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Notes from a Diary

1851—1872

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Notes from a Diary

1851—1872

BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF

G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce-qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie,"—RENAN

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1911

NOTES FROM A DIARY

1852.

SPENT April and part of May at Eden, returning to London for about three months to read law. This summer I saw a good deal of Colonel Outram, heard with him several Indian discussions in the House of Commons, and was present with him and Mr. Willoughby, when Lord Hardinge gave his evidence before the Committee then sitting on Indian affairs.

July

10 to 12. At Hookwood with Mountstuart Elphinstone, who was living there in great retirement. I have unfortunately very brief notes of our conversations, in which Sir Charles Adam made the third. We talked of Epitaphs, and Mr. Elphinstone spoke with extreme admiration of Trivulzio's.

"Johannes Trivulzius qui nunquam quievit, hic quiescit—tace."

Amongst others which he cited was an old Scotch one.

"Ill to his freen, waur to his foe,
True to his Macker [1] in weel and in woe."

[1] Macker means feudal lord.

We talked about conversation. He put Luttrell's above that of all whom he had known. Talleyrand's was very rich in anecdote, but by no means witty. Of Sydney Smith he spoke with very great regard, treating his wit as merely the flower of his wisdom. He talked much about India, much about the old Whig set in Edinburgh, and much about his travels in Greece, Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere. To his eye, coming from the East, Croatia had appeared a very civilised region.

August and September

7. Leave London, and by Havre (where I had an interesting conversation with Dr. Miley, who was with O'Connell when he died) to Paris. In memory of Lever's *Horace Templeton*—a book which contains a few very remarkable pages—I went to stay at the Hotel des Princes.

13. Climbed the spire of Strasbourg to look over the scenes described in *Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

16. Joined Henry Smith in the Oberland, and see with him the Wengern Alp, the Grimsel, and much else.

Walking down the Haslithal in a tremendous downpour, I repeated to him the motto of the Earls Marischal, given by them to Marischal College,

> "They say.
> Quhat say they?
> Let them say,"

which had been quoted to me by Mr. Elphinstone,

and with which circumstances in after years were to make me very familiar.[1] "Ah!" said he, "I see what that means. It is the account of a young man's life at the University. In his first year he believes all that his Professors tell him. His answer to all objections is—*They say*. In his second year doubts begin to arise. He asks—*What say they?* In his third year he has lost all confidence, and says—*Let them talk as they will.*"

We met at Interlaken a very pleasant person—the Countess Zawicza. Her husband was of Bohemian descent, but his ancestor, having been despatched from Prague in his character of "Vir pietate gravis" to go and see for himself that the Grand Duke of Lithuania was not a bear—a fact of which the populace had become so persuaded that they utterly refused to allow a daughter of the Royal House to leave the city to marry him—found Lithuania so agreeable that he settled there.

From Interlaken Henry Smith and I journeyed by Fribourg to Lausanne, and thence, after crossing the great St. Bernard, by Vercelli, Novara, and Magenta, to Milan.

I find a note in my diary under August 29th. Inn of *Magenta*. So unfamiliar was then the name which has since become so famous!

My winter and spring experience of Italy had by no means prepared me for the autumn aspect of

1 As M.P. for Peterhead, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

this rich and rejoicing Lombardy, into which we penetrated as far as the Certosa of Pavia, returning to the north by Como and Lugano.

As we were walking up the Val Anzasca, on our way to the Monte Moro, we met two acquaintances of Smith's. They said to us, "If you have any idea of crossing the Weissthor, you had better take our guides, and give us yours; for these two men (to the best of my recollection they were both Taugwalds, but not brothers) are the only two who are to be depended on." The idea of crossing the Weissthor had never entered our minds, for we were quite out of training, and it passed in those days for the most difficult glacier pass in all Switzerland. I believe indeed that from 1829 to 1849, or thereabouts, no one crossed it.

However, the change of guides was no inconvenience to us, and was a convenience to the men, so we agreed to it, and went on. In the course of the day, the ambition of crossing the Weissthor gained upon us, and by the time we got to Macugnaga, we had determined to cross it.

I shall never forget the impression produced on my mind by the scene which presented itself, when we met together, coming each from the little châlet where we had spent the night. It was about three in the morning, the air was perfectly still, the starlight magnificent, and we stood just at the foot of the Monte Rosa glacier,—eight thousand feet of silver-shining snow. We started about four in

the morning, and met only one person—a peasant woman—who, as we passed, said—" Leben sie wohl. Haben sie Sorge auf ihren Leben ! "

Luckily for us the weather was perfect, and in eight hours we were at the top, reaching Zermatt, for the Hotel on the Riffel was still a thing of the future, after dark. It was with reference to this walk that I some years afterwards wrote the following :—

" Who can forget the start before the little hamlet is awake—the stars fading out one by one over Italy —the mighty peaks flushing in the growing day—then the blaze of sunlight as we emerge from the valley shadows, and as the sound of the Alp horn comes up along the pastures to tell us that the world below is rising to its labour ? Ere long we reach the snow-line, and see perhaps the chamois, which loves the debatable land between frost and flowers, playing above us till our constant advance makes it fear that harm is intended. Who can forget the hours of struggle over rock and snow-slope—hurrying here lest the avalanches should overwhelm us, there lying down exhausted, and careless, for the time, of avalanches and everything else ? At last comes the joy of setting foot upon the topmost ridge, and looking down on another and different world. Then the dangers of the precipice are exchanged for those of the glacier, and we descend slowly and tied together. The mountains, as we sink lower and lower, seem to grow in height, and

as the day declines we see the clouds 'laying themselves down to sleep on their vast ledges.' At length the darkness begins to fall around, and it is night before we see the lights in the village to which we are bound twinkling far down through the valley mist."

From Zermatt we journeyed to Leuk, and crossed the Gemmi to Interlaken, whence I returned through the Münsterthal to Basle, and so by Heidelberg, and the Rhine to Amsterdam, the Hague, and Eden, finding as I came up the Thames the flags hoisted half-mast high, on account of the death of the Duke of Wellington.

" He sleeps at last—no wind's tempestuous breath
Played a Dead March upon the moaning billow,
What time GOD's Angel visited with death
The old Field-Marshal's pillow.

There was no omen of a great disaster
Where castled Walmer stands beside the shore;
The evening clouds, like pillar'd alabaster,
Hung huge and silent o'er.

The moon in brightness walk'd the ' fleecy rack,'
Walk'd up and down among the starry fires,
Heaven's great Cathedral was not hung with black
Up to its topmost spires!

But mine own Isis kept a solemn chiming,
A silver Requiescat all night long,
And mine old trees, with all their leaves, were timing
The sorrow of the song.

And through mine angel-haunted aisles of beauty
From grand old organs gush'd a music dim,
Lauds for a champion who had done his duty—
I knew they were for *him.*"

Alexander, of Exeter College, Oxford, afterwards Bp. of Derry, and now Archbishop of Armagh.

October

5. Went over to see Auchleuchries, an estate near Ellon, in Aberdeenshire, which my father had just purchased. The hideous old house was still standing, which, when I came to manage the property, I in vain attempted to preserve, as having been the birthplace of the famous General of Peter the Great.

Returned to London and continued my law reading, attending the lectures, which were established about this time, at the Inns of Court.

November

10. Heard Kossuth and Mazzini speak at a Public Meeting. The former showed very considerable oratorical power, although he was but imperfectly acquainted with our language.

18. At the Duke of Wellington's funeral in St. Paul's. As the riderless horse, with the boots slung across it, was being led down St. James's Street, Mr. Brookfield's little daughter said, "Mamma, when we die, shall we also be turned into boots?"

23. To hear the debate on Villiers' motion, pledging the House to Free Trade.

1853.

Down to Oxford, to keep my Master's term, remaining there about three weeks, and living chiefly with Henry Smith, Oxenham, Pearson, Charles Parker, Conington, Grant, Goldwin Smith, Riddell, and Patteson.

February

10. Dined with Maskelyne, to meet Max Müller and Congreve.

24. Union debate on Gladstone. I spoke there for the first and last time on domestic[1] Politics. A very sharp discussion, in which I fiercely attacked the Derby Ministry, ended in a great scene and a sudden adjournment.

26 to March 4. At Newnham Paddox, a large and very pleasant party, amongst others Kingsley, whom I met for the first time. He talked, I recollect, much about Carlyle, and told me, on the great man's own authority, the following edifying tale. The most dyspeptic of philosophers had been terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his friend Emerson. "I thought," he said, "that I

[1] I spoke for the first time in February 1848 in favour of Diplomatic relations with Rome, and took some part in debate on Foreign Questions in the next two years.

would try to cure him, so I took him to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him saying, 'And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh no,' he replied: 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily!'

"Then," continued the sage, "I took him doun to the Hoose o' Commons, where they put us under the Gallery. There I showed him 'ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing.' Then I turned to him and said, 'And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair!"

March

10. Breakfasted with F. D. Maurice, to whom I had been introduced by Kingsley, and of whom and his friends I saw a good deal in the next year or two.

12. Heard Robertson preach at Brighton, and was a good deal interested by him, as I had been in the year 1851. He was certainly a remarkable man, although his merits have, since his death, been somewhat exaggerated.

November

10. Mr. Peacock talked to me to-day at much length about Jeremy Bentham, with whom he had

been extremely intimate—dining with him *tête à tête,* once a week for years together. He mentioned, amongst other things, that when experiments were being made with Mr. Bentham's body after his death, Mr. James Mill had one day come into his (Mr. Peacock's) room at the India House and told him that there had exuded from Mr. Bentham's head a kind of oil, which was almost unfreezable, and which he conceived might be used for the oiling of chronometers which were going into high latitudes. "The less you say about that, Mill," said Peacock, "the better it will be for *you;* because if the fact once becomes known, just as we see now in the newspaper advertisements to the effect that a fine bear is to be killed for his grease, we shall be having advertisements to the effect that a fine philosopher is to be killed for his oil."

December

15. Dined with Robert Ward, an Oxford contemporary, at a boarding house in Harley Street, to meet Louis Blanc, who was living in England as a refugee. He looked as the first Napoleon might have done if seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

16. At Newnham Paddox, to meet Mr. Babbage, of calculating-machine celebrity, who appeared to me one of the most remarkable intelligences I have ever come across, though he wasted his powers on all kinds of ingenious frivolities. I think his hobby, at this period, was reading ciphers, and he afterwards spent endless time in making a cipher dictionary.

1854.

February

It was in the course of this month that a great sensation was produced by the appearance, in a morning paper, of Mr. Franklin Lushington's very remarkable poem, "The Muster of the Guards."[1]

"Lying here awake, I hear the watchman's warning—
'Past four o'clock'—on this February morning;
Hark! what is that?—there swells a joyous shiver,
Borne down the wind o'er the voices of the river;
O'er the lordly waters flowing, 'tis the martial trumpets blowing,
'Tis the Grenadier Guards a-going—Marching to the War.

Yes—there they go, through the February morning,
To where the engine whistles its shrill and solemn warning;
And the dull hoarse roar of the multitude that cheer
Falls ever and anon with a faint crash on the ear;
'Mid the tears of wives and mothers, and the prayers of many others,
And the cheers of their brothers, they are marching to the War.

[1] Reprinted in *La Nation Boutiquière and other Poems*—a too little known but most brilliant book.

Bridge of Waterloo! let the span of each proud arch
Spring to the feet of the soldiers as they march
For the last time they went forth, your glorious name was born
Where the bullets rained like hail among the summer corn:
Ah! we'll not forget too soon the great eighteenth of June,
While the British Grenadiers' tune strikes up gaily for the War.

Bridge of Waterloo! accept the happy omen,
For the staunchest friends are wrought out of the bravest foemen:
Guards of Waterloo! the troops whose brunt you bore
Shall stand at your right hand upon the Danube's shore;
And Trafalgar's flags shall ride on the tall masts, side by side,
O'er the Black Sea and the Baltic, to sweep the waves of War."

Mr. Frank Lushington, whom I did not know till later, was very intimate with Maine, and others with whom I lived much at this period.

All the spring I was working a good deal at chemistry.

March

27. The first leader in the *Times* of this morning announces the return of the English messenger from St. Petersburg. I went in the evening to a lecture by A. P. Stanley, in some remote part of Pimlico, upon the French Revolution, in which he

used the, to me, very memorable words—"the great peace of forty years which has this night come to an end." As I walked away I passed up St. James's Street, which by an odd coincidence was partially illuminated, some royal birthday having induced several of the tradesmen to light up their shops.

April

8. Sailed from the Thames for Hamburg, and was a good deal amused by the *mal à propos* name of a tug—" The Friend to all Nations "—which was dragging a horse transport down the river.

From Hamburg I went to Berlin to stay with Major von Orlich, and spent there some very well filled up weeks. Amongst other things I re-saw most of the sights of the place, heard the Dom Chor on Maundy Thursday at the Cathedral, and the Tod Jesu on Good Friday at the Sing Academie, and went through a course of Privatissima on the Prussian Law given by one Dr. Schmidt, a very intelligent man, belonging, however, to the Kreuz Zeitung party, and living in constant apprehension, that he was bringing up his children to speak English, in order that they might emigrate. The way he read the future was, that revolutionary agitations of a very formidable kind would be renewed in Prussia, that the cohesion of the body politic would be destroyed, and that Russia would enter in and possess the land. No one who was not

in Germany at the commencement of the Crimean War can quite realise what the *Spectre Russe* then was.

15. Had a long conversation with Waagen. I asked him about Turner, whom he admired very much in his earlier stage, but not in his later. He said that Rubens was a man of undoubted genius, but that he had done probably more harm than good. He considered Tintoret the last of the golden—the first of the silver age; and added that his portraits were equal to those of Titian and Giorgione; but that when he tried to combine the excellences of Michael Angelo with those of Titian he failed quite. Speaking of Picture Galleries, he said that they were a *necessary* evil, but that the Tribune arrangement, which you have in the Uffizi, is an *unnecessary* evil.

Went this evening with Major von Orlich to the Friedhof, near the Invalides. A lion marks the spot where Scharnhorst, mortally wounded at Gross Görschen in 1813, is buried.

16. Heard Nitzsch preach, the leading idea of his sermon being that, through the *Verwirrung* of the time, this Easter Day should make us feel that an unseen hand is guiding all.

To-day, amongst other people, a young nephew of Major von Orlich's, a captain in the 2nd Regiment of Guards, dined with him—Hans von Schachtmeyer. He was evidently devoted to his profession in all its details, and as different as possible from any English officer I had ever come

across. His range of observation and knowledge had been narrow, but his views were extremely liberal, considering the atmosphere in which he lived. He was, for example, strongly in favour of the Allies as against Russia. I talked to him with the greatest interest, although I little knew that he was fated to command 50,000 men on the field of Sedan. He spoke to me a great deal about the needle-gun, to the existence of which people in England suddenly awoke some twelve years after this period, but of which, if I remember right, Hastings Russell, later the Duke of Bedford, had brought a specimen to London, as far back as 1848 or 1849.

17. To hear Hengstenberg preach, in the Cathedral, a sermon on the walk to Emmaus—good in manner, but very poor in matter. Later in the day I was taken to call on the great geographer Carl Ritter.

We found the old man (then seventy-five) in his library, wearing a dark drab dressing-gown, unbuttoned at the neck, and large spectacles. He was tall and very powerfully built, with a massive noble head. In his room were hanging engravings of William von Humboldt and Columbus. He talked, amongst other things, of Huc and Gabet's book, which he praised, making allowances "for the narrow-mindedness of Mönche," and of a Treaty which the Russians had recently concluded with the Chinese about the navigation of the Amoor.

From Carl Ritter's, Major von Orlich took me to call on Professor Dové, who occupies a large suite of rooms in the Kriegsschule, looking on the old part of the Schloss. He talked much of Babbage, Mrs. Sabine, and other English people, and said that the greatest of Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries was Faraday.

19. Waagen took me over the Royal Gallery, where, amongst other things, he went through very carefully with me the Berlin portion of the Worship of the Spotless Lamb. I remember he mentioned that the gold colour used by the Van Eycks was lost, and spoke much of a master who had greatly influenced Raphael, but whose name, Alunno,[1] was quite new to me. He told me that you find his works in Foligno and its neighbourhood.

Later in the day, Orlich took me to Humboldt, who spoke much of the *Materia Indica*, and of his old friend, Sir Whitelaw Ainslie, my maternal grandfather. The conversation turned on Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds*, which he held very cheap, laughing at the idea that all the stars were made for our amusement, and putting the argument thus :—" The stars are assuredly uninhabited by intellectual beings, because if intellectual they must be *sündlich*, and the *Erlösung* so often repeated would be *unbequem*." He spoke very highly of Max Müller, and said it was an honour to England that she afforded a career to such men.

1 Niccolo da Foligno or Fuligno, 1430-1500.

Amongst the engravings in his room was one of the San Sisto, and Hooker's *Himalayan Journals* were lying on the table.

After dinner we went to a party at Ranke's. Madame Ranke told me that she had often met Blanco White at Mrs. Hemans's, and remarked on the contrast between his complaining unhappy nature and that of Whately. Soon Ranke himself came in—short, with wide forehead, sputtering rapid enunciation, running up into a very high key, and a quick convulsive manner. Amongst others to whom I was introduced to-night were Pertz, the biographer of Stein, and Lepsius.

20. Introduced to-day to Rauch in his studio. The great sculptor was himself splendidly handsome, with a grand forehead and snowy white hair. His sympathies, like those of Dové and Humboldt, but unlike those of Ranke, were obviously on the side of the Western Powers.

Dined with Orlich, meeting Auerswald the ex-Minister, Dové, Ranke, and Count Putbus, "L'accompagnateur par excellence,"[1] who was destined many years after this to attain and retain an amiable celebrity through one of the most charming books of our own, or of any, generation. Auerswald talked much of Philip Pusey, and his brother the theologian whom he had met with him, and who he said was "*eigentlich nicht so schlimm als sie vielleicht denken*," and with whom he had found Göttingen a common topic. He spoke also

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

of the Emperor Nicholas in a very just and reasonable way—as not a man of talent beyond a point, with *Kleinigkeiten* about him—certain principles he has grown into—legitimacy, etc., which are to him his pole-star and his strength—no fanatic in religion, if for anything, then for his Guard, and good-natured, would rather do a kind thing than not.

Of Metternich he said—"Ah! that's a *gescheidter Kopf*, but he has mistaken his times."

We drank the health of Napier and the Baltic Fleet—even Ranke being forced to do so, but not Count Putbus. I did not say then, as I think one may fairly say now that I know more of his history —" small blame to him."

After dinner I had a long and somewhat lively conversation with Ranke. He said that Germany had nothing to fear from Russia—more from England; and that if we succeeded, all we should do would be to destroy an infant civilisation. "Ah! we love you," he said, "and feel with you far more than with Russia, but we cannot agree in all things. There are some differences between our interests."

Later he added: " To me the chief interest of England is, that she is *Old* England."

Orlich was at this period very intimate with the Prince of Prussia,[1] who, thanks to the ascendancy of the Pietist party at Court, had been forced into the position of the head of the Liberal party in Prussia.

1 Later the Emperor William.

He told Orlich that the last time the Emperor Nicholas was in Berlin, he had said to him, "You are a Liberal; your ideas will ruin the Monarchy."

The Prince replied: "Do you really think that you by your exclusive system have kept these ideas out of Russia?"

Nicholas: "Not to the extent I would wish; yet to a certain extent. But that is not now the question. I speak of you."

The Czar kept coming back and back to the subject, and the Prince got very angry, saying at last: "We will talk no more of that. That is another affair altogether."

Shortly after the conversation, the Prince went out; and, meeting one of the Emperor's confidants, told him what had passed, and said, "Tell me now as a man of honour—Do you think he has succeeded?"

"So far from that being the case," replied the person addressed, "I don't think my life, or the life of any one of his intimates, is worth ten days' purchase after he closes his eyes. I do not see the future. God knows what may happen; but it looks very black ahead."

22. With Orlich to the Military Friedhof, where there are several remarkable epitaphs. Amongst them, over the door of a tomb:—

"Hier erlischt die alte Linie des Hauses Arnim-Frederwalde."

23. Orlich described to-day, very vividly, the

intense dreariness of his existence when he was stationed for six weeks measuring a base on the bank between the Baltic and the Curisch Haaf—the moaning of the wind along the sand, the white bleached bones on the shore, and the forest cut down to expel the robbers.

After spending a week at Dresden, and seeing the great Oster Messe at Leipsic, I went to Halle, where I had a walk with Tholuck, whose real *esprit* and brilliancy contrasted strangely with the extreme untidiness and grotesqueness of his appearance.

August

Bremner, of whom I used always to see a great deal when I was at Eden at this time, was a rather remarkable man. Born in very humble circumstances, he had studied at Aberdeen, and went early to Paris, where he was present on the Champ de Mars when the cry "*à bas Villèle*" was first raised. He then became a travelling tutor, and wandered about in many lands, publishing two volumes of travels in Russia, and two more of travels in Norway and Sweden.

After the disruption he became minister of Banff, and lived their, chiefly in the Castle—where I often occupied an upper room, with a grand view over the wild Northern Sea—till he died in 1872.

1855.

February

25. WALKED with my Balliol friend, F. W. Farrer, to Highgate, where he pointed out to me the house in which Coleridge lived with the Gillmans, now belonging apparently to two surgeons. The names on the door are Brendon and Lane.

March

28. Have, during the last few months, been much connected with F. D. Maurice, T. Hughes, and others, who have set on foot an Educational Institution, to which they have given the name of "The Working Men's College." It has been established in a house in Red Lion Square, No, 31, and I gave to-night my first lecture or lesson there, upon Physical Geography.

April

5 to 9. Made a rapid geological excursion to the Isle of Wight.

22. Went, as usual about this time, to hear F. D. Maurice preach at Lincoln's Inn. I suppose I must have heard him, first and last, some thirty or forty times, and never carried away one clear idea,

or even the impression that he had more than the faintest conception of what he himself meant.

Aubrey de Vere was quite right when he said, that listening to him was like eating pea-soup with a fork, and Jowett's answer was not less to the purpose, when I asked him what a sermon, which Maurice had just preached before the University, was about, and he replied—"Well! all that I could make out was that to-day was yesterday, and this world the same as the next." John Stuart Mill, who had known him early in life, said to me about this time, "Frederick Maurice has philosophical powers of the highest order, but he spoils them all by torturing everything into the Thirty-nine Articles." The fact that he should have exerted a distinctly stimulating and liberalising influence over many more or less remarkable people, is sufficiently strange; but it must be remembered that he was a noble fellow, with immense power of sympathy, and an ardent, passionate nature, which often led him to right conclusions in spite of his hopelessly confused reasoning. To listen to him was to drink spiritual champagne.

May

18. From London to Paris, *via* Dieppe and Rouen, with Robert Chambers, with whom I had endless talk—chiefly geological.

After seeing the Exhibition, and various other things, I returned to London on the 1st of June.

July

10 to 31. Went Circuit (the Midland) for the first and last time, going to Northampton, Leicester, Lincoln, Derby, Nottingham, and Warwick,—every place indeed on the Circuit, as then constituted, except Oakham. The companionship of Fitzjames Stephen, some pleasant walks with him to Bosworth Field, Charnwood Forest, etc., and a good deal of plant-hunting, made it endurable; but I thought that he defined Circuit life very well, when he called it "intimacy without friendship," and I never repeated the experiment, although I ran down once or twice afterwards, just to show myself at Warwick Assizes, and even got some briefs at Birmingham Sessions—my first, by the way, in consequence of the accident that I was the only person present who could interpret between the Court and a German prisoner.

August

5. Lady Mary Feilding said to me to-day, at Newnham Paddox, very happily, of the Sainte Chapelle, that "visiting it was like going into a sunset cloud."

7. Left Newnham for Ireland, and was joined by George Boyle at Chester, whence we passed to Conway Castle, made doubly interesting to me by one of the most beautiful of modern sonnets:—

"England! thy strifes are written on thy fields
In grim old characters, which studious time

Wears down to beauty, while green nature yields
Soft ivy-veils to clothe gray holds of crime,
And hides war's prints with spring-flowers that might
wave
Their pale sweet selves upon a martyr's grave.

Here hath the ploughshare of the conquest worn
The furrowed moat around a cruel tower:
There York's white roses fringe in blameless scorn
The ledge of some Lancastrian lady's bower.
Least, for my country's sake, may I regret
The fruitful anger, and good blood that ran
So hot from Royalist and Puritan,
Which in our very soil is red and throbbing yet."

Faber.

16. We went from Tralee to Tarbet by car, thence by boat on the Shannon to near Kilrush, and so to Kilkee, the prettiest and most primitive of bathing places.

At Galway, on August the 20th, George Boyle left me, and I went on alone to see Connemara,—much of which disappointed me; and the grand cliffs on the outside of Achill, which certainly did not. The view from Croghan, looking over Erris and Tyrawley, with half a gale driving light clouds past one, from the Atlantic, which foamed eighteen hundred feet below, was not to be forgotten.

Few things pleased me more in Ireland than the drive from Westport along Clew Bay, with Clare Island towering at the end of it. The ready wit of the people, too, was very pleasant, and even their desire always to say the agreeable thing, true or false, was not without its charm. I was not, how-

ever, very sorry when, having recrossed the island to Dublin, and passed thence to Belfast, I found myself running up the Clyde. In no place, by the way, except Galway, did the poverty strike me as very extreme; but it must be remembered that 1855 was long quoted as an exceptionally prosperous year in Ireland.

September

11. We were with a party at Tarlair,—a striking piece of cliff scenery on the coast of Banffshire,—when on returning to the carriage, the coachman told us that there was a rumour of the fall of Sebastopol. We drove into Banff, and found that it was quite true.

Amongst the party was Maine, who arrived at Eden a few days ago, and is full of a new paper which is to appear this autumn, and for which he asked me to write. I am not sure if the name had been fixed on at this date, but it was Maine who proposed to call it "The Saturday Review."

October

30. Very long conversation with John Stuart Mill at the India House. He had been away for many months travelling—amongst other places, in Sicily and Greece—and had been amusing himself very much with botanising, to which he had taken, as he told me to-day, when a boy at Cauterets in the Pyrenees. With Syracuse, where he had a room

looking across the Great Harbour to the Anapus, he was delighted, and astonished to find the cliffs of Epipolæ so low, and the ruins of the old city so extensive.

He had seen the Acro-Corinthus, but found Ithome more striking; said that there was a certain amount of "dacoity," but that Franks were not troubled. No view in Greece had seemed to him quite equal to one of Taygetus, but the general character of Greek scenery appeared to him to be, "that every prospect was perfect in itself." He spoke much of the way in which the lower classes in Greece had forgot their relations to ancient Greece, in so far as they had any, calling themselves Romans, and identifying the Hellenes with idolatry. We talked of the drying up of the streams, and of the Asopus being shrunk into pools even in May; but he observed that the Spercheius was still a considerable river, and that the Alpheus was unfordable below the junction of the three streams. He mentioned an Oriental plane in the centre of Euboea, the girth of which was equal to the extended arms of eight of his companions.

1856.

February 24. Elected at Brooks's.

March

7. Looked over the old betting book at Brooks's. It is not very interesting, but here and there is a curious entry. On the 11th March 1776, for example, Mr. Charles Fox gave a guinea to Lord Bolingbroke, on the understanding that he was to receive a thousand guineas from him when the National Debt amounted to 171 millions. He was not, however, to pay the thousand guineas till he was a Cabinet Minister. In 1778 he gave Mr. Shirley ten guineas, on the understanding that he was to receive five hundred whenever Turkey in Europe belonged to a European Power or Powers.

11. Met, at Newnham Paddox, Moultrie, the Rector of Rugby, who had distinguished himself early in life under the *nom de plume* of Gerald Montgomery, writing "My Brother's Grave," and some other poems, in the *Etonian*. We talked a great deal of Praed, with whom he had been very intimate, and the publication of whose collected works was delayed at this time in a very provoking way.

October

18. Had a very long conversation, at Birmingham, with John Henry Newman, to whom I had been introduced by Lord Feilding. It was not on this, but on a subsequent visit, that I was left for some minutes alone in the little *parloir* of the Oratory in which he received me, and had time to observe that the chief ornament of the room was an engraving of Oxford, with a frame in blue and gold, along the top of which ran the words—

"Fili hominis putesne vivent ossa ista?"

And below—

"Domine tu nosti."

19. Heard Newman preach, but the sermon was in no way remarkable.

1857

February

1. At Canterbury with A. P. Stanley, who went over with me the whole scene of Becket's murder, which he has described in his *Memorials*. Amongst other things, he told me a curious story of Chalmers. Chalmers had been abusing German theology to Tholuck, when the latter asked him, "Have you ever read any German theology?" Chalmers replied, "Well! now that I come to think of it, I don't think I have; but I will begin German to-morrow." And he did. Stanley recalled to me too the end of a sermon of Jowett's at Oban:—"In Thy light shall we see light. From the dimness of the sick-chamber, from the darkness of the grave, we shall creep into the light of the Almighty."

15. A friend had asked me to take her to hear A. P. Stanley preach, which he rarely did in London at this period. Having learnt that he was to do so to-day, at a church in the City, I took her thither. Just as I left the house, I said, "Stanley is sure to preach upon 'Whittington and his Cat,' or something interesting." We went to the church, which was St. Michael's, College Hill—one of Wren's—and were placed opposite each other in a

large square pew. My feelings can be easily imagined, when, about the middle of the sermon, Stanley said, "And at this place, and at this time, it may not be inappropriate to allude to that old story"—and we had "Whittington and his Cat"—the charity for which he preached, or the church, or something connected with it, having by an odd accident been really founded by Whittington.

April

5. A set of articles, which I have been writing recently in the *Saturday Review*, having brought me into connection with Professor Owen, I went down to-day to spend Sunday afternoon with him at his pretty little house, at East Sheen, on the edge of Richmond Park. This was the first of many pleasant visits—his way of seeing his friends being to ask them to come down to visit him on Sunday afternoon, remaining to an early dinner.

11. At Blois. The sun was just dipping out of sight over a long low ridge, as I looked westward from the room where Guise was assassinated. The walls of the old château were covered everywhere with the bright blossoms of the wild yellow wall-flower.

13. Up before five, and walked, amidst blossoming lilac, round the ramparts of Angoulême, looking over the Campagne de La Charente, called La Californie de La France, and well deserving its name.

15. First view of the great range from the balcony of the Maison Livingston at Pau.

I well remember repeating to my sister, during our first walk here, these lines of George Smythe's :

" And they are far from their Navarre, and from their soft Garonne,
The Lords of Foix and Grammont, and the Count of Carcassonne,
For they have left, those Southron Knights, the clime they love so well,
The feasts of fair Montpellier,—and the Toulouse Carousel,—
And the chase in the early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze
Came cold to the cheek, from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees."

After remaining about a fortnight at Pau, I went by Lòuvy to Eaux Chaudes and Gabas, visited Gaston Sacaze, the shepherd botanist, at his home near the Eaux Bonnes Valley; whence, returning to Pau, I passed by Orthez to Bayonne and Biarritz. Thence, crossing into Spain, I travelled to San Sebastian, where I was extremely struck with the wild beauty of the spot on the seaward face of the fortress, where the graves of Colonel Le Lancey and others are placed among broken masses of rock, which were covered when I saw them with white asphodel and the yellow *Genista Hispanica*. From San Sebastian I crossed the hills to Pamplona, where I took a guide and rode northward to Roncesvalles.

I was sitting by the fire in the kitchen of the little

posada at this place, and resting my head on my hand, when I heard a voice say behind me, "Mein Herr, sie sehen sehr traurig aus." "Ach nein," I replied, mechanically, "Ich bin nicht traurig, ich bin nur müde," turning as I spoke to look at the person who had addressed me. He was clad precisely like all the peasants around him. We fell into conversation, and he told me his story, which was curious enough. He had begun life in the Prussian service, from which he had deserted when his regiment had been lying near the Belgian frontier. He had passed successively from the Belgian into the French and Spanish armies, and had at length settled down as a tailor in this remote little mountain town. It was strange to see how, through all the vicissitudes of a very varied—and, doubtless, extremely scampish—existence, he had retained that kind of culture which is given by German Volkslieder and Hymns.

My ride the next morning through beech-woods, in their tenderest green, down this beautiful pass, the very centre of middle-age romance, was most charming, and brought me past Valcarlos to the pretty little French town of St. Jean Pied de Port, whence I returned to Pau, and eventually to England.

Closely associated with my sister, this spring, were two very remarkable girls. The first of these, the Countess Aline Moussine Pouschkine—even then stricken by the disease of which she afterwards died—was the person to whom I alluded, in some words used in a paper written about this time, as

" the pale, delicate loveliness exiled for health from St. Petersburg, and fading as fast as an arctic summer "; while the other was described as " the dark and splendid beauty of the south, full, as that of Venus victrix herself, of radiant and triumphant life, which might have been criticised as a little too Moorish in the streets of a Spanish town,"—as, in point of fact, it was.

The beautiful Constance Kojuhoska was really a Pole—a native not of Southern, but of Central Europe. The South, however, claimed her for its own; for she married a Neapolitan nobleman, and settled in Calabria.

June and July.

Amongst people who interested me, this season in London, and who have all now passed away, I find the names of Admiral Smyth, of Drs. Brown and Lindley the Botanists, as also of Sir Richard Dundas, who commanded the Baltic Fleet in the last year of the war. I have likewise notes of a conversation on the 17th of July with Mountstuart Elphinstone about the Indian Mutiny, by the news of which he was less alarmed than I had expected, saying, amongst other things, that there had been " nothing inexpiable, only two massacres of Europeans."

July 18. Attended the first of the *Saturday Review* dinners at " The Trafalgar." There were

about twenty-six present, among them Maine, Stephen, Harcourt, Sandars, the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Lord Robert Clinton, Christopher Watson, John Ball, W. B. Donne, Carnegie, who used to be Member for Stafford, and who afterwards married Mr. Adrian Hope's eldest daughter, and Beresford Hope, who was at this time joint proprietor with J. D. Cook.

1858.

February

4. Took my seat.

15. Made my maiden speech, on the second reading of Lord Palmerston's India Bill.

18. On my first Committee, about Harbours of Refuge, Mr. James Wilson being Chairman.

19. Government beat on Milner Gibson's motion. Some time after this, Whitbread told me that he happened that night to be sitting in the seats under the gallery, when Taylor [1] came up to Lord Derby, who was also sitting there. "Tell our men," said Lord D., "to vote *against* Government." "I can't possibly do so," replied Taylor. "I have brought them all up to vote *for* Government." "Never mind," answered Lord Derby; "say that I told you!"

22. I have just been elected at the Cosmopolitan —a club which, springing out of small beginnings, having at first been merely a private gathering of friends in Layard's rooms about 1852, had by this time grown to have something like 100 members, very carefully selected—with a view to make the society as varied as possible. It met then, as it

[1] Then the Whip of the Conservative party.

meets now, at No. 30 Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in a huge room, which was once used as Watts's studio, and on the walls of which there is an enormous picture by him from *Theodore and Honoria.*

Some one asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh!" he replied, "you have heard of Watts's Hymns. These are Watts's Hers." [1]

It was just at this time that the *Globe,* then Palmerstonian, described Stirling as member of a murder club, in connection with the disagreeable passage of arms between Lord Palmerston and him about Cantillon's legacy; and it was supposed that this was owing to some odd confusion in the writer's mind about the Cosmopolitan.

26. Sit for the first time on the Opposition benches.

March

1. Elected at the Athenaeum, after having had my name only eight years on the books.[2]

21. I dined to-day with Garcia, to meet Alexander Herzen, then the editor of the *Kolokol,* and one of the most powerful persons in Europe. He was extremely bright and lively—"pétillant d'esprit." It was to-day, too, that I was introduced by Cook of the *Saturday Review* to Sidney Herbert.

[1] The same joke has been turned into a riddle. What is the difference between Dr. Watts and Don Juan?—Dr. Watts was a writer of hymns, and Don Juan was a wronger of hers.

[2] Now a name must be down about seventeen years.

April

4. Had a curious conversation with Thackeray at the Cosmopolitan about a French invasion, *àpropos* of the fiery Colonels, with regard to whom there was a good deal of talk at this time. He said, alluding to his recent candidature at Oxford:—"The chief reason why I wished to be in Parliament was, that I might stand up once a year, and tell my countrymen what will happen when the French invade us."

8. I was spending a day or two, during the Easter recess, in Berkshire, when I was called suddenly to Pau by a telegram about my father's health, and did not return to London till, I think, the 26th.

1859.

February

3. The House meets.

March

11. Arthur Russell tells me of a curious scene the other night at Madame Mohl's. Mignet said, as they were talking of the history of the later middle age, " I have now no doubt that there will be war." A dead silence ensued, which was broken by Cousin's saying, " Revenons à Louis Onze ! "

April and May.

9 and 10. It has been the finest spring I ever remember in England. Yesterday I saw the Persian lilac in flower in Cambridge Terrace, while to-day I saw both the white and Persian lilac in flower in Chesham Place, and the laburnum coming into flower in Hans Place.

My marriage took place on the 13th of April. All our arrangements had been made for passing the honeymoon in Paris, when the sudden dissolution which was the result of the defeat of the Derby Reform Bill altered our plans, and we started immediately for Eden, which we made our head-

quarters until, on the 3rd of May, I was again returned unopposed for the Elgin Burghs.

On the 4th we reached Inverness, and passed on across the Black Isle to Cromarty, whence we struck southward, coming down on Rosemarkie through a gorge blazing with the yellow furze in a way never to be forgotten. Thence, after visiting Culloden, we went along the Caledonian Canal to Bannavie, and, mindful of Dr. Bright's very remarkable lines in "Crowned and Discrowned," [1] ran up to the head of Loch Shiel.[2]

14 to 17. We passed from Bannavie to Fort William, and so by Glencoe and the Trossachs to Edinburgh.

18 and 19. Two long walks over Edinburgh with Robert Chambers, the king of cicerones.

Across Princes Street Gardens. Robert Chambers pointed out the glacial smoothing on the Castle Rock, and the postern where Dundee had his interview with the Duke of Gordon. Sir Walter Scott is wrong, said our guide, about the way Dundee left Edinburgh; but then no one is bound to "swear to the truth of a song." The ugly range of barracks in the Castle are on the site of the old Hall, 80 feet long. Passing on behind the Castle, we saw, on the left, part of the

[1] "But her name recalls my vision like a sunburst o'er the deep.
Oh! I see the summer morning on the shores of Moidart sleep,
And the standard on Glenfinnan, and thy kindling glance, Lochiel,
And Macdonald's sudden rapture as his clansmen bared the steel."

[2] See *infra*, 1867.

old wall of the town, with oyster shells in it. Next came the King's Stables, where tournaments were held; the Westport and the Grassmarket, where the site of the gallows is still marked by stones in the shape of a cross on the causeway. Soon we reached the West Bow, and observed some houses with the Templar Cross. This was the quarter made too famous by the Porteous Mob. Near the entrance of the Cowgate, we came on the house occupied by Lord Brougham's father and mother till a few days before his birth. It belonged to the sister of Robertson the historian, the mother of Mrs. Brougham. The Cowgate dates from about 1500, and was thought at that time a most stately street. Thence we passed up Candlemaker Row, once a great entrance to Edinburgh from the south, to Greyfriars Churchyard. Here the most interesting things are the monument to Allan Ramsay, and one to Maclaurin with a remarkable inscription; the mausoleum of Robertson; the monument of Alexander Henderson, who preached in this church when the Covenant was signed; the place where the Bothwell Brig prisoners, first 1200 then 400, were confined, with the old gateway and gate still remaining. Hard by is the mausoleum of "the Bloody Mackenzie." R. Chambers remembered the schoolboys running away from it with the rhyme—

> "Bluidy Mackenzie, come oot gin ye daur;
> Lift the sneck and draw the bar."

Tomb of Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling."

Curious monument to the Covenanters from Argyll to Renwick.

From the Greyfriars Church we walked across Brown Square. (See *Redgauntlet*.) Green Mantle vanished along the alley on the left. Hence we passed along by the College. Opposite this, on the left, is the Horse Wynd, where people of position lived seventy years ago. The projecting house on the left was that of Lady Galloway. A little farther on is the College Wynd, where Sir Walter Scott was born. The house is destroyed.

On and down past the infirmary and the High School Wynd, up which Bothwell came to murder Darnley. Down into the Cowgate, where the house of Cardinal Beaton still stands, under which Mary must have passed when Bothwell's spies saw her go up the Blackfriars Wynd, with torches before her. A little to the east is Toddrick's Wynd, where Bothwell hung about till the Queen was off to Holyrood. In a small house near this, now occupied by a broker, the Danish Lords who came over with Anne of Denmark were entertained. Soon we reached the building of the Mint, and went into the courtyard. In the front of the building, soon to be used as an industrial school, was the Council Chamber of the Mint. All the money in circulation in Scotland, when called in at the Union, was £600,000.

Up the Mint Close, coming out nearly opposite Knox's house. On the opposite side are two fine Roman heads; history unknown. Looking far

down the street, on the right hand is the house of the Earl of Moray, where Cromwell lived a whole winter: 1650–51.

June

1. Took my seat in the new Parliament.

6. The famous meeting of the party in Willis's Rooms, at which Lord Palmerston helped Lord John Russell on to the platform.

11. Just before daylight, we divided, beating the Derby Government by 13.

15. When the ladies had left, after dinner, I went up to the head of the table, and Professor Owen, who was sitting on my right, said, "So here at last is 'Homo mammontii testis.'" This was the first I had heard of the Abbeville discoveries.

November

4. To the Cemetery in the Convent of the Dames Blanches (Sacré Cœur), 35 Rue Picpus, where Lafayette is buried, and where the relations of those guillotined at the Barrière du Trône may be buried by right. Amongst the names I observed—Noailles, Merodes, Montmorencys, Rochefoucaulds, Rohans, Polignac the Minister, etc.

Since that time, Montalembert has also been laid here.

14. To see Michelet. Amongst other things he mentioned that the *ouvriers* were taking to read the French Classics, under the impression that it is by

an education of this kind that the upper classes are superior to them.

27. Dined with Lord Stanhope to meet Cousin, who told an amusing story of the unwillingness of a London bookseller to sell him a rare book on Sunday, a scruple which was got over by Cousin's accepting the book as a gift over a glass of beer, and paying for it afterwards. Speaking of the salary of 30,000 francs which was paid to the members of the Senate, Cousin said that the Emperor, on being remonstrated with about it as an unnecessary expense, had replied—"Trust me, I know my countrymen."

29. The Olliviers, Renan, Gigot, and others dine with us. Renan spoke very strongly against Béranger in the spirit of his articles about him. Ollivier at this period was most furiously hostile to the Emperor. He inveighed against the falsehood of the historical teaching of the French schools, and described himself, as a boy, standing, with tears in his eyes, to see "the bones of that wretch brought back from St. Helena in state, instead of being left *sur la voirie*."[1]

The conversation turned upon Brittany, and passed thence to the early Scotch and Irish Saints. Renan said that the Irish were undoubtedly in Iceland before the Northmen, that the name of the Antilles was a memory of Atlantis, just as Brazil

[1] Nevertheless I think that his enthusiastic admiration for Louis Napoleon in later years was quite as sincere as his hostility of 1859. I watched the change in all its stages.

was of Hybrasil, the island which the inhabitants of the Arran group in the Bay of Galway imagined they saw far to the westward.

December

1. I went to-day for the first, or almost the first, time, to see Madame de Circourt, who was accustomed at this period to receive every day in the week, and had an immense acquaintance amongst the pleasantest people all over Europe. She was by birth a Russian—Madlle. Klustine—but had, like several of the most gifted of her countrywomen, become a Catholic. Up to the time of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris, she had been exceptionally strong and active. On that day, however, she had allowed all her servants to go out to see the show, remaining herself at home, when by some misadventure the strings of her cap took fire, and she was so dreadfully burnt that she never recovered it.

An invalid who possesses the other necessary qualities, is perhaps the very best person to be at the head of a salon, and Madame de Circourt had these qualities to perfection. Her reading was very extensive, her knowledge of persons, and her interest in everything of importance that was going on in the world, immense. All this was combined with the most admirable tact, and a presence of mind so remarkable, that if any one, whom she knew, entered her salon, after an absence of many months, she would not only recognise him the instant he reached that part of the room that she could com-

mand (for she lay propped up in a corner, unable to turn her head), but remember at once all about him, so much so that she always said the appropriate thing, and asked the appropriate question.

It was to-day that I met for the first and last time the Chevalier Bunsen, who was then, I think, living in Bonn, and was near the end of his career. I remember he talked a good deal to Madame de Circourt about Arnold.

4. Introduced to-day at Madame de Circourt's to M. d'Yzarn Freyssinet, the author of *Pensées Grises*, a little book which was at this time a good deal talked about in a small circle, but which has never, so far as I am aware, become widely known. I do not know how far its author may have been indebted to others, but some of the things in the volume seem to me exceedingly good. I extract a few :—

" Il est un quart d'heure dans la soirée où une femme élégante préfère une robe à son amant."

" Un titre, dont les événements de notre époque ont dissous la valeur, est celui d'homme d'état. A présent, un homme d'état n'est qu'un ministre dans un état."

" On ne semble vivre que pour se préparer à vivre, et bien peu d'hommes, au moment de la mort, pourraient se dire : ' J'ai vécu.' "

"A mesure qu'on avance dans la vie, la couleur grise se substitue à toutes les couleurs."

" Le catholicisme avec la vénérable série de ses pontifes, la liaison raisonnée de ses doctrines et de ses dogmes, sa tradition antique qui perce les âges et va se nouer aux premiers jours du monde, le catholicisme, s'il n'est l'explication, est une explication."

" Nous mourons tous les jours un peu."

"Avec la pensée de la mort il n'y a pas de but qui mérite un effort."

"A de certaines personnes nous ne montrons que nos défauts, à d'autres que nos qualités."

" Les diamants sur une tête laide sont comme un phare sur un écueil; ils avertissent."

" Il est de certains regards qui rendent l'âme visible."

" Savoir causer, c'est-à-dire être cause que les autres ont de l'esprit; aimable science! "

" La France est gouvernée maintenant par un pouvoir absolu, tempéré par une liberté morte. Ainsi le soleil éclaire encore l'horizon, même lorsqu'il a disparu."

" Les faits historiques se laissent manœuvrer comme les pierres de taille, avec lesquelles on élève une guinguette ou un temple."

" Une vieille dynastie décore une nation; c'est sa poésie politique."

" La bêtise qui agit devient sottise."

" Ceux dont la seule occupation est de tuer le temps doivent être des bourreaux bien malheureux."

" La paresse sauve plus souvent qu'on ne croit, car il faut se donner beaucoup de peine pour faire beaucoup de mal."

" La grande route est d'un aspect froid et monotone, sans imprévu ni distractions, mais avec elle on arrive; à côté il y a des sentiers pleins d'ombres, de contours, de mystères, mais on s'y égare; tel est le bon sens, tel est le paradoxe."

" Il ne faut pas être trop incrédule; il y a des faits vrais quoiqu'ils soient dans l'histoire."

It was M. d'Yzarn Freyssinet who told me a story about Lamartine, which is worth writing down. At the time when the History of the Girondins was exciting all France, and preparing the way for the fall of the July Monarchy, M. Freyssinet, meeting one day its gifted author, said

to him, "I cannot understand, M. de Lamartine, how it is that you think so well of all these people. Royer Collard, whom both you and I knew and respected, used to say of them, 'Pour parler simplement et franchement ce n'etait qu'une canaille.'" "Pardon," was the reply, "c'était une canaille qui n'était ni simple ni franche!"

7. To Versailles to call on M. de Falloux, who was very full of the life of Madame Swetchine, which he had just been editing.

It was M. de Falloux who said of Louis Napoleon, with great truth, "Il ne sait pas la différence entre rêver et penser." He asked much about England, and was afraid of the smallness of our majorities, and the difficulty of forming a strong government.

8. Dined with Madame Mohl, meeting, amongst others, Cousin, who was very angry with England, because, he said, she was thwarting French policy in Italy, and insulting France, "Et nous n'insultons personne." This sort of foolish talk seemed to me habitual with him, and I have never been able to understand on what foundation his great social fame rested.

9. Spent the forenoon with Ollivier at the Palais, where I saw Dufaure, Berryer, and Senart.

11. In the evening to Michel Chevalier's for the first time. An elderly man (I know not who), who had been much in Spain, said, "No money appears till there is a piece of land to be bought; then you find out that every one is rich."

17. From our settlement in the Rue Balzac up to this time, we had a man to come to talk to us in the mornings with a view to improve our French, a most intelligent and well-meaning creature, with a great many good ideas on many subjects. The fact that this dreamer, who would not have willingly hurt a fly, should have been one of the mob who penetrated into the Tuileries in February 1848, and should have had actually in his possession an historical exercise in the hand of the Duchess of Orleans, which he had found, after she fled, in the schoolroom of the "Enfants de France," speaks volumes as to the state of French society during the last thirty years. I can never think of him without being reminded of a character I once saw represented on the French stage, who said, in detailing his adventures, " Enfin j'étais Dieu, et je louais un petit temple sur le Boulevard des Bons Enfants—Cela n'a pas réussi."

Conversation with Maury, who said that "There are only two nations in Europe who have a political future: England and Russia. France has none."

In the evening at Madame Schwabe's, where I talked with Cobden and Renan, who said to the great Free-trader that he admired him very much, adding, however, " Mais vous marquez la fin de la grande politique d'Angleterre." True words, though not in the sense in which the speaker meant them!

Cobden said that the Sultan ought to be driven out of Europe, as far as Bagdad, at the least. He

spoke very disparagingly of the political importance of Constantinople. "Who would exchange Marseilles for it, or New York, or Liverpool?"

Gibraltar, too, he holds very cheap.

He had told Fould that a Bonaparte on the throne, and the sudden war in Italy, would cost Europe twenty millions a year. Rothschild says that that is understated. "He (Cobden) has been advocating a dose of Free Trade."

19. At 1 o'clock to 40 Rue du Bac, by appointment with Montalembert, and found Ollivier with him. While we were there, M. Baze, one of the Quaestors of the Assembly in 1851, came in. Montalembert had not seen him since he was seized in his bed on the 2nd of December. Ollivier took the cheerful view: Montalembert the desponding. O. thought that the Empire had lost much in the last year. M. said—"Vous êtes un bourgeois." O. replied—"Non, je ne suis pas bourgeois." M.—"Yes, you are; you have no idea of the peasantry. In every hut there is Louis Napoleon and Eugénie. The peasant distrusts the *bourgeois* of all degrees of fortune. He does not insult, but he does not confide in him."

Kinglake's speech the other day at Bridgewater had much pleased Montalembert, and he asked me who he was. I said, "The author of *Eothen*." To which he replied—"But what is *Eothen?* I never heard of it."

He talked of the extension of the suffrage in England. "Remember, you cannot retrace your steps," he said. "Here we have one million who

know something, and all the other millions are brutes. What is the wisdom of Guizot, or the ardour of Ollivier, to do against the Bonapartist craze of the masses?"

The conversation passed to the relations between France and England. "By ability and eloquence," he said, "the Parliamentary notabilities kept down the anti-English spirit. England can never be safe unless France has a Parliamentary Government." It was on this occasion that he said to me that invasion would be a great risk, but that if he were the Emperor he would run that risk, and mentioned, as an illustration of the feeling of the French peasantry about war, that in his own village in Burgundy, the people, when he spoke of the carnage of the Crimean campaign, had said—"Que voulez vous? il y a trop de monde!"

21. To see Berryer, who lived then at No. 9 in Thackeray's "New Street of the Little Fields." He talked much of Lord Lyndhurst and his immortal youth, and much about the way in which English statesmen had lauded Louis Napoleon.

In the afternoon Villemain called and told me a story of which he was evidently fond, for he repeated it again on the 27th, how, when a young Secretary in 1819 at the French Embassy in London, he had sat long at an evening party talking with Canning about Simonides, and how some wiseacre warned his chief as to the danger of political secrets being wormed out of his subordinate by the English statesman.

27. Villemain and others dined with us. Madame

Mohl, who was of the party, told me that he had talked "up to his very best," and that best was as good or better than that of any living man. Amongst other things he mentioned that he had been appointed to offer Lamartine an embassy, and that Lamartine's reply had been in the affirmative, "provided I am sent to Vienna, and that there is a Congress there."

He told a story of the Empress having lately said that she was "deux fois Catholique" as a Spaniard and as the French Empress. "Elle est étonnante," said a Minister.

It was not, I think, this evening, but a little before, that he told me the answer of the Duchesse de Duras to Charles the Tenth, when he spoke of the Greeks as Jacobins—"Non, Sire, c'est La Vendée de la Chretienté"—"un fier mot," as the King afterwards said, and a successful one. It should be remembered that M. de Kersaint, the father of the speaker, had been guillotined by the Jacobins for his devotion to the throne.

29. Heard Berryer for the first and last time; but it was only in a Will case, where there was no room for eloquence.

To-day M. de Falloux came to call on us. He talked of the extinction of the Gallican spirit in France. My wife, who had never seen him before, said, with perfect truth, that he looked just like a gentleman of the League come out of his grave.

30. M. de Circourt called, and it was on this occasion that he made a remark which I have often quoted, with or without the last part, and which has

become pretty familiar in the North. "If it had pleased the Almighty to create not 2, but 20 millions of Scotchmen, they would have conquered the world; and uncommonly hardly they'd have used it too!"

This evening at Madame de Circourt's I met young Prince Ypsilanti, who was, at one time talked of as a not wholly impossible person to be King of Greece. Speaking of the chances of Constantinople passing into the hands of the Russians, he said—"In the first place, Europe would not allow it; and in the second, if it did, Notre épée serait là!"

1860.

January

1. In the afternoon to see Renan, with whom found Baron D'Eckstein, who, now very old and chiefly known as a student of Sanskrit, by no means recalled "Lutzow's wilde Jagd," with which he had nevertheless ridden in his youth.

On to Ollivier, where much talk about his suspension from the privileges of an advocate, for some offence given to the Government. Montalembert came in, and talked very energetically about the affair, using the expression "servility outrunning servitude." I walked away with him, and found that he was much annoyed by the praise given in the English papers to the Emperor's Italian policy, tracing it all, very erroneously, to our national dislike of the Pope.

6. At night to Madame de Staël's, where I was introduced to the old Duc de Broglie and M. Duvergier de Hauranne. The room was nearly quite full of men, and the talk chiefly of politics. I remember saying to myself, "This is the large room at Brook's translated into French." Introduced by M. de Circourt to the Duchesse de Rauzan. She was the daughter of the Duchesse de Duras.

15. With M. Mohl to be introduced to M. Thiers

at his house in the Place St. Georges, where met M. C. de Remusat and others. Mignet and Roger du Nord both spoke very strongly against the ballot and against much lowering of the franchise. "Gardez vos mœurs publiques," said Roger again and again with much emphasis. Thiers was furious about the Commercial Treaty with England, the news of which had just transpired, and abused Michel Chevalier heartily. He spoke with great admiration of Lord Derby's oratory, but the value of his criticism was somewhat diminished by his admission that he could not even *read* English with any ease.

All were very curious to know whether Lord Palmerston's Government was likely to fall, and full of questions about the Irish Members.

23. Dined with Michelet, meeting Pelletan, Emmanuel Arago, D'Uhlbach, Vacherot, Dumesnil, etc. Some one, I think Arago, said—"Ah! I know that house well. I conspired in it twenty years ago." Dumesnil is a person of whom —— told a good story this morning at Michelet's expense. He declares that Michelet, when last asked to stand for some constituency, replied—"J'ai assez payé mes dettes, mais je donne mon gendre Dumesnil à la France," which, however, happily for him, did not accept "mon gendre Dumesnil."[1]

[1] Long afterwards, when in India, I came, in a strange roundabout way, on some traces of his activity; and a very useful life he seemed to be leading outside of the political arena.

—— will have it, too, that Michelet began a lecture at the Collége de France with these words—"L'histoire est une lyre à trois cordes—La première c'est mon ami Mickiewicz, le défenseur des opprimés. La seconde c'est mon ami Edgar Quinet, l'âme d'un héros dans le corps d'un Saint. La troisième c'est moi."

Met Lanfrey for the first time at Madame Tourgueneff's. He said, amongst other things, that Ollivier had a "tête tout-à-fait vide."

Nothing indeed is more surprising here, to an English Member of Parliament, than the reckless, and indeed ferocious, way in which French politicians speak of one another.

February

17. To-day I had a long conversation with Kossuth, about the future of Turkey and other subjects. He said that up to the Peace of Paris he had quite disagreed with Napoleon, and had not thought that the "sick man" would die. Now he despaired; much to his sorrow, as he had a strong affection for the Turks.

"*He* would hardly be accused of belonging to the school of Metternich, but he quite agreed with that statesman in believing that a Government which accepts a favour it cannot reciprocate is already mediatised. A Government with one protector abdicates its independence; but five protectors!—that is death. When Izad, Pacha of Belgrade, heard of the Hungarian catastrophe, he wept like a

child, and immediately after sold all his property in European Turkey. Kossuth said that the Servians would be at the head of a new confederation on the Danube: fine fellows, though the enemies of Hungary in 1849. Reschid Pacha had secretly advised the Hungarians to seize Alt Orsova, and had agreed to allow one hundred thousand stand of arms to go up the Danube, but the plan had failed through the blunder of a Mr. ——, secretary to the Hungarian Chargé d'Affaires, who informed Sir Stratford Canning. Austria should have made Pesth her centre of gravity, when her Emperor ceased to be Emperor of Germany. Now she seemed doomed. He, for his part, would do his utmost to prevent any rising in Hungary, until the French flag was actually unfurled on Hungarian soil." We then passed on to talk of the war of last year, and he told a curious anecdote about his passport, to illustrate the way in which Napoleon's personal wishes were thwarted by those about him. Kossuth had seen much of Napoleon during the Italian campaign, and said that, while the Derby Ministry was in power, he expected every day to learn that England had gone against him. Kossuth had warned him of his danger, if, like his uncle, he broke with Austria without a final success. He sprang from his chair, and said, "I entirely agree with you." Kossuth found him extremely puzzled about the details of his Commissariat, and his operations generally before Villafranca, and did not doubt that his perplexities had had much to do with the sudden peace. On the whole, however,

he thought better of his intellect every time he saw him.

March

9. Sat for the first time on an Election Committee, which terminated, a few days afterwards, in seating for Peterborough Mr. Whalley, who was later only too well known.

Introduced to-night at Lady Palmerston's to Lady William Russell. She was at this time well on to seventy, but had not met with the accident which confined her afterwards for so many years to her own house. Although still a very fine-looking woman, one would hardly have guessed that she was the person alluded to in these two verses of *Beppo*:—

"I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And stayed them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
Whose bloom could, after dancing, dare the dawn.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet, if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark *her cheek*, out-blooming all."

April

28. Conversation with Dr. Conolly, the famous mad doctor, at Hanwell. He said that two in every thousand persons in England are mad, and that in his experience the chief causes are, among the lower classes, worry, the necessity for providing for the day that is passing over them, but in the upper classes, especially among women, drink and Calvinistic religion.

July

2. Heard Hutt mention that Lord John Russell had told him that, when a Westminster boy, he had had so little interest in politics as never to have cared to go under the gallery even to hear Fox speak.

4. The British Association is meeting this year at Oxford, and there has been a great scene between the Bishop of Oxford and Huxley, of which Monckton Milnes has brought to the House of Commons a comic version. According to him, Huxley asserted "that the blood of guinea pigs crystallises in rhombohedrons." Thereupon the Bishop sprang to his feet and declared that "such notions led directly to Atheism" !

6. Walked up from the House of Commons as usual with Arthur Russell. We overtook and joined Disraeli, as once before. I asked him, amongst other things, if he ever bought old pictures. "No," he said; "I have been at the

making of too many." We left Russell at his door in Audley Square, and I walked on with Disraeli in the faint dawn. I asked him if he had consciously increased in facility of speaking. He said, No. He had never spoken in a debating society. "Perhaps," he added, "it would have been better if I had, at least at the commencement of affairs." He told me that Lord John Russell had as nearly as possible left Parliament in despair, and advised me to read Moore's lines addressed to him, of which, as it happened, I had never before heard. He thought Lord John essentially sensitive and poetical. He then passed on to speak of Lady William Russell, who, he said, was the most fortunate woman in England, because she had the three nicest sons.

Thirteen years passed away, and Lady William, then in extreme old age, said to me—"Am I not fortunate to have lived to see one of my sons the head of his family, and the other the head of his profession?"

7. Kinglake dined with me, and spoke much of Sunderland, who sat for the portrait in Tennyson's "Character," but who was nevertheless a most brilliant and extraordinary person. He lost his reason, and ended, I have been told, in believing himself the Almighty.

November

25. In Paris, at the Hotel Mirabeau. Long conversation with Jules Simon, mostly about things

and people now passed away. Speaking of Thiers, he said he was a Jacobin, but no Liberal. He described Lanfrey as "un enfant," guided rather by impulse than principle; thought than Renan had begun as a "sceptique savant," but was likely to end as a "sceptique mystique," and told him that France wanted "gros pain," and not his "pâtisserie fine." He spoke very highly of the Mulhouse manufacturers for their conduct to their workmen; put those of Sedan next; while those of Rheims, Lisle, Amiens, and Rouen he classed respectively as third, fourth, fifth, and sixth.

Amongst other people whom I went to call on to-day was Maury, who, since I saw him in the spring, has been made private librarian to the Emperor, and is assisting him in his Life of Caesar. I asked him how that work was getting on. He replied, "Very slowly. I do not even know that it will ever appear, but this I can tell you. The Emperor is working as hard at ancient history as a young man reading for his examinations. I was for three hours in his Cabinet to-day, and in the course of them he looked in and said, 'Je ne puis pas faire de l'histoire ancienne avec vous aujourd' hui. J'ai trop d'histoire moderne à faire.'"

This was the day, it should be recollected, on which the Decrees modifying the French Constitution came out in the *Moniteur*.

26. Called on Ollivier and many others, amongst whom was Villemain, who said that he did not expect a speedy return to Constitutional Government, but thought that France would long remain

within the Imperialist circle. He believed the curés might easily be made friendly to the Government from jealousy of their bishops. He thought a National Church in France was quite impossible, and quoted some one who had said, "Beware of trying to make a patriarchate; there is not enough Christianity in France for two."

27. At Chambéry, where saw the grotesque monument to the famous adventurer De Boigne, who disciplined Scindiah's battalions. Many years ago, I think in 1823, my father stopped at this place to visit him. In the course of conversation De Boigne said, "Financial difficulty! The Company can never have any financial difficulty; they have always one certain resource open to them." "What is that?" asked my father eagerly. "Plunder China," was the characteristic reply.

December

2. Dined with Count Cavour, meeting his brother, the Marquis, M. de Rémusat, and many others. The appearance of the great minister was as far as possible from being distinguished, and I was irresistibly reminded when I saw him of the description of the father of the heroine in Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter." Speaking of Louis Napoleon, he said to me—"C'est un homme habile qui connait son peuple et son temps."

10. My two companions, M. Krause, a young Prussian attaché, a M. Achard, a Frenchman from

Naples, and I got into sledges at Molaret, and proceeded, the wind getting more violent as we rose higher. The Conducteur's place was taken by a superintendent of the road from Susa, who had come up on hearing of yesterday's avalanche. He was at first sanguine, but gradually thought worse of our prospects of getting on. At refuge No. 4 we were obliged to get out and wait for daylight. The wind was so violent that it was all I could do to avoid being blown over the precipice which lies just below No. 4. When it was fairly day, the cantonniers were sent out again, and after some time we proceeded. Near No. 5 we got into a most unpleasant predicament, the mule sinking in the snow, and the sledge being left close to the edge of the gulf. We quitted it and made our way, each supported by a cantonnier, to No. 5, and here another long delay occurred. After that the weather gradually moderated, and we reached the summit about 2, Lanslebourg about 3, St. Jean about 9—that is to say, about 11 hours after we were due.

17. Long talk in Paris with Prévost Paradol. He said, amongst other things, "Well, France seems to me between two great fortunes; either we shall have peace and improved government at home, or we shall have war and the Rhine." "Improved government at home," I said, "by all means, but what do you want with the Rhine?" "Oh," he rejoined, "our present frontier is a very bad one." "We in England," said I, "are not

accustomed to think very highly of the advantages of a river frontier." "I daresay not," he said, "for God has given you the best of all frontiers, the sea; but if France had the Rhine, even without the fortresses on its banks, Europe united could not get across it."

To see Jules Simon, who spoke much of the skill with which the Emperor had contrived to stop all avenues for the expression of opinion hostile to his Government, and said that many of the so-called Liberal newspapers were really owned by Bonapartists, and worked for Bonapartist ends. It was to-day, too, that he made me smile by speaking of Cobden as a "charmant garçon."

1861.

February

4. Up from Torquay and established ourselves at the house we have just bought, 4 Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington. At this time there were only, I think, three other houses occupied in Queen's Gate Gardens—No. 1, by Mr. Fergus, M.P. for Fifeshire; No. 2, by Mr. Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford; and No. 5, by Mr. Thring.[1] All the space to the west, which is now covered with houses, was open country, and my usual direction to a cabman, when coming back from the House of Commons, was: "Drive along the Cromwell Road till you come to a hedge, and then turn to the right." An orchard, which covered the ground where Cornwall Gardens now stand, was a great ornament to the neighbourhood a little later in the spring. It was cut down at Easter, 1862.

March

7. Great speech of Gladstone's upon Italy, which seemed to me at the time the best I had ever heard from him, except his Budget statement of 1860.

22. Talk with Herzen at Schlesinger's. He is

[1] Afterwards Lord Thring.

in great spirits about the news from Russia. Amongst other things, he mentioned that the bribe which he paid for the *Memoirs of the Empress Catherine,* of the authenticity of which he is thoroughly persuaded, was only two hundred pounds.

April

10. In the evening I went to a large party which was given by Herzen, who was then living at Orsett House, Westbourne Terrace, to celebrate the emancipation of the Serfs. The news of the collision between the troops and the people in Warsaw had, however, sadly damped the spirits of our host. It was on this occasion that I met Mazzini for the first time. He looked very old, and his beard was getting extremely grey. He said he expected war this year in Italy; thought, and was "almost sure," that there was an alliance between France and Russia, based on agreement about the Oriental question; that it had been long intended; that Louis Napoleon made it a ground of favour with Russia that he had prevented the English, when their blood was up, going on with the war, etc.

May

20. Met Lacaita at Cartwright's. He shows us *Il Sagro Arsenale,* a book on the procedure of the Inquisition, published by authority, and this

edition in 1705. It proves that Galileo was tortured—a fact which the *neri* have given themselves of late some trouble to contradict. They have printed the trial of Galileo, leaving out all mention of the fact, but unluckily they have also printed the concluding address to the prisoner, in which it is recounted that the Inquisition had proceeded to the "rigoroso esame," which throughout the *Sagro Arsenale* is the phrase for the torture.

29. Dined at the Mitchells', 6 Stanhope Street, Mayfair, where introduced to Buckle, who told me amongst other things that he had never been within the walls of the House of Commons—a strange confession to be made by a historian who lived in London. His conversational opinions about men and things did not increase my appreciation of the value of his historical judgments.

All through this spring I was much occupied in urging the expediency of a Royal Commission to inquire into the Public Schools, circulating a paper of reasons in favour of it to all members of the House of Commons, and communicating with Northcote, the two Russells, the Head Masters of Harrow and Rugby, etc., besides Gladstone and Sir George Lewis, who were the members of the Government who took most interest in the matter. After much negotiation all ended amicably, and the Commission was issued. It was in connection with this matter that I went with William Spottiswoode one day to see Mr. Halford Vaughan, who was then living at Hampstead. He showed us, I

recollect, a copy of Euripides, which had belonged to Milton, with manuscript notes in the poet's own hand.

June

2. Mr. Strachey, a young diplomatist, who dined with me to-day, told me a good saying of the Queen of Holland's about an Austrian attaché—"Il a l'air d'un coiffeur et l'aplomb d'un dentiste."

July

6. Met Crabbe Robinson at the Wilsons' and Bagehots', who were then living together. It was with reference to his first brief that Charles Lamb quoted the line—"Thou great first cause least understood"; and he was well acquainted with Goethe. He told me of a conversation with the Grand Duchess Louisa of Weimar, in which she mentioned that Napoleon had said to her—"If your friends go on as they are doing, they will force me to declare myself Emperor of the West."

7. We went down this afternoon with Arthur Russell to Pembroke Lodge, where we found Mr. G. Elliot, Julian Fane, Lord Dufferin, and others. In the afternoon we walked in the park, and Lady John Russell showed me a tree under which many years ago—when Pembroke Lodge was in the occupation, I think, of the Errolls—she and her husband had sat and said to each other, "Now, that is exactly the sort of place which it would be delightful to have." The tree has ever since been known in the family as "The Wishing Tree."

22. The Diplomatic Committee considers its report. Acton and I, the two youngest men on it, were the only two who voted for my amendment on Resolution No. 2 in favour of a very guarded system of competitive examination combined with selection.

I asked Disraeli why he opposed it. "Because," he said, "it would tend to weaken Government. People talk against Parliamentary patronage, but without it the whole thing would blow up. A man with £20,000 a year attaches the greatest possible importance to giving away a place worth three pounds annually, and another spends ever so many thousands on a county election that he may appoint the local excisemen."

29. Introduced by Arthur Russell to his brother Odo, and long walk with them in the Park.

After spending a day or two with George Boyle, who has now married, and is living at Soho House, Handsworth, near Birmingham, we went northward, and leaving the railway at Beattock, followed the Moffat Water, down a long green valley. Observed Mr. Proudfoot's house, Craigieburn, half hid in plantations, and celebrated by Burns. Walked up a short ascent to look at The Grey Mare's Tail—full from last night's rain, and in its present state a really fine fall of 200 feet. Over the water-parting and down to the Loch of the Lowes, passing Chapelhope. In the hills above, Renwick preached his last sermon. A solemn, sombre country—all now under sheep.

Somewhat later I spoke of it to Carlyle. He said—"Yes; I remember walking in it for a whole

day, and being on the verge of crying at every step."

To Tibby Shiels' Inn and Hogg's Monument. Drive on along St. Mary's Loch, past Benger Knowe, and descend the Yarrow. At length we came on arable land. Beyond Yarrow Ford the river is narrow and rapid, flowing between richly-wooded banks—Bowhill and Newark Tower on the right. So on past Philiphaugh, where Montrose was defeated. At last Selkirk, whence we go by train to Edinburgh, seeing Abbotsford on the right across the Tweed.

16. To see Jules Simon, who was full of the success of his *Ouvrière*. He had collected about £9000 after a lecture at St. Quentin for founding a Cité Ouvrière. We talked of the letter from the Emperor to M. Fould, which appeared in yesterday's papers, and the financial changes. He thought that they would have little real effect. In the Committees of the Constituante he had said, "Make, if you please, a King with 20 million francs per year, or make, if you please, a President with 200,000; don't make an anomaly—a President with 600,000." He was then only thirty-two, and his proposal was laughed down as *enfantillage*. Shortly it turned out that not only the 600,000 francs were spent, but 600,000 for stables, 600,000 for outfit, and 1,200,000 for Secret Service. Baroche, his cousin, the Finance Minister of the day, said, "It's all true. Of course I am responsible. The money is spent. You may send me to prison." And so it may be again. How can the Government stop its expenses? The

masons in Paris gain 7 francs a day. Printers gain only $3\frac{1}{2}$. From the Department of the Creuse alone there are 35,000 masons in Paris. In good times in their own department these men might gain 1 franc 10 centimes a day. Now they would gain only 60 centimes. What is to be done?

To see Prévost Paradol. We talked of the Duc d'Aumale's speech. I said—"We in England could not forgive Joinville for his foolish hostility to us." "Ah," he replied, "you will find a little of that at the bottom of every French heart." I answered—"But you will not find the corresponding feeling at the bottom of every English one." Whereupon he rejoined—"*Ah, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas les derniers vaincus.*" I talked to him of the financial changes, which he thought on the whole good, and a step in advance.

To see Szarvady, and talk of the state of Hungary. He said that arms were concealed, but that there would be no rising till the whole twelve million were frantic.

To see Gigot, whose opinions on the subjects of the day always seem to me sensible. He thought well of the financial changes.

19. With Hartmann to see James Fazy.[1] He lives in a quatrième, but the rooms are very prettily furnished, and the value of the pictures on the walls must be considerable. I observed two Cranachs—the portrait of his daughter and the portrait of Frederick the Wise, a Hondekoeter, a Teniers, an

[1] The Artevelde of the hour.

Ostade, a Greuze, a Watteau, a Backhuysen, and many others. At the end of the principal room there was a bust of Fazy himself, decidedly like him. We talked much of the Swiss Constitution, and of the public men of Switzerland. The conversation then passed to America. He did not fear a dictatorship in the United States; thought that if Lincoln had been a military man something of the sort might have had to be feared, but he was a civilian. The American Consul here had recently mentioned that, when he left America, Lincoln had told him that he really didn't know where his armies were. "Just," said Fazy, "as in our Sonderbund war, two battalions were lost for six weeks. So much for military operations carried on by Federal Republics!" He thought the war would do good. America had been too pacific. In this world people must know "se battre."

We talked of the Valley of Dappes, about which there was at this time some dispute between France and Switzerland. He said it was only important as a part of the question of French encroachments. The object of Louis Napoleon was to drive Switzerland into a separate treaty with France, so that he might say to the Powers that the whole contention between him and her was arranged.

In the afternoon Charles Eynard took us to dine with the De la Rives at Pressinges. As we drove thither we had a peep of the top of Mont Blanc over the mist. De la Rive told me a good saying of Lamartine's: "Si j'étais roi, je vendrais toute

ma bibliothèque et j'acheterais Circourt." De la Rive had been most intimate with Cavour, who set out from hence for Plombières and came hither after Villafranca. De la Rive was standing one day in front of his house, when he saw a man coming towards him in his shirt-sleeves, and with his coat slung over his arm. It was the great Italian statesman, who, wild with disappointment, had rushed over the Simplon, and come to take refuge in the place where he had been formed by his contact with Sismondi and others of the same stamp. I remember hearing Madame de Circourt, who knew him well, cut short a discussion about him by the words "Enfin c'est un Genevois." De la Rive spoke of Cavour's great success in England, where, however, as he told me himself, he had only been thrice—twice for six weeks, and once for a much shorter time. De la Rive put Ricasoli "comme caractère" above Cavour, who thought, he said, that "la politique" justified everything.

December

1. At Zürich. To see Cherbuliez, Professor of Political Economy, who, speaking of co-operation, called it "the solution of the great problem." Later I called on Mr. George de Wyss, for whom I had a letter from Ernest Naville, and had a long conversation with him about Swiss politics. I asked him, amongst other things, whether universal suffrage enabled the lower classes to tax the rich unjustly. He answered that in most Cantons the

Government was after all aristocratic, even in the so-called democratic Cantons, Uri, Unterwalden, and Appenzell, where the whole body of the citizens passed the laws. This, be it remembered, was before the recent changes made in the later sixties in the constitution of Zürich and other Cantons.

14. We were dressing for the Court Ball this evening, when a messenger came from the Duke, to say that a telegram had arrived from London giving such bad accounts of his brother that it could not take place.

15. On getting up this morning hear of the death of the Prince Consort.

16. A very long conversation at Gotha with Dr. Karl Schwarz, whose masterly *Geschicte der neusten Theologie* I had been lately reading and re-reading, and who filled up a great many gaps in my information about the state of religious opinion in Germany.

17. To see Freytag at Leipsic. Speaking of the Prussian elections, he said about thirty of the number elected were "feudal." The contest had been between the intelligence of the nation and the old Hohenzollern traditions. After the Thirty Years' War, Prussia was almost a desert. The Hohenzollern made the one and a half million into a kingdom—all artificial. The thoroughly demoralised "Adel" were turned into the officers of the Army. Privileges in the army still continued, though not in name. The feeling towards the people was better than in 1854, but not right yet.

I asked how men's ways of thinking were so changed since 1848. Up to that time, he said, the press was enslaved, and the country was to a great extent dependent on France for its literature. Every circulating library was full of Socialist books. Hence the first movement took that direction, but free discussion changed all in a year. In 1848 the King of Prussia was insulted in his own capital. In 1849 he was offered the Emperorship of Germany.

Freytag gave me much advice, on which I afterwards acted, as to people whom I ought to see at Berlin and elsewhere. I had likewise at Leipsic interesting conversations with our Consul, Mr. Crowe, and with the great publisher Mr. E. Brockhaus.

Reached Dresden this evening on a visit to my mother, who had taken from Mr. Charles Murray, our minister, a portion of his house in the Prager Strasse, my brother being at this time one of Mr. Murray's attachés.

18. To see Mrs. Pringle and her husband—a rich planter from the South. She is an extremely clever woman, and bitterly hostile to the North. She mentioned that twenty-one years ago, when she went from the north, as a bride, to Carolina, she heard her husband's uncle, Colonel Pinckney, say —"I had rather be a Colony of England than live in this detested Union." Her hopes, poor woman! were at this time high, and she thought that Slavery and Free Labour would halve the continent including California.

Call on the Chevalier Haymerle, the Austrian Secretary of Legation, who had been much at Athens, and whose opinions about the Greeks, which I noted down at the time, have been quite confirmed by all I have learned since.

19. Talk with Mr. Stockton, the American Consul, about the Mason and Slidell affair, which is the great subject of conversation at this moment. He is bitterly hostile to the present Government, but is betting against a war with England.

1862.

January

1. PRESENTED to the King of Saxony, the jurist and Dantista, who spoke with much regret of the death of the Prince Consort, at a reception in the Palace. They still keep up the curious old ceremony of sitting down to play cards, while those who are not playing with the Royal Personages walk round the card room, stopping at each table till recognised, and then bowing. Talked with the Princess Royal, who was that Princess Wasa whom rumour destined for Louis Napoleon. Amongst others there was present, resplendent in emeralds and diamonds, the old Princess Augusta, who was thought likely to be the bride, at one time, of Francis of Austria, and at another of the first Napoleon.

12. Went this morning to see Mommsen. He inclined to put Thirlwall above Grote, who had something *Hausbacken* about his style, and sank at times into "Geschwätz." When I mentioned Cornewall Lewis he said—"Ach nun ich bitte Sie," he really might as well have cited Livius and Dionysius to appear in the Police Court. The thing is so clear that it was not worth proving. What is worth showing now is, not that Rome

had not her seven Kings, but how the Romans came to think she had. In Berlin they had one or two fossil individuals who still held the old views of Roman history. People who are enthusiastic for Manteuffel would naturally believe in King Numa.

I asked him who would be the ecclesiastical allies of the Fortschritt party. He said the section of the *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung;* that he saw no prospect of their getting beyond that in Prussia, and thought that his friends would have to build up a church, though they never entered it. He spoke very strongly of the immense importance of the present crisis in Germany. This, be it remembered, was the time when the King and the Second Chamber were fighting. If they failed now, all would go to ruin. They might work at Sanskrit and grind away at Latin and Greek philosophy, but they had staked their whole national welfare on this political cast.

In the course of conversation to-day I reminded Ranke of what he had said to me in 1854, about the danger of our crushing an infant civilisation in Russia. He held to his opinion and maintained that no one had gained by the Crimean war except Louis Napoleon. He admitted, however, that Russia was much less "drückend" than she had been.

28. To Gotha to dine with the Duke, returning to Weimar at night. He talked very much to me about his brother, who, he said, had killed himself

by hard work; adding that, from the time he went to England, he never knew what it was to have a "joyous day." He spoke much too, and no wonder, about the ignorance of our statesmen with regard to German matters. I met at the Duke's Gerstaecker the traveller, whose short account of Quito amused me. I asked him if it was not beautiful. "Es ist ein garstiges Nest," was his reply. I also saw at Gotha Carl Schwarz with his bright little wife, and had a great deal of political talk with Samwer, who spoke as strongly as the Duke about the ignorance of our statesmen with regard to Germany.

February

1. Made a geological excursion with Major von Seebach, a kindly old man who was first introduced to geology by getting from Goethe a small collection of eighty-six specimens named. He had often sat on Wieland's knee, had known Frau von Stein, and used, when in the Pagenhaus, almost always to dine with Goethe on Sundays. When Goethe was invited to the Palace on a Sunday, he used to give him a box of dried fruits as a consolation.

2. Talked to Gutzkow about the Queen of Prussia, who, he says, is very like her brother the Grand Duke, in her style of mind and education.

Gutzkow has a very bad opinion of the present generation of students, and says that they are essentially *Philisterhaft*, and that the taste for material enjoyment is spreading all through

Germany. Persiflage and the cigar—these are the principal things.

6. To see at Frankfort R. von Mohl and Usedom, the only men of much ability at this time in the Diet. The former gave me an account of the way in which business is carried on at their meetings. All that the latter said about politics seemed to me very much to the purpose. It is impossible, he remarked, for Englishmen to follow the details of German politics, but they should steadily keep in view that, although Prussia drove sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left; did not know her own mind and was very provoking; after all, the 23 millions of Protestant Germany were behind her, and that *there* was the real future of Liberal opinion in Central Europe. Englishmen kept saying, "For God's sake stick to Austria; keep together"—but that was as much as telling a man, "Don't leave your friend, although he is dead; stick to him and be buried together."

At dinner we talked of Mommsen, who calls Tacitus "a disappointed courtier." Usedom, who always has Tacitus by his bedside, said—"If there were many such courtiers, I should take care to frequent courts."

7. Call at Heidelberg on Rothe, the theologian, of whom, though a Protestant, Acton thinks so highly. I asked him what "Richtung" he thought would ultimately prevail, and whether it would be that of the *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung*. "No," he said, "that is too exclusively *Schleiermacherisch*. It is impossible to answer the ques-

tion, for it may well take two generations of men to give the religion of Protestant Germany its ultimate form."

To see Schenckel, with whom much talk about the relations between Protestants and Catholics in Baden. Then to Madame Helmholtz, whom we used to know in Paris as Miss Anna von Mohl, and who is the daughter of the great jurist Mohl whom I visited yesterday. She says that everybody in Heidelberg is either lecturing or being lectured, and praised Häusser as the most amusing man in Germany.

To see Hitzig, with whom I talked much about Renan. He thought most of his *Histoire des langues Sémitiques,* less of his *Job* and *Song of Songs.* "Job ought either to be attacked with youthful fervour, or left to the last when the mantle is about to be laid aside." Mommsen had also spoken to me very highly of the *Langues Sémitiques,* and called Renan a "true savant in spite of his beautiful style."

I talked with Hitzig also about Salvador's curious book, which he said was a good one for Roman Catholics, giving them a little free air in a way they could take it.

22. Dined with Sir Harry Verney, where met old Lord Monteagle, who told me that Canning's celebrated "I called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old" was as nearly as possible a *fiasco.* A titter was just beginning when a cheer burst forth and drowned it.

March

25. Introduced at the Athenaeum by Hayward to Bulwer Lytton, and very curious conversation. He talked of Foster, the Medium, in whom he seems to believe. He thinks that his feats are not juggling, but that his brain has some power of putting itself *en rapport* with other brains. The markings on the arm he compared to the Middle Age *Stigmata* received by Saints, and *Sigillationes* received by sinners. He had thought of his old housekeeper, Sophy Tate, and Foster had guessed her name. We talked of Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, and Hayward remarked that no man wrote so above himself as Stanhope. Lytton said, "No man writes above himself, but most men are very unequal. Campbell the poet, for instance, always struck me as very tiresome, till one night when he met me at the door of this Club, and asked me to go home and sup. I had only just dined, and at first refused, but seeing that he was hurt, I agreed to go. We were *tête-à-tête*, and from ten to half-past one he poured out a stream of conversation of the most surpassingly brilliant kind."

April

4. Met, at the Thrings', Sir G. Rose, the great punster, the same who, on turning round and seeing some one imitating his gait, said—"You have the stalk without the rose"; and who on being

asked the Latin for a hearse, said—"Mors omnibus."

15. From Boulogne to Amiens. Hayward travelled with us and talked much of Sydney Smith, whose conversation he, unlike Mr. Elphinstone, thought much superior to Luttrell's. Luttrell's art consisted chiefly in the neatness of the allusions to passing events, which he threw in from time to time.

We spoke of Senior. He has, said Hayward, infinite *aplomb*. On one occasion when Moore was singing at Bowood, the poet was annoyed by the scratching of the pen with which Senior was writing, and stopped. "Pray go on," said Senior, "you don't interrupt me."

Hayward had met Radowitz in London, and said that his conversation was very good, as good as Macaulay's with more fineness of feeling. Macaulay did not take to Radowitz, and talked English across him to Lord Stanhope when they met at dinner.

16. Long talk with Ollivier in his cabinet 29 Rue St. Guillaume, a tiny room looking out into a beautiful old garden with tall poplars and luxuriant lilacs. The opposition still consists only of Henon, a botanist from Lyons, Darimon, Picard, "Jules Favre an *esprit faux*," and himself.

He said that he quite understood the Emperor's hesitation in the Italian question, that he stood between the Liberals and anti-Liberals, threatening each with each, whereas if he left Rome he would

surrender his liberty to liberty. Ollivier had talked recently with Prince Napoleon about the state of politics, and had found he agreed with him. He had, however, said to the Prince, "We cannot possibly rally round the Empire, unless we have not only promises but performance."

Renan spoke very sadly of the *fond* of superstition in the French mind. In Paris even there is much amongst the *bourgeoisie*, partly, no doubt, to show its opposition to the higher classes. The populace, on the other hand, is quite without religion.

27. Went to call on Lord Brougham, for whom I had brought a letter from Reeve. He took me first to his room, and thence to a point on the rising ground, behind his house, which commands the whole bay. He described his first coming here in December 1834, and spoke of the changes he had seen in the place. He says that in the interior the mean summer heat is equal to that of Barbadoes. Amongst other people he had known at Cannes, he spoke of Tocqueville, who died here, and of Bunsen, to whom the climate did good.

29. Dined with Lord Brougham, who looked very old and ill. Mrs. Brougham told me that the order of the flower harvest is, from November to the end of the year, the so-called Mimosa (*Acacia farnesiana*), then successively the winter orange-flower, rose, jessamine, and tuberose.

In the evening to Dr. Battersby's, where we met Bellenden Ker, the once-celebrated conveyancer.

He told me that his father had been in the Life-guards when Louis XVI. was beheaded. The officers were ordered to put on mourning. He, Lord Sempill, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, refused to do so, and were immediately dismissed the service.

May

1. We spent some time in the morning at the Château Eléonore, where my wife was photographed by the butler, under Lord Brougham's superintendence, but not very successfully.

The old man was very much excited about the account which Lord Stanhope gives of Pitt's death, and quite disbelieves it. He says that James Stanhope—"Jemmy from town,"—on whose authority it rests, was not a man on whom much reliance could be placed, that Lady Hester never mentioned it, and that Canning, Huskisson, and all Pitt's friends indignantly denied the truth of the story. According to Lord Brougham, Pitt was for some time before his death quite incoherent in his talk, repeating bits of speeches, crying Hear, Hear, and so on, but saying nothing about his country.

Mr. Bellenden Ker was intimate, when a young man, with Sir Joseph Banks, of whom he gave a curious description. He spoke no foreign language, but received foreigners all day, his secretary, a Swede of the name of Dryander, interpreting for him.

10. Senior breakfasted with us, and told, as a

typical example of bathos, a story of an open-air preacher whom he had once heard, at Malvern, say, in a denunciation of Sabbath-breaking on Malvern Hill, "At the great day of judgment, when heaven and earth shall melt in devouring fire—what will become of the donkey boys of Malvern?"

The conversaton turned upon Pitt's dying words, and I mentioned Lord Brougham's version of them, Senior said, 'I know what Wilberforce's dying words were." "What were they?" we eagerly asked. "'I think I would like some gravy out of that pie.'"

22. Dined with Bonamy Price, meeting Madame Blaze de Bury, and others. Roebuck, who was present, talked much of O'Connell, and said that he had heard his great speech on the Repeal of the Union, and had told him afterwards that he had meant both to speak and vote against him, but, after having listened to his speech, was unable to do so.

30. Introduced, at the Seniors', who are giving an extremely agreeable series of evenings, this summer, for the benefit chiefly of the foreigners who have come over to see the Great Exhibition, to Story the American sculptor, and to Mrs. Austin. The latter told a curious anecdote of driving in Paris with M. Anisson on the night of February the 22nd, 1848, when he put his head out of the window and said, "Il neige; nous n'aurons pas la révolution."

June

1. Spent the afternoon at Professor Owen's cottage in Richmond Park, meeting, amongst others, Dickens, and the man who was destined to be his biographer, Mr. John Forster. I had never seen Dickens before, and thought his look singularly unprepossessing. The first unfavourable impression, however, very soon wore off, and I did not detect anything in his conversation that at all answered to his appearance. He talked to me as we walked round the garden, about Gore House and Count D'Orsay, of whom he spoke with great regard, of Holland House and a wonderful squabble which he had witnessed between Allen, Luttrell, Rogers, and Lady Holland—all in bad humour, and all contradicting each other. He said he had seen much of Louis Napoleon in those days, but never perceived anything remarkable in him, except once, when he thought he gave rather a clever description of being had up at Bow Street. Bulwer, however, had lately shown Dickens, in a book given to him by Louis Napoleon,[1] an entry of those times, in which he predicts that the giver would one day be great in France—founding his prediction on Louis Napoleon's devotion to one idea, and his skill in masking that devotion.

26. Breakfasted with the Seniors, and met, for

[1] Many years later I had a curious confirmation of this. When I was tenant of Knebworth in 1877, M. de Stuers, a Dutch Diplomatist, found this book in the library and showed it to me.

the first time, Madame de Peyronnet and her two eldest daughters. M. de Peyronnet, whom I did not come to know till later, was the son of Polignac's colleague. It was of this family that Lamartine said, "C'est une étrange famille que les Peyronnets, il y a de l'esprit partout. Il va jusqu'au mari qui a de l'imprévu dans la conversation." For some years from this time Madame de Peyronnet wrote at once for the best English and the best French periodicals; for example, for the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Journal des Débats*. I am not aware of any other person having done the same.

July

3. Arthur Russell dined with us, and took me to Carlyle's, 5 Cheyne Row. We found Venables with four or five other men and one lady—Mrs. Carlyle is at Folkestone. It was a front room on the ground-floor, very poorly furnished, the chief feature being a long bookcase full of books, but without ornament of any kind, dusty and grimy-looking. Carlyle is taller than I expected, otherwise like his pictures, but wears a beard. He said he had not been to the Exhibition, and had no intention of going, expecting no interest, but the solemn and tragic one of going amongst all these thousands of people, wondering at the loss of enthusiasm and labour, and unable to guess what was the good of it all. He had been to the Dog Show, having met the Bishop of Oxford and

ridden with him. "For the first one hundred yards the Bishop had talked of the *Essays and Reviews* judgment, had said there would be an appeal, and that these gentlemen would have to leave their livings—then he told me that he was going to the Dog Show, and I thought I should never have such an opportunity again, so I went with him and we stayed some two hours. He is a delightful companion, a most active, ardent creature. I know nobody who would have succeeded better in whatever he was set to do."

Carlyle spoke of the *Essays and Reviews* Case, and said it was sad to see a great institution like the Church of England, to which he had never belonged, and to which he had many objections, but which he nevertheless thought the best thing of the kind in the world, falling to pieces in this manner, and going the way of all the earth. He had little good to say either of the Scotch Presbyterian or the Roman Catholic Church as represented by the Roman Court at present.

Venables explained the bearing of Lushington's judgment. The conversation turned, I forget how, to Robertson's account of Becket, and so to Thiers, of whom C. spoke with much contempt, and said that he had been one of those who had most contributed to making the French think that they had only, in spite of the cause, however bad, to put a certain number of thousand scoundrels together, and at their head the most detestable child of Beelzebub whom they could find, and march them

over Europe, to prevail everywhere, a theory which went to the root of all his ideas about things.

He said that shortly before the *coup d'état* he had lamented that there was not a strong angel of the Lord with a great sword reaching from one end of France to the other, to sweep it across, and to say to the endless talking—Peace.

He had been much struck with Prince Napoleon, who had visited him many years ago, and who was running about seeing all kinds of useful things, courts of Justice and what not, and by no means occupying himself, as he had been said to do, with frivolous matters.

13. Breakfasted with the Seniors, meeting Madame de Peyronnet, her two daughters, and the Archbishop of Dublin (Whately). He is shaking with palsy, but his mind seems clear enough. He repeated the charade, " Enfant de l'art, enfant de la nature," with a fairly good translation of it; said that the real tumbler was a glass so made that it could not be upset. He mentioned that there were savage tribes in which each individual bore the name of some word in the language, and that as it was unlucky to name any one who was dead, the word used for describing anything was always changed when the man who bore it died. Hence in a generation the language completely changed. He asked me, Why are the Scotch like the savages of New Holland?—Because if you go amongst them they speir at you!

17. Montalembert came to see me, and we had a

long talk, chiefly about the politics of the hour in France. He was much struck with the Imperialism of our Orators, Society, and Press, and wth Palmerston's vigour. He regretted that Italy had so much divided Liberals, and spoke with great interest of his visit to Hungary, which he had found "so alive," and of his approaching journey to Scotland. We walked from 4 Queen's Gate Gardens to Shaftesbury House, in Kensington, where Kenelm Digby, who wrote the *Broadstone of Honour,* was then living. We parted at the door, and I never saw him again.

20. At Claydon, Sir Harry Verney's, a very remarkable house, which was begun with the intention of rivalling Stow, but remains merely a huge fragment.

Lady Verney is Miss Nightingale's sister, and one of the curiosities of the house is a manuscript by Lady Verney describing the life and adventures of her sister's own Athena, which, bought for 6 lepta from some children into whose hands it had dropped out of its nest in the Parthenon, was brought by Miss Nightingale to Trieste, with a slip of a plane from the Ilissus, and a cicala. At Vienna the owl ate the cicala and was mesmerised, much to the improvement of its temper. At Prague a waiter was heard to say that "this is the bird which all English ladies carry with them, because it tells them when they are to die." It came to England by Berlin, lived at Embley, Lea Hurst, and in London, travelled in Germany, and stayed at Carlsbad while its mistress was at Kaiserswerth.

It died the very day she was to have started for Scutari (her departure was delayed two days), "and the only tear that she shed during that tremendous week was when —— put the little body into her hand." "Poor little beastie," she said, "it was odd how much I loved you."

30. Arthur Russell dines with us, reading Schiller and Corneille, and reciting from the latter in imitation of a French actor—I think M. Beauvalet. Afterwards he and I went on to see Carlyle. It was on this occasion that we talked about the Yarrow country. I said it seemed to me much sadder than the Highlands. He doubted that, and mentioned a walk from Kinloch-Luichart along a roaring stream, which seemed to him "the advance into chaos." We spoke of Montalembert, and of his expedition to Scotland for his *Monks of the West*. This led Carlyle to talk of the Bollandists. He thought very highly of the persons who started that great collection, said that with those (Montalembert included) who looked on these people as saints, he had nothing in common, would ask them to go right away and make room for more rational men, but thought that any one who had an aptitude for the task, could find most immensely valuable materials for history in it. We spoke of the life of Columba, which Carlyle seemed to me to know surprisingly well. He said he was a thoroughly Irish nature, like any of these people who are shouting "Justice to Ireland."

In the course of the evening the conversation

turned on the War in the United States. "There they are," said Carlyle, "cutting each other's throats, because one half of them prefer hiring their servants for life, and the other by the hour."

August

7. Took George Boyle to call on John Henry Newman. It was on this occasion that I first observed the picture of Oxford, alluded to under the date of the 18th of October 1856. He took us over the library of the Oratory at Edgbaston—his Oriel one enlarged, and mentioned amongst other things that he had thought of buying a copy at Stewart's of the Bollandists for 130 guineas, but took a day to consider it, and in the meantime it was bought for the Free Kirk College in Edinburgh.[1]

November

14. In Edinburgh on our way south from Eden. About 1 to-day we went to the Register House, where Mr. Joseph Robertson, the most learned of Scottish antiquaries, was our guide. He showed us the foundation charter, not of the Melrose Abbey which now stands in ruins, but of an older building, which has long since passed away, though the little piece of parchment remains intact, and the writing on it is perfectly legible. He showed us also the list of jewels belonging to Mary Queen of Scots,

1 "Habent sua fata libelli!"

which he afterwards published. It bears upon it notes, in her own hand, of the names of the persons to whom she desired the jewels to be given, in case both she and her child should die, made just before the birth of James VI. This curious document, with many other of the Scottish records, was taken to London in the days of Cromwell, and was not sent back to Edinburgh till recent times. These valuable papers were packed in hogsheads, and suffered much from the damp, the stains caused by which, on this particular manuscript, were mistaken by Miss Strickland, according to Robertson, for Queen Mary's tears.

Not less remarkable is the letter of the Scottish nobles to the Pope, saying that they would never submit to English rule. This, perhaps the most curious document in the Register House, was as nearly as possible destroyed. One of the Earls of Haddington, who was Lord Clerk Register, had taken it, with other interesting relics, to his country house. When he died, they were reclaimed by the authorities, and were all sent back by his family, except this one, which could not be found. At length it was discovered in front of a fireplace in a bath-room, the housemaid having been pleased with the long strips of parchment from which the seals depended, and thinking that it would make as good a grate ornament as another.

We saw, too, many letters of Mary Queen of Scots, and Robertson told us that she wrote at first rather a good hand, but it fell off. She was not

really so learned as has been said. Her so-called Latin verses are copies of Buchanan, and her French ones are poor. We saw, also, the receipt for the Scotch records given by Balliol to Edward I., and a batch of holograph letters of Montrose.

Leaving the Register House, we crossed the North Bridge. Joseph Robertson pointed out the draper's just beyond it as having been Adam Black's shop, and the office of the *Edinburgh Review*. I can myself remember it as Adam Black's shop. We turned to the left down the High Street, and presently passed Carrubber's Close, where the old ladies used to put white roses out of their windows on June 10—the old Pretender's birthday. Right, opening of Blackfriars' Wynd, which we traversed, I think, with R. Chambers. Left, house, which lately fell, and is being rebuilt. Over the door, carved, is the head of a boy, who was found alive in the ruins. Left, Leith Wynd and John Knox's House. Right, Oliver and Boyd's Close, in which Begbie, the Bank porter, was murdered. Right, site of St. John's Cross, where Charles II. is said to have knighted the Provost of Edinburgh, and St. John's Street, in which Smollett visited his sister. In several of the transverse streets hereabouts lived Hailes, Kaimes, and Monboddo. Left, Canongate Church, built by James II., and censured (save the mark) for its Popish appearance! Right, Moray House, previously Lady Hume's lodging, from the balcony of which Argyll's family saw Montrose led by.

Right, Queensberry House, now a refuge for the destitute. Left, a house in which Adam Smith lived. He and Dugald Stewart are buried in Canongate Churchyard. Some of the indications as to Left and Right are indistinctly written in the Note Book from which I copy, and they may be incorrect.

The forework of Holyrood is now swept away. The left tower is the only old part of the building, and it is much modernised. We went through some dismantled rooms belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper, to Queen Mary's apartments. The turret stair, by which the murderers of Rizzio ascended, still opens into them. The Queen was sitting at supper with several persons; Rizzio was either at or near the table, when Ruthven entered in armour, coming from his sick-bed in the house hard by, which the Queen had given him. Those in the room drew their swords,but the rest of Ruthven's party rushed in, and Rizzio was dragged through the ante-chamber, and despatched outside. He received his first wound in the Queen's presence. The arrangement of these rooms is not changed, but all the furniture is of a later date.

In the ante-chamber, Arthur Erskine and another heard the quarrel going on between the Queen and Bothwell, during which she asked for a knife to kill herself, two days after her marriage with him.

The Great Hall dates from Charles II., and occupies the place which would have otherwise been

given to a chapel, but the King noted in the estimate: "I do not insist on a chapel; when I want devotion I can have it in a private room. Here, Prince Charles held a levée, as did the Duke of Cumberland some few months after.

Brantôme and the younger Scaliger were both at Holyrood Palace. Buchanan read classics with the Queen. The younger Scaliger writes very decidedly of her guilt, but says she was a glorious creature. Yet she does not seem to have been really beautiful. She was in a large scale, but very graceful and lively.

From Holyrood we walked up the Canongate and High Street. One corner of St. Giles's is called Haddo's Hole, because Lord Aberdeen, the first victim of the Civil Wars, was imprisoned there. In the old Canongate Tolbooth were imprisoned, in the time of James II., certain Covenanters who renounced the days of the week, the names of the books of the Bible, and all things other than the pure Word of God. We saw too the site of the city Tolbooth, where the Heart of Midlothian is still marked on the pavement by a heart.

27. From London to Ghent, where we passed the night and part of the next morning, seeing again the belfry surmounted by the dragon, which has had so strange a history, having begun life as the figure-head of the war gallery of Sigurd I., surnamed Jorsalafare, *i.e.*, the Pilgrim of Jerusalem, who, sailing from Norway in 1107, and having fought in the Holy Land, returned overland *via* Constan-

tinople, and gave this gilt dragon to St. Sophia; whence, after the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204, it was sent by the Emperor Baldwin of Flanders as a present to Bruges, and carried in 1382 to Ghent.

From Ghent we crossed the Pays de Waes, to Antwerp. On the way a curious illustration of the far-reaching mischief of war was given me by a Belgian gentleman, who told me that he was the owner of a polder in the neighbourhood, which, in good years, paid about 10 per cent. on the purchase money. The inhabitants of this polder have been pauperised by the American contest, as nearly all their osiers went to the States, and the demand suddenly ceased when hostilities commenced. The return from land in the Pays de Waes is infinitesimal—often less than 1½ per cent. on the purchase money.

From Antwerp we went to Rotterdam, where I had several conversations with Réville about Dutch Theology, with regard to which I was at this time very curious, and the results of my inquiries into which I embodied in a paper published in *Fraser*. Of this paper I afterwards reprinted a considerable part, in an Article on Holland in my *Studies in European Politics*. Réville told me that Jurieu was buried just under his pulpit. He would, as Réville says, be much scandalised if he could hear his successor's doctrines. Réville, although established here in connection with the Walloon Church, is a Frenchman of a Huguenot family. His grand-

mother received her first communion in a cellar, and he himself had talked with an old woman who imagined—according to the old Huguenot belief—that she had heard the Protestant version of the Psalms chanted by Angels.

December

4. On arriving here I had left my card upon Mr. Groen van Prinsterer, the well-known head of the high Orthodox and Conservative party, along with an introduction from M. Arnold. This morning, just after breakfast, the waiter brought me the card of Baron Donald Mackay, a young man of three-and-twenty, who came on the part of Mr. Groen to put himself at our disposal, Mr. Groen being unwell. The Scotch name struck me, and upon inquiry I found that he was heir-presumptive to the Reay peerage, and that his great-grandfather had served in the Scotch brigade along with my great-grandfather, Colonel Cunninghame, author of an interesting series of letters on military questions, published under the title of *Strictures on Military Discipline* (London, 1774), who returned to England, and died in London towards the end of last century, while the Mackays stayed on in Holland.

We went with him to the Second Chamber, where I saw Thorbecke, the Prime Minister, a tall, thin, professorial figure, who speaks as if he were lecturing, and uses the forefinger as if to demonstrate. Thence we went together to the Senate,

and later my wife went alone to see the Queen, while I went with the elder Baron Mackay to see two schools—one public, and managed under the school law of 1857, the other private, a so-called "Christian School," managed by a Board consisting of Groen, the elder Baron Mackay and others.

5. This afternoon we went together to the House in the Wood, where we met the Queen accidentally on purpose, etiquette requiring that I should not be formally presented to her till I had been presented to the King. She showed us all over the palace, of which she is very fond, and the pictures which she has collected from garrets. She pointed out a portrait of the Queen of Bohemia, of her much prettier daughter, of Queen Mary, and much else. In the evening we dined with the elder Baron Mackay, meeting Baron Fagel, etc.

6. This morning I had an audience of the King, who asked many questions about English and Scotch acquaintances. He said he had never been in Scotland, but had seen the Cheviots from Raby, and seemed particularly interested about that country, both on account of the Scotch Brigade, and from the circumstance that his father had much liked the Scotch troops he commanded at Quatre Bras and elsewhere, and with whom he had been in the breach at Badajoz.

7. I went by appointment to see Mr. Groen. We talked much of education here and in England. I asked him where the strength of the Liberals

chiefly lay. He said "un peu partout." The strength of his own party lay chiefly near Arnheim, near Zwolle, and in one or two other places, but most of all in the religious traditions and patriotic feelings of the masses everywhere. "We are not the aristocratic party," he said, smiling, "yet many women and some men of the highest class belong to us, rather as a religious than as a political party."

I told him I had first heard his name from Michelet, who admired him much, as being, like himself, an enemy of Rome. He spoke a little of Michelet, and that led to Carlyle, about whom I found he had quite erroneous ideas, fancying him strongly Christian in his own sense of the term—a hasty inference from passages in his *Cromwell*. Of Macaulay he spoke very highly, but wondered at his having used so few new materials. I told him about Froude, of whom he had never heard. *Apropos* of the small interest which we in England take in Holland, he mentioned that a few years ago an Englishman of wide knowledge and good position had asked a Dutch friend of his—*the name of the existing Stadtholder*.

1863.

January

12. Mr. Whitworth took us over his gun factory. He began by pointing out that exactitude was the soul of his invention. He showed us true planes, and made us see how one floated on the other while there was a little air between them, and how as soon as the upper one was slightly pushed down and the air driven out, they became as one mass. His method of precise measurement was then explained. He can measure the millionth part of an inch. In his young days people used to talk of one thirty-second part of an inch as a very minute measure of length, the smallest ever considered in practice. Now his workmen speak continually of one twenty-thousandth part of an inch. He himself can detect by the touch the lengthening of a piece of iron one thirty-thousandth part of an inch. The machine for precise measurement marks even the effect produced on a bar of iron by the expansion caused by touching it with the finger nail.

February

18. Met at Senior's old General Chesney of the Euphrates Expedition, who was very sanguine

about a railway across Asia Minor, prophesying that in three or four years passengers would be able to go to India in thirteen days, and telegrams in seven.

19. Mr. Christich, Minister of the Interior in Servia, breakfasted with me, and presently afterwards I went to see the Princess, who was living at No. 35 Albemarle Street. She was a Hungarian by birth—the Countess Julie Hunyady—and surpassingly beautiful. Coming over to London, with a view to push the political interests of her husband, she wished to see everything on its brightest side, and to make herself as agreeable as possible, a policy which she carried so far as to assure me that she admired the London fogs as giving "un air mystique."

22. Mr. Byng, of whom Brummell said when he was driving past with his dog, "There goes the poodle and his Byng," and who was known as "The Poodle," describes to-night at Lady William Russell's his having been presented to the Prince of Wales as his page, just before his marriage in 1795. H.R.H. was quite drunk.

23. About this time some foolish zealots at Oxford instituted a prosecution against Jowett for heresy, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, reviving for that purpose an old jurisdiction which had slumbered for many years.

Sir George Lewis, the most cautious of ministers and men, was so outraged by this proceeding, that he came to me to-night in the House, and urged me

strongly to bring in a Bill to crush the jurisdiction *pendente lite*. Sir Edmund Head took the same view, and I was perfectly ready to do so, but A. P. Stanley and other friends of Jowett's thought it better to let the prosecution break down, so to speak, by its own weight, which indeed happened shortly afterwards.

March

11. To-day came the news that Madame de Circourt had been released from her long martyrdom, and so closed one of the pleasantest houses that I have ever known. The last book she read was *Eugénie de Guérin*.

Sainte-Beuve wrote of her :—

" Il nous arrive tous les jours de revenir en idée sur les salons de l'ancienne société Française, et de les regretter : il n'est que juste de ne pas regretter moins amèrement ceux que nous possédions et que ferment tout-à-coup des morts inattendues. Madame la Comtesse de Circourt vient d'être enlevée à la société Parisenne et à ses amis de tous les pays. Tous ceux qui l'ont connue et qui ont été admis à participer aux trésors de son cœur et de son intelligence, apprécieront l'étendue de cette perte et le vide qu'elle va laisser. Madame de Circourt était Russe de naissance. Madlle. Klustine, voyageant avec sa mère en Suisse et en Italie, y rencontra, vers 1831, l'homme distingué et savant qui la fit Française, et qui fut uni avec elle, pendant plus de trente ans, par tous les liens qui peuvent associer deux esprits et deux âmes, également vouées aux belles études et à tout ce qui est élevé. Le salon de Madame de Circourt avait cela de particulier que l'intelligence y donnait comme droit de cité : aucune prévention, aucun préjugé n'arrêtait cette personne, si

pieuse d'ailleurs et si ferme dans ses croyances, dès, qu'elle sentait qu'elle avait affaire à un esprit de valeur et à un homme de talent. De quelque bord politique que l'on vînt, de quelque dogme philosophique qu'on relevât, on se rencontrait avec amitié et sympathie autour de ce fauteuil, où l'enchaînaient depuis des années de cruelles douleurs dissimulée dans une bonne grâce charmante et avec un art de sociabilité inaltérable. Ce n'est pas en peu de mots qu'on peut rendre justice à cette noble et sérieuse personne que tant de cœurs regrettent en ce moment, mais nous n'avons pas voulu laisser passer les premiers instants de sa perte sans exprimer un sentiment de douleur que nous savons si partagé."

15. Walked from Aldermaston to the old Roman town of Silchester. Edward Bunbury, the scholar and numismatist, told me a curious story which had been told by Wilkes to Jekyll, and by Jekyll to him.

Wilkes dreamt that he was dead, and that he had been ferried over to the other side of the Styx. Waiting about on the bank, he saw another new arrival, who turned out to be no other than his old enemy, Lord Sandwich. They fell into amicable conversation under these novel circumstances, till at length they began to feel hungry. Lord Sandwich said that there was an hotel hard by, kept by an old servant of his. Thither they went, and the man prepared for them an extremely *recherché* little dinner. In the course of it, however, Lord Sandwich began to swear because the champagne was not iced, whereupon the innkeeper, who was attending in person upon his guests, shook his head very sadly, and said—"No ice here—no ice here!" Just at that moment little blue flames

came quivering up through the table, and Wilkes awoke.

18. At Lord Russell's. He spoke,— and most truly—of Roebuck, as one of the most disappointing of speakers, beginning generally so very well and then falling off. I have sometimes heard Roebuck perfectly admirable for a few minutes, but never heard him make a speech which was good throughout.

26. Breakfasted with Layard, to meet Julian Fane, who told us an amusing story about Motley, who is now American Minister at Vienna, and a most furious Northerner; although before the War he said to Layard—"If our Sister of the South wants to leave us, let her part in peace."

He had become, it appears, so excited that he had quite withdrawn from society, being unable to listen with toleration to any opinions hostile to his own. This had gone on for some time, when his friends arranged a little dinner, at which the greatest care was to be taken to keep the conversation quite away from all irritating subjects. Not a word was said about the War, and everything was going on delightfully, when an unlucky Russian, leaning across the table, said—"Mr. Motley, I understand that you have given a great deal of attention to the history of the sixteenth century; I have done so too, and should like to know whether you agree with me in one opinion at which I have arrived. I think the Duke of Alva was one of the greatest and best statesmen who ever lived!" Motley completely

lost his temper, and the well-laid plan was overthrown.

April

2. With Ollivier, in Paris, who, since I saw him, has lost his pretty wife, and was extremely *triste*, though full of interest in politics. He says that Morny is one of those who talks most of the necessity of going in a Liberal direction. "The Emperor," he said to Ollivier, "has founded nothing. He must attach his name to new institutions." Ollivier says that Morny's ambition is to be the person charged with forming the first Parliamentary Ministry.

It was to-day Mohl told me that in 1848 he had himself heard Louis Blanc say to the crowd which pressed round him as he was getting into his carriage—"I hope the time will come when we shall all have our carriages." Some one called out —"And who will drive me?"

The Duc de Noailles told Mohl that about the same time a man had come to him, and in the most friendly and civil way had begged him to use his influence when his property was divided between the neighbours, that Maintenon itself should be *his* share, because he thought that it would be admirably suited to be turned into—if I remember right—a corn-mill.

3. In the course of conversation to-day Renan mentioned, as an illustration of the frivolity prevailing in high places here, that the *Proverbe* acted

lately at Court was printed with the characters of the great edition of the *Imitation*.

6. With Renan to see Sainte-Beuve, who lives appropriately enough, at No. 11 Rue Mont Parnasse. We talked of many things; of Mat. Arnold and his Obermann period; of the wide and deep influence of Scott's novels; of the superiority of English to French poetry. "My countrymen," he said, "have been as revolutionary in literature as in politics—one period always anathematising its predecessor."

He hardly ever leaves Paris, but from his upper windows has a view over gardens.

M. Martin Paschoud, whose acquaintance I have just made, and who is the oldest of the Liberal Protestants here, took me to see Mrs.Hollond, who sat with Ary Scheffer's picture of her close by, so that one could judge how far he had succeeded. It is an excellent portrait[1]—just idealised, and no more.

Circourt mentioned to-day, in the course of a conversation about the old French families, that when the Duc de La Tremouille married, he had no land, no rent, but the old castle of his family, the family papers, and sixteen thousand pounds in diamonds.

To see Maury. I asked him how the Emperor's book was getting on. He said that he was very much absorbed by it, sometimes to the neglect of other things, but he is afraid of criticism and "refait

[1] Now in our National Gallery.

son César." Maury says that since he saw him closer, he thinks the country is more to blame than he. The rage for places is beyond anything that can be imagined. About fifteen hundred applications are made in a week.

The Empress is much the reverse of stupid, but has had a very imperfect education, and is a devotee of the Spanish type, which is far worse than the French, and has much less of personal piety in it. Mass at the Tuileries is a sort of transaction with very little religious fervour. She is brave, and would show very well indeed if she had to dare anything in the streets of Paris, but she meddles in affairs, and often is just the makeweight that inclines the Emperor—who likes a quiet life—to wrong decisions.

May

4. Gladstone's great speech on the Taxation of Endowed Charities, which I think, on the whole, the most remarkable I ever heard him make.

8. An elaborate, and in its way very striking, oration by Lord Henry Lennox (in which he attempted to turn the tables by detailing the sufferings of the Bourbonists in the prisons of Naples) was followed by a maiden speech from a young man on his own side—Butler Johnstone—which was far away the most successful Parliamentary *début* at which I ever assisted.

30. Dr. Kalisch, the Jewish commentator, breakfasted with us, and gave after breakfast, to Acton,

Arthur Russell, and myself, a good deal of very curious information about the existing state of learning amongst the Jews. He told us that his own father knew the Old Testament in Hebrew, from end to end, at seven years old, and he mentioned the case of a man who could allow a pin to be put through any twelve pages of the Talmud, and tell through what words it passed.

June

20. Lacaita, who is the most accurate of men, mentioned at breakfast with me this morning, that Ferdinand of Naples knew the seventy-eight thousand men in his army by name. He thought Garibaldi would have failed against him, but Gallenga, who was present, disagreed. The King's power of fascinating and gaining over people was quite extraordinary.

24. Browning told me, when dining with us to-day, that Mrs. Peacock, the wife of the author of *Gryll Grange*, was the "White Snowdonian Antelope" of Shelley's Poems. Shelley was reading Keats when his boat capsized, and his hand was on his breast, as often when he read or thought. Browning had the blurred manuscript which was found in his pocket.

July

26. At Aldermaston. Long talk with Sir Edmund

Head, who repeated to me the epitaph on the tomb of the son of Columbus at Seville—

> " A Castilla y a Leon
> Mundo nuevo dió Colon."

He also told me Madame de Staël's quotation when she heard of Moscow :—

> " Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini poena tumultum
> Absolvitque Deos."

Amongst the party at Aldermaston were the Prince of Teano,[1] and Lupo, a noble white dog which the Burrs had brought from Italy.

August

9. Long walk and talk with Lady Salisbury, now Mary, Lady Derby. She remembered the day when it was rumoured in London that Newman had gone over. Manning said it was probably too true, and that Newman would end like Blanco White. After that Manning suffered tortures, then shut his eyes, and made the plunge.

From Bournemouth I went, *via* George Boyle's at Handsworth, to Melrose, Linlithgow, and Eden. At Melrose I read, *in situ*, the famous epitaph :—

> " The Earth goes on the Earth
> Glist'ring like gold;
> The Earth goes to the Earth
> Sooner than it wold;

1. Now Duke of Sermoneta.

The Earth builds on the Earth
Castles and towers;
The Earth says to the Earth
All shall be ours."

It is on the grave of one Ramsay, Portioner in Melrose.

September

21. Met at the house of the Rev. C. K. Paul, at Stourminster Marshall, Father Strickland, an English Jesuit, who said to me—" I have observed, throughout life, that a man may do an immense deal of good, if he does not care who gets the credit for it."

October

6. Kmety dined with us. I asked him whether it was true that Damjanich had issued a proclamation addressed to the Servians living to the north of the Save, to this effect—" I come to sweep you off the face of the earth, one and all, utterly; and when I have done so, I mean to put a bullet through my own head, that there may not be a Servian left in the land of the living." I also asked him whether Damjanich, when he was not led first to execution, had said—" Sonst war ich doch immer der erste." He confirmed both stories.

November

29. Paris. This afternoon I met Prince Czartoryski, and had a long walk with him. He said,

speaking of Poland, that the war would end, if no intervention took place, in the destruction of the upper class, but that in twenty years there would be new wealth and new leaders.

30. Conversation with Jules Simon about the difficulties which were thrown in the way of candidates for the Corps Législatif. Being only allowed to address twenty of his electors at once, he had on one day to make seven speeches in Belleville.

It was Simon who first told me, and on this occasion, that Montalembert's daughter had gone into a convent—a great grief to him, although so natural.

December

1. To see Prévost Paradol, who is strongly opposed to the Emperor's idea of a Congress—saying that it would awake up all slumbering ambitions. We walked together to the Rue d'Anjou, he talking much of the ignorance of the masses in France, and of his wish to be "a Member of Parliament in a free country."

Called on Madame de Peyronnet, with whom found Charpentier the publisher, who said that he had once been in favour of the extension of French dominion to the Rhine, but that he had been quite converted by a journey along its banks. He described, very vividly, the misery of France before 1815, women of the better class going about with clouted dresses, and apartments to be had for almost nothing. In his childhood he had seen the

Emperor walking up and down under the peristyle of the Tuileries, "with an eye like an eagle, or like melting metal."

Mr. W. H. Bullock, who has been travelling in Poland, and is just returning thither, dined with us, and gave me a great deal of information from the Polish point of view, which at this time was, to some extent, my own.

3. At the Corps Législatif, where, however, I was badly placed, and listened to a discussion of little interest about a recent election. Morny frequently took part in the debate from the Presidential chair.

4. Prévost Paradol and Simon dined with us. I expressed some surprise when I learnt that the latter was a Breton, and he said: "I not a Beton! —I was born in the Morbihan, brought up in the Ile et Vilaine, I studied in the Finisterre, and was Deputy for the Côtes du Nord."

5. Renan and Maury dined with us. In the course of a very long and interesting conversation, of which I have very imperfect notes, one or other of them said that Burnouf had read several verses of the Lithuanian Bible, merely from knowing Sanskrit.

I fell in to-day with a German epigram about the proposed Congress, which amused me:—

> "Ob sie zu kommen sich bequemen,
> Das ist die Frage inhaltschwer,
> Denn *das* ist sicher anzunehmen,
> Wenn sie nicht kommen dann kommt er."

I had also a long conversation about it with Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who thought that there would not be war, because Louis Napoleon was fifty-six, but that his character was so peculiar that no one could say. He was greatly scandalised at the notion that the Congress should meet in Paris, —such a thing, he said, was all well enough after a succession of Eylaus, Friedlands, and Austerlitzes.

Scherer dined with us, and spoke much of the divorce of intellect and position, which is so strange a feature in French society at present.

I spent the 12th at Danzig, whose quaintness I much enjoyed, and where, from the top of the Cathedral tower, I had my first glimpse of the Baltic. On the 13th I left Danzig, and reached Petersburg on the evening of the 14th, where I went to stay with Mr. Morgan, whose second daughter, my brother, who was then attached to Lord Napier's Legation, was about to marry.

The whole country was of course covered with snow. As we approached Wilna, the first traces of the war, which was then raging, became visible, a considerable body of soldiers accompanied the train, and every station was held in force. We traversed the dangerous district without adventures, and reached Pskov, where we dined, and where General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, was pointed out to me.

In Petersburg I remained till the 21st, seeing what was to be seen, and making the acquaintance of a great number of people. Turning round

during the service at my brother's marriage on the 17th, I saw, standing close to me, Mr. Krause, the Prussian Attaché with whom I crossed the Cenis, under such sensational circumstances, three years ago.

On the 21st I went to Moscow, which struck me excessively—more than any place I had seen for years. There I made some interesting acquaintances, amongst others M. Katkof, who was just at this moment rising to the height of popularity over the ruins of Herzen's once enormous influence, which had been utterly destroyed by his taking the Polish, while Katkof, in the *Moscow Gazette*, took the Ultra-Russian side in the contest then raging. I came to know also Philarète, the famous Metropolitan of Moscow, and his Assistant Bishop Leonidas; M. Tchitchérine, the great Jurist; M. Soukhatine, a very intelligent Judge; Aksakof, the Slavophile, etc. After paying a visit to the great monastery of the Troitzka—two or three hours from Moscow by railway—I returned to Moscow and Petersburg, where I finished my sight-seeing, and made the acquaintance of Lamansky, the financier, of M. Milutine, the brother of the General, of Prince Gortchakof, of M. Bludof, and his hardly less celebrated daughter, whose salon was the centre of all that was most frantically orthodox and anti-Polish in Russia.

As we drove home Lady Napier mentioned a good saying of some one's about Gortchakof, who

was supposed to be very proud of his despatches:

"C'est un Narcisse qui se mire dans son encrier." [1]

Of course the great subject of conversation at this time, both in Petersburg and Moscow, was the struggle with Poland, and I determined to return to the West through that country.

On the last day of 1863 I started from Petersburg, and reached Wilna about five in the morning of the 1st of January.

1 They were not, however, written by himself, but by Jomini.

1864.

After breakfast I went with a letter from Mademoiselle Bludof to call on Madame Mouravief, and she soon sent me upstairs to her husband, the terrible dictator of Lithuania, whom I found surrounded by maps with the various military stations carefully marked upon them. His personal appearance reminded one of Rivarol's saying about Mirabeau—"C'était l'homme du monde qui ressemblait le plus à sa réputation—il était affreux," but I am bound to say that his conversation was better than his appearance. He carefully limited all his observations to the Western provinces of Russia, and professed neither to know nor to care much about what is usually called Poland. In the Western provinces he was rapidly stamping out resistance. Of the assassinations perpetrated by the so-called National Government he spoke with great horror, declaring that whereas they had hanged eight hundred and four people, only forty-eight had been hanged by his authority at Wilna, in addition to those put to death by the ordinary tribunals for acts treated as ordinary crimes.

On the third, I attended the Russian or Orthodox Service in the heart of the Zamek, the Palace of the Catholic Polish Kings. The strangeness of assisting at such a service in such a place, the splendour

of the uniforms, and the fact that Count Berg, who stood apart on a small carpet, the centre of the whole assemblage, was neither Catholic nor Orthodox, but Lutheran, together with the extraordinary beauty of the voices, made the function one of the most impressive at which I ever assisted.

After the service Count Berg took me to his room, and sitting down made me a regular speech, of an hour long, upon Polish history from his point of view.

"France," he said, "had from the earliest times tried to stir up against Russia three nations, the Turks, the Swedes, and the Poles. Happily for Russia she had been able to defend herself, and had even gained territory at the expense of each.

"With regard to the Poles, much had been said of the First Partition, but that measure, due to the political sagacity, not of Austria or Russia, but of Frederick II., was commanded by circumstances. Poland was a neighbour with whom it was impossible to live. Ever since, France had redoubled her efforts to injure Russia through Poland. Contrast with the folly of the Poles the behaviour of the Baltic Powers to which he himself belonged, his family having been one of fourteen who conquered the country. They had frankly accepted union with Russia, knowing that a great State must have a seaboard."

He then went on to describe, as an eye-witness, the tour of the Emperor Alexander through Poland in 1815, and the great prosperity which was in-

augurated by the measures of the Emperor. Then came the French Revolution of 1830, and its *contre-coup* in Poland, the attempt on the life of Constantine, the murder of twelve generals, and the going over of the Polish army to the insurgents. These events were followed by battles, with various fortune, which ended in the suppression of the insurrection. The Emperor Nicholas introduced many changes; but nevertheless the country again prospered, till the agitations in Italy once more excited revolutionary passions. The present rebellion had been instigated from abroad. There were scores of foreign officers. Some bands were almost composed of them. The most unsparing use had been made of terrorism,—no less than nine hundred and forty persons having been hanged by the National Government in his province.

After leaving the Zamek, I walked about the town with Colonel Stanton and Mr. White,[1]—the representatives of the Foreign Office through all this disastrous time, both of whom appeared to me to take very sane and moderate views of the political situation.

In the evening I dined with Count Berg, meeting a large party of Russian officers, some of whom—as for instance Baron Korff—had been only too conspicuous in the troubles.

Count Berg talked to me after dinner about the Crimean War. He had commanded in Revel when Napier was before the place, but had always

[1] Later Sir William White, British Ambassador at Constantinople.

written to Nicholas that the English Admiral would not attack, because if he did, although he would in all probability burn Revel, he would be certain to lose several ships, and put himself at a disadvantage as compared with his allies the French.

Count Berg had also commanded in Helsingfors at the time of the bombardment of Sweaborg, and dwelt much on the enormous cost of that operation, which amounted, he said, to a much larger sum than the expense of repairing the damage done.

On the 5th of January I left Warsaw, and reached Berlin early on the morning of the next day, heartily glad to escape from a country in a state of war, where, although exceptional facilities were given me almost everywhere, passport formalities were very troublesome, and where every one's face seemed to bear the mark of sullen discontent or grim determination.

On the forenoon of the 6th of January the younger Wielopolski came to see me, and gave me an account of the whole Polish affair from his point of view, and the next day I had an equally long talk with his father.

This closed the long series of important conversations which I had with the representatives of different sections of opinion about the Polish insurrection. From ——, the representative of the National Government, who came to see me in London in the summer of 1863, and astonished my butler by presenting a black card with his name in white letters upon it, to Katkof at Moscow, and

Mouravief at Wilna, I had seen and discussed the chances of Poland with the prominent men of every *nuance* of opinion, with Waligorski as representing the Prussian Poles, with Ladislas Czartoryski as representing the Austrian Poles, and the highest nobility which was drawn very reluctantly into the movement; then with our own diplomatic and consular people at Petersburg and Warsaw, besides Count Berg and the two Wielopolskis.

My thoughts while on Russian and Polish soil were almost exclusively occupied with politics, but I carried away some vivid impressions that were not political. Among them I may note the wide wastes of snow, the scrubby forests, the grinding of the Ladoga ice against the piers of the great bridge of St. Petersburg, and the black flow of the Neva under it, which Neva I walked across a few days later; then the huge granite quays, the mighty mass of the Winter Palace, and the charming galleries of the Hermitage, the unique Kremlin, the bazaars of Moscow, the strangely barbaric ritual of the Troitzka, and the charming singing in the Isaac's Church at St. Petersburg.

The day of my arrival in Berlin, I went to see Morier, with whom I found Jowett, who had come out to christen his little girl. Morier was, as might have been expected, full of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which he thoroughly understood, and on which he had written with great ability. As far back as 1848 I had given some amount of time to that tangled business, and had spoken in

favour of the German view in the Oxford Union. And now that the Polish frontier was left behind, and one's thoughts turned back to Western subjects I threw myself into it with some vigour.

January

7. I spent some time to-day with Auerbach, who, speaking of Renan's *Vie de Jésus,* said—"Die Glockengelaüte hat er jedoch nicht überstanden."

Dined with George Bunsen, meeting Twesten, Sybel the historian, and Bockum Dolffs. The conversation of the first named—a slight, insignificant-looking man—impressed me very much with his political ability. They talked, amongst other things, of the definition of the word Junker, which is imperfectly, or rather erroneously, translated by either squire or noble, and considered that the idea of dependence on Court favour and place, as well as that of poverty, formed part of it. A saying of Bismarck's was quoted in the course of the evening, to the effect that the party of progress was perfectly right, but that he was a Junker, and consequently made "Junkerpolitik."

Renan dined with us. He mentioned that he had known intimately Madame Le Bas. To the last she always spoke of Robespierre as "*ce pauvre Maximilien.*" The conversation turned on Philarète Chasles. His father, said Renan, was one of a set of old Montagnards who held together till they died, squabbling, however, frightfully, and

always regretting that they had not guillotined each other when they had the chance.

17. To-day Renan took me to see Littré, who told me that he hoped to finish his dictionary in about five years. The conversation turned to Villemain, whom they both considered very inferior, as a writer, to Cousin. Speaking of Péreire, the great capitalist, Littré said, "I knew him well when, thirty years ago, he was writing for the *National*, and *aussi gueux que moi.*"

20. Called on Madame Cornu. With her I found Egger the Hellenist, who mentioned that he had a boy whose face was exactly like the young Augustus.

I asked Madame Cornu, when we were alone, to what she attributed the Mexican War. She replied:

1. To the romantic fancy of the Empress.

2. To the Emperor's desire to establish a counterpoise in the United States.

3. To the representations of exiles.

I asked her why so few men of merit had joined the Government. She said that the Emperor did not take the right course after the *coup d'état*. He ought to have drowned all the people who had assisted him in it, that is, he should have given them money and sent them away. He had not done so; and ever since they have kept him in a circle of iron, letting him see no one but their own set, and he is always complaining of want of men. He is despotic in principle, but not in practice. Essentially *réveur* and melancholy, he dreams in

the Tuileries of the fresh trees of Switzerland. He is by no means false, but *essentiellement pilote*. Hence such transactions as the cession of Savoy and Nice.

21. Dined with Michelet, meeting Dupont White, Taine, Henri Martin, St. René Taillandier, etc. I talked long with Taine, who, as examiner for St. Cyr, makes a three months' circuit in the provinces every year. He spoke much of *Madame Bovary*, which he says is a perfect photograph of their condition, about which he thinks as badly as possible. He says that the country population call all the ideas by which the intellectual men of the capital live, "*phrases des avocats de Paris.*" They care only to make 5 per cent. out of their land, and to dine well. If any one makes the *pâté* a possibility, instead of a certainty, he is a monster.

24. To-night M. de Peyronnet, who lately had a very narrow escape of being killed by an omnibus, called out to Lanfrey—"Lanfrey, you sit down as if you too had been under an omnibus, *maintenant je soupçonne tout le monde.*" This was a good illustration of Lamartine's remark—already quoted —"C'est une étrange famille que les Peyronnets. Il y a de l'esprit partout. Il va jusqu'au mari qui a de l'imprévu dans la conversation."

Went on to Thiers, who talked much of the Corps Législatif, and passed in review with Rémusat a great number of the deputies, mostly inconspicuous. On the whole he thought the members of that body were—"*honnêtes gens, mais*

tres timides—d'une timidité exceptionelle." With me he talked chiefly of Poland, siding with the Russians very strongly.

Later Dupont White called, and made me laugh by telling me of his bitter disappointment when, having got John Stuart Mill down to Fontainebleau with much trouble, he took him to walk in the forest, expecting to have a good talk on politics and political economy. Mill was charmed with the vegetation, and did nothing but botanise during the whole walk.

To-day, too, Madame Cornu repeated to me a saying of the Empress about Renan's book—" It will not hurt those who believe in Jesus Christ, and to others it will do good."

There is a story going about Paris, at present, of an old general, Voltairian in opinion, to whom some of his family read the *Vie de Jésus* on his deathbed. After getting pretty well into the book, he said—"*Enfin il était Dieu,*"—sent for the priest and died reconciled to the Church; which reminds me of an anecdote, told, I think, by Byron in his letters, about a sermon by Blenkinsop *in proof of Christianity*, which sent a hitherto very orthodox friend of his out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist.

I spent the evening with Taine, where we had a pleasant little gathering, amongst others Guillaume Guizot, Renan, and Arthur Russell. A certain M. Mesnard who was there, a Hellenist, as Renan tells me, of some merit, made us stare by saying that he preferred equality to liberty, and the worst possible

republic to the best possible constitutional government.

26. Prince Troubetzkoy, father-in-law of Orloff, the Russian Minister at Brussels, came to see me. He is from the Ukraine, but has become a Catholic, and lives much or altogether in France.

At night Taine, dining with us, told a story of Cousin's enlarging to Jules Simon upon the frightful difficulty of the Timaeus, with which he imagined himself to have been struggling, then suddenly exclaiming,—as the real state of the case flashed into his mind—"Ah! I recollect, it was you who translated it."

28. Went to see the Princess Troubetzkoy, who is a great invalid, and perhaps for that reason has a very pleasant society. There was there a Countess Moltke,—whether related to the Commander who has since become so famous, I do not know.

In the afternoon I went to see the elder Guizot, who, speaking of Poland, said to me—"The case of Poland is sad in every way, but what makes it most sad is, that there is no hope."

Later the Prince de Broglie came in, and I remember his saying—"*J'ai roulé beaucoup, et je connais presque tout le monde.*"

February

13. Dined in London with Charles Buxton, meeting Arthur Stanley and his bride. He men-

tioned that in the published conversation between the Emperor Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour there were two suppressed passages. Nicholas said that "the Sultan was like a bear just about to burst, and that there was no good putting musk to his nostrils." And again, "You may speak of the throne in England as being safe, but I, you know, sit upon a volcano."

17. Acton, Kinglake, Hayward, and Bernhardi dine with us. The last named, of whom I saw a great deal this spring, is over here in the interest of the Augustenburgs, lives in Silesia, has written much on military and historical subjects, and is a very agreeable companion.

The conversation after dinner fell upon Radowitz, and Hayward said to me, not for the first time, "I have known all the most remarkable men of my time, and was never so much struck with any one." And yet it would be difficult, I fancy, to name two highly-educated Europeans who had less in common than these two.

27. Long talk with Gifford Palgrave, who gave me an outline of his history since I first saw him in Maclaren's fencing room at Oxford, in the end of 1846. Soon after that he went out to India, served for two years in the army, then having become a Roman Catholic, entered the Jesuit College at Negapatam. There he went through a noviciate for two years, reading little, thinking much, and doing some manual labour. From Negapatam he went to Rome, where, however, he

only went through two out of the four regular examinations,—the Pope permitting him to waive one because he had done so well at Oxford, the other because he frankly confessed that he was bored to death. From Rome he went to Syria, where he was employed chiefly beyond the Jordan. When the Lebanon massacres were impending he used his military knowledge in fortifying Zahleh. He was not, however, in the Lebanon, but at Beyrout, when the massacres actually took place; and from Beyrout he was sent to Paris to communicate with the Emperor of the French. I suppose out of that connection arose his Arabian journey.

March

8. Vote in Convocation at Oxford in favour of Jowett's salary as Professor of Greek, which, *mirabile dictu*, the orthodox party insisted upon keeping at £40 a year, to punish him for his heresies. We were beaten, the numbers being 467 to 395.

I do not remember whether it was upon this, or another similar occasion, that some one said, "I think we have a fair chance of winning to-morrow about Jowett's salary, because the country clergy came up in such numbers the other day to vote against the improvement of the curriculum, that they will hardly be at the expense of coming up again so soon." "Trust them for that," said

Charles Bowen—"they'll think that education is a bad thing, but that justice is a worse, and they'll come in scores."

April

4. Went down to Brooke House in the Isle of Wight, belonging to Mr. Seely, M.P. for Lincoln, to meet Garibaldi, who had just come to England, and is on a visit to him.

It was a strange miscellaneous party. Menotti Garibaldi and Ricciotti his brother, the latter little more than a boy, Colonel and Mrs. Chambers, people attached in some way to the suite of the Liberator, Dalgleish, M.P. for Glasgow, and W. S. Lindsay, well known as a speaker on matters connected with the Navy and Mercantile Marine.

5. I had a pretty long talk with Garibaldi, walking up and down a long orchard house full of fruit trees in flower. He spoke English badly but preferred speaking it, although his French was more agreeable to listen to in spite of a strong Italian accent. His conversation did not at all impress me, but he spoke only of trivial subjects. He wore while at Brooke sometimes a grey and sometimes a red poncho.

On the night of the 5th, I sat up pretty late with Dalgleish and Lindsay in the smoking-room. The latter mentioned that on the Sunday before Bright delivered his famous "Angel of Death" speech,[1]

[1] On the havoc of the Crimean War.

he had been staying with him at Shepperton, Dalgleish being, I rather think, also of the party. During the course of the afternoon, Bright repeated to them various passages from the speech which he was going to deliver. After it had been delivered, Lindsay said to him—"Ah! Bright, you did not repeat to us that bit[1] about the Angel of Death." "No," was the reply; "it came into my head as I was shaving at your house on the Monday morning."

6. Somewhere about this time, Sir Roderick Murchison mentioned to me that Lord Heytesbury had told him that he had, when Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, been rallied by the Emperor Nicholas about the opposition of the English Tories to the Reform Bill. "If I were King of England," said the Czar, "I would give my assent to that bill without the least hesitation."

23. I find under this date a note of a story told me—I forget by whom. Mr. Lear, the artist, was travelling in Southern Italy. Having gone out early in the morning, he returned at night, to find that a revolution had broken out in the place where he was staying, which was I think Reggio. He could not find the key of his room, but at last having hunted up the waiter, he asked him for it. "Che chiave," said the man, "che camera. Non c' è piu chiave, non c' è piu camera—non c' è piu niente—Tutto è amore e libertà."

1 When the late Lord Aberdare read this passage he wrote to me, "I was in the Gallery, and saw him read it off his notes."

25. I left the House early, and took a long walk in the Park with ——, who quoted to me the lines:

> "Stille Leiden, stille Werke
> Und ein Alltagsangesicht;
> Das die Welt es nur nicht merke
> Weil die Welt begreift es nicht."

May

29. Long conversation with Lord Stanley at the Cosmopolitan about Hare's scheme of representation. He said that he thought that it would seat a great many literary men in Parliament, but afterwards added—"No, after all I think it would not. The representation would fall into the hands of central organisations like the Reform and the Carlton."

June

30. Met at Twisleton's Frederick Elliott and Grote. We talked about political men speculating on their information. Frederick Elliott said—"Well, in all the years I have passed in the Colonial Office, I think I only once possessed a piece of information which I might, if I had so pleased, have turned to money. I was with my chief one day in 1856, when a Cabinet box came in, which he opened, and glancing at the contents, said to himself—Seebach—Peace. So that I knew 48 hours before the rest of the world that the

Russian War was at an end." Grote said that on the Stock Exchange true information might often be as mischievous to its possessor as false, and quoted the case of Cavour, who lost money by speculating on the perfectly correct information that war had been decided upon by France in 1840. I mentioned that afterwards to Kinglake, and he said Cavour's information was not correct, and then repeated an anecdote, which I had heard him tell before, illustrating how the French Government halted between two opinions in 1840. At that time Sir Henry Bulwer was representing us in Paris, as Chargé d'Affaires, in the absence of his chief. After a long conversation with Thiers, when the dispute about the Eastern Question was at its height, he said—"Well, am I to report that you said that in such and such an eventuality you would go to war?" "No, no, don't say that," answered Thiers—"say you read it in my countenance!"

July

1. Spoke in the House of Commons on the reform of the Inns of Court. I quote, to give it one more chance of preservation, a very striking passage which I found years ago, in an old number of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly,* and which I cited this evening.

"At this moment there are few of the systems of legislation, either of ancient or modern times, which are not in force as living law in the British

Empire. Menu and Mohammed decide the civil rights of the Hindoo and Mussulman, and an appeal from India compels our Privy Councillors to consult the Koran and the Puranas, as authorities at Whitehall. In the Norman Isles, the severed portions of the domain of the Conqueror, the barbaric custumal framed by his justiciars still guides the grand bailiff and the seneschal who dispense the equity of Rollo, now forgotten, in the hall of Rouen. Canada cherishes the volumes which have been cast forth from the Palais de Justice, and the legitimate representatives of the proud and learned Presidents of the Parliaments of Paris are found in the court-house of a colonial town. Banished from the flowery meadows of the Seine, the ordonnances expounded by St. Louis, under the oak tree at Vincennes, constitute the tenures of land on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the opposite hemisphere we bestow an equal protection upon the Codes of Napoleon, our Sovereign appoints her alcaldes and her corregidores in the Indies of Columbus, while her landrosts in Southern Africa are guided by the placets of the departed Republic of the Netherlands."

6. Met at Mr. Seely's, amongst others, Bright and Mazzini. The former told me that he did not get much education, and had been too idle to do much for himself since, adding that he envied Gladstone his enormous information. He said his own practice was not to write his speeches through-

out, but to make very copious notes, which, however, he often did not follow. Cobden's practice was not to write at all, but to talk his speeches over beforehand. He said he could not understand the kind of preparation spoken of in Brougham's well-known letter to Zachary Macaulay. He had read some of Burke, and admired it, but thought he must have been a very dull speaker.

I left Mr. Seely's house in Prince's Gate with Mazzini, and walked long up and down with him opposite the South Kensington Museum. He told me that he read a great deal on "the religious question."—more than on any other, but that he did not read much at all. He had forgotten most of his Latin, when he took to it again in 1835 or 1836, from the accident of finding some Latin books at a small *presbytère* in Switzerland, where he was in hiding. Now he read some classics, and was especially fond of Tacitus. He spoke much of the religious future of the world, but did not succeed in conveying to my mind any clear impression. He thought that the next great religion would be the religion of progress, but what the religion of progress might mean, I did not gather.

Speaking of Poland, he said that Langiewiecz had been with him three days before he started for that country. He thought that the Poles would certainly rise again. When I asked the elder Wielopolski what he thought would happen in five-and-twenty years, he was less ready to prophesy, saying that was a question which belonged

rather to the domain of Providence than of politics.

9. Bright, Acton, Twisleton, Colenso, Morier, Kuenen, the well-known Leyden Professor, and others, breakfasted with us.

Bright talked without ceasing of America, contemplated with great equanimity the "improving the chivalry off the face of the earth," thought there would be no danger from the army after the war was finished, re-stated our difficulties about Canada, about which he had spoken much when I met him at Mr. Seely's, and dwelt on the enormous amount of United States shipping on the great lakes, exceeding in tonnage, he said, the mercantile marine of France.

15. Cobden breakfasted with us, meeting amongst others, Acton, who was, I remember, very much struck by his "essentially *bourgeois* way of looking at things."[1] Another guest that morning was Mr. Reuben Sassoon, whom, with his elder brother, who also came to us, I had met in St. Petersburg. Mr. Reuben Sassoon, who was strikingly handsome, was dressed altogether in black, only relieved by a huge diamond in his scarf—a costume highly appropriate. He looked in fact an Indian Sidonia.

Up to the time of the mutiny, his father always insisted,—I state this on the authority of Sir Bartle Frere—that his children should wear the Oriental dress. When the crash came, he said—"Now

1 Putting his finger on the defect which dimmed so much of the wisdom of that wise man.

wear European dress as much as you please, that it may be known on which side you are."

August

26. At Sir John Simeon's at Swainston, in the Isle of Wight.

Some one mentioned that Lablache had said to the King of Naples, when he appeared with one hat on his head and another in his hand—"Ma foi c'est trop pour un homme qui n'a pas de tête."

September

On the 13th of September I left London with Henry Smith, and went to Paris which was very empty. We found Renan, in a pleasant little house at Sèvres, busy over his second volume—afterwards published as *Les Apôtres*. He had been much struck with the Acts of the Apostles, which he thought underrated. The part, which the writer had actually seen, appeared to him "d'une netteté, et d'une fermeté remarquable." He believed Timothy had been "pour beaucoup" in its composition. He spoke of Berthelot, the chemist, who is living near him, his fine intellect and large views. Quite other is Regnault, whom I saw at Sèvres in the winter of 1859–60, who has done, says Henry Smith, an immensity for chemical science by his exact measurements and methods, but has no general ideas.

As we walked with Renan to the Ville d'Avray station, he told us he was writing an account of Duns Scotus, and said that he thought the Germans would be more and more the Scots of the world in the sense of being its teachers.

I had an interesting talk at the Scotch College in Valladolid with its Rector, whose name was, I think, Dr. Juan Cameron, from near Balmoral. He told me that, like the Scotch Colleges at Paris, Douay, Rome, and Ratisbon, it was founded after the Reformation. This College owed its origin to Lord Sempill, who, at first in the suite of Mary Queen of Scots, became an officer in the armies of Philip II., and served under the Prince of Orange. When he rebelled, Lord Sempill held with Spain, and left the rents of a house in Madrid and some other property to maintain this establishment, which was originally in Madrid. About 100 years ago, when the Jesuits were expelled, the Scotch College was transferred to this building at Valladolid, which had been the earliest house of the Jesuits in Spain. There were, when I visited it, eleven students. I had a good deal of talk with Dr. Juan Cameron about Spanish politics, of which he spoke as an intelligent and rather liberal looker-on.

In Madrid we stayed for a week.

I had several very interesting talks with De Castro, a priest of strongly liberal opinions, and almoner to the Queen, to whom Renan had given

me a letter; but the Duke of Rivas, Gayangos, and others, whom I wanted to see, were not in Madrid.

The gallery was a great pleasure, and one day we ran out to Toledo, the cathedral of which is to my mind far superior to any Gothic church I have ever seen, and, in its own way, quite beyond all praise.

On the 27th we saw the Armeria, which gave me quite a new idea of the skill, labour, and expense which were lavished on the production of beautiful armour. The same day we went to the Escurial, where the rooms of Philip II., close to the high altar, and the grand gloomy church struck me most.

November

1. Long talk in Aberdeen with Mr. Grub, a great authority on Scotch Ecclesiastical history, about Mary Queen of Scots. He thought that Mary knew that something was going on, but not all the particulars of the plot against Darnley. He did not believe that Rizzio had any intrigue with the Queen, but considered him a most dangerous person, in the secrets of all the Catholic Powers.

1865.

January

7. The Rev. Julian Young, son of the famous actor, mentioned to me that a friend of his, after a visit to Strathfieldsaye, told him that Judge Allan Park asked to see Copenhagen—who was, however, dead. The Duke then related how on the 17th of June, having had a horse shot under him before 9 a.m., he mounted Copenhagen, and rode till 8 p.m., dined and had Copenhagen fed, rode 12 miles to Wavre to see Blücher, then 2 miles farther and back, 28 in all; was nearly drowned in a dyke, but saved by his orderly. Copenhagen kicked out at him when he patted him on his return.

Mr. Young also told me that he had in his possession a paper in Lord Alvanley's handwriting, of which he read me a copy, explaining why the Duke had not tried to save Ney. At the time of Ney's death, the Duke was not going to the Tuileries—Louis XVIII. having picked a quarrel with him, the Duke thought on purpose to make it useless for him to intercede, as the Comte D'Artois was sent immediately after to make up the quarrel. These facts were written down by Lord Alvanley, with the Duke's permission, at Walmer.

Sir H. Webster gave Mr. Young an account of his ride to Brussels, and sudden appearance at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, with a despatch for the Prince of Orange, to whom he gave it: the Prince handed it to the Duke, who ordered the Prince of Orange's carriage for Waterloo, and twenty minutes after, the ball-room was half deserted.

February

21. Dined at the Athenaeum with Kinglake, Hayward, and Bunbury. It was the father of the last named, then an Under Secretary of State, who was sent to announce to Napoleon that he was to be removed to St. Helena. See the account in Scott's *Napoleon*, which is correct with one quite unaccountable exception,—Scott mentioning as present a person who was not present, and of whom Bunbury had never heard. This person wrote to Bunbury to explain that it was no fault of his, but the origin of Scott's blunder was never cleared up. What struck Bunbury most about the Emperor was, that he did not look like a gentleman.

March

5. With Arthur Russell to see the Carlyles. He has just finished his *Frederick*, and, sadly distressed for want of an occupation, is reading Gordon's Tacitus *faute de mieux*. He was, as might have

been expected, very emphatic in his condemnation of the Liberal party in Prussia.

April

21. Long talk in Paris with Prévost Paradol, who has been to Egypt, and saw Lady Duff Gordon at Luxor. He was much pleased with the people.

He gave me an account of Sainte-Beuve's recent visit to the Emperor, to anounce his (Prévost Paradol's) election as a member of the Académie Française. In making the announcement, Sainte-Beuve said—"Your Majesty will of course understand that the election has no political meaning. If it had, it would not be I who would have announced it to you." "Ah!" said the Emperor, "but how has M. Prévost Paradol earned this high honour? Has he produced any great works?" "No," was the reply, "but he has produced a great many small ones. No one now produces great works in France,—at least *we men of letters* do not."

24. To see in Brussels Madame von Hügel, wife of the Austrian Minister there, the well-known botanist, friend of Metternich, and writer on India, the Pacific Ocean, etc. She gave me a very curious account of her drive with the Emperor and Empress of Mexico, when they left Brussels. He fairly broke down, and lost all control of himself, while she sat like a statue.

Efforts of that kind had doubtless a good deal to do with the shipwreck of her reason.

May

31. Dined with the Theodore Martins, meeting Browning, Helps, Venables, Miss Durrant the sculptress, Froude, and Herbert, who painted the Moses in the Peers' robing room, etc. Dean Stanley told us that when Trench became Archbishop of Dublin, he received from him a letter couched in these words—"With the abhorred shears of a legal document, I have just put an end to my decanal existence, and as I did so the following lines came into my mind:—

> "'Si quâ sede sedes et sit tibi commoda sedes,
> Istâ sede sede nec ab istâ sede recede.'"

Under this date too, I find noted Venables's unorthodox translation of *quod semper, quod ubique et ab omnibus*—"That which in the year 325, in the insignificant little town of Nicaea, was carried by the vote of a single bishop."

Helps asked if any one knew the context of the saying—"Sinere res vadere ut vadunt." I remembered it from school-boy days. It runs as follows:

> "Tria faciunt monachum
> Legere Breviarium taliter qualiter,
> Parere superiori
> Et sinere res vadere ut vadunt."

September

We arrived at Vienna in the middle of a political crisis, of which, as I had a number of introductions, I heard a great deal, and with reference to which I have copious notes.

The great changes of 1866, however, have made the events of this time in Austria a matter of ancient history, and I pass them over. Here, however, is a fragment of a conversation with a very intelligent man, too curious to be omitted:—

"There is no Klein-Deutsch party in Austria. No true Austrian can bear the idea of there being any power in Germany, equal to Austria. Sooner or later, it must come to a struggle between the two in the field. There is a party in favour of the *Trias Idée*, or at least a party which would prefer that solution to a great war."

I asked if there was any party in favour of giving up Venetia,—"Quite out of the question. The proposal would be as good as an abdication, and a million volunteers would be got together to prevent it in a twinkling. To give up Venetia would not only be to lose honour, but to give up access to the East. Trieste is indefensible without Venetia. Dalmatia is worth nothing. Pola is the only war harbour, and that could not be made secure against attack. The idea of giving up Venetia is a mere dream of the foreign press."

These views, so strangely falsified by the event, and which appeared to me, even at the time, so thoroughly perverse, were by no means confined to persons whose general line of politics agreed with that of the person whom I have been quoting, and who belonged to the "Great Austrian" party. I found precisely the same opinions held by the lead-

ing advocate of Deák's views, with respect to Hungary, in the Vienna Press.

Dr. Kuranda, the editor of the *Deutsche Post,* took a more sensible line. He thought the time must come when Venetia would have to be given up, but not yet awhile, and only after a war.

From Vienna we went to Presburg and Pesth, travelling between these two towns with a Countess P——, a very handsome and brilliant person. She was a Sclavonian from near Essek, but, having married into the opposite camp, had become more Magyar than the Magyars, and amused us much by the fury of her patriotism.

October

14. George von Bunsen avers that Professor Brandis travelled many years ago in England with the great scholar Becker, who knew English much better than Brandis, but would never speak it. When, however, Brandis made a mistake, Becker groaned!

It was of Becker that Niebuhr used the phrase which was later so often repeated about Moltke—"Becker is silent in seven languages."

We talked about Gervinus, and they made me laugh by describing his walks with Weber, not a word passing between them till they part, when Gervinus says "So geht's, Weber," and Weber replies "So geht's, Gervinus."

1866.

June

Who was it who said:—

"The South says to the Negro, 'Be slave, and God bless you.'

"The North says, 'Be free, and God damn you'"?

16. Sir Edmund Head, who had been Governor of Canada, gave a curious account at the Breakfast Club, this morning, of the difficulty which a friend of his found in translating Acts vi. 3 into Chippewa. We render the Greek: "whom we may appoint over this business"; but, in the agreeable tongue just alluded to, it seems that a different word would have to be used if the Apostles meant—"We twelve alone," or "We twelve and you whom we address," so that the word to be employed involved the whole controversy between Apostolic authority and Congregationalism.

The conversation would seem to have turned, too, upon the City of the Haurân, which was discovered by Cyril Graham, whom I used to see not infrequently in those days, and which is said to have been built by the lady who bore the proud title of the "Pantheress daughter of Panthers"!

18. Dunkellin's Amendment! and the long-foreseen crash—Government being beat by 317 to 306 in a House of 647, including the Speaker. I voted with the minority.

Who told a Suisse to turn out a dog in these words:—

"Enfant d'Hélvétie, veuillez vous éconduire ce symbôle de la fidélité" ?

From whom had I the story of Thackeray saying one Sunday to his companion by a river-side—

"If that d——d irreligious fish had been to afternoon church we should not have caught him"?

They are both noted on this day.

July

5. News of a great Prussian victory in Bohemia came on the 4th and was confirmed to-day. On the 6th Kinglake said to me, "I was for Austria because I thought she could make Germany; now I see she can't, I go over to Prussia."

On the 11th I walked with Mallet, who left Vienna on the 6th. He was there when the news of the great battle came, and was much struck with the apathy of the population.

11. Dined with the Mitchells. Mlle. Smirnoff cited a happy French phrase, by which to convey civilly the information that a lady squints—"Elle a le regard Montmorency." The Russian put it more distinctly: "One eye," they say, "looks at you and one at Arsamaz."

1867.

January

21. Dined at the Austrian Embassy with M. de Hübner, whom I later came to know so well. I sat next the French Ambassador, M. de Sartiges, and had a good deal of talk with him. It was he who, when some one drew his attention to some artistic deficiency in a representation at the Embassy of the Imperial eagle, said, "Ma foi, c'est assez bien pour un oiseau de passage."

Italy in 1867.

If Italy lives and grows strong, we cannot doubt that Rome will fall, before very long, into her grasp. How this will happen we have not the remotest idea; but it is easy to imagine half a dozen combinations which would fulfil her hopes; and not easy to imagine any, consistent with her continuing to exist, which would baffle them for very long. To our first question, then, we think we may answer, Yes. If Italy is not once more broken up, as she might have been if she had gone to war with France a few weeks ago, she will in all probability complete her unity before any very considerable time has elapsed. Of course, if the

pamphlet bearing the title *Napoleon III. and Europe in* 1867, really emanates from an official source, and if the admirable sentiments, with regard to Germany, which that most remarkable paper contains, are allowed to mould the policy of France, Italy will lose one chance of a speedy fulfilment of her aspirations. No one, however, can doubt that the writer was speaking his own views about Germany, and merely echoing, with regard to Italy, the views which he thought would "go down" with the French people. The appearance of this most noteworthy document may be an additional reason for not expecting, from a conference, much help towards the settlement of the Roman question,—may be a good reason for believing that the Emperor is *not* prepared just at present to allow his hand to be forced. Italy has, however, only to bide her time. *Fata viam invenient.*

If the prospects held out to Europe in this pamphlet can be realised, Italy, like all the other members of our political State-system, will gain so much that she may be well content to sacrifice even Rome, for a while. Important as it is for us all, that her unity should be secured by the key-stone being placed in the arch, the completion of German unity, without a terrible war between Germany and France, is incomparably more important.

The second of our questions, although far wider

than the first, is easier to answer, for the answer to it can be less affected by the chapter of accidents.

In attempting, however, to answer it, we are immediately struck by one unexpected fact. Hundreds of intelligent men traverse Italy every year, yet there exists no such thing as a book of travels through Italy which has any political value. There are good works on some few districts, of which M. Gallenga's *Country Life in Piedmont* is quite the best, and should be put in a class by itself. There are admirable specimens of the best kind of *tourist* writing, such as Gregorovius's charming sketches in *Figuren* and elsewhere, or Stahr's *Ein Jahr in Italien*, to say nothing of older books, like those of Forsyth or Stendhal. There are charming novels of Italian life in its various phases, like *Transformation* or *Doctor Antonio;* there are poems like many of Browning's, which contain the very quintessence of Italy; but of books attempting to give a serious account of the political, social, and economical condition of the whole country, as the recent revolutions have made it, we know none. The misguided Briton, anxious to inform himself about modern Italy, would naturally turn to Mr. Weld's recent book on Florence, to Dean Alford's *Letters*, to Mr. Burgon's *Letters*, to the pages of Mr. Maguire, to Mrs. Gretton's *Englishwoman in Italy*, and other similar publications, as well as to the reports of our Consuls and Secretaries of Legations; but when he had examined them all, he

would find that he had gained very little. Of historical information as to late events, there is of course abundance; but the books in which it is conveyed give us scanty helps towards forming any opinion with regard to the future. Over some regions there broods a darkness that may be felt. Where are we to go for recent information about Southern Italy? There is the amusing volume of Mr. Lear, now twenty years old, and there are works dealing with isolated questions, like the treatises of Marc Monnier on Brigandage, and on the Camorra; but no one since the days of Keppel Craven, or perhaps we ought to say of Swinburne, has gone, so to speak, seriously about the matter of a journey in Southern Italy.

Mr. Bunbury has pointed out that we have no work upon classical Italy, at all corresponding to Leake's or Dodwell's books on Greece, and we are just as badly off for a description of the Italy of to-day, that shall be as good in its line. Surely this state of things ought not to continue. Surely it would be worth while for a London publisher to send some competent person, already well acquainted with the country, to spend a couple of years in it, and to write a real book of travels.

Having thus called the attention of our readers to the dearth of information on Italy of the kind required in order fully to answer our second question, we shall proceed to answer it as well as we can, not without a hope that our deficiencies may

incite others to engage in a task for which some of the numerous *Inglesi Italianati*, who are happily not now, as in Ascham's time, *diavoli incarnati*, have clearly special facilities.

The population of the kingdom of Italy is variously estimated by competent authorities. Mr. Brown, the author of an elaborate paper in the *Statistical Journal* for June 1866, estimates it at 22,386,000 on the first of January in that year; but we must now add the population of the Venetian provinces, which still belonged to Austria when that paper was published.

"The Roman provinces, and Venice alone," says Mr. Brown, "would add 2,976,218, very nearly three millions of inhabitants, and 35,672 square kilometres of territory, which, with the remainder, gives a total estimated territory of 333,768 square kilometres, and 26,633, 000 inhabitants."

The density of the population of Italy is only surpassed, in Europe, by that of England, the Netherlands, and Belgium; but it is very unequally distributed—Lombardy being the most thickly, and Sardinia the most thinly, peopled portion of Victor Emmanuel's dominions.

This large population, which has still about one-third of the territory on which it is placed to bring into cultivation, is extremely homogeneous; presenting, in this respect, a most remarkable contrast to the great empire with which it was so recently involved in long and desperate hostilities.

Homogeneous, however, as it is, there are numerous differences between the people of the mainland and the islands, of the North and of the South, to which the politician must give heed. The very fact of Italy's extending over nine degrees of latitude causes, in the nature of things, very considerable diversity of disposition between the dwellers in the extremities of the country; and the numerous geognostic contrasts of the Peninsula give rise to all kinds of contrasts in the conditions of life. The dweller in the cold and lofty region which stretches to the south-east from the Lago di Celano, dwells in a different world from his more fortunate neighbours in the bright Campanian bays; and not only is the contrast between the skyey influences under which the Piedmontese of Alessandria and the Calabrian of Reggio live, extremely great, but the contrasts of Piedmont and of Calabria themselves are hardly less remarkable. It is with Italian character as it is with Italian dialects: there are no generic differences, but the specific differences are endless.

Nearly three thousand recorded years of active and stirring history have thrown into Italy unnumbered foreign elements. The forests of Germany, the steppes of Russia, and the Pusztas of Hungary, not less than the shores of Greece, Asia Minor, and Spain, have poured their children into a land, which was so long the meeting-place of the world, without essentially varying the character of its

inhabitants, but not without very considerably modifying it. The same may be said of the language, with regard to which the tendency of modern research seems, ever more and more, to lead us to the opinion that the speech which has become the modern Italian is more truly the sister than the daughter of the speech of Cicero and Caesar.

The Italian statesman who ponders on the future of his country may then, at starting, congratulate himself upon having to deal with these elements of strength and prosperity:—*First,* a large and increasing population. *Secondly,* a vast extent of productive land not yet brought into cultivation. *Thirdly,* unity amidst diversity, a people with a common thread of history, broken by none of those rifts which tend to increase as civilisation advances.

So far, then, the prospects of Italy are decidedly good. And next we come to ask what are its agricultural, industrial, and commercial resources for playing the part of a great state?

Italy is above all things an agricultural country. Let us then look first at its agriculture. On the whole, the Italian peasant cannot be said to be indolent. The conditions of open-air labour in his country are very different from those of ours; and the tourist often allows himself to be misled into fancying that the Tuscan's or Lombard's industry is inferior in degree, when it is only different in kind, from that of the English labourer. In most districts, landed property is very much subdivided,

and in most districts the character of the soil and of the climate are alike favourable to subdivision. Mr. Mill, quoting Chateauvieux and Sismondi, draws a highly favourable picture of the métayer system in Tuscany, where land is held in larger masses than in nearly any other part of Italy; and, indeed, relies to a great extent upon the data which he collects with regard to the working of that system in Tuscany, for the favourable estimate which he gives of it, in opposition to Arthur Young and others, who had studied it chiefly in France.

The things that are most wanted for the amelioration and extension of Italian agriculture are *security, salubrity, capital* and *science*.

There are few parts of the country where the want of the first does not strike one most painfully. In vast regions of the Peninsula the population is huddled together in miserable little mountain towns, instead of living among the fields which it cultivates. The sort of life which is led there is amusingly described by M. About, and in many pages of Mr. Lear. Things are about at their worst in Sicily, where the husbandman has often to go miles and miles to his work.

Other large districts have the additional curse of malaria. The vast fields of the Roman Campagna and of the Tuscan levels are reaped by hardy peasants from the hills, who go forth as if to battle, and return with hardly fewer casualties. Pius VI. decreed that a large portion of the Agro Romano

should be cultivated every year. Pius VII. went still further, and insisted that the proprietors of the estates near Rome should form a zone of cultivation round the city, and extend it year by year, till the whole Campagna was covered. Succeeding Popes, and notably Pius IX., have allowed these good plans to be abandoned. M. About's remedy is a simple one, and at least worth trying. Break up, he cries, the huge unprofitable estates of the Campagna, mostly held in mortmain. Lease them to those same peasants who come down to cultivate them in the spring and autumn, and try whether by the extension of cultivation they will not soon cause malaria to vanish before them.

The scene of the first decade of Livy, which occupies so many unprofitable hours of studious English youth, belongs, according to the same authority, to one hundred and thirteen families, and sixty-four corporations. M. About's plan, if carried into effect, would, we fully believe, bring back human life to Veii and Fidenae and Gabii, and all those world-famous villages. Similar measures would, as population increases, be effectual even in regions less favourably situated than that which one overlooks from the tower of the Capitol. The Pontine Marshes themselves are not more deadly, now, than was the Val di Chiana in the days of Dante.

Capital is hardly less necessary; but whence is it to come. The Italian, who has something to lose,

hates speculation, and will rather live idle on a pittance than work for a fortune. Till recently, the state of the country has not been such as to attract foreign wealth, nor has the experience of those English capitalists, who have sunk money in Italy, been hitherto very encouraging.

Alike in warring against fever, and in improving agrculture, the aid of science is much required by Italy. There are districts where the amount of produce sent to market per acre is enormous, and where the skill, that comes of experience, is very great, but then there are others of which the very reverse may be said. There are districts which cannot be cultivated for want of irrigation. There are districts where manure is hardly ever used. There are districts where, as in the Agro Romano, cultivation is "a passing accident." Whatever may be the merits of the métayer system in its effects on the happiness of the population, as compared with the system of paid labour, it is obvious that a very high state of general education is necessary for its efficient working, otherwise the views of comparatively enlightened landlords will be continually thwarted by the old-world ways of the cultivators.

There is in Murray's *Handbook for Southern Italy* an interesting sketch of the agriculture of the old Neapolitan provinces, with its three divisions into the *mountain* system, the *Campanian* system, and the system of the *Tavoliere,* a perusal of which

will show the reader how much that favoured region has yet to learn.

Throughout Italy the cereals are, as elsewhere, the chief objects of cultivation. She imports a large part of the bread-stuffs which she consumes, bue she also exports wheat to a considerable amount. Lupins and beans of many kinds are much grown, and form a considerable part of the food of the population. The fig is largely cultivated, so are the chestnut, the almond, the carouba, the orange, the lemon, and the manna-ash. The products of all these trees form a considerable element in the exports of Italy. Cotton has been tried in many parts of the south, and Mr. Dennis speaks very highly of the results obtained by its cultivation in Sicily. Liquorice-root and saffron are both exported in some quantities, and the growth of tobacco, if it were not checked by unwise legislation, might soon be very considerable. More important are the olive, the mulberry, and the vine. Oil is very largely exported from Liguria, and from Southern Italy. The silkworm is produced in immense quantities, in many districts, and the vine is at home almost everywhere. It is remarkable that during the last few years every one of these most important factors of national wealth has been attacked by widespread and mysterious diseases. More careful management will, there is no doubt, make them indefinitely more profitable. The oil-presses now used in the south are said to be

little improved since Roman times. The growth of the mulberry was long checked in the Neapolitan provinces by fiscal burdens, and it is only quite recently that anything like serious attention has been given to obtaining a high quality of wine for the foreign market. Already, however, some excellent growths have been produced. The White Falernian, which is sold by the Roman wine-merchants at three francs a bottle, and could, we have little doubt, be sold in England at a lower figure, is an excellent wine. So is one of the growths of Capri, and at least two varieties of Lachryma. Piedmont could furnish half a dozen wines, which would probably be liked better in this country than its delicate and agreeable grape cider, the White Asti. The wines of Tuscany have always seemed to us inferior to their reputation, but that may arise from accident. The Oreto, and other Sicilian wines, drunk near the spots where they are produced, are very good, and we have tasted in Rome a wine of Syracuse which was equal to the nectar of the gods. Marsala, the Sicilian product best known in England, has no claim to high rank among Sicilian wines, as they might be; but a powerful British colony reigns in the ancient Lilybaeum, and their second-rate manufacture is naturally pushed into a prominence which it could hardly expect to sustain, if soils more favourable to the growth of delicate wines were more largely put under vine cultivation, and managed on proper principles.

Although some progress has been made of late, a great deal has yet to be done before the rearing of stock is properly understood. M. About tells us, that in the Roman States permission was refused to found a society for the encouragement of agriculture, and that its promoters had to carry out their dangerous designs, under pretext of contributing to a horticultural exhibition. Things are not so bad elsewhere, but the Neapolitan Government may be trusted to have blundered in this respect, as in all others; and in fact, the number of horned cattle in the provinces which were cursed by its rule, is far inferior to what it should be, while the breeding of horses, instead of being fostered, was long discouraged by a tax on their exportation.

Italy, like most countries of Southern Europe which have been long inhabited by civilised or semi-civilised man, has been in far too great a degree denuded of her forests, and a necessary condition of her attaining the highest agricultural development will be their replantation and scientific management. Thus only can a host of evils, which are common to her with her two sister peninsulas, be prevented or palliated.

In estimating the material resources of Italy, it is impossible to pass over the excellence of the spring and winter climate in many parts of the country. Already these natural advantages attract every year to her shores a large amount of foreign

wealth, and diffuse civilisation through numerous regions which are very far removed from her intellectual and political centres.

San Remo, a writer in the *Spectator* once observed, will become the winter garden of Europe, and we are much inclined to think that he is right; but there are a hundred other points which have probably also a great future. It must not be forgotten that, with the exception of Spezia (the *Lunai portus* of Ennius and Persius), and the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, hardly any of the places which were famous in classical times, for their climate, have yet been tried by the northerns. Taranto, for example, and the neighbourhood of the ancient Velia, which lies some twenty miles to the south of Paestum, may one day have their chance.

Again, in her works of art, her libraries, her state and family archives, and in her historical recollections, Italy has, so to speak, a vast fixed capital, which is capable of being worked to a far greater extent than has ever been done yet. Till our own day an Italian tour was a privilege of the higher classes. Before long it will become, to the whole of the Transalpine middle class, a necessary incident of human life. The spread of education, the abolition of the ridiculous superstition which valued the classics only for their difficulty, thereby introducing into the domain of education what Bastiat has so well called *Sisyphism*, will enor-

mously increase the real interest of the world in the events of which the Mediterranean has been the theatre. Italy should prepare for this. At present her scholarship is beneath contempt. Many of her works of art are going to ruin. In the case of few of them is there that systematic care taken to smooth the path of the student and the traveller, which would pay so well. When she obtains Rome she might perhaps do worse than to turn the whole of the district cut off between the foot of the Capitol and the gates of St. Sebastian, St. Paul, and St. John, into a vast park, every corner of which should be examined with as much care as is now being expended on the Palatine, and in which every scrap of old masonry should be tended with the most religious care. Nor would it, we think, be unwise to convert the palace of the Senator on the Capitol into an institution where lectures on Latin literature, history, and art should be delivered by the ablest professors whom money could buy; or to bring the maximum of diplomatic pressure to bear upon the Pope, to induce him to throw open the Vatican library and archives to students. We cannot think that even the cares of that terrible time can excuse M. Mazzini for not having done more in this direction while the Roman Republic was in life.

No part of the Italian territory is likely to gain more than Sicily from a due attention to the comfort of travellers. When the railway is finished from Naples to the toe of the boot, it will be a very easy

matter to reach Messina, and the whole coast from Messina to Syracuse is a garden of delight. In the good times that are coming, when real classical culture has superseded the laborious trifling which now wastes the time and enfeebles the intellect of our youth, we may be sure that this island, the records of which are so closely intertwined with so much that is affecting in the history, so much that is graceful in the mythology, so much that is charming in the poetry of the ancient world, will become a favourite place of relaxation for busy men who wish to recruit their energies for the struggles of an active and progressive society.

From a consideration of the riches above, we pass to those below the surface, but here the report must be less favourable. Italy is not rich in minerals. The sulphur of Sicily, the borax of Tuscany, marbles and alabaster, are her most remarkable products of this nature. In coal she is peculiarly unfortunate. This is, we need not say, a serious misfortune, and one that must be taken into consideration by every one who speculates upon her national future.

If we turn from coal to iron, another great factor of nineteenth-century prosperity, the position of Italy does not seem much more brilliant. Her iron production stands to that of Great Britain as 1 to 123, and the consumption of iron, per head of population, as 6.5 kilogrammes to 77; and although we gather from a report of a commission appointed

by the Italian Government to inquire into the subject, which has been analysed for the Foreign Office by Mr. Herries, that by adopting proper measures the production of iron may be increased in Italy, yet there seems to be no hope that the increase will be anything very remarkable.

Italy has not yet shown any great capacity for manufacturing enterprise on a large scale, nor is there anything to lead us to suppose that she is likely ever to do so, so far as the commoner and coarser articles are concerned.

On the other hand, she has probably a very great future as a producer of art manufactures. Already the jewellers' work of Rome, the mosaics of Florence, together with the manufacture of plaster-casts, bronzes, and other copies from the antique, must bring large profits. Very beautiful majolica has been of late years produced at Florence, although the once celebrated Faënza now sends forth from her still considerable establishments only coarse and common ware.

The glass manufacture of Venice is again flourishing, as every one who walks down St. James's Street may see, and it is satisfactory to observe that many by no means likely places were represented this year in the Paris Exhibition.

Nearly four thousand Italian exhibitors sent articles to Paris, and the effort made by them can hardly be without good results in stimulating industry. We fully expect to see, when Italy is

once fairly launched, not only a greatly increased attention to art manufactures, but a revival in the higher branches of art, and an outburst of mechanical and engineering talent.

Italy is, in some respects, very favourably situated for the development of commercial activity on a scale suitable to our age. Stretching out "like a long pier" towards India and the Eastern Archipelago, she forms part of a highway between the European and Asiatic possessions of England and the Netherlands, and will make both these countries subservient to her prosperity. Again, her extent of seaboard is so great as to afford quite exceptional facilities for rearing a maritime population, and establishing a vigorous coasting trade. Against this latter advantage, we must, however, set her comparative poverty in good harbours.

The day will no doubt come, when flourishing communities will once more line the African shore, and when a far brisker trade, than it has yet known, will enliven the Mediterranean. Of this trade Italy, from her position, will certainly have the lion's share.

In 1864 there were 10,850 sailing vessels belonging to the Italian kingdom, with a tonnage of 664,000; 3900 belonged to Venetia and Istria, with a tonnage of 315,000. The Roman ports had only 200, with a tonnage of 4700. More than half the vessels set down as belonging to the kingdom were under forty tons, but in addition there were 6000 fishing-boats.

Since the Revolution, the number of vessels built has shown but little tendency to increase.

In 1860 were built	.	.	198 vessels
„ 1861 „	.	.	216 „
„ 1862 „	.	.	215 „
„ 1863 „	.	.	215 „

There seems reason, however, to believe that the newer vessels are larger than those formerly built, which may explain the apparent want of elasticity in this trade.

As the eye glances along the shores of Italy, it falls upon very few points which seem destined to play an extraordinary brilliant part in the commercial movement of the future. Genoa will probably rise again, though rather from her connection with the West than with the East. She will have her fair share in the trade of the outer basin of the Mediterranean, and no doubt Torelli is right in supposing that the completion of the lines of isthmus transit in Central America will be useful to a port which has extended commercial relations on the Pacific sea-board. She has, however, it must not be forgotten, a powerful rival in the mighty Marseilles. Neither Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, nor Naples is so situated as to obtain a first-rate commercial position. Palermo, Messina, and perhaps even Syracuse, have a good but not a great time coming. Venice has no chance whatever against Trieste, and even Fiume may, in the distant future, have a better right, as far as mercan-

tile importance is concerned, to call herself the Queen of the Adriatic. Ancona will rise, in proportion as civilisation begins to triumph in the eastern Peninsula, and good government repairs the ravages of Papal rule, but Brindisi has, it would seem, a far greater probability of eminence than any one of her more famous sisters. The wheel has come full circle, and the *Journey to Brundisium* will soon become a familiar idea in many English homes. It was with a kind of start that we lately heard a friend speak of accompanying a relative, going to India, as far as that once famous seaport, which has so long passed out of the ordinary thoughts of all except its nearest neighbours. And yet in a very short time Brindisi will be, for all practical purposes, nearer to London than Aberdeen was a quarter of a century ago.

The coasting and transit trade of Italy both require to be aided by numerous railways—one system running lengthways through the Peninsula, the other crossing it, and tapping the rich plains on either side of the Apennines.

We gather from the *Statistical Tables relating to Foreign Countries,* laid before Parliament last year, some interesting details with regard to Italian commerce. In 1863, the best customer of Italy would seem to have been France, but England was not very far behind; and it must not be forgotten that many articles of merchandise, entered as exported to France, found their way to this country. Austria

is also a large buyer in the Italian market, and it is believed that when the tariff reduction now proceeding in that country is brought to a close, the trade between the two old enemies will largely increase.

In 1863, Italy sent to England wine to the estimated value of 1,100,000 lire, vast quantities of sulphur, and large amounts of dye and tanning stuff, oranges, lemons, and olive-oil. Less considerable were the imports of rags, seed, liqueurs, chemicals, manna, soda, cheese, hides, brass, and copper, lead and common pottery, etc., etc.

Norway and Sweden took a great quantity of Italian marine salt, while Turkey bought rock salt and rice, pretty largely.

South America imported, above all things, oranges, lemons, and rice. Spain, robbing the naked, received great consignments of charcoal and firewood. Russia, more especially marble.

From France, Italy received in 1863 imports to the estimated value of	285,409,211	lire
From England	216,277,120	,,
From Switzerland . . .	100,830,228	,,

Most of these imports were entered for home consumption. Indeed, nearly the whole of the two first mentioned were so entered. The imports from Russia, Holland, and Turkey were also considerable, though trifling compared with the above. Then come Tunis, Tripoli, South and Central America. The largest expenditure was for silk, colonial produce, corn, meal, flour, and cotton.

The immense development of the railway system in recent years has been one of the most active agents of Italian unity. You cannot have a war, even for a "stolen bucket," if the enemy lives at the next station; and Bologna and Modena forget their feuds, while the Florentine is content to let Capraja and Gorgona stay where nature placed them, unmoved by the hope of working woe to Pisa.

The great line of European communication which goes south-east from Turin, receives tributary from Genoa, Milan, and Venice. Running down on the Adriatic coast, it throws out a branch to Ravenna, making more accessible that "place of old renown," and, we hope, inducing more travellers to visit a city which is surpassed in interest by very few in Europe. Those who have felt the thrill of astonishment which is excited by seeing, in San Vitale, the mosaics of Justinian and Theodora, will be unwilling to lose any opportunity of urging others to share in the surprises which are afforded by this wondrous link between the old and the new, where dead names like Honorius, Galla Placidia, Odoacer and Theodoric become at once living realities.

Leaving Castel Bolognese, the junction for Ravenna, the line runs on across the Rubicon to Rimini and Ancona, then follows the coast to Brindisi, and passes on to Lecce, whence it will be prolonged to Gallipoli.

On the other side, there is a gap between Nice and Voltri, which involves a *vetturino* journey of at least three days along the Western Riviera, nor is the communication yet open by rail from Genoa to Spezia; but from that town the line is finished to Lucca and Leghorn, and thence by the Maremma to Rome, and from Rome on to Naples, Salerno and Eboli. A single day now takes you from Ancona to Rome, and from Rome to Florence by Arezzo. No long time will, we hope, elapse before the rail from Sienna to Rome is finished, and the comfort of the traveller will be even more promoted by the completion of the Corniche line. For the country, perhaps what we ought chiefly to wish is the completion of the links between Naples and Foggia, and between Eboli and Bari. Indeed, every additional mile of railway communication which can be laid down in the old Neapolitan States is an additional guarantee for the prosperity of Italy, and the dominion of the house of Savoy. The unfortunate condition of the finances is, of course, a sad drawback. All the more important works on the line between the French frontier and Genoa have been long since completed, and the rails are lying in vast heaps ready to be placed, but, for the time, it appears that nothing can be done.

The great Alpine line across the Brenner is now in full operation, and the completion of the Savoy tunnel may be looked for early in the seventies.

Meanwhile, the Fell railway over the Cenis will effect a great saving, in time as well as in wear and tear.

Italy will obviously play a considerable part as a centre of distribution. It is therefore very satisfactory that she has taken an early opportunity of putting herself "*en règle avec la civilisation*," by adopting through the law of June 29, 1861, the metric system of weights and measures, which, although far enough from being, as some enthusiasts suppose, the flower and crown of human sagacity, is at least more likely than any other to obtain general recognition. In a matter of this kind sensible men will prefer to seize a clear and obvious improvement which lies near at hand, rather than to waste their time in pursuing the phantom of a perfection which will certainly never be reached in our time.

The substitution of the *lira*, equivalent to the French franc, for the cumbrous coinage of a few years ago, with the attendant troubles of exchange, is a great comfort to the traveller. In this respect, as in all others, the Pope's Government maintains its *Non possumus*, and an island of confusion and monetary barbarism has, therefore, to be traversed on the road from Florence to Naples.

Post-office arrangements have very much improved of late years, but there is still abundant work for the amending hand. We trust, but cannot venture to say, that anything like the con-

fusion of the Neapolitan post-office, as it was in the days of Bomba of blessed memory, could not now be seen in any large city of Italy.

The telegraph, which has been pushed in all directions since the annexations, is continually increasing the power of the central government, and the tendency towards a real unity.

Much also has been done towards bringing people together by the disuse of the irritating passport system. A traveller from England will probably now not be asked for his papers till he arrives at Orte, the point where the chief line of communication from the north enters the territory of the Pope. There they will be taken from him, and returned a couple of stations off, at Correse.

Although neither the army nor the navy of the new kingdom has been, up to the present time, extraordinarily successful, nothing has occurred which can lend any support to the allegation that warlike virtues are dead in Italy. There seems no reason to doubt, that both by sea and land the forces of Victor Emmanuel will be competent to all tasks that can fairly be thrown on them. At present both, although reduced, are still upon too large a scale to be permanently maintained, and the earliest opportunity will, we trust, be taken further to diminish both. If once the Roman difficulty is settled, a half-military police force might with advantage supply in the Southern districts, and in Sicily, the place of a larger number of troops. The

navy might be reduced within very narrow limits, without in any way affecting the interests of the country, and the whole question of conscription might be reconsidered.

There is a great deal of wealth in Italy—far more than is generally supposed; but it lies to a great extent idle, from the want of confidence which so generally prevails. The Government finds it very difficult to get at this wealth, either by direct or by indirect taxation, for the first is extremely unpopular, and the second is easily escaped, by a nation which is saving and abstinent to a degree which Englishmen find it hard to understand.

The state of the finances is, as every one knows, very far indeed from being satisfactory, but few perhaps realise how very serious is the state of affairs, or how thoroughly true is the remark, that what Italy before all things wants at this moment is a great financier.

The latest accounts represent the sale of the Church property, which began towards the end of October, as proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner. The prices realised on many lots seem to have exceeded the official estimate by from 50 to 100 per cent.; and we are informed by a writer in the *Chronicle*,[1] a newspaper whose Italian information is always of great importance, that competent persons think, on the whole, that Italy will,

1 A weekly paper of those days, first cousin to the too short-lived *Home and Foreign Review*.

" beyond all doubt," secure the 400,000,000 lire for which she asks. This will be a great help, but whether it will enable the country to weather the lee-short of financial disaster, will remain for some time a question much easier asked than answered.

Turning from the material to the moral resources of Italy, we observe that she has one most conspicuous advantage for playing a great part in the world. There is, throughout her population, a most remarkable diffusion of ready and available talent. Really stupid people are by no means common in this land of quick sympathies. On the other hand, the misrule of centuries has done whatever it could to counteract the blessings of nature. There are counties in Sicily and the south, to say nothing of Sardinia, which are simply barbarous. Roads, bridges, and all the elementary apparatus of civilisation, are almost wholly wanting. The religion is in name that of Pascal and Massillon, but in reality a cross between Christianity and the old heathen mythology, degraded into Fetichism. How little effect it has in restraining the population from the worst excesses, the world saw in the recent cholera panic. Even, however, in places which are tolerably civilised, the iron yoke of the Church and of the State has crushed out anything like life amongst the people. Read Mrs. Gretton's sketches of life in Macerata, which has long had the reputation of being a kind of provincial capital, " affording the attractions of

good society." Read the early life of Leopardi. Is it possible to conceive anything more dreary? Turn to the recently-published Memoirs of Massimo d'Azeglio, a book, by the way, which our critics have surely overpraised, and see the kind of bringing up which most of the men of a certain age had, even in what we are now accustomed to think of as the progressive Piedmont, but which, it is fair to remember, was, at least up to the accession of Charles Albert, by no means in advance of its neighbours. The wonder is not that commonplace, and the kind of vulgarity which is so admirably photographed in Mr. Browning's *Up in a Villa, down in the City*, are so common, but that there is anything better to be found. Religion, instead of being the promoter of all enlightenment and good works in Italy, has been the prime cause of her worst misfortunes, and it is really not surprising that the "Reds" have transferred their hatred of those who have made it what it is, to things and ideas which, in societies where the priesthood is weak, could never be the object of attack. It is the clergy who are responsible for one of the greatest curses of Italy—the abject ignorance of the women in every rank of life.

It is the clergy who are responsible for having driven the men to the wretched frivolous *café* life, by barring all those outlets which stood open for the youth of Protestant Germany, even when the rule of the State was the sternest. Their sway has

been as nearly as possible simply evil. The climate, and not they, has given the Italian his one conspicuous virtue—temperance.

It is natural for English readers to ask whether the political opposition to the policy of the Pope in Italy has resulted in any weakening of his spiritual authority. The answer must be in the affirmative. His spiritual authority is very seriously weakened.

There are, at this moment, at least half a dozen movements in Italy which threaten trouble to the Roman Church. First, there is an uneasy movement among its own ecclesiastics, now taking one form, now another, and constantly bringing to the surface new names.

How far this movement is likely to lead to speedy results, it is very difficult to say. The thousands of priests, who we were told a few years ago were ready to follow Passaglia, have melted away before our eyes. The power of the hierarchy is so great and so organised, that it can generally crush clerical recusants without difficulty. Italian priests are, for the most part, excessively poor, and to quarrel with their bishops is to expose themselves to the danger of starvation. There can be no doubt, however, that there is an enormous amount of secret and half-stifled discontent, that may at any time lead to a serious outbreak within the Church, in the name of ideas, which although carefully avoiding the name of Protestantism, would have certain features about them which

Protestants could only contemplate with satisfaction.

To encourage and assist any such tendencies would appear to be the principal object of an English association of clergymen and clericising laymen, called the "Anglo-Continental Society," the Annual Report of which, published by Rivingtons, is worth consulting by those who are curious about Italian affairs.

These gentlemen distribute largely throughout Italy the works of Andrewes, Pearson, Ken, Dr. Pusey, King Kamehameha IV., and other writers of unimpeachable Anglican orthodoxy. It is still with them the day of small things, but they are very zealous, are largely patronised by the episcopate, and spend their thirteen hundred a year in an innocuous if not very useful manner. Their most active agent would seem to be Count Commendatore Tasca of Seriate, whose report for 1866 contains some noticeable accounts of not unsuccessful attempts to distribute Anglican books in Northern Italy.

The following passage, from one of the documents published by it, shows very clearly the ground which this society takes up:—

"We shall be very careful that our agents confine themselves to their legitimate work, that of enlightening and forming the minds of the members of the National Church with a view to the internal reformation of that Church. We shall not allow

them to form or to minister to congregations separated from the National Church, because we believe that this implies the idea of setting up a new Church, into which men may transfer themselves from the present historical Church, whereas our object is to purify the existing organisation, and we do not think it right in principle, or expedient as a matter of policy, either to make the chimerical attempt of instituting a new Church, with the view of absorbing the Italian people, or to establish or help in maintaining unattached and irregular congregations. This we believe to be the essential point of difference between ourselves and all other bodies of the like nature, and we do not shrink from calling to it the attention of the attached and instructed members of the Church of England as a special reason for their support. We do not seek the destruction of the Italian Church, but its deliverance from Papal thraldom, and its constitution as an independent National Church under its own bishops and archbishops, its restoration in matters of doctrine to the purity of the primitive Church. We believe that the combined powers of political exigency and enlightened theological opinion are fast leading to a state of national feeling through which this hope may be realised."

Altogether unconnected with this society are the Waldensian Missions, supported partly by the Waldensian Church (which has, since the liberal political movement got fairly hold of Piedmont, enjoyed full liberty), but partly also by subscrip-

tions in Holland, Scotland, and other Protestant countries. The last account which we have seen of these is a small pamphlet published last year by Mr. Bracebridge, the honorary secretary of the Waldensian Committee in London. Missionary stations have been established at various points of the Peninsula, and in Sicily; but the results are, we fear, not such as to lead a calm observer to expect the respectable and interesting little Church, which sends them forth, ever very largely to increase the number of its adherents. It is, however, gratifying to observe that, after all its struggles, it now enjoys some repose and consideration, and that one of its principal institutions is established in the old Salviati Palace at Florence.

Unattached to the Waldensian Church, and not perhaps on the best terms with it, but like it in determined hostility to the Church of Rome, are a number of small and scattered congregations which have sprung up in various parts of Italy. By far the best account which we have met with of them is to be found in Mr. Talmadge's *Letters on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy*. Mr. Talmadge himself evidently inclines to the views of the Anglo-Continental Society, but he writes of these straying sheep without bigotry, and in a fair spirit. His picture of the sectaries, guided as they are by honest but ignorant men, is not encouraging. In most of the congregations there appears to be no small tincture of the ideas of the Plymouth Brethren.

An article on the religious movement in Italy in the fifth or 1861 volume of *Unsere Zeit* is worth consulting, chiefly for its references to works on the Waldensian Church, and on the Italian Protestants generally, which are known to few in England.

Canon Wordsworth's two volumes record a tour made in 1862, for the express purpose of examining into the state of religion in Italy. They prove that there is a considerable amount of interest in questions of religious reformation in *certain isolated circles* in Italy, but they prove nothing more. They may persuade fervent Anglicans, or help them to persuade themselves, that a reformation, such as might be acceptable to Canterbury, is an event which may be looked for in the shadow of the Vatican; but to come to this conclusion, the reader must open them with his mind more than half made up already.

The efforts of some of our busy and reverend countrymen take an odd direction. We have before us a list of the number of copies of various publications, circulated in Italy by the Religious Tract Society in 1862, 1863, 1864. They amount to 233,967, which must represent no small expenditure of good English gold, though whether the Peninsula is likely to be grateful for the 24,000 copies of the *Sermoni del Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* may perhaps admit of a doubt.

It seems clear that the network of Protestant

action is tolerably wide. We find such distant places as Lucca and Barletta, Aosta and Porto-Ferraio included in it; and although the attempts of the foreign evangelisers may often be unskilful enough, yet such is the ignorance of the lower classes, that any troubling of the waters can hardly fail to do good by producing some sort of educational effect. It is something to bring home to the intellect of dead-alive Italian villagers that heretics have neither horns nor claws, although they may slight the saints, and pay scant reverence even to the Madonna.

In some places, as at Naples, the efforts of the missioners seem to take the direction of education. The three R's will probably remain, whatever becomes of the highly-spiced theology; and it is more than probable that without the delight of teaching the Assembly's Shorter Catechism beyond the Garigliano, the good M. Buscarlet might have had no temptation to engage in the useful task of civilising the young savages of the beautiful and hateful city in which he dwells.

Beyond the limits of the Churches we see the action of other, but not less active forces. There are the remains of Voltairianism. There is the materialism which is associated with the names of Carl Vogt and Moleschott; and in Naples, more particularly, there is the movement of religious revolt, which was described some years ago by M. Marc Monnier in an interesting article in the *Revue Germanique*.

A curious product of this school is the work of Rafaele Mariano, entitled *Il Risorgimento Italiano*. This writer, who was a pupil of Vera's, examines first the theory of nationality, and asks whether that can form a basis of national life. "No," he replies, "it cannot. It is contrary to history and to reason. Italy must not attempt to recreate herself on such a foundation. She must, if she would really live again, become the exponent of a new idea. Only those States can be said to live which initiate."

But independence and unity—surely these are ideas on which a nation may be built? "Not so," says Mariano; "these are mere sterile forms, empty and devoid of life, unless they are animated by a spirit higher than themselves. Spain is as independent as needs be, but is it to be a nation in that sense that Italy aspires?"

Well then, constitutional government, political liberty—can you work no charms with these? "No. Both are excellent, both are invaluable, but out of neither comes the resurrection of a nation."

Material prosperity, again; financial equilibrium —are not these things to strive after? "Undoubtedly they are, but something more than either of them is wanted."

Italy, which, by taking the side of the old against the new in the sixteenth century, stepped aside from the onward march of history, must repair her error, must take liberty of conscience for her leading idea,

and make that the central thought of her national life. Rome may or may not be the capital, but there is no magic in the possession of Rome. There would be magic in the possession of this idea. Has not Hegel said, "Political and religious revolutions are inseparable"? A people which makes a political, and does not make a religious revolution, stops in the middle of its task, and allows an antagonism to remain, which it ought to cause to disappear if it would not be itself overthrown.

The formula, "a free Church in a free State," will not help Italy. She must undergo a complete religious revolution, which shall sweep away as well the old Catholicism as the dreams of Gioberti and such halters between two opinions, and thus build up, on what appears to M. Mariano the one stable foundation, that of Hegelianism, a new and wiser Italy.

In spite of some expressions cited above, there is a good deal in common between the ideas of M. Mariano and the views which the great apostle[1] of Italian nationality has recently laid before the British public, in an article to which he has affixed his signature in the *Westminster Review*. He, too, believes that Italy can only be regenerated by a great idea. He believes that the Papacy, together with all that it symbolises and represents, is a worn-out institution, which, great and beneficent

1. Mazzini.

in the days of Hildebrand and Innocent III., has been decaying for centuries, and is now a hopeless mass of corruption. Italy must sweep it from the earth, and in the place where it stood build up a new polity, based on the recognition of the *moral law* as the *foundation of all true political science,* a polity in which the idea of *duty* shall take the place of the idea of *right,* and in which, for the obsolete dogmas of Catholicism, shall be substituted a firm and wavering belief in PROGRESS as the law which guides all the dealings of the Almighty with mankind.

It is strange that this very remarkable paper did not excite more comment in this country, and he would, we think, act unwisely, who, seeing at a glance the small bearing which it has on questions of immediate political interest, were to throw it aside without careful perusal. The following sentences appear to us well worth studying, as the key to the way in which a section of the party of action has all along looked at Italian affairs :—

" My past, present and future labours toward the moral and political regeneration of my country have been, are, and will be governed by a religious idea.

The past, present and future of our rulers has been, is, and will be led astray by materialism.

Now the religious question sums up and dominates every other. Political questions are, necessarily, secondary and derivative.

They who earnestly believe in the supremacy of the moral law as the sole legitimate source of all authority, in a religion of duty of which politics are the application,

cannot, through any amount of personal abnegation, act in concert with a Government based on the worship of temporary and material interest.

Our rulers have no great ruling conception; no belief in the supremacy of moral law, no just notion of life, nor of the humanity, no belief in a divinely-appointed goal which it is the duty of mankind to reach through labour and sacrifice. They are materialists; and the *logical consequences* of their want of all faith in God and His law are their substitution of the idea of *interest* for the idea of *duty,* of a paltry notion of *tactics* for the fearless affirmation of the truth, of opportunity for principle."

Italy has not as yet produced any school of critical theologians. The labours of the Germans in this direction have been kept away from the frontier, partly, perhaps, by dislike of the Tedeschi, but still more, we fear, by that want of interest in all questions relating to the Old and New Testaments, which is the common ground on which the majority of Italians, of nearly all shades of opinion, contrive, by a strange fatality, to meet.

As far back as 1853, Bianchi Giovini, who had long been known as an enemy of the priesthood, published at Zurich his *Critica degli Evangeli.* The book shows considerable reading, but is written in an agressive style, and in a tone not likely to recommend it. More recently, the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan has sold in enormous numbers, and the denunciations directed against it by the clergy have largely contributed to its popularity and influence.

The work of Montalembert, on Catholic interests in the nineteenth century, called forth from an Italian writer, who uses the *nom de plume* of *Ausonio Franchi*, but whose real name is, we believe, Francesco Bonavino, a treatise called *La Religione del Secolo Decimonono*, which he republished in 1860, with an appendix on the events affecting the Catholic Church between 1853 and 1859. His object is to show the essential opposition of Catholicism and Liberalism. Hence he is the determined enemy of that class of Catholic reformers which says, with Montanelli, "You may be Catholics like Dante, like Savonarola, like Pascal," bidding the reader take his choice between two camps, the one defended by the "slaves of the Pope, the cavaliers of the Inquisition, and the satellites of the stranger," the other by "the believers in reason, in justice, and in national sovereignty." "*Religione dei primi sarà il simbolo di Nicea, e religione dei secondi la legge dell' Umanità.*"

The reader of these remarks will probably come to the conclusion, that although there can be but little doubt that the recent changes in Italy will result in a powerful and widespread religious movement, it is as yet very difficult, if not impossible, to say what shape that movement will take. At present the attitude of most *men* of the middle and higher classes in Italy towards all religious questions, is one of supreme indifference. The

contest about matters of immediate and present temporal importance, about the hearth and the home, has been so great as to disincline people to speculation; and the hatred so generally entertained towards the priesthood has largely increased the disinclination which is felt towards all theological questions. This state of things is hardly likely to be permanent in a race so highly gifted, and already, as we have said, there are indications of a change. Much will, of course, depend on the direction taken by philosophical and religious thought in England, France, and Germany in the next few years. Italy is not likely, for a long time to come, to be able to *initiate* anything. The chains of Rome have bound her too long and too tightly.

The revival of learning and its attendant enlightenment were not only checked but blasted, south of the Alps, by the counter-Reformation. Whether the cause of intelligence would or would not have prospered more in Northern Europe, under the guidance of men like Colet and Erasmus, than it did under that of the great Saxon reformer, is a question that has been often asked and never satisfactorily answered. If, however, we would see how great a gulf was fixed between the influence even of so repressive a dogmatist as Calvin, and that of the fanatics who obeyed or stimulated the violence of Caraffa, we have only to compare Geneva with Bologna.

It is more than doubtful, if the wave of French conquest had not swept over Italy in the end of the last and the commencement of the present century, whether national life would have awoke even in our day. An Italian ought to understand, perhaps even better than a German, the wonderfully eloquent passage in the *Reisebilder*, in which Henry Heine describes Napoleon as he appeared transfigured by the youthful imagination of the poet.

The miserable Government which afflicted nearly the whole of Italy from 1815 to 1859, for the most part positively discouraged education. When they did not do this, they helped it in so feeble and foolish a manner as to do almost more harm than good. In 1847 Piedmont began to move, and soon the strong arm of Cavour pushed forward the good work. By 1859 a tolerable system had been organised in the old provinces of the house of Savoy, and in 1860 and in 1861 it was extended to Tuscany, Naples and Sicily.

The great mine of information as to the present state of education in Italy is the Report addressed by the Vice-President of the Council of Public Instruction, Signor Matteucci, in November 1864, to the then Minister of Education, Baron Natoli. This forms a tolerably large quarto, and was published at Milan in 1865.

It covers the whole field of education, higher, secondary, and elementary, describes their actual

state, and suggests improvements in all directions.

Italy had in 1865 fifteen universities, to which have since been added those of Venetia. She had also at Florence an institution almost ranking with a university. All these were supported to a very great extent by the State, and formed an immense drain on her resources, perhaps as much as £200,000 a year. There were also four free universities, or universities not connected with the State. Great efforts are being made to extend primary education, which is, in the southern provinces more especially, at a frightfully low ebb. It is said that of the whole population of the kingdom, excluding children under five, not more than one-fourth know their A B C.

Lord Taunton's Commission directed Mr. Matthew Arnold to visit Italy, and to report on the state of the higher and secondary education there. We presume he will not tell us that there is much in the present state of that country to excite our envy or admiration. Wide is the interval between Germany and her fair sister of the south. Wide is the interval between the rigid system of France and the *dolce far niente* of Naples; but we are sure Mr. Arnold will have to tell us of able men at the head of affairs, struggling hard with all their might to retrieve past errors, and persuaded that if the higher, secondary and primary education of their country can once be put on a sound footing, most other things will come right of themselves.

Amongst these no one deserves a higher place than M. Matteucci, to whom we have already alluded. Born at Forli in 1811, this distinguished man dedicated the first part of his life to advance science, as he is dedicating the second part of it to extend and organise education. His researches in electro-physiology, and the application of electricity to the arts, have earned him a European reputation. It is right that his more recent labours should not pass unrecorded.

In some of the universities, as at Naples, the students are very numerous, and there is an active intellectual life; but in others the pulse beats very low indeed, and almost everywhere the tendency is to frequent nearly exclusively the professional, as distinguished from the literary or scientific, lectures.

The secondary schools of Italy are numerous, far too numerous, indeed, for the pupils attending them; the level of the instruction is low, the disorganisation great, and the most searching reforms are everywhere required. Here, as elsewhere, all enlightened men are anxiously striving to replace the inefficient teaching of the classics by an efficient teaching of modern subjects, as well as to reinvigorate and ennoble classical teaching itself, by the introduction of better methods, by making the intelligent study of the literature, the history and the art of the ancient world replace the gerund-grinding and exercise-scribbling of the past. The theological seminaries, which are very numerous,

are in a transition state, out of which they will pass probably very much altered in character and tendency.

The modern literature of Italy cannot be called brilliant, but has nevertheless far greater claims to consideration than most Englishmen suppose. The gigantic shadow of the old literature of the Peninsula hides from us the merits of the nineteenth-century writers, as the gigantic shadow of Etna obscures at sunrise the other mountains of Sicily. It had become a proverb that Italy was the "land of the dead," until M. Marc Monnier boldly picked up the gauntlet, and published his admirable little book, *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts?* In a series of four-and twenty chapters, written during the war of 1859, but composed of materials collected during a residence of twenty years in Italy, this most agreeable writer gives quite decisive reasons why we should return a negative answer to the question which forms the title of his book.

After a brief notice of Foscolo, he describes at much greater length the career and works of the Tuscan satirist Giusti, who has been made more familiar than most of his contemporaries, to English readers, by a pleasant book of Miss Horner's. He then notices the Lombard school, Manzoni, Pellico and others. Next comes the Florentine or classical school, which represented the Ghibelline tendency, as the Lombards did the Guelph, and whose greatest name was that of Niccolini. Then he

traces the career of the gifted and unhappy Leopardi, which twenty years ago was recounted to our countrymen by an English statesman, in an article which is not even yet forgotten.[1] The historians Troya and Ranieri come in for a share of notice, as does the family of the Poerios, of whom the most celebrated, but by no means the ablest, member lately closed his chequered life amidst the respectful sympathy of Europe. Next follow three chapters upon Naples and Sicily, which are, we will venture to say, full of matter which is quite unfamiliar even to well-read Englishmen. Other chapters are devoted to Guerazzi, to Gioberti, to Rosmini, and to a vast number of other personages, some, like Massimo d'Azeglio and Mazzini, more or less known to us, others, like Mamiani, Dell' Ongaro and Aleardo Aleardi, about whom most people out of Italy know very little, although, by the way, we lately observed a long and elaborate notice of the last in the *North American Review*.

The perusal of this delightful work, of which we remember to have seen only one review of any considerable length in any English periodical, namely in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1861, will, we are sure, convince all who are capable of being convinced, that there is far more literary ability in contemporary Italy than they have been at all accustomed to suppose. M. Marc Monnier's pages

1 Mr. Gladstone.

are full too of facts which give us good hope for the future. He tells us, for example, that the lower class of Naples, "whose conversation resembles the most obscene pages of Rabelais, is in its songs the saddest and chastest in the world." His chapters on Naples should be read in connection with the article above alluded to, entitled *Naples Hérétique et Panthéiste,* which he contributed, since the publication of the book we are describing, to the *Revue Germanique.* An unequal but useful little series of biographies, called *I Contemporanei Italiani,* may be consulted for the purpose of supplementing M. Marc Monnier, and one fairly good Italian Review, the *Rivista Contemporanea,* seems to have naturalised itself in a few of the best English clubs and reading-rooms.

The physical sciences, especially those which lie farthest apart from theology, have long had distinguished representatives in Italy; and at the present day even Rome and the "Great Order" itself can boast of one name of first-rate importance, that of Father Secchi, the astronomer.

In the study of her own antiquities, Italy has produced rather *multa* than *multum,* yet even here, towering above respectable names like Visconti, of which there are not a few, we have De Rossi, the investigator of the Catacombs, who takes rank with the Döllingers, the Actons, the Renoufs and the De Bucks, not only in virtue of his vast learning, but also of his scrupulous literary integrity, which no

interest even of ecclesiastical party will for an instant turn aside.

Of political philosophers and economists not a few might be named, such as Ferrari, one of the most brilliant and eccentric of living orators; Ferrara, lately Finance Minister; his predecessor Scialoja; and Carlo Cattaneo, a wild and impracticable politician, but a man of very considerable ability.

We mentioned above the names of two distinguished Romans; but nothing is more melancholy than to observe how little the vast resources of the Roman Church are doing, at its centre, for the promotion even of those departments of learning which have generally been supposed to be ancillary to religion. Among the Cardinals, there are not above two or three who have any pretensions even to classical learning. Amongst the Roman Princes, the name of the accomplished Duke of Sermoneta shines like a light in a dark place. In the swarms of more or less dignified ecclesiastics which crowd round the Vatican, there are hardly any of the slightest intellectual merit. Rational ideas are kept alive, in so far as they are kept alive at all, in the Pope's dominions, amongst the advocates and other laymen of middle rank, who are often intelligent and vigorous, but at the same time, from no fault of their own, very deficient in culture.

It was the lot of the writer, during the worst period of the reaction, to examine a large number of

the journals of the Peninsula, and, with the exception of some published at Turin, to see few other Italian journals until the end of the last and the beginning of the present year. Unquestionably the decade which had elapsed had improved matters, but still the quality of the writing remains very poor. Putting aside the *Perseveranza* of Milan, the *Opinione,* now published at Florence, and the *Civilità Cattolica,* a fierce clerical journal, we can hardly name any Italian newspaper which is even tolerably written. The journals of Venetia, we ought perhaps to mention, are not known to us. As papers of secondary merit, in other parts of Italy, may be mentioned the *Diritto* of Florence, and the *Italie,* published in French in the same capital. The papers are, however, too numerous, and too much in the hands of small cliques, who wish to ventilate certain questions, to be really good. The French press—the writing of which, if we put aside the names of Prévost Paradol, Scherer, the brilliant writer who veils a real name under the *nom de plume* of Horace de Lagardie, and some half-dozen others, is poor to the last degree—has exercised a very unfavourable influence on the journals of Italy, which in form and arrangement closely follow French models.

The Eternal City has three newspapers, all of them pretty extensively read, but all below mediocrity. The *Giornale di Roma,* of which Gregorovius truly says that it is as harmless as an

eclogue of Virgil, the *Osservatore Romano*, and the *Correspondance de Rome*, the last being intended chiefly for circulation amongst those circles in France which desire to keep themselves *au courant* of the last canard which is stamped with apostolic approbation.

It is natural to turn from journalism to public speaking. Here the first thing that strikes a stranger in the Italian Parliament, is that more members than one would have expected read their speeches, but there is no want of facility in others, and, as might be expected, there is too great a desire to speak; every man, in a country where organised parties hardly exist, wishing to please his own constituents, and to bid for power and place by showing his capacity for affairs.

The history of the five years' Parliament, which consolidated the annexations of 1859 and 1860, has been told by Leopoldo Galeotti, who was one of its members, in a book which is, if somewhat dull, full of important information, and written in a fair and moderate spirit. The author, who belonged to the majority, takes, we need not say, a more favourable view of its proceedings than would be acceptable to the party of action, but, on the whole, we do not think that he rates much too highly the labours of the Chamber. The army and navy had to be reorganised in accordance with the new state of things. The country had to be divided into provinces, and these again into smaller administrative

circumscriptions. Public charity had to be reorganised, the census had to be taken. Public instruction and public works had to be attended to. Custom-houses and tariffs had to be reformed and revised. The Treasury, and all that related to it, represented another enormous mass of labour. The legislative unification of the kingdom required hardly less attention, while foreign and ecclesiastical affairs were so complicated and so important, as to claim for themselves many sittings which could be ill spared from other hardly less pressing matters.

The first Parliament of the Italian kingdom, and its short-lived Sardinian predecessor, which was born on April 2, 1860, and died in December of that year, had 831 sittings and passed 522 bills, besides doing a vast amount of supplementary work, in considering petitions, making interpellations, and the like.

Free Italy can boast of but one statesman; but then, not only are the twenty years which have elapsed since life began to stir, even in a single province of the Peninsula, only a moment in the existence of a nation, but the statesman whom she has produced has surpassed, we think, on the whole, any of his contemporaries. Far superior to Lord Palmerston in range of mind and depth of study, Cavour was more a man of the world than Thorbecke; bolder than Cornewall Lewis, though *he* was bolder than men thought; while he resem-

bled Bismarck, with whom he is so often compared, in but one characteristic, the too-ready acceptance of the maxim that the end justifies the means. Something less of this last peculiarity, something more of elevation and imaginativeness, would have put him in the very highest rank. As it was, he remained just below it.

In crediting Italy with Cavour, we should not forget that he was only half Italian. His mother was a Sellon, and, alike in his education and disposition, he was infinitely more Genevese than Sardinian. It was in the society of Pressinges that he was formed, and it was thither that he returned, alone and on foot, after the catastrophe and agony of Villafranca. It is, no doubt, a comparison beneath the "dignity of history," but the writer can never recall his voice and manner, without involuntarily remembering the lines in which Tennyson has described the father of the "Miller's Daughter."

Rattazzi, intellectually so lithe and *svelte*, so soft and attractive in manner, that he used to be called "Mademoiselle," is unquestionably an extremely clever politician; but whether he deserves to be called a statesman any more than most men who bear that courtesy title, is a question which we hesitate to answer.

As unlike him as possible is Ricasoli, stiffest of men in features, figure, intellect, and character. Upright he is in intention, firm of will, sedulous in

the management of his property, anxious for the good of the State, but surely a learner in statesmanship, rather than a statesman.

La Marmora is more of a soldier than a Minister. In both capacities he has been unfortunate but well-informed persons say that much of the blame which has fallen on him should by rights have rested on a loftier head.

Farini's course was short, and he certainly did not rise to the Cavour level.

Cialdini, again, has to show himself. His merits as a soldier have been proved long ago, in the forgotten campaigns of the Spanish Revolution, and more recently, within the memory of all men, in his own country. His great speech on the Capital, excited and deserved great attention, but with it our knowledge of his capacity for the higher walks of political life breaks off short.

Italy has no want of active and able politicians, the material out of which statesmen are made, and they come from all corners of the country. Even Sicily has contributed at least her share. Out of their ranks, and those of their successors, there can be no doubt that men will arise, with that breadth of view and fulness of knowledge which Cavour had, and which we hold essential to constitute the statesman; but the Italian upper class must first bend to what will soon be a necessity for the upper class in all countries, and educate its children for some years, away from the narrowing influences of the "clocher," in lands other than their own.

The ideas of young men in Italy are a sealed book to nearly all Englishmen; but any one who could give us trustworthy information as to their ways of thinking and acting, would go far towards helping us to cast the horoscope of their country. If we compare the first chapter of Massimo d'Azeglio's Autobiography with Mazzini's article already alluded to, we should be inclined to draw rather desponding conclusions; but both these writers, we trust, take too gloomy a view of the rising generation.

Let us now sum up the results of our survey. Italy has a large and increasing population, a great extent of fertile land still lying waste, over which that population may extend, together with an infinite variety of climates and descriptions of country, highly favourable to a many-sided national life. In agriculture much has been done, but much remains to do, and agriculture must ever remain the main element of her prosperity. Her mineral resources, though not very great, may be much developed. Her fine winter climate, her works of art, her historical recollections and the charms of her scenery, are so many veins of wealth as yet very imperfectly worked. As a manufacturing country she has no great future in the production of the commoner articles consumed by civilised man, at least for the purpose of export; but for producing works of art of every order below the highest, and, above all, for art manufactures, she

has extraordinary facilities. Her position for commerce is admirable, and the return of prosperity to her Mediterranean neighbours will give indirectly a vast impulse to herself. Her people have great natural abilities, but they are very ignorant, and are in some districts mere barbarians, with a miserable superstition, which usurps the place of what in more fortunate countries is called religion or morality. Even the civilised classes have broken with the middle age and its ideas, without getting anything very much better to put in their place. A religious revolution or reformation, going very deep and very wide, is the necessary complement of recent political changes, but there is not yet sufficient *initiative* in the long-demoralised nation to bring this about. It must come from abroad, and Italy can do little but make the path straight for it, by improving her education. In literature, in learning, in science, there is much aptitude, but little contemporary performance. The periodical press is very poor. For a free political life Italy has shown excellent dispositions, and has hitherto kept herself pretty free from those evils which her detractors prophesied would disgrace her Parliament. She has many respectable politicians, but has produced as yet only one great statesman. Cavour has had no successor. Lastly, looking at the rising generation, we do not see any evidence that they are likely to be better than their fathers. Such evidence as there is, seems to point the other way.

Italy, if she has many advantages, has also, it must be remembered, some peculiar disadvantages to contend with. Nowhere is the Church question so large or so difficult. The finances are in a condition which alarmists might call desperate. Brigandage is an evil which draws in its train innumerable other evils. The violent political changes of the last few years, and the unscrupulous proceedings at which successive Governments have had to wink, have disorganised society, and thrown far too great power into the hands of that vast, idle and semi-warlike class, out of which the volunteers of Garibaldi are recruited. Another very serious mischief is the intolerable number of *employés*, swarms of whom are wholly useless, but whose connections can bring pressure to bear upon the Chamber. These, taken in connection with other difficulties to which we have alluded, and above all with the miserable state of education, are things well calculated to make the most sanguine well-wisher of Italy hesitate to prophesy for her a very brilliant future, during the next fifty years.

The best friends of Italy would, we think, address her somewhat as follows:—Keep your dynasty, in spite of any dissatisfaction that may be inspired by the King, or any want of confidence in his successor, but gradually diminish its power, thus obtaining the advantages of a republic, without its agitations. Turn a deaf ear to the cries of "the heroic Trentino," till it suits Austria to part with

it, and try to forget that Istria exists. Avoid as far as possible all foreign complications, and above all beware of interfering with the Eastern question, except for the purpose of preventing Constantinople falling to Russia, while that empire has still the aggressive instincts of a semi-barbarous power. "Seek peace and ensue it" with all the world, and more especially with Germany, from which country you may obtain what you most need, learned men trained to interpret your own past to yourselves; trained to reinvigorate your education, and thereby indefinitely to extend your power. Restrict the temporal power of the Pope, as soon as you are able, to the limits of the Leonine City. Diminish your army and navy to the utmost, but take pride in having both services as perfect as possible. Spare no expense in keeping up with the latest improvements in weapons. Abolish all unnecessary drill, and recruit your officers, as is already done in Holland, by competitive examination. As long as the *res dura* and the *regni novitas* oblige you to keep up your armaments, even at their present diminished size, comfort yourself by regarding them as a school, through which your half-civilised population is passed, and make your period of service as short as possible. Advance elementary education. Concentrate your universities, and train your professors north of the Alps. Have a few first-rate gymnasia, but above all direct attention to the class of schools which are known

in Germany as *Real-schulen*. Push on roads and railways. Encourage planting on a scientific method, as well as irrigation. Protect your works of art and your libraries, the last of which have been of late years not a little damaged. Give every possible facility to foreigners. Lay yourself out for a great transit trade, for being the emporium of the Mediterranean and the pleasure-place of Europe Continually reduce your Customs duties, with a view to abolishing them altogether.

By these arts Italy will, we believe, not only attain a cosmopolitan position, infinitely higher than she now occupies, and a far greater degree of happiness than the most favoured portions of her territory ever possessed, but be incomparably more powerful than she would be if she attempted prematurely to assert for herself a high place in the councils of Europe, and to interfere in the settlement of matters in which she has no concern. By these arts she will indeed attain a *Primato*, but a *Primato* of a very different kind from that which some unwise persons have claimed or desired for her.[1]

February

20. Met at the Verneys' a young Italian Attaché, who told me that he took to Cavour the telegram announcing Villafranca. He was very angry, and

1 This seems the most suitable place for this article; but it was published a good deal later in the year.

would not believe that the cypher was correctly made out.

22. Breakfasted with Lord Houghton. He mentioned Cousin's answer to him when he asked him if he was going to a fancy ball, where people were to be dressed in the costume of the seventeenth century—"J'espère rencontrer ces dames un jour, mais autre part." He sugested, or quoted, as an epitaph for Cavour, "T.O.M." (Traditori Optimo Maximo).[1]

April

5. Meeting of the Party at Gladstone's, where a course, which seemed to some of us of very doubtful expediency, was resolved upon, and which led on the 8th to the Tea Room affair, much talked of at the time. That was followed by a good deal of negotiation with Government, which came to nothing, so far as the Russells, myself, and those who had acted in immediate concert with us were concerned. We voted with Gladstone in the great Division of the 12th, and never formed part of the dissident connection known, inaccurately, as the Tea Room party.

May

18. The Breakfast Club meets at Sir T. Erskine May's. One of the party mentioned an answer made by Mr. Vincent Scully to Major O'Reilly,

[1] I *think* that this epitaph was originally proposed by Venables for Peel.

when he threatened to turn him out of the county of Cork, if he took some line in the House, which he (Major O'Reilly), who had commanded the Irish Legion in the Pope's service, did not approve—"Turn me out of the county Cork!—Bedad, if you do, you'll have to bleed more freely than you did at Spoleto!"

22. The Breakfast Club met at Froude's. He has just come back from Simancas, and says that no one was so pleased by the defeat of the Armada as the Pope, and that the Spaniards of the day were as positive in asserting that Drake and the English had beat the Armada, as we are in giving the credit to the wind..

July

1. At the Council of the Asiatic Society, where I saw the great gold coin of Eucratides, weighing about twenty of our sovereigns. This very remarkable piece was brought from Bokhara by a Jew, who, on his first arrival in Paris, knowing that the West was rich and fond of curious objects, modestly demanded a million francs for it. No one being willing to go into the transaction at that figure, he came to London, and entered into negotiations with the British Museum. Of course people there were charmed with it, and they soon began to discuss the question of price. "What," said the Jew, "is its intrinsic value?" So much, they replied. "When was it struck?" he then asked. About

such and such a year, was the answer. "Well," rejoined the Jew, "I will be satisfied with interest at 5 per cent. from that date." After a good deal of bargaining, it was ultimately bought by Feuardent for, I have heard, £1,100, and it passed to the Imperial Library for, I believe, £1,300.

20. Yesterday I went to the great ball given to the Sultan at the new India Office, about which so much nonsense was later talked. It was very brilliant.

To-day Lord Strangford, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Arthur Russell and I, went as a deputation from the Asiatic Society to present an address to the Sultan at Buckingham Palace. He could not speak any Western language, but with him was Fuad, who knows French well. It was Fuad who some years ago said in Arthur Russell's hearing to Lord Palmerston, when the latter expressed the opinion that nothing would go right in Turkey till they got rid of polygamy, "Ah! milord, nous ferons comme vous, nous presenterons l'une et nous cacherons les autres."

22. I was examining Dr. Pusey to-day on a Committee of the House of Commons, when a strange scene occurred. He had been arguing in favour of the Oxford System of Academical Discipline, on account of the superior morality which it encouraged. I asked him whether it was not notorious that German students were more moral, in the ordinary sense of the term, than English

ones. He admitted the fact; but went off into explanations of so eccentric a kind, that he was stopped, and what he said was not reported.

This autumn my wife brought me a poem which she had just written, called "Dives and Lazarus." I sent it to the *Spectator*, in which journal it appeared on November 16th:—

"Lazarus, that weary Lazarus again!—
Why can't a man rest quiet?" So Dives spake
With Lazarus' petition in his hand.
Then, laying it on the table, let it wait
Through all the courses of the sumptuous feast,
Till came the olives and the dark red wine.
And then he broke the seal, and thus he read:—
"Right Reverend Father," so the letter ran
(For Dives was a Bishop), "may a man
Most poor in all things, but in that most poor
Wherein he should be rich, most poor in faith,
Have from you ghostly counsel and advice?
I only ask the parings of the feast,
In which you, furnished unto all good works,
Rich in a faith which mountains can remove,
Sit day by day, deeming you feed on Christ."
Here Dives stopped, with an impatient word:—
"Advice," he said, "I gave the man advice
To keep his living and to hold his tongue,
And now he pesters me,—at dinner, too!"
Then he read on:—"My Lord, that I might prove,
At least, that I am honest, I resigned
This day all benefits that I received
In virtue of the doctrines which I held,
But hold no longer. Poor am I indeed
In purse, and yet the weight of poverty
More lightly presses than the weight of doubt,
And fiercer is the craving of the soul

Than hunger of the flesh. My sores cry out;
Wounded I lie in darkness, seeking light."
And so it ended. Dives turned it o'er
Once and again, as if he sought within
Something he did not find there, and his face,
Courteous, comfortable and bland, expressed
Utter bewilderment. It seemed to him
As much as if a man of choice preferred,
That Christmas night, the bitter cold outside,
The howling wind, that wailed as if its voice
The woe of all the human race expressed :—
The wide wild moor, with heaps of driven snow,
To that room, bright with artificial light,
Filled full with all the good things of this world.
Thus Dives in his microcosm deemed
Of him who sought the Infinite outside.
And Dives wrote that Lazarus was to blame,—
Such doubts were sent as punishment for sin;
And as a righteous man ne'er begs his bread,
So a good man can never come to doubt.
All was as clear as day in Dives' eyes,
From Genesis to the Apocalypse.
And on he prosed some pages. At the end
He wrote :—" If after all convincing words
Like these I send, you choose to starve in soul,
I cannot help you further. I must beg,
As one on whom the eyes of all the world
Are fixed, though all unworthy" (Dives here
Paused with a thrill of sweet humility),
" That I have not the scandal at my door,
And in my diocese, of doubt like yours."
Thus Lazarus was driven forth to starve.

1868.

March

1. Dined with Lowe, meeting Jowett and others. Talking of the Tory country gentleman having displayed greater zeal in the matter of the Cattle Plague than in opposing the Reform Bill, our host said—"That is quite intelligible, for the Cattle Plague ruins ourselves; the Reform Bill only our children."

2. Met and walked with Carlyle, who raved about the general anarchy which he imagined he saw around him, and praised Bismarck to the skies.

1869.

January

5. At Woburn with Hastings Russell. The house is hideous, but full to overflowing of treasures,—so full, that no better place can be found, even for the magnificent service of Sèvres, given by Louis XV. to the Duke of Bedford when he was Ambassador in France, than a cupboard in a room which is used, if I recollect right, for the upper servants to take tea in.

15. At Strangford's funeral. He is buried at Kensal Green, under the same monument as his brother, who, although very unlike him, was in a different way as gifted. I have heard that Disraeli once said—"George Smythe is more like Bolingbroke than any Englishman who has lived since his times." In his own line the last Lord Strangford was unique, and up to this date the place which he left vacant in European journalism has never been filled.

As I came away I met Layard, who was late, and we went back to London together. He is just about to marry, and it was to this, I suppose, that he alluded, when he used the expression—strange in

a man of his years—" He is leaving life, as I am entering upon it."

17. Breakfasted with Wetherell in the Albany, to meet Renouf and Simpson, both, like our host, Oxford converts, but of an older generation. It was Renouf, who, when he agreed to undertake the management of the Oriental Department in the *Home and Foreign Review*, said—" But I must *warn* you that I do not know Turkish."

March

2. Sir John Macneill quoted to me to-day some striking words from a Persian poet—" We are all lions, but lions on a standard—as the wind blows, the lions move, and we see them move, but not the cause of their motion—let us then worship the invisible which is the cause of all we see." He cited, too, from Sadi—" The peace of the two worlds depends upon these two words—Be kind to your friends, and be merciful to your enemies."

May

14. From London to Paris, by tidal train, with a large House of Commons party, glad to escape from the Irish Church for the Whitsun recess. The Channel was rough, and before we left Folkestone some of us—I think Trevelyan, Monsell and I, all of whom were at this time in Mr. Gladstone's

Ministry,—lay down on sofas on the right hand of the vessel as one looks from the stern towards the prow: that is, in the same position as the Treasury Bench is with reference to the Speaker. Wentworth Beaumont, who was on a sofa on the other side said—"When we get about the middle, I mean to put a question to the Government!"

November

1. Met at the Maskelynes' the American botanist Asa Gray. It was to-day, too, that Madame de Peyronnet, on whom I was calling, told me the excellent French saying:—"Quand celui qui parle, ne sait plus ce qu'il veut dire, et celui qui écoute, n'a jamais su ce qu'il voulait dire, alors c'est de la métaphysique."

3. To see Maine, who has just arrived from India, and who, having gone thither seven years ago in extremely bad health,—health so bad that I, for one, never expected to see him return,—has returned, as I told him, looking like an English drover.

4. —— tells me a good thing about the excellent Sir —— ——. Although he has been employed all his life in great affairs, it is not to be denied that he has the appearance of a grocer, and it is hardly unnatural that he should have received in India, from those of his friends who did not love him, the name of Figs. He is extremely Evan-

gelical, and C—— gave him the title of *Ficus religiosa.*

6. This evening, an acquaintance, speaking of a review which I had written of Henry Oxenham's *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement,* made to me the observation—which I have no doubt was strictly correct—"It showed, I think, more knowledge of Oxenham than of the doctrine of sanctification."

Speaking of Massey's dislike to India, Maine averred that a lady having once said to him—"But at least, Mr. Massey, the flowers here are charming"—he replied—"No, they are the only things in the country which do *not* smell."[1] Maine says also that George Campbell declares that he once saw over a butcher's shop in Canton, "Best black cat always ready."

24. Presented by the Duke of Argyll to the King of the Belgians, who came to a sort of afternoon tea at the India Office. Amongst others present were Frere and Lord Lawrence, who, as is generally known, did not get on too well together.

"I am very sorry," said the King, "that I never

[1] I find in the first volume of my privately-printed Indian Diary, under date of 7th April 1884, this story referred to, with the addition of these words—"What a slander!" Then follows a list of no less than sixteen plants in the gardens, amidst which I was writing, from whose perfume I had derived the most intense pleasure, with the further remark—"Many people are too neglectful of 'curious odours,' as they are, for the matter of that, of 'strange dyes, strange flowers, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend.'"

saw Bombay; I believe it is about the most beautiful place in India and that"—bowing to Frere—"it owes much of its beauty to Sir Bartle Frere:"—then turning to Lawrence, he added,—"and if I remember right, Lord Lawrence often thought that he spent too much money—but no," he continued,—appearing to correct himself—"*that* was *Sir John* Lawrence."

1870.

February

16. Dined with Mr. Pender. After the ladies had gone, I found myself sitting next Mr. Dickens, whom I had not seen since he returned from America. We fell into conversation about that country, and he told me the following very curious story.

"Shortly before leaving Washington I fell in with Mr. Sumner, who said to me—'Mr. Dickens, is there any one whom you would like to see here whom you have not chanced to meet?' I replied—'Yes, I have always had a great idea of Mr. Staunton—I should like to meet Mr. Staunton.' 'Well,' answered Sumner, 'there is nothing easier—I will ask him to dine. We will have nobody but ourselves, and you can have a good talk.'

"A few days afterwards, accordingly, I met Mr. Staunton at Sumner's, and we spent a long evening together. At last about 12 o'clock, Staunton turned to Sumner and said—'I should like to tell Mr. Dickens that story about the President.' 'By all means'—rejoined the other—'at least the hour you have chosen is a highly appropriate one.' Staunton then turned to me and said—'At the time

when the circumstances occurred which I am going to relate, I was in charge of all the troops in the district of Columbia—and, as you may suppose, I had a great deal to do. One day a Council was called for 2 o'clock, but I was overwhelmed with work, and did not get there till twenty minutes after the appointed hour, and just as I opened the door, I heard the President say—'But this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Staunton.'

"'After the Council was over, I walked away with the Attorney-General, and said to him, "Well, if all councils were like this, the war would soon be at an end. The President, instead of sitting on half a dozen different chairs and telling improper stories, has applied himself to business, and we've got through a great deal of work." "Yes," said the Attorney-General, "but you were late. You don't know what happened." "No," I answered. "What did happen?" "All the rest of us," rejoined he, "were pretty punctual, and when we came in we found the President sitting with his head on his hand, and looking very unlike himself. At length he lifted his head, and looking around us, said—'Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Very much surprised, I said to him, 'Sir, you have got some very bad news.' 'No,' he answered, 'I have got no news, but in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Still more astonished, I said, 'May we ask, Sir, what leads

you to suppose we shall receive this intelligence?' He replied, 'I've had a dream. I had it the night before Bull's Run. I had it on some other occasion' (which Mr. Dickens had forgotten), 'and I had it last night.' This was stranger than ever, and I said, 'May we ask, Sir, the nature of your dream?' He replied, 'I'm alone—I'm in a boat, and I'm out on the bosom of a great rushing river, and I drift, and I drift, and I drift.' At this moment came your knock at the door. The President said, 'but this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Staunton.'"

"'Five hours afterwards Lincoln was assassinated.'"

This story is told in a very brief and unsatisfactory way in Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens*, but I think I may say that my version is the correct one, for on the 19th, that is, three days after, I told it to Prince Christian at the Deanery, and Stanley said:—"Dickens told me that same story, and I watched you most intently to see whether you would vary it in any particular; but it is precisely the story that he told me."

March

13. I have forgotten to note who it was who said to me to-day—"Maurice's last book reads as if all the good words in the language had got drunk, and were wandering up and down in it."

Amongst others who breakfasted with me this morning were Professor Gneist of Berlin, the great constitutional lawyer, and Keshub Chunder Sen, the head of the Brahmo Somaj,—a strange conjunction,—for I am not in the habit of arranging my parties on the plan of Lord Houghton, who asked Cardinal Wiseman to meet Mazzini, and Mrs. Craven to meet Louis Blanc; meriting by such a system the name which Carlyle gave him—"President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society."

June

18. Dined with the Forsters, meeting amongst others Lord Houghton, who mentioned that Disraeli had once said to him, "You will see me many things; but there are two things which you will never *not* see me,—a Jew and a Republican." In the story, as generally repeated, the phrase is—"A Jew and a Radical"—but Lord Houghton's own version was the one I have quoted.

23. By arrangement with Dean Stanley, took Lady Goldsmid, Miss Jekyll, Lord Henley and others to the Deanery, whence we went over the Abbey, the Dean acting as our guide. I had never before seen the Jerusalem Chamber, or known the peculiarity which gave to it its historical importance. It was the only room in the neighbourhood, where in the days of Henry IV. there was a fire; hence the King, when he was taken ill, suddenly,

hard-by, was carried thither. Hence too, the Westminster Divines met; and the persons now engaged in revising the Authorised Version of the O.T. meet in it.

Stanley mentioned to me that the original words of the famous epitaph of Sheffield ran as follows:--

"Dubius sed non improbus vixi;
Incertus morior, non perturbatus.
Humanum est nescire et errare.
Deo confido
Omnipotenti benevolentissimo:
Christum adveneror.
Ens entium, miserere mei."

Atterbury struck out the words "Christum adveneror" as not sufficient.

July

15. At a quarter past four to-day, a Cabinet box was handed down the Treasury bench to Gladstone. He opened it, and looking along to us, said—with an accent I shall never forget—"War declared against Prussia."

17. Madame Mohl lately introduced to me Madame ——, and I went to-day to pay my respects. She has arrived in England, full of curiosity about every imaginable subject, social, political and religious. In the course of our talk she mentioned that, having heard of the particular opinions which are represented by —— ——, she expressed a wish to know him, and he came to see

her. As they conversed, she said to herself, "Now the names of my country are very hard to remember, and the chances are that my friend will forget mine, so I will say, without reserve, what comes uppermost." It would appear that various things came uppermost, which a good deal astonished her visitor; for after talking a long time, he threw himself upon his knees, and "I," she said, "who had not read a sufficient number of French novels to know what was exactly the proper thing to do on such an occasion, was about to ring the bell, when just as my hand was upon it, I heard him say, 'Let us pray.'"

August

8. This morning, at breakfast, the *Times* came in with the telegram announcing the great battle of Wörth. Max Müller tried to read it aloud, but fairly broke down—small blame to him—and handed the paper to me.

12. I crossed the Channel to-day, only thirty-three passengers coming down by the tidal train, and slept at Abbeville, into which the peasants were pouring, to go through their drill. I went over the house of M. Boucher de Perthes, now turned into a Museum, and visited Moulin-Quignon, my intercourse with Lubbock having given me some interest in prehistoric antiquities.

13. I journeyed from Abbeville to Mantes, glanc-

ing once more at the Cathedral of Amiens, and at St. Ouen in Rouen, as I passed.

14. After looking at the Cathedral of Mantes, which is one of the third class, I drove on through the Seine valley to Montgardé, belonging to M. de Peyronnet, where I found a large family party assembled, and stayed till the 16th.

15. I note under this date a good saying of Madame de Peyronnet. She got one day into an omnibus which was rather full, and a priest who was in it made difficulties, to which she put an end by saying "Ah! Monsieur le Curé, in omnibus caritas." It was her second daughter, who, when some one asked her why she did not hold the political opinions of her family (her grandfather having been, be it remembered, one of Polignac's colleagues), said, "Ma foi, je les trouve trop erronées." It was she, too, who wrote to her sister to describe the savant and diplomatist Khanikoff, coming in all the splendour of uniform and orders from a gala dinner at the Russian Embassy to her mother's quiet salon, and hiding his stars with his hat as he entered, "Avec cette pudeur qui sièd à tous les ages."

Madame de Peyronnet says that the peasantry of this part of Normandy are an exceedingly good, patient set of people, and that there is far less grumbling than in the same class in England.

M. de Peyronnet drove me to the station of Epône, where we parted, and I never saw him

again. The Siege of Paris killed him. Montgardé and all the region round was soon occupied by the Prussians, but they did no harm to the house. From Epône I went on to Paris, where I met Lubbock, who saw at the Grand Hotel a telegram stuck up announcing a great French victory. This, however, in more authentic history, will be remembered as the day of Mars-la-tour! Lubbock, my sister and I dined at Bignon's on the Boulevard. There was no sign of anything extraordinary, except that almost every one who passed was reading a newspaper.

My sister accompanied me to the Lyons station, and has always said since, that her drive back to the Avenue Wagram, where she was living, which carried her right across Paris, was the most curious that she ever took; the people being everywhere collected in groups as the night came on, quiet, but evidently bursting with excitement.

On the 17th, Lubbock, his eldest son and I reached Geneva, heartily glad to get out of France, which was becoming every hour more and more dangerous for travellers, the passion for seeing a Prussian spy in every stranger, spreading like wildfire.

Already, before I left London, Karl Hillebrand had come to see me with a letter from Madame de Peyronnet. I said to him, "I expected to see you yesterday"; whereon he replied, "Yes, but I was detained, and in a sufficiently disagreeable manner.

I got out of the train at Lille, and posted a letter. I had hardly gone back to my carriage, when the stationmaster came up to the window and said, 'You posted a letter just now, didn't you?' I of course answered, 'Yes'; whereupon he rejoined, 'Then I arrest you!' 'Arrest me!' I said; 'you have no power to arrest me.' 'No,' he replied, 'but these two gensdarmes have,' and I was immediately seized and conducted to the Mairie, the crowd thickening every instant, and making rushes, with a view to get me out of the hands of the gensdarmes. Luckily for me, the Maire turned out to be a personal friend, for I had long been a Professor in Douai, so that I was allowed to pursue my journey in peace."

This was only one of many things of the kind which occurred during the first weeks of the war, and I think Madame de Peyronnet was quite right, when she wrote, that it was not exactly the moment for "Englishmen with long fair beards and a habit of asking intelligent questions," to select for a tour in France.

At Samaden I received a letter from Renan, which painted admirably the feelings of the best Frenchmen at this moment, and from which accordingly I make some extracts.

SEVRES, 19 *Août*, 1870.

MONSIEUR ET AMI.—. . . Vous avez su peut-être qu'il y a six semaines j'ai fait une petite tournée en Ecosse à Aberdeen, à Inverness, à Banff, avec le Prince Napoléon. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que j'ai beaucoup songé à vous, et que nombre de fois je me suis informé si

vous n'étiez pas dans ces parages. Le Prince aussi désirait beaucoup vous connaître. Quel orage, cher ami, est survenu depuis! quel accés d'aliénation mentale! quel crime! Le plus grand serrement de cœur que j'ai ressenti de ma vie a été quand nous avons reçu à Tromsoe le télégramme funeste qui nous apprenait que la guerre était certaine, et qu'elle allait être immédiate. Je vous avoue que je regardais le danger de la guerre comme écarté pour des années, peut-être pour toujours. L'avenir de la France me paraissait triste, médiocre, mais je ne redoutais pas un tel cataclysme. Le Prince en partant n'avait pas une ombre d'appréhension. Comme à moi ce qui est arrivé lui a fait l'effet d'un accés de subite folie. . . .

Quand pourrons nous reprendre nos sereines études, nos pacifiques entretiens? Y'aura-t-il encore une société Française où l'on causera de tout ce qui fait l'honneur et l'ornement de la vie? On en doute parfois. Conservez-moi au moins toujours votre amitié. Présentez mes hommages et les meilleurs compliments de ma femme à Madame Grant Duff.

September

29. In Florence, spending much of the day with Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, and Sir James Hudson. It was, I think, this morning that I got the latter to tell Miss Erskine and my wife the very remarkably story—which he told Mallet, and which Mallet told me—of his chase after Sir Robert Peel. It was to this chase that Disraeli alluded in the phrase which sent the House of Commons into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter:—

"When the hurried Hudson rushed through the chambers of the Vatican with the keys of St. Peter in one hand and——"

Here the House lost all command of itself, and the orator sat down, saying, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

It was Lord Campbell who, being then in the Commons, said to Mr. Disraeli—"Mr. Disraeli, when the impatience of the House prevented you finishing that most admirable speech, you had just mentioned that Mr. Hudson had the keys of St. Peter in one hand; would you indulge my curiosity by telling me what he had in the other?"

Thus ran Hudson's narrative:—

"He was sitting at the Pavilion at Brighton with Sir Herbert Taylor, in a little outer room, when Lord Melbourne passed in to the King, leaving the door ajar, and Hudson heard him tell His Majesty that Lord Althorp's removal to the other house made it impossible for him any longer to carry on the Government, for want of somebody to lead in the Commons. 'Won't Lord John Russell do?' asked the King. 'No,' was the reply, 'he is not strong enough for the place.'

"When Lord Melbourne had gone, Sir Herbert Taylor went into the King, and stayed some time with him. When he came out, he asked Hudson whether he would like a trip on the Continent. Of course Hudson was delighted. The King gave his sanction, the Queen her blessing, and he started that evening in a post-chaise for London.

"Arrived at the Palace, he went to the proper official, told His Majesty's orders, and asked for

five hundred pounds. 'Five hundred pounds! and where am I get five hundred pounds, on Sunday morning?' was the not unnatural answer; however, the case being urgent, they went off to Herries and Farquhar's Bank, knocked up an old clerk who lived on the premises, and at length got the money.

"Hudson then posted down to the coast, and made his way to Paris. Lord Granville, who was our ambassador there, was in the opposite interest, and neither he nor any of his staff would give the unwelcome inquirer more assistance than they could help. They thought Sir Robert Peel had gone to Rome, but knew nothing of his movements. Hudson then pushed on across France, and after various adventures, which I forget, reached Turin. It was not, however, till he got to Bologna that he came on Sir Robert's track. Here he found the name of 'Sir Pill' entered in an hotel book as having gone on to Florence, whither he followed, and at last ran him down in Rome. Sir Robert was staying in one of the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, I think the Europa, but when Hudson went to inquire for him he was out, gone to a ball at Torlonia's. Hudson saw, I think, however, Lady Peel. At a later hour Sir Robert sent for him. He found the great man standing bolt upright and exceedingly stiff behind a large table. He then gave the King's letter; whereupon Peel asked him when he had left England, and on being informed, said, "You might have come quicker.'

After a short and very disagreeable interview he returned to his hotel, and receiving the next day two letters from Peel, one for the King, and one for the Duke of Wellington, set out with all speed for England. He reached the coast at Boulogne, or Calais, just as the steamer, which then sailed only twice a week, was leaving harbour; so there was nothing for it but to take an open boat. When they were well out at sea, one of the boatmen, who was extremely drunk, insisted on throwing him overboard as being an alien enemy, but was prevented by the rest, who, however, utterly refused to go into an English harbour, under the impression that they would be made prisoners of war. After some signalling, a boat came out, and, getting on shore, Hudson hurried up to London. He immediately drove to Apsley House, and left the letter for the Duke of Wellington; thence he went to some friend's house, and being terribly exhausted, slept far into the next day, wholly oblivious of the letter to the King. Meanwhile the King, hearing the news from the Duke of Wellington, became perfectly furious with his unfaithful messenger, and Hudson's friends advised him to disappear and lie *perdu*. At the end of a fortnight he was received back into favour, and the King gave him the unspent balance of the five hundred pounds. This he forthwith invested in the purchase of a horse, with which he went out hunting near Windsor, was attacked with a pitch-

fork by an infuriated farmer, and got into the greatest difficulty."

30. Massari, introduced to me by Hudson as a dictionary of the present political situation, came to breakfast, and later Hudson arrived himself, with a great basket of grapes from his villa, talking his very best—and few talk as he does.

November

4. Amongst others, Kinglake dined with us. Speaking of the narrative of Sédan by Napoleon the Third, which lately appeared in the newspapers, he said to me, "It read like nothing but an account of the 1st of September by an escaped partridge."

13. To hear Wallace preach on Rationalism, in the old Greyfriars Church at Edinburgh. It was the plainest speaking I ever heard in a British pulpit, plain enough to make the old Covenanters, who were buried round, start out of their graves and mob the preacher.

14. I am staying at 31 King Street, Aberdeen, with my Assessor in the University Court, Mr. John Webster,[1] always one of the pleasantest incidents in my year. An advocate (that is, what in England would be called a solicitor) with a good, but by no means great business, and a very moderate private fortune, living too in the "very nook of a nation," he has contrived to fill his house

[1] M.P. for Aberdeen from 1880-1885.

with the most charming things—pictures, engravings, exquisitely-bound books, autographs, and one of the finest collections of Rembrandt's etchings in Great Britain, of all of which he does the honours most delightfully.

Our walk to-day took us to the Brig of Balgownie, and, like some others that I have taken with him, might have been contrived for the purpose of recalling Byron's lines:—

" But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,

As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brig's *black wall,*
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt,* clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit—
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I '*scotch'd,* not kill'd,' the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of 'mountain and of flood.' "

December

4. I went to-day, accompanied by Maine, to see George Eliot. Mr. Lewes told a good story of Michelet, who, he declares, once began a lecture as follows: "Messieurs, dans ce monde il y a deux nations—Ces deux nations, Messieurs, sont le Juifs et les Français—ces deux nations ont deux livres, Messieurs, seulement deux—Les Juifs, Messieurs, ont la Bible—Les Français ont la Révolution!"

He told also Royer Collard's answer when some one asked him if it was true that he had called Guizot an "austère intriguant,"—"Est-ce que j'ai dit austère?"

7. Down to Oxford to hear the last of Maine's lectures in the Hall at Corpus, which were afterwards published in his volume on *Indian Village Communities*. Maine then lived in Cornwall Gardens, whence the name given, I think by Sir Henry Thring, to that whole neighbourhood, which is now full of people who know each other—"Maine's Village Community." It is odd how the Government of India was, in 1870, carried on from Kensington. The Duke of Argyll lived at Campden Hill. My permanent colleague, Merivale, was within a few doors of me in Cornwall Gardens; close to him was Sir Robert Montgomery, and farther along in the same line Stephen, then in India, had a house, while Halliday was, like me, in Queen's Gate Gardens.

12. To-day, at Rendcomb, Lacaita told me the wonderfully striking epigram which is attributed to the Duke of Sermoneta, and which circulated in Rome just before Maximilian went to Mexico:—

"Massimiliano non ti fidare,
Torna all' castello di Miramare;
Il trono fradice di Montezuma
E nappo Gallico pieno di schiuma.
Il vecchio adagio chi non ricorda
Dietro il chlamide truova la corda?"

21. With Lord Houghton at Fryston. He told me he had spent the last evening before Lamennais went to prison, with him, and had heard him say to Georges Sand: "There is something wanting to the noblest life, which does not end either on the battle-field, in the dungeon, or on the scaffold."

I had credited Lord Houghton with the excellent saying about the ——s, who did not know what to make of their charming daughter, that "they were like savages who had found a watch"; but he tells me that it was really said by the last Lady Dufferin.

23. Spent some time to-day looking through our host's autographs, of which he has a most remarkable collection. One letter from Strafford to his wife, before the evil days came upon him, seemed to me extraordinarily graceful. Another was equally characteristic and shorter—I remember it in its entirety, and here it is:—

MON BON MONSIEUR—Donnez une bonne stalle au jeune M. Lévy, et Dieu ne vous la rendra pas.

RACHEL.

1871.

January

15. WENT over from High Elms with Lubbock, Huxley and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to call on Darwin, whom Lowe had never seen since they met as quite young men, on two neighbouring reading parties forty years ago. We stayed as long as it was safe, for a very little too much talking brings on an attack of the violent sickness which has been the bane of the great philosopher's life. As we returned, Huxley expressed the opinion, which was probably correct, that no man now living had done so much to give a new direction to the human mind. "Ah," said Lowe, "you think him the topsawyer of these times." "Yes," said the other.

22. This evening, at Lady William Russell's, Lord Houghton told the story of Ranke's answer to Thiers, when he said to him lately—"Contre qui faites-vous la guerre en France?"—"Contre Louis Quatorze."

February

25. The Breakfast Club met at Pollock's, and Lacaita told us that Lord Brougham confessed in

his presence at Brougham Hall, after denying it for thirty years, that he had written the article in the *Edinburgh Review,* which made Byron write *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

July

24. Dined with the Simpsons, meeting the Duc de Broglie, the Stanleys, Helps, Dr. de Mussy, Kinglake, Mat. Arnold and others.

Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, told me to-night, on the authority of a person who had been present, that when Moltke heard that war was decided on, he went straight to a bureau in which he had been hiving up for years his plans for the invasion of France, and as he turned the key, Tourgueneff's informant heard him say to himself, "Also doch!" Few more pregnant words have, I think, been recorded in history.

During the Franco-German War, I took up a book, which was lying on the table at the Athenæum, upon Diebitsch's campaign in Turkey. It had been translated by some one at the time when all eyes were fixed on the Lower Danube in 1853–54, and the translator had prefixed to it a short notice in which he or she mentioned that the original was by a Prussian officer, the Baron von Moltke, who was now dead. Some one had written in pencil in the margin, "For a dead man he is surprisingly active, 1870."

August

25. At Berisal a stranger got into conversation with us after supper, and before leaving the room, wrote his name in the hotel book. He turned out to be Daoud Pasha of the Lebanon, and next day Lubbock and I had a long conversation with him, chiefly about financial matters. It was of Daoud that Layard was speaking disparagingly one day when we talking of Turkish politicians. I asked him, "Why do you think ill of him?" "Well," replied Layard, "in the first place he is a Christian": which reminds me of Arthur Russell's story of his being warned by his friends in Constantinople to be cautious how he went about alone at night, "For," said they, "there are so many Christians about!"

September

10. I have noted under this date an epigram by Mansel, the Dean of St. Paul's, which Henry Smith repeated to me. There was, it appears, some years ago, a project in Oxford of requiring two *essays* to be composed for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Mansel wrote:—

"Your degree of D.D. you propose to convey
When an A. double S. writes A. double S.A."

When Miss ——, the lady doctor, married, an arrangement was made or talked of, that another lady, a Miss Morgan, should live at the top of the house and take her friend's night practice. Henry said, "It was a Morganatic arrangement."

1872.

March

4. Dined at the Athenaeum with Lord Monck, Admiral Carnegie and others. Hayward repeated Madame de Noailles's saying about the Comte de Chambord's obstinate clinging to the white flag, certainly one of the best political *mots* of recent years. "Il ressemble à Virginie, qui se noyait plutôt que laisser tomber sa chemise." Hayward's own reply to Madame Apponyi, when she asked him in 1867, "What on earth is the compound householder, about which Mr. Gladstone is perpetually talking?" also deserves a high place. "Madame," he replied, "c'est le mari de la femme incomprise."

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