specimen of his style, these verses may appropriately find a place in these pages.

CHARITY.

O Angel of the meditative face,
All pure and holy attributes are thine—
Compassion, pity, righteousness, and grace,
An endless love and sympathy divine.

The orphan's patron, and the saint of all
On whom Fate's sharp and poisoned arrows fall,
The witchery of her voice and suasive tongue
Have prompted you, our ancient friends and young,
To grace the banquet, linger here awhile,
To muse, perchance—to tread this wondrous pile,
Where grandeur, beauty, art and science, twined,
Delight the wandering eye and charm the mind.

To all forlorn, cast down, the earth appears
A tomb, a grave, a sepulchre of tears ;
The firmament devoid of light and shade,
A vault of stone, or brass, or iron made.
Nay, glorious sunshine to the wretched brings
No balm nor healing on its brilliant wings,
But gracious Charity, thy fiats change,
With marvellous power, all—all within the range
Of human kin : beneath, around, above,
Thy mission, daughter of the Lord, is love.

The mourner's friend, the comforter, the blest ;
Seraphic pleader of the poor, distrest,
The fatherless, the widow, all whom time
Of hope and stay bereaves in every clime.

Thy cup is quaffed, and lo ! the tearful eyes
Can mark with joy the splendour of the skies,
The blooming plains, the life, the vital air,
A land of promise bountiful and fair.
To thee, bright seraph, was the mission given
Our sphere to change thus to a second heaven.

Mr. Boyle has also written a novel called "Love at First Sight," and not long since he delivered an admirable lecture on the genius and writings of Burns, at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street. Of this lecture the *Scotsman* spoke in highly complimentary terms, and the frequency as well as the heartiness of the applause throughout the evening in question testified to the enjoyment of the audience, among whom were many persons of high critical faculty. Indeed, Mr. Boyle's fluency of speech and his great command of forcible language give him marked advantages as a lecturer, and he has more than once given proof of his ability in this sphere of intellectual labour.

Towards the close of 1880, on the same day that Sir Hardinge Giffard received a similar distinction, Mr. Boyle was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, at a meeting of that learned body, when the chair, in the absence of Prince Leopold, was occupied by Sir Patrick de Colquhoun, Q.C. Mr. Boyle may now be considered to have arrived at his prime, when the mental powers have reached their full development, and we may, therefore, look forward hopefully to many other valuable contributions to literature from his pen.

EDWARD GREEN, ESQ.

IT is now some years since England was rather scared by the announcement that we were digging up and burning or exporting our stores of "bottled sunlight" (as George Stephenson, after the scientific explanation of the origin of the deposit, wittily declared coal to be) so rapidly, that we might expect to exhaust it in the course of a century,

or a century and a half, and should, therefore, lose our manufacturing and commercial superiority to the rest of the world. Those who recollect this scare may remember that geologists of eminence wrote to show the danger of this, and that others of equal eminence proved to their own satisfaction at least (and some of their statements have since been verified), that coal was yet to be discovered in England. Other scientific men foreshadowed discoveries which should give us substitutes for coal in various ways, such as the electric light. Others again urged greater economy in the use of fuel. Meantime the present Premier, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought it needful to dwell on the question, and to use it as an argument for taking some determined steps to reduce our national debt.

Whatever may have been the justification for the dread of exhausting our stores of fuel, the fact remains that we have been burning coal in England for more than three centuries, and have for most of that time been losing from 50 to 90 per cent. of the heat which it has given out. In the memoir of Dr. C. W. Siemens, which appeared in *CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY* (Vol. I.), is an account of the admirable system of combustion which he applied to smelting furnaces, and the name at the head of this memoir is associated with a not less important and much more generally employed scheme for economising fuel. We have the right to hail as a public benefactor the man who has a just claim to call himself the promoter of improvements which have led to the saving of several millions of tons of fuel in the year. If he has been himself reaping large profits from his skill in contrivance, these can only be a small fraction compared with the aggregate of the economies from which they are obtained; and they are, moreover, the most conclusive proofs of his skill and scientific intelligence, showing as they do the great value of the system so generally adopted.

It is some forty years since the idea occurred to more than one engineer, that the waste heat which escaped up the furnace chimney might be turned to account by using it to heat the water before it passed into the boiler. Several devices were employed for this purpose, but they were failures because this waste heat was accompanied by flakes of unconsumed carbon, and this becoming deposited upon the heating surfaces coated them with soot, which being

about the best non-conductor of heat that is known, acted so as to send the heat up the chimney unused by keeping it from penetrating to the plate which would heat the water. Mr. Edward Green, the father of the subject of this memoir, however, thought, as men of determination and pluck are certain to think, that difficulties existed for the purpose of being conquered, and set himself to find a remedy for the evil that had led to the failure of this plan. As is often the case with valuable discoveries his device was simple. He arranged a series of scrapers, which by means of a small expenditure of steam, he caused to travel slowly up and down the pipes, and thus kept them clear of soot. By this means the pipes received the heat which they communicated to the water, and this entering the boiler already considerably warmed was converted into steam more rapidly and with an expenditure of fuel which in many cases was not 75 per cent. of the amount required to produce the steam from cold water.

Mr. Green's Economisers of fuel began to be used, and in the course of a few years became extensively known. Ere long, testimony in abundance to their practical success and economic value was accumulated, and the business of manufacturing then began steadily to assume larger proportions. Some twenty years since, his original patent right expired, and rival engineers began to compete with him. He had, however, by this time taken into partnership his son, Mr. Edward Green, Junior, whose energy and inventive genius ere long proved sufficient to cope with all the difficulties in the way, and to keep far ahead of all their rival experts in this special department of engineering.

Young Mr. Edward Green was born at Wakefield in the year 1834, and received a very large share of his education in Germany. Here he acquired an extensive knowledge, not merely in the fields of learning, but also of men and things, and feeling, though young, a keen, practical interest in the profession for which he was destined, he failed not to turn his attention to the various localities in which steam power industries were established on the continent of Europe. Thus, while qualifying himself for extensive and varied commercial intercourse, he shrewdly calculated that inventions for economising fuel would be needed in Germany fully as much as in England, and he took care to note in what places they would be likely soon to be required. On his return to England, and entering as a partner into his

father's business—carried on in the Phoenix Works, Wakefield—he took care to avail himself of the information he had picked up abroad with regard to the commercial development of the concern, at the same time, being fully aware of the necessity for making it the interest of men employing steam power to avail themselves of the machinery supplied by the Phoenix Works in preference to those manufactured elsewhere. He therefore applied his inventive genius, fortified by the scientific knowledge which he had acquired, to the improvement of the Economiser, and soon showed, simple as the contrivance was, that he could improve it in several of its details. His success was such that, although the Economisers are no longer protected by patent rights, those made at the Phoenix Works are sent to all parts of the world, and continue to distance those of any other maker; they have, moreover, taken first prize medals at the Exhibitions of 1851, 1855, 1862, 1867, &c. One cause, no doubt, of this signal success, is that owing to his own perfect mastery of all the details of his profession, Mr. Edward Green is enabled to exercise a thoroughly intelligent personal superintendence of his Works, which, moreover, his intimate and practical knowledge of business, and of the necessities of the work, has enabled him to arrange in such a thoroughly practical manner, that they form, in fact, a perfect model of what engineering works should be. While showing himself thus to be an excellent representative of British character and enterprise, and while realising for himself a princely income, he has not been unmindful of the interests of those in his service, and where he has noted ability has given it encouragement. In this way he has afforded to many the opportunity of starting as his agents abroad and in this country, thus opening to them a useful and profitable career.

He is a director of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and of other public companies, and takes a keen interest in political matters. He is a Conservative in his principles, and at the general election of 1874 was returned a Conservative member for Wakefield. He did not, however, long hold his seat, for a petition was presented, and it was proved that some of his canvassers, inspired by very ill-directed zeal, had implicated their innocent principal in bribery. He was, therefore, unseated. After the dissolution in 1880, he offered himself to the electors of Pontefract, but was defeated after a spirited contest.

Mr. Green has no taste for any specious display, and though a man of some depth and refined culture, has never made any pretence to a position in the world of learning, nor to the *rôle* of a patron of art or a man of science. He feels that the character of a British gentleman can be fully sustained by a thorough man of business, and one who fully comprehends and devotes himself to the details of his profession. His success in his career may, 'ere long, induce him to devote some leisure to other pursuits, in which case there can be no doubt that what he takes up will be thoroughly worked at. There is also the strong probability that he will, on the next occasion, be more successful than he has been with regard to obtaining a place in Parliament, where his many capabilities, and his intimate acquaintance with certain of our great industries, would render him a useful member.

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