ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

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III.

Rank and Title.

The population of England is divided into peers and commoners. There are five hundred and eighty-nine of one class and thirty-five millions of the other. The nobility, however, was at one time even more restricted in numbers. At the close of the Wars of the Roses there were twenty-nine peers left in England, and at the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, there were still only fifty-nine. In the present year of our Lord about six hundred men, with their immediate families, constitute the aristocracy of England.

The orders of nobility are five: Dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons. In every instance the eldest son succeeds by right of birth to the rank and titles of his father; but all the children of a peer are titled, and their precedence is strictly defined. Nevertheless they are commoners in the eye of the law; their titles are by courtesy only, and in official documents the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll is described as "John Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne." I once heard a very eminent man, himself a member of the aristocracy, deride the notion that the son of an English earl was noble. "That's what they call a nobleman!" said this son and brother and uncle of earls.

The wives of peers are all peeresses, and are styled duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses. There are also several peeresses in their own right, for in certain families, in default of sons, the dignity descends to daughters. Should there be more than one daughter, they are co-heirs, and the title remains in abeyance until only one survives. She then becomes a peeress in her own right and transmits the succession to her eldest son. I knew such a lady, married to a commoner, and he took her family name, so that their son, who would succeed, might inherit the greater name; for no peeress can by marriage confer any rank on an ignoble husband. He remains a commoner, and upon the death of his wife will be a commoner still, though his son becomes a peer. He is not even a dowager. The dignity of Lord Great Chamberlain is hereditary in one of these families, and sometimes descends to females. It was recently in abeyance between two old ladies who together constituted the Lord Great Chamberlain of England. They were, however, allowed to depute one individual to act for both, on certain state occasions when this important functionary attends the Queen.

Scotch and Irish peers, as such, have no admission to the House of Lords, but there are twenty-eight representative Irish peers, elected by their fellows for life, who sit in that assembly, and sixteen Scotch lords, elected for a single Parliament. Very many of the nobility of Scotland and Ireland, however, are also peers of the United Kingdom, and therefore members, in their own right, of the House of Lords. Altogether there are about one hundred and forty peers without seats in the Upper Chamber. In all other respects their rights and privileges are the same as those of other peers of the same degree. Yet their dignity is less regarded. A prominent commoner once sought permission of one of the Georges to ride in a precinct of St. James's Park reserved for the royal family and the court. "No, indeed," said the King; "I will make him an Irish peer, but I won't let him ride in St. James's Park."

Two archbishops and twenty-three bishops have seats in the House of Lords, but their titles are not hereditary, and their wives have neither rank nor precedence. The Archbishop of Canterbury goes before dukes, and next after the royal family, but his wife is plain Mrs. Smith or Jones, and follows every woman who has rank of her own in the kingdom. The spiritual lords can hardly be said to belong to the aristocracy, though you would never suspect it from their bearing. They sit in its chambers and are reckoned in its degrees, but their blood is not ennobled.

Of the present peerage only about two hundred families have been noble for more than a century. At the accession of George III., in 1760, the House of Lords numbered 175 members; all the others have been created since, most of them for services to their party or the Prime Minister of the day. Pitt created fifty peers in five years, and during the seventeen years of his administration he thus rewarded 150 of his followers. That it is the Minister who really confers the dignity is shown by the habit of the English writers, who no longer speak of the Queen as creating a peer, but always attribute the act to the Premier. Formerly, of course, this was the sovereign's faculty, but the power of the Crown, in this as in other matters, has passed to its nominal servants. During the twelve years that I spent in England Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone together made sixty-one English noblemen. Of these, twenty-seven were promoted from a lower grade; the others had been commoners, and were thus absolute additions to the peerage. A Liberal marquis was made a duke solely because of his immense wealth, and the appointment was universally applauded, while a Conservative commoner found himself suddenly noble in all his veins because he had been Beaconsfield's private secretary.

In some few instances great military or naval achievements have been rewarded with a peerage. Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson are the famous names that will occur to all, and Strathnairn, Napier, and others in our own day have also fairly earned their rank by success in arms; but these can be counted on the fingers. The real passport to the upper House is the favor of the Prime Minister. Of course this may be won by public services; a great diplomatist or a successful Governor-General is sometimes ennobled, or raised a step in the peerage, but rarely unless he is of the party in power. There are besides what are called "law lords," lawyers who have risen from the middle, or even the lower, class by their ability or learning, and finally reached a seat in the House of Lords; but these must espouse a party, and have little chance of promotion while their antagonists are in possession of the Government. The bishops, too, and even the archbishops, are appointed by the Prime Minister from his own party in politics. The Father in God must be a Tory to be consecrated in Tory times, and a Liberal can succeed the Apostles only when the Liberals hold the reins. Nine-tenths of all the creations of peers in the last hundred years have been as purely for partisan reasons as the nominations of any President of the United States to which the advocates of "civil service reform" have been most violently opposed.

And these English appointments are not for a term, nor for good behavior, but for life, and very often during very bad behavior; not only to executive, but to legislative office; not to one man, but to his descendants as long as the institutions of England endure. "When Pitt had been eight years in power," says an English writer, "he had created between sixty and seventy peers, of whom the greatest part owed their elevation to the Parliamentary support which they had themselves given to the Minister, or to their interest in returning members to the House of Commons. Can we wonder," he adds, "if some of them were unworthy of nobility?" This, however, was better than the action of the sovereigns themselves, when they were in reality, as well as in name, "the fountain of honor." Charles and James II. and George I. and II. all ennobled their mistresses. Most of the Kings have done the same for their illegitimate offspring, while many peerages were sold by James I. and Charles II.

On the other hand, no artist, no man of science, and, except Tennyson, no man of purely literary eminence, has ever received a coronet in England. Macaulay has sometimes been cited as an instance to the contrary; but had not his great genius been applied to politics he never would have penetrated the House of Lords. It was the Whig partisan, not the brilliant essayist, not even the partial historian, who was rewarded with a peerage; and he would not have received the dignity had he not been childless and unmarried. For it is not unusual to bestow this prize on an old and unmarried plebeian, when it is probable that the title will become extinct upon his death. Thus the aristocracy is kept exclusive, and if a man of the people finds his way within the sacred purlieus, it is so contrived that he shall not transmit his honors to another generation.

The distinctions among the aristocracy are numerous and intricate. The eldest son of a nobleman of the rank of earl is "commonly called" by his father's second title, for many peers are of several degrees; the families have generally been ennobled in a lower grade, and afterward risen to the rank they now enjoy. Some of the dukes have thus half a score of inferior titles, the Duke of Athole no fewer than seventeen. The younger sons of dukes and marquises use the prefix of Lord before their Christian name, while the younger sons of earls and all the sons of viscounts and barons have that of Honorable. In nearly the same way the daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls are called Ladies, and the daughters of viscounts and barons Honorable. In all there must be eight or ten thousand of these people, including the widows and children of deceased peers, who retain a diluted nobility. The grandchildren of peers are untitled, but the eldest son of an eldest son, being in the direct line of succession, has a place in the oligarchy.

Sometimes a man whose father is dead comes into a title transmitted from a more distant relative, an uncle or a cousin, and then, though he becomes a peer, his mother has not the rank which she would have enjoyed had he inherited from his father. Plain Mrs. Jones may have a son an earl, or even a duke. In such cases the brothers and sisters are raised to the rank of a peer's children; and the world calls them "paper" lords and ladies; but the mother does not receive the promotion, for she would then become a peeress without having married a peer.

Rank, however, descends below the nobility. The grade next to that of baron is baronet. This dignity is hereditary, but confers no right to a seat in the House of Lords. Its possessor bears the title of Sir before his Christian name, and his wife is called Lady. The first baronets were created by James I., and the title in his reign was often sold. At a time when the Sovereign or the Minister was lavish of the honor, a certain Duchess of Queensberry exclaimed that she could not spit out of her carriage window without spitting on a baronet. The famous Lady Holland of Holland House was almost as arrogant in our own day. She was a baroness, and Sir Henry Holland, the well-known physician and baronet, had been one of her favorite guests; but when she heard that he was about to marry, she declared that if he introduced another Lady Holland into London society he should never enter her doors again. The dignity, however, is not a little prized by its possessors, of whom there were when I last counted no fewer than 873.

The lowest title of all is that of knight, which is not hereditary, and carries little distinction, but the knight is called Sir, and his wife Lady.

In society titles are dropped as much as possible. Nobody nowadays says "your grace" to a duke or an Archbishop, and to use "my lord" or "my lady," or "your lordship" or "ladyship" savors of the shop or the servants' hall. Neither do people of condition often talk of the Marquis of Bute or the Countess of Cork. Among themselves they say Lord Bute and Lady Cork. Indeed lord and lady are the appellations given in conversation to everybody in the peerage below the ducal rank. To a duke you say Duke, and to a duchess Duchess, though people not used to this high company often slip in a "grace" or two, to the amusement of their neighbors, but never that I could observe to the disturbance or surprise of the ducal personages themselves. These probably think the present familiarity with which people of their importance are addressed decidedly inappropriate. A certain duchess went not long ago to call upon a countess named Lady Cowper, but found she was mistaken in the person; and, expressing her regret, she said: "I suppose it was some inferior Lady Cowper I should have asked for." The peeresses, indeed, are not at all pleased that the wives of knights and baronets should take the title of Lady. The ancient form prescribed for these gentlewomen of lower degree was Dame, and the superior ladies think that their inferior sisters should retain the older appellation, so that the distinction in rank might be apparent. As it is, a marchioness may be confounded with the wife of an alderman, for either may be Lady Bath.

But the baronets' wives and the knights' wives like the custom very well. Most women prize rank more than men, and I once heard a close observer say that no woman in England would refuse a duke. I don't think he was right. Nevertheless, a woman who had earls for grandfathers on both sides of the house, but enjoyed no title herself, confessed to me that she was dying to be My lady. I said to this scion of illustrious houses: "You surely wouldn't be the wife of a knight?" "Oh, yes, I would," she replied; "anything to be 'My lady.'"

Besides all those, there are various official people with temporary titles or precedence, but as a rule the members of the Government gain little in rank by being in office. The Prime Minister himself has no precedence by virtue of his place, and I have seen Mr. Gladstone, when at the head of the Government, go in to dinner after barons of his own creation. Even when Ministers enjoy a temporary rank this never confers precedence on their wives, who, like the wives of bishops and archbishops, can sit at the bottom of the table and look up to the top, where their husbands are dining by the side of duchesses. When I first observed the little regard paid to official rank in England, I expressed my surprise, but was quickly told: "Oh! we respect the substance, not the shadow." An American would have said that rank was the shadow, and power the substance, but hereditary, permanent rank is what most Englishmen prize above all earthly honors. It is the permanency, especially, that they value. The supercilious chamberlains of the English court would scoff at the punctilio of the officials in Washington, arranging themselves according to the grades of their short-lived grandeur.

Rank, indeed, in England is so much regarded that if the widow of a peer is remarried to a man of lower degree, she retains her former title in the later marriage. The famous Lady Waldegrave was married four times. By the second marriage she became a countess, and though afterward twice married to commoners, she remained a countess to the end. Her invitations at one time read: "Mr. Fortescue and Lady Waldegrave request the honor." Finally Mr. Fortescue was created Baron Carlingford, but still she retained her earlier title, for otherwise she must have descended to the rank of baroness. And this was in strict accordance with rule. The books lay down that as the nobility are all *pares*, peers, a peeress need not lose her higher rank because she is married to a peer of lower degree.

But this is law for the peers; it is not law for the commoners. Any woman except a peeress who marries a peer, merges the highest rank she may have enjoyed in the dignity of her husband. The daughter of a marquis or a duke takes rank of a baroness, but if she marries a peer with a title of superior degree. There was an instance of this a few years ago when the daughter of the Marquis of Ely married Mr. Egerton. As her husband was a commoner, she preserved her precedence. They were Mr. and Lady Charlotte Egerton. But by and by Mr. Egerton was made a baron, and then Lady Charlotte applied to the Queen for permission to retain her former rank, but was refused. She was compelled to become a baroness.

A still more striking example of this extreme regard for precedence was that of Lady Strathedan. Her own right, she made a baroness in her own right, and subsequently her husband was created Baron Campbell. But Strathedan, being the older peerage by two or three years, had precedence of Campbell. So they went about as Lord Campbell and Lady Strathedan. But once, it is said, at an hotel, where the names were thus inscribed, the manager went to the husband and asked him quietly: "Couldn't you *call* her Lady Campbell?"

The same sentiment inspired the present Lord Chief Justice of England who, when he was offered a peerage, requested that it should be given to his father; not from filial regard or reverence, but that he might himself inherit the title, and thus be the second lord. They dislike to be considered "creations." As the famous Lady Ashburton declared: "We don't like the honors that are earned." A still more important personage is said not long ago to have expressed the feeling: "The center is almost the only distinction left that those fellows of talent cannot gain." It is usually conferred on persons of at least the rank of duke, and rarely with any reference to ability or character. It is one of the honors that are not "earned."

ADAM BADEAU.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

New Leaves From the Greville Journal.

SECOND ARTICLE.

It is on their social side that these memoirs possess abiding interest, for they are invested with undeniable authority. Greville was patrician to the core. He was not, of course, a man of genius like the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and therefore his reflections and characterizations fall far short of the pungency of those of that immortal cynic. Neither was he, like St. Simon, a duke and peer; yet he had at least as much literary talent, and his field of observation lay, like St. Simon's, among the world's elect. He was no stranger in dukes' houses, and the peerage had been recruited from his kin. Indeed, as he pleasantly relates, one of his relatives, Lord Glastonbury, was unable to perceive how the House of Lords could add any lustre to a person of his quality, and was chiefly moved to enter it through pique at the admission of an inferior. For the follies and peccadilloes of the aristocracy Charles Greville had the indulgence of his caste and of his time; indeed, some of them he shared, as he naively confides to us. Even for their positive vices he could feel a certain tolerance, provided always the transgressors kept within the bounds of seemly and graceful moderation. But no one, as we shall see, could view with more repugnance or rebuke with more severity the conduct of men like Lord Hertford, which fixed a stigma on their order.

I.

Inasmuch as Greville mirrors faithfully the current opinions of the English aristocracy, we are naturally curious to hear what he has to say about the young Prince of Coburg, who, by a stroke of good fortune, only incompletely paralleled by his uncle Leopold, married Queen Victoria. But the allusions to the Prince are curt and disappointing. For the extreme reticence and caution exhibited in dealing with this subject we are probably indebted to the editor, for it is said that Mr. Reeve, not wishing to again provoke resentment in high places, was careful to submit the manuscript of this portion of the diary to the Queen's eye. It is, perhaps, a little odd that the following statement should have been allowed to stand: "Nov. 26, 1839. The Queen wrote to all her family and announced her marriage to them. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town and told her she was to make the declaration [of her intention to the Privy Council] the next day, the Duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said, 'Yes, but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago.' 'What was that?' 'I proposed to Prince Albert.'" We are also a little surprised by the following assertion when we consider the youth of the Queen and the almost parental relation occupied by Melbourne since her accession. If the facts were as they are here related—and surely the report, if incorrect, would have been expunged by the Queen from the manuscript—they indicate that she may have been quite as truly chargeable as the Prince Consort for that interference with her Ministers which led to unpleasant consequences in the case of Lord Palmerston. "The Queen settled everything about her marriage herself, and without consulting Melbourne [then Prime Minister] at all on the subject, not even communicating to him her intentions. The reports were already rife while he was in ignorance, and at last he spoke to her, told her that he could not be ignorant of the reports, nor could she; that he did not presume to inquire what her intentions were, but that it was his duty to tell her that, if she had any, it was necessary that her Ministers should be apprised of them. She said she had nothing to tell him, and about a fortnight afterward she informed him that the whole thing was settled. A curious exhibition of her independence, which explains the apprehensions that Lady Cowper has recently expressed to me of the serious consequences which her determined character is likely to produce. If she has already shaken off her dependence on Melbourne and begins to fly with her own wings, what will she not do when she is older, and has to deal with Ministers whom she does not care for, or whom she dislikes?" She had shown some six months earlier, in the Bedchamber affair, how she was disposed to deal with Ministers she did not care for; and, if the story just quoted be authentic, we should infer that the young Queen was herself more to blame than Melbourne for her unconstitutional refusal to permit Sir Robert Peel to designate the ladies of her household. She was not, probably, induced to like Peel any better by his success, a little later, in cutting down the proposed allowance of pocket money to Prince Albert from £50,000 to £30,000 a year. The Queen met with another rebuff in her attempt to give her contemplated husband precedence over the whole royal family. Peel's Conservative supporters in the House of Lords prevented this, and one of them, Lord Ellenborough, replied, when Greville asked him what they meant to do about the matter, "Oh, give him the same which Prince George of Denmark had; place him next before the Archbishop of Canterbury." Greville said, "That will by no means satisfy the Queen," at which the other tossed up his head and said, "What does that signify?" The Duke of Wellington took part against the Queen in this matter, and it is evident that Prince Albert bore him a grudge for it. Greville points out that in June, 1841, the Prince "would not go to the Duke's Waterloo dinner. He sent an excuse, which was a mistake, for the invitation was a great compliment, and this is a sort of national commemoration at which he might have felt a pride at being present." Greville, by the way, wrote a pamphlet on this precedence question, which was shown to the Queen. "Melbourne told me the Queen was well satisfied with my pamphlet, but she remarked that there was a very high compliment to the Duke of Wellington at the end of it. I asked if she had said it was a *just one*; he said no, she did not say that." There was no end, in fact, to the annoyance suffered by the Queen in her attempt to dignify the bridegroom. She wished, for instance, to have his name inserted in the liturgy, but it turned out that Prince George of Denmark's (Queen Anne's husband) had not been inserted, being barred out by the Act of Uniformity. Apropos of the King of Hanover (Duke of Cumberland in the English peerage), who had concurred with the Tories in denying precedence to Prince Albert, we are told that on his visit to England in 1843 "he proposed one day at Buckingham Palace to Prince Albert to go out and walk with him. The Prince excused himself, saying he could not walk in the streets, as they should be exposed to inconvenience from the crowd of people. The King replied: 'Oh, never mind that. I was once still more unpopular than you are now, and used to walk about with perfect impunity.'" This was not precisely the way to make one's self pleasant to the Prince, and we are not at all astonished to learn in the same paragraph that "the Queen took hardly any notice" of her kinsman of Hanover. The Prince took several shrewd measures to overcome this unpopularity, one of them being to evince an interest in field sports. Thus we read, under date of December, 1843: "At Belvoir the Prince went hunting, and acquitted himself in the field very creditably. He was supposed to be a very poor performer in this line, and it will have raised him considerably in public estimation to have rode [*sic*] well after the hounds in Leicestershire." But it took the Prince a long time to surmount his repugnance to the publicity given to the doings of the court and the intentions of the Ministers in England. One day at Woburn he descanted on the subject to the Duke of Bedford, and "complained of the manner in which the proceedings and motions of the court were publicly known, and how hard it was; that on the Continent the Government knew by its secret agents what the people were about, but here they knew nothing about other people's affairs, and everybody knew about theirs."

This installment of the diary covers the famous collision between the Prince Consort and Lord Palmerston, which at first resulted in the Minister's forced resignation, but which ended in his triumphant return to office and the virtual exclusion of the Prince Consort from public affairs. Greville takes down from the lips of Lord Clarendon a curious account of the effusion and acerbity with which both the Queen and the Prince discoursed to him upon this theme. "February, 1850. The moment Lord Clarendon came into the drawing room [at Buckingham Palace] after dinner, the Queen exploded, and went with the utmost vehemence and bitterness into the whole of Palmerston's conduct, all the effects produced all over the world, and all her own feelings and sentiments about it. After she had done Prince Albert began; but, not finding time and opportunity to say all he wished, he asked Clarendon to call on him the next day. Clarendon went, and had a conversation of two hours and a half, in the course of which the Prince went into every detail, and poured forth without stint or reserve all the pent-up indignation, resentment, and bitterness with which the Queen and himself have been boiling for a long time past." The Prince obviously desired that the Premier, Lord John Russell, should be enlightened in regard to their feelings. But it is a shrewd comment of Greville's, "I don't believe it will make the least alteration in Palmerston's conduct or change an iota of his unconquerable will and study of revenge, or prevent his doing just what he pleases in spite of all the world." The truth, of course, is that the Queen and Prince Albert were at this time laboring under an absurd misconception regarding their true position and real powers. They supposed that they had much in common with the crowned heads of the Continent, and they had not yet discovered that they were mere figureheads, whose so-called prerogatives had become the most attenuated of legal fictions. It was the mission of Lord Palmerston to give them an unwelcome but salutary lesson. He taught them what Prince Bismarck has learned from observation, and without needing to sojourn for years in Great Britain. The German Chancellor has often declared in the Reichstag that those countries where Ministers could be turned out at the bidding of a popular assembly were republics in fact, whatever they might term themselves in theory, and their so-called sovereigns were merely hereditary Presidents.

II.

While the present section of this journal is less entertaining than that formerly published, it still regales us with a good many anecdotes that throw light upon the characters of distinguished men and upon the tone of society in the earlier part of the Victorian era. It is true that the court was pure, but society in general had not as yet so far recovered from the taint pervading it in preceding reigns as to merit the certificate of virtue somewhat too hastily conferred upon it in the preface by the editor of these volumes. While a large number of the men of the Georgian epoch remained alive no marked change in respect of morality was to be looked for, though a material improvement in outward decency did undoubtedly take place. While such a man as Lord Melbourne could be Prime Minister, and such a person as Lord Hertford retained sufficient political weight to command some marks of deference from party managers, a thorough reform of social principles and standards was scarcely practicable. Of Lord Melbourne, for example, the author of this diary feels constrained to speak with considerable severity, although he entertained for him a sincere regard. From some extended comments, penned just after the death of the Whig Premier, we learn that "he was certainly a very singular man, resembling in character and manner, as he did remarkably in feature, his father, the late Lord Egremont." There is something so amazing to the modern reader in the coolness with which this imputation of an illicit paternity is assumed to be indisputable, that the editor of the diary deems it needful to append the following explanation in a foot note: "This sounds strange, but it was believed by those who were acquainted with the *chronique scandaleuse* of a former generation that William Lamb and Lady Cowper (afterward Lady Palmerston) were not the children of their putative father, the Lord Melbourne of that day, but of Lord Egremont, who never married, but had numerous illegitimate offspring." To return to Lord Melbourne, we are told that "he was exceedingly handsome when first I knew him, which was in 1815 or thereabouts. It was at this period that the irregularities of his wife [Lady Caroline Lamb, best remembered for her passion for Lord Byron] had partially estranged him from her, though they were not yet separated, and he was occasionally amused by her into condonation of her amours, and into a sort of half laughing, half resentful, reconciliation. They lived in this queer way. He, good natured, eccentric, and not nice; she, profligate, romantic, and comical. * * * A sensualist and a Sybarite, without much refinement or delicacy, a keen observer of the follies and vices of mankind, taking the world as he found it, and content to extract as much pleasure and diversion as he could from it. He at one time would edify and astonish his hearers with the most exalted sentiments, and at another would terrify and shock them by indications of the lowest morality and worldly feelings, and by thoughts and opinions fraught with the most cold-hearted mocking and sarcasm." It should be remembered to his credit that in his will he not only left a bequest to Mrs. Norton, but did his best to redress the injury inflicted on her reputation. It appears that a letter which he left for Lord Beauvale, his brother, contained besides "pecuniary directions in favor of Lady Brandon and Mrs. Norton, a solemn declaration that what he had instructed the Attorney-General to say on the trial as to her purity was true. He said that as his indiscretion had exposed her to obloquy and suspicion, he was bound to renew this declaration."

The delineation of Lord Hertford in this diary is no doubt far more life-like, because more scathing and repulsive, than the softened likeness of him presented in the papers of his beneficiary, Croker. Detestable as were his life and character, he belongs to the history of England, for circumstances had made him a great personage, and even after the passage of the first Reform act he retained a good deal of his previously immense Parliamentary influence. He also belongs to literature, for it is perhaps superfluous to remind the reader that we see in him the ugly original of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne," of Disraeli's "Lord Monmouth," and of the "Lord Seymour" who figures in more than one of Balzac's novels. The same phenomenally vicious nobleman is outlined by Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," in one of his later stories. We may add that the scandalous disclosures brought out by the litigation over Lord Hertford's will, like some recent publications in a London newspaper, produced a universal impression on the Continent of Europe that the state of society in England and the character of its aristocracy were, to the last degree, profligate and unprincipled. The portrait drawn of him by Greville with corrosive acid shows that the novelists kept within the truth, and may well provoke a shudder of disgust to learn that his funeral, which was a pompous one, was followed by the carriage of the straightlaced and blameless Sir Robert Peel. "Lord Hertford's life and death," we read, "were equally revolting to every good and moral feeling. As Lord Yarmouth he was known as a sharp, cunning, luxurious, avaricious man of the world, with some talent, the favorite of George IV. (the worst of Kings), when Lady Hertford, his mother, was that prince's mistress. He was celebrated for his success at play, by which he supplied himself with the large sums of money required for his pleasures, and which his father had no inclination to give him, and the son had none to ask of him. He won largely, not by any cheating or unfairness, but by coolness, calculation, always backing the best players, and getting the odds on his side. He was a *bon vivant*, and when young and gay his parties were agreeable, and he contributed his share to their hilarity. But after he became Lord Hertford, and the possessor of an enormous property, he was puffed up with vulgar pride, very unlike the real scion of a noble race; he liked nothing but dull pomp and ceremony, and could only endure people who paid him court and homage. After a great deal of coarse and vulgar gallantry, generally purchased at a high rate, he formed a connection with Lady Strachan which thenceforward determined all the habits of his life. She was a very infamous and shameless woman, his love for whom, after some years, was changed to hatred; and she, after getting very large sums out of him, married a Sicilian. But her children, three daughters, he in a manner adopted, though eventually all his partiality centred upon one, Charlotte by name, who married Count Zichy, a Hungarian nobleman. This daughter continued to live with Hertford, on and off, here and abroad, until his habits became in his last years so ostentatiously crapulous that her residence in his house, in England at least, ceased to be compatible with common decency. She was, however, here until within a week or ten days of his demise, and her departure appears, curiously enough, to have led to the circumstances which immediately occasioned his death. There has been as far as I know, no example of undisguised debauchery exhibited to the world like that of Lord Hertford, and his age and infirmities rendered it at once the more remarkable and the more shocking." Then, after a passage too crude in diction to be quoted, the author of this journal proceeds to recount the end of this hereditary legislator, whose execrable excesses can only be paralleled in modern times by those of the Regent Orleans or those of Rochester and Buckingham in the reign of Charles II. "Lo," Mr. Greville seems to say with grotesque foreshadowing of Aytoun's verse, "Lo, I have never told thee yet how the great Marquis died." "For some months or weeks past Lord Hertford had been living at Dorchester House, and the Zichys with him; but every day at a certain hour his women, who were quartered elsewhere, arrived, passed the greater part of the day, and one or other of them all the night, in his room. He found the presence of the Countess Zichy troublesome and embarrassing to his pleasures, and he made her comprehend that her absence would not be disagreeable to him, and accordingly she went away. He had then been ill in bed for many days, but as soon as she was gone, as if to celebrate his liberation by a jubilee, he got up and posted with his seraglio down to Richmond. No room was ready, no fire lit, nevertheless he chose to dine there amidst damp and cold, drank a quantity of champagne, came back chilled and exhausted, took to his bed, grew gradually worse, and in ten days he died." Greville, who had read Tacitus, is here obviously reminded of the historian's reflections on the death of the Emperor Tiberius. "What a life, terminating in what a death! Without a serious thought or a kindly feeling, lavishing sums incalculable on the worthless objects of his pleasures or caprices, never doing a generous or a charitable action, caring and cared for by no human being, the very objects of his bounty only regarding him for what they could get out of him; faculties, far beyond mediocrity, wasted and degraded, immersed in pride without dignity, in avarice and sensuality; all his relations estranged from him, and surrounded to the last by a venal harem, who pandered to the disgusting exigencies *lassatæ sed nondum satiatæ libidinis*."

III.

It is when people die that Greville, like St. Simon, undertakes the composition of his brief biographies, and draws to a focus the rays of searching and sarcastic observation which he had previously scattered. The following portrait of Lady Holland, though not upon the whole ill natured, is certainly less flattering than that drawn for us by those who, like a certain Continental Princess, have had weighty obligations to discharge. The diarist had previously written apropos of the death of Miss Fox, "What an interesting biography would the life of Holland House be for half a century; but hardly anybody is now left alive who could write it; and Macaulay, whose genius is alone capable of illustrating the subject came too late into the circle to have sufficient personal knowledge of those who shone at the earliest part of the period." Five years before Mr. Greville had written of Lord Holland, on the occasion of his sudden death, with genuine affection and sincere esteem, but it will be noted that the terms in which he speaks of Lady Holland are much less unqualified. "She evinced," he says, "during her illness, a very philosophical calmness and resolution, and perfect good humor, aware that she was dying, and not afraid of death. The religious people don't know what to make of it. She never seems to have given the least sign of any religious feeling or belief. * * * Though she was a woman for whom nobody felt any affection, and whose death, therefore, will have excited no grief, she will be regretted by a great many people, some from kindly, more from selfish motives; and all who had been accustomed to live at Holland House, and continued to be her *habitués*, will lament over the fall of the curtain on that long drama, and the final extinction of the flickering remnant of a social light which illuminated and adorned England and even Europe for half a century. The world never has seen, and never will again see, anything like Holland House, and though it was by no means the same thing as it was during Lord Holland's life, Lady Holland contrived to assemble round her to the last a great society comprising almost everybody that was conspicuous, remarkable, and agreeable. The closing of her house, therefore, will be a serious and an irreparable loss, especially to those old friends who are too old to look out for new places of resort, and to form new social habits."

"She was," continues Mr. Greville, "a very strange woman, whose character it would not be easy to describe, and who could only be perfectly understood from a knowledge and consideration of her habits and peculiarities. She was certainly clever, and she had acquired a great deal of information, having passed her whole life amid people remarkable for their abilities and knowledge. She cared very little for her children, but she sometimes pretended to care for them, and she also pretended to entertain strong feelings of friendship for many individuals; and this was not all insincerity, for, in fact, she did entertain them as strongly as her nature permitted. She was often capricious, tyrannical, and troublesome, liking to provoke and disappoint and thwart her acquaintances; and she was often obliging, good-natured, and considerate to the same people. To those who were ill and suffering, to whom she could show any personal kindness and attention, among her intimate friends, she never failed to do so. She was always intensely selfish, dreading solitude above everything, and eternally working to enlarge the circle of her society and to retain all who ever came within it. She could not live alone for a single minute; she never was alone, and even in her moments of greatest grief it was not in solitude, but in society, that she sought her consolation. Her love and habit of domination were both unbounded, and they made her do strange and often unwarrantable things. None ever lived who assumed such privileges as Lady Holland, and the docility with which the world submitted to her vagaries was wonderful. Though she was eternally surrounded with clever people, there was no person of any position in the world, no matter how frivolous and foolish, who on acquaintance she was not eager to cultivate, and especially latterly she had a rage for knowing new people and going to fresh houses. Though often capricious and impertinent, she was never out of temper, and she bore with good humor and calmness the indignant and resentful outbursts which she sometimes provoked in others, and though she liked to have people at her orders, and who would defer to her and obey her, she both liked and respected those who were not afraid of her, and who treated her with spirit and freedom."

We need not say that, for a large part of the present century, Lady Holland was one of the most original and most important personalities in the social history of England, at a time, too, when the game of politics might be, and, in fact, often was, lost or won in drawing rooms. It is natural enough that her portrait should be, from both a biographical and a literary point of view, one of the most carefully elaborated in Mr. Greville's gallery; to complete it some touches are yet needed, and they are accordingly added. "Although Lady Holland was known to be wholly destitute of religious opinions, she never encouraged any irreligious talk in her house. She never herself spoke disrespectfully or with levity of any of the institutions or opinions which other people were accustomed to reverence, nor did she at any time, even during periods of the greatest political violence, suffer any disloyal language toward the sovereign nor encourage any fierce philippics, still less any ribaldry against political opponents. It was her great object, while her society was naturally and inevitably of a particular political color (Whig), to establish in it such a tone of moderation and general toleration that no person of any party, opinion, profession, or persuasion might feel any difficulty in coming to her house, and she took care that no one who did should ever have reason to complain of being offended or annoyed, still less shocked or insulted, under her roof. Never was anybody more invariably kind to her servants or more solicitous for their comfort. In this, probably, selfish considerations principally moved her; it was essential to her comfort to be diligently and zealously served, and she secured, by her conduct to her servants, their devoted attachment. It used often to be said in joke that they were very much better off than her guests."

M. W. H.

Book Notes.

"The Ghost's Touch and Other Stories," by Wilkie Collins, form volume 30 of Harper's Handy Series.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's last story, "The Satin Wood Box" (Lee & Shepard), will be read with pleasure by good little girls and boys.

"Stem to Stern," by Oliver Optic (Lee & Shepard), forms the fourth volume of the Boat Builder Series. It may be commended to boys with nautical proclivities.

A new edition of Frank Stockton's delightful novel "Rudder Grange" has been issued with admirable illustrations from the pencil of A. B. Frost (Scribners).

"The Heroes of American Discovery," by N. D'Anvers (Routledge) is an interesting manual of American history, designed principally for young people.

William Black's newest novel, "White Heather," is published by the Messrs. Harper, in a library edition and in a cheap one.

"The Sacred Nugget," by B. L. Farjeon (Harper's Handy Series), as its name denotes, is a story of gold digging in Australia. It abounds in adventure and is decidedly readable.

A charming fantastic book for children is Charles E. Carryl's "Davy and the Goblin" (Ticknor & Co.). It is a sort of sequel to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," full of agreeable fancy and beautifully illustrated.

Cupples, Upham & Co. publish Archdeacon Farrar's "Success in Life," which originally appeared in the *Youth's Companion*. It is prefaced by a brief biography.

Miss Kate Sanborn has undertaken in her "Wit of Women" (Funk & Wagnalls) to vindicate her sex from the charge of being deficient in the sense of humor. She has made out a very good case, and a perusal of her volume will show that many women are capable of saying witty things, if they do not always do wise ones.

Howard Pyle's "Pepper and Salt" (Harpers) is a fascinating volume, of which it would be difficult to say whether the author has done the better work with his pencil or his pen. The verses and fairy stories are worthy of the illustrations, and these seasonings for young folk can hardly fail to become popular.

Allen Dodworth, who has taught so many thousands of young New Yorkers how to take their first steps, is the author of "Dancing and its Relations to Education and Social Life" (Harpers). It affords all the information on the subject which could reasonably be demanded, and exhibits by means of illustrations positions in dancing which should be avoided.

"Common Sense in the Nursery," by Marion Harland (Scribners), is partly made up of papers originally published in a monthly magazine. As the author here remarks, they "are not medical theses, but familiar talks and suggestions such as mothers will appreciate." Very graphic is her chapter on "Mrs. Gamp in the Nursery," in which she draws a comparison between nurses of the old and the new school.

Fifty years ago the most impressive figure in Buffalo was the tall form and long, pale visage of Judge Wilkeson; and yesterday we received a sumptuous pamphlet containing a general outline of his biography, with an eloquent estimate of his character and public services, written by one of his sons. A photograph from a portrait by William Wilgus is prefixed, recalling his noble and impressive head. The chief distinction attributed to Judge Wilkeson by his biographer is the construction of the harbor, which has made the city of Buffalo a thriving and important centre of commerce. From the concluding paragraph of the pamphlet we learn that eight of his grandsons served in the Union army during the civil war, and two of them were killed in action.

Mr. William Cushing's "Initials and Pseudonyms: A Dictionary of Literary Disguises" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is probably the most exhaustive and accurate work on the subject ever published. A somewhat careful examination of its pages has failed to detect any omissions of consequence and only a few trifling inaccuracies, which can easily be corrected in a subsequent edition. It includes English and American initials and pseudonyms employed from the beginning of the eighteenth century, to which have been added a few of the more recent and important Continental ones. The writer who most frequently made use of a fictitious signature appears to have been Voltaire, and he is followed, at a considerable distance, by Swift and Defoe. In the present century Thackeray and William Maginn have been the most conspicuous examples. A very interesting feature of the book is an article on the letters of Junius by Albert R. Frey, which, within the space of a dozen pages, affords all the available information on this perplexing subject. As a book of reference merely Mr. Cushing's dictionary will prove almost indispensable.

A New Adaptation of Electricity.

From the London Times.

Telpherage is the name which has been given to a system of automatically transporting goods by the agency of electricity as the motive power, which system was the invention of the late Prof. Fleeming Jenkin. Dying in June last, however, the Professor did not live to see his ingenious ideas carried out on a practical scale. He had begun the construction of a telpher line on the estate of Lord Hampden at Glynde, near Lewes; but his plans had to be perfected by his successor, who became as the engineer to the Telpherage Company. This line has been completed, and was formally opened on Saturday last (Oct. 17) by Lady Hampden, who electrically started a loaded train on the line. A special train conveyed a large number of visitors from Victoria Station to Glynde, among the company being Sir Frederick Abel, Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, Mr. W. H. Preece, and Prof. Ayrton.

The line is a double one, nearly a mile in length, and is composed of two sets of steel rods three-quarters of an inch in diameter, supported on wooden posts T-shape, and about 18 feet high. The wires are supported one on either end of the cross piece of the T, which is 8 feet long. The carriers, or skips, as they are technically termed, are iron trough-shaped buckets, each holding about 2 cwt., and suspended from the line by a light iron frame, at the upper end of which is a pair of grooved wheels running on the line of rods. A train is made up of ten of these skips, which are in electrical connection with each other, and with an electrical motor which is placed in the middle of the train, having five skips in front of and five