SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Eighth Duke of Argyll.

The most important contribution to British biographical literature which has as yet been made in the twentieth century will be found in the two thick volumes that set forth the narrative entitled *George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll*, edited by the Dowager Duchess (E. P. Dutton & Co.) In the year 1897 the subject of this work had begun an autobiography, which, however, at the time of his death in 1900 had only been brought down to near the close of 1857. The autobiography occupies the first volume and some ninety pages of the second volume of this work. For the account of the remainder of her husband's life we are indebted to the Dowager Duchess, who has continued the narrative, so far as possible, in the Duke's own words, by reproducing his thoughts and opinions through the medium of letters to friends and quotations from his speeches and writings. What gives peculiar interest to this book is the many sidedness of the subject's career. His high rank and the conspicuous part which he long played in public life brought him, of course, into intimate relations with the men who made Britain's political and economic history during the last half of the nineteenth century, while owing to his own literary accomplishments and his considerable scientific acquirements he enjoyed familiar intercourse during much of his adult life with most of the distinguished scientists and men of letters of his day. His impressions are recorded with a happy mixture of frankness and discretion in the autobiography and in the letters which form a large part of the second volume.

The autobiography begins with a sketch of the author's grandfather, the fifth Duke of Argyll, who was born in 1723, just a century before the date of the author's birth. With a creditable reticence the Duke leaves the reader to obtain from British historians an outline of the earlier records of the house of Argyll. We may briefly sum up the story, which he refrains from telling, by recalling that about the beginning of the fifteenth century large estates in Argyllshire were bestowed by the Scottish sovereign on the Campbells of Lochow, who have ever since retained most of them. Colin, second Lord Campbell, was created Earl of Argyll in 1457; Archibald, the second Earl, fell at Flodden; another Archibald, fourth Earl, was the first nobleman in Scotland to declare himself a Protestant; still another Archibald, the fifth Earl, was a famous supporter of Queen Mary; Archibald, the eighth Earl and first Marquis, was that champion of the Presbyterian cause who was defeated by Montrose in 1645, but who six years later placed the crown on the head of King Charles II. at Scone, having been alienated from the English Republicans by the execution of Charles I. That service was presently forgotten, for, having gone to London after the Restoration in 1660, the Marquis of Argyll was arrested and imprisoned, and when subsequently tried at Edinburgh was convicted of high treason on the score of alleged treasonable correspondence with Gen. Monk, was condemned to death and the forfeiture of his titles and estates, and executed in May, 1661. Charles II., however, remitted the forfeiture of the estates in favor of the Marquis's son, who was created Earl of Argyll, but who himself, having taken part in Monmouth's rebellion against James II., was convicted of treason, attainted and beheaded at Edinburgh in June, 1685.

His eldest son, also called Archibald, came over with the Prince of Orange in 1688, and was admitted into the convention as tenth Earl of Argyll, though his father's attainder had not been reversed. In 1701 he was created Duke of Argyll, and on his death, two years later, was succeeded by John, the second Duke, who ultimately was created by George I. (not, as the autobiography says, by Anne) Duke of Greenwich also. With the exception of Marlborough, he, the second Duke of Argyll, acquired the highest reputation of any English soldier of his time, and after the accession of the House of Hanover took a leading part in the civil administration up to 1740, three years before his death. His successor, Archibald, the third Duke, had commanded the royal army at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in the rebellion of 1715. In 1734 he was made keeper of the Great Seal, and he retained this office till his death in 1761. The Mamore branch of the family descended from a younger son of the ninth Earl, now succeeded to the dukedom of Argyll, in the person of the great grandfather of the author of the autobiography. The latter's grandfather is said by him on page 13 to have become the fifth Duke in 1767, while on page 17 he makes the date 1770, which is correct. The fifth Duke died in 1806 and was followed successively by his two sons, the younger of whom was the father of the subject of the present work. We should here mention that the latter's paternal grandmother was Elizabeth Dunning, the daughter of an Irish country gentleman, and reputed in Britain the most beautiful woman of her time, who married, first, the Duke of Hamilton and secondly Col. Campbell, afterward fifth Duke of Argyll.

I.

George Douglas Campbell was born on April 30, 1823, in an unimposing country house which had been built on the site of the old Castle of Ardencaple, and commands a view of the estuary of the Clyde. His father, who, during the lifetime of his elder brother, the sixth Duke, was not the possessor of a large income, had married for his second wife Miss Joan Glassel, of Lowland stock, whose father had bought in East Lothian a small landed estate yielding an income of rather more than £1,500 a year. John Glassel's wife, however, our author's maternal grandmother, was a Miss Brown, whose sister married the ninth Earl of Dalhousie, and through whom the great Marquis of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, was a cousin of the eighth Duke of Argyll. The boy George was but five years old when he lost his mother, and therefore could retain of her only a few scattered recollections. Two years later his father married for his third wife the widow of the medical man who attended his second wife in her last illness. She was one of the Cuninghames of Craigends, a family descended from the Earls of Glencairn.

The whole of our author's boyhood up to the age of thirteen was spent in a rural and secluded life, one result of which was that he early learned to feel a deep interest in natural history, and especially in ornithology. In such studies he had a teacher and exemplar in his father, who, on the other hand, never concerned himself with what is ordinarily called philosophy, or with any arguments on natural theology. Few books were then available for the purpose of instruction in natural history. With the exception of Gilbert White's "Selborne," the principal manual was the book of nature. The author's education in the common sense of the word was from first to last conducted entirely by private tutors—at this period by young men prepared or preparing themselves for the ministry of the Established Church of Scotland. According to the autobiography not one of them exercised upon their pupil any influence that could afterward be traced. They never brought him to care for the classical languages, or, with the exception of Virgil, for any of the classical authors. Virgil was commended to the boy by the frequent images drawn in his poems from nature, and particularly by a passage depicting the flight of birds.

The paternal library, though tolerably large, was deficient in poetry and fiction. The shelves were rich in voyages, however, and young Campbell devoured with intense delight the narratives of Parry and Scoresby, as well as those of Dampier and Cook. He also read with pleasure the standard historical works of Hume and Robertson. Of tales about the French Revolution he was never tired, and imbibed from them the horror of human passions let loose from the bonds of authority and law which he was always to retain. Among other books recalled are the Letters of Junius, which captivated by the vigor of the writing. We should add that the father, who was a highly skilled artisan and kept turning lathes in his house, made the boy an excellent amateur mechanic. As regards religious training we learn that the household was a puritanical one, although no dispute on religious subjects was ever heard. In 1836 George Campbell and his elder brother (who was in very delicate health) were taken by their father to England to consult the famous Dr. Jephson at Leamington. In the following year the elder brother died. Two years later the father's succession to the dukedom of Argyll opened to his surviving son a new sphere of life. Such a succession had been a probability for many years and almost a certainty for several. We are told, nevertheless, by the author of this biography that to the best of his recollection nobody had ever spoken of such a certainty to him and he had never spent upon the prospect of it a moment's serious thought. His father now engaged for him an English tutor, a gentleman destined to take orders in the Church of England. This instructor introduced the lad to many new branches of English literature, as, for example, the Lake poets, whom he now read for the first time.

It was in 1840, on the occasion of his first visit to Campbelltown, that the young George, then a lad of 17, being presented with the freedom of the burgh, was called upon to make his first public speech. Very soon afterward he accompanied his father on the latter's going up to London to take his seat in the House of Lords, a privilege to which he was entitled as Baron Sundridge. It was this title, as we shall see, under which the author of the autobiography sat in the House of Lords for many years, until in 1892 Queen Victoria added to the Scotch dukedom of Argyll a similarly styled dukedom of the United Kingdom. In the upper house the eldest sons of peers had a right to hear the debates, standing on the steps of the throne, and in the House of Commons peers and their eldest sons then had four benches assigned to them on the floor of the chamber. The enjoyment of the last named privilege was, we are told, the young man's greatest delight in London. In the House of Lords at that time there was no speaker of any great eminence, except Lyndhurst, Brougham having dwindled to the mere shadow of himself. Disraeli called him an "extinct volcano." Lord Melbourne himself, the Prime Minister of the hour, was no speaker. A face in the House of Lords which riveted the attention of young Campbell, now Marquis of Lorne, was that of Lord Holland, by reason of the latter's extraordinary likeness to his uncle, Charles James Fox. The author's recollections of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen in 1840 could not, he says, be disentangled in 1897, when he strove to record them, from those of later years.

In the House of Commons the youthful visitor from Scotland arrived at the conclusion that there was no oratory except in the speaking of one man, Lord Stanley (afterward Lord Derby, the "Rupert of debate"). As a member of the Opposition to the Melbourne Government Stanley was then acting under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, but we are assured that as speakers there was no comparison between them. Peel's utterances are described as "heavy artillery" in more senses than one, whereas "Stanley's voice was beautiful, the sentences were perfect in construction, and the delivery was easy and graceful. There was in them, too, fire, fun and raillery, and occasionally the speaker rose to passages of great dignity and power." On one occasion in 1840 our author heard a speech from the great Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell. The fact is recalled that his voice also was magnificent, a powerful bass, but flexible and full of the richest tones. The impression made upon the young Scotch auditor was that O'Connell's strong Irish brogue added to the effectiveness of a splendid organ, by which every syllable and every letter of his words were pronounced with skilled deliberation and distinctness and with modulations of voice which were exceedingly expressive.

It was in the same year, 1840, that our author was introduced for the first time to that parliament of science which Murchison and Sedgwick and Lyell had successfully established in the annual meetings of the British Association. With the three scientists just named, the boy of 17 then made friendships which lasted until their death, as also with J. D. Forbes, afterward celebrated for his investigations of glacier motion, and Edward Forbes, one of the foremost naturalists of the time. Present at the same meeting in 1840 was Louis Agassiz, the Swiss savant, already famous, whose visit to Britain in 1840 had such an effect that it marked an epoch in the history of British science. We are told that "Agassiz was one of those men who carry the light of genius in their face, and not of genius only, but of a noble and most attractive nature. His beautiful countenance is one of the treasured memories of my life." In the year 1841, when he was 18, our author began one phase of his public life with a pamphlet entitled "Letters to the Peers from a Peer's Son," on the duty and necessity of such legislative interposition in the affairs of the Church of Scotland as would so harmonize the civil laws of patronage with the rights of the Church as to leave the latter's spiritual independence unimpaired. The young man was to live to see and to take an active part in the total repeal of that law of patronage which was the only statute interfering with the old fundamental laws of Scotland in respect to the claim of its Church to a genuine spiritual autonomy.

It was in November of the same year that the future Duke of Argyll attended for a short time the University of Edinburgh for the purpose of hearing certain lectures, particularly those on natural philosophy, by Prof. J. D. Forbes. The climate of the Scottish capital did not agree with the young man, however, and after a few weeks he had to leave the town. In September, 1842, Queen Victoria, with the Prince Consort, paid her first visit to Scotland, and our author went with his father to attend her Majesty's court, held at Dalkeith. Among the company assembled to meet the Queen were the Duchess of Sutherland and her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower. His friendship with the Sutherland family dated from this period and led rather more than two years later, when he had attained his majority, to his marriage with Lady Elizabeth.

II.

In 1842 our author, accompanied by his tutor, J. S. Howson, subsequently Dean of Chester, went abroad for the first time and spent the ensuing winter in Rome. It seemed strange enough to him in his old age to recall how absolutely different everything then was in travelling life from what it has since become. The first step of the prospective tourists was to buy in London a large yellow chariot, in which they posted to Dover, and after traversing the Channel posted from Calais, first to Paris and then all the way through France to Marseilles. The young Scotchman had read much, as we have said, about the French Revolution, and the feeling of abhorrence aroused in him for Paris poisoned any pleasure he might otherwise have had in the beauty of the city or its contents. The vision of Marie Antoinette as portrayed in the passionate and touching oratory of Burke floated before him when he looked at the Petit Trianon, and an intense hatred and disgust for the brutality of her jailers and butchers filled him to the brim. It was not until he found himself amid the stately beeches and oaks of Fontainebleau that he felt as if he had escaped from the polluted atmosphere of revolutionary France.

It was in a massive bit of Roman masonry at Lyons that the young Scotch traveller first came in contact with a concrete memorial of Roman power, and, fresh as he was from the pages of Gibbon, he looked around him with reverence on the remains of one of the great settlements in Gaul. At Avignon he breathed for the first time the balmy air and beheld the glorious light and sunshine of the south. At Marseilles, the next station on his route, the travelling carriage was put aboard a steamer for Genoa. The pure and soft cobalt of the Mediterranean was, of course, new to the tourist, and he sat all day looking into it over the side of the vessel. After touching at Genoa our author pursued his way to Civita Vecchia, whence he posted to Rome, where he was to spend three months. He recalls that the house of the American sculptor Story was an agreeable resort, but he adds that during his first visit to the Eternal City there was not a single man or woman whose acquaintance exercised any influence upon him.

On the whole his stay at this time in Rome had but one great joy for him, and that was his drives in the Campagna. He frankly says that neither architecture nor painting gave him one-half as much pleasure. He was soon tired of the galleries, but never tired of the wonderful plain to the east and south of Rome, which, with its exquisite coloring, backed by the soft blue outlines of the Alban hills, seemed to him, as it seems to most onlookers, at once the most interesting historically, and the most beautiful view in Europe. In the early spring of 1843 our author posted to Naples, where he spent some weeks, and had the good fortune to witness an eruption of Vesuvius. As a sight he was disappointed in Pompeii—with the smallness of the rooms and the lowness of the walls of the ancient houses. On the other hand, there was one scene in the Neapolitan region that tried very hard his preference for the Roman Campagna, namely, the three temples of Paestum, to which he drove from Salerno. He records that no other triumph of human architecture has ever produced the same effect upon him. From Naples he proceeded by way of Messina and Syracuse to Malta, which, by strange lapse of memory, he supposes to have been tenanted by the Knights Templars, instead of by the Knights of St. John Hospitaller.

In the course of the same spring he visited Tuscany, which, by adopting the sea route from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, he had been compelled to skip, and felt for the first time in Florence the high enjoyment in pure art which nothing but a gradual education in it can develop. Our author confesses that St. Peter's at Rome never gave him any feeling except that of vastness, but that from the moment when he turned the corner of the narrow street in Florence which opens on the great Piazza, wherein he saw at a glance Brunelleschi's Duomo, Giotto's Campanile and the Baptistery, he felt at once that he was in the presence of the majesty of pure beauty. It has always since appeared to him that the peculiar curvature of the Duomo of Florence is by far the most beautiful in the world. For the Florentine galleries, on the other hand, he cared comparatively little, his art education not having yet advanced far enough to enable him to appreciate the pictures and frescos of the early Italian schools. As for the famous Venus de Medici, he could not then admire it, nor was he ever afterward able to do so. At Pisa he did not fail to note, besides its Duomo and the Leaning Tower, the interesting fact that the fate of a once mighty city has been changed for the worse since mediæval times by the operation of geological causes. The Arno at Florence does not generally seem a very powerful river, yet the mass of mud which it sweeps down with it year after year from the rich valley through which it runs has sufficed to make Pisa an island instead of a great seaport and to reduce the once proud rival of Genoa almost to the condition of a stranded town.

The Duke tells us that he has never ceased to remember with pleasure that he approached Venice in the old fashioned way, when as yet no railway viaduct spanned her long inviolable lagoons. Her dreamlike beauty rose, as it had risen before Byron, gradually out of the glassy water as one neared the outskirts and entered the Grand Canal in that most dreamy of all conveyances, the smooth gliding and silent gondola. To his previous description of the sense of beauty experienced on first seeing the great group of the Florentine Piazza our author would make one exception, as to its immense superiority to any other buildings in the world. The exception is intended to refer to Venice and especially to the Doge's Palace and the Church of St. Marc. Yet of all Italian cities taken as wholes, the one which struck the young Scottish visitor as the most beautiful was Verona, with the Adige rushing through it from the long and deep valley which gave access to Teutonic invaders of the Lombard plains. Ruskin had not yet dawned in 1843 to tell his countrymen exactly what they should admire the most, but without the advantage of his teaching our author was able to appreciate and enjoy intensely such churches as St. Zeno at Verona, and the exquisite monuments of the great House of Scala in the same city.

If everybody travelled now as Lord Lorne travelled sixty years ago, it would be absurd to cumber even the pages of an autobiography with details of a tourist's impressions. As a matter of fact, however, the route and the methods of proceeding which he then followed are to-day as antiquated as the dodo. It is true, of course, that only comparatively rich persons could post in a comfortable carriage all over Europe, and that those who could not afford the money or the time for such modes of journeying have gained immensely by the modern railway system. On the other hand, the complete desertion of large areas of most beautiful and interesting country that has been the result of the new routes which traffic is now compelled to follow, and the universal spirit of haste which has seized upon all wayfarers, have made travelling infinitely less enjoyable and less improving than it used to be. The author of this autobiography, for instance, points out that when he was last in Italy he traversed almost the whole length of the peninsula in the dark.

III.

After his return to Scotland in the summer of 1843 Lord Lorne, who was then studying modern history and metaphysics, stayed for a while in Edinburgh, in order to hear two celebrated men, who, although in advanced age, were still lecturing as professors in the university. These were Prof. Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," and Sir William Hamilton. We need not say that Wilson in the chair of moral philosophy was singularly out of place. His reputation had not been won in the field of psychology, much less in that of morals. Rather was he, as our author points out, "a poet, a rhapsodist, a brilliant essayist, a titanic man in conversation over wine." The lecture which Lord Lorne heard him give had a characteristic exordium. "We sat down," he recalls, "on the bench nearest the professor's chair. Presently Wilson came in with a rush. A more singular looking being it is impossible to imagine. The head was enormous, like the busts of Jupiter. The hair was long, hanging in dishevelled masses upon the collar of his coat. A wild force was still seen in his expression. He sat down with a plump, and instantly began his lecture with these words, uttered with vehemence in a deep and still powerful voice: 'Gentlemen, ye must not get drunk.'" Of course, a very different impression was made by Sir William Hamilton: "His countenance was a noble one—full of calmness, dignity and interest. His nose was slightly aquiline, his mouth had thin lips, and his eyes were dark and piercing."

In the winter of 1843-44 the young Scotchman went to Greece. Like many another visitor before and since, he was bitterly disappointed when his eyes first lighted upon the Peloponnesus. When he found himself close to the southern points of the Morea, it seemed to him that barrenness was too weak a word to describe the aspect of those promontories. He did not see a green thing on which a goat might live. Utter nakedness marked all he saw, and the hills were not even fine in form or grand in size. Burnt by the sun and blasted by the wind, they seemed to him the very abomination of desolation. As, however, he passed up the gulf which separates the Morea from Attica, and rounded the Cape of Sunium, the elements of a really attractive landscape opened before him, though it was not until he reached Athens that the singular beauty of the site burst upon him. Lord Lorne's comment on the view that one gets of Athens seems worth quoting: "There is nothing else in Europe the least like it. It is a beauty that curiously suits the city's history. It is not majestic or imperial. There is nothing about it that suggests the centre of a wide dominion, or even of a considerable State. The plain that lies below it has nothing of the vastness of the Campagna of Rome. The mountains are lovely, but not grand, and are so near as to give a sense of limitation to the whole scene." Not until one looks forth from the Acropolis does one realize how small a section of the Greek mainland belonged to the Athenian Republic in its most glorious day. Lord Lorne seems not to have visited the field of Marathon, though he could descry its monumental mound from the summit of Mount Pentelicus.

On his way back to England he stopped for a day at Brussels to see that other memorable battlefield where the policy of William Pitt was to be at last triumphant nine years after his death. It must have been, however, with divided sympathies that the visitor from Scotland looked at Waterloo; for, although his boyish mind had been saturated with Pitt's splendid denunciations of the tyranny of Napoleon, he had just stood on the Bridge of Lodi, which Bonaparte, personally leading his men, had carried by assault, an almost miraculous achievement. He was still under the glamour of Napoleon's military genius, a glamour not destroyed until much later by a better knowledge of the great man's character. It is convenient to reproduce in this place some first hand testimony given by our author's father, the seventh Duke, as to Bonaparte's personal appearance in 1803. In March of that year our author's father had been in Paris, and naturally desired to be presented to the First Consul, who was to hold a levée after reviewing his troops in front of the Tuileries. To be presented to the Minister for Foreign Affairs was a necessary preliminary. On the previous day, therefore, the British Ambassador at Paris took his compatriot to call on Talleyrand. The description of that celebrated man is short, but graphic: "M. Talleyrand is the most disgusting looking individual I ever saw. His complexion is that of a corpse considerably advanced in a state of corruption. His feet are distorted in every possible direction. His having learned to walk steadily with such wretched materials is a proof that he is a man of considerable abilities." As it happened at the levée on the following day, our author's father stood close to Bonaparte while the latter was talking to the British Ambassador, and had a good opportunity of examining his countenance. The First Consul is thus depicted: "His hair is straight, of a dark brown color and scarcely reaching the cape of his coat, his forehead straight, but the brow projecting more than is common. His nose is large and prominent, and forms a gentle curve from the forehead to the point. The upper lip is short, and its edge rather turned up. The under lip does not project nearly so far as the upper. The chin, rather long, projects considerably at the end. His eyes are light gray. He has not much eyebrow. His complexion is uncommonly sallow. His limbs are small, but neatly made. His stature does not exceed 5 feet 6 inches. His countenance varies astonishingly in its expression, and when he laughs or smiles is very agreeable and engaging. His teeth are fine, but he does not show them much." Our author adds that in conversation his father used to express himself with less restraint in respect to the countenance of Bonaparte. He was wont to say that Bonaparte's smile was the most beautiful he ever saw.

In July, 1844, Lord Lorne was married to Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, an exemplar of the old type of English prelates, "a tall, handsome man, of grave and dignified manners, who never appeared except in his episcopal wig, and was a great magnate, rather than a prelate of the more modern school of Anglicanism." Of his first wife, who was to be his companion for thirty-four years (she died in 1878), the author of the autobiography testifies that he found in her more than all that had been told him by her numerous friends. "On some subjects, excepting philosophy and the natural sciences, she was more widely read than I was at that time. I found that her religious feelings and opinions were deeply touched by the teaching of Dr Arnold, and her enthusiasm for every great and good cause was a hereditary characteristic derived from her beautiful mother." Lord Lorne's own family circle had been very small indeed, while on the contrary his wife's family connections and friendships were unusually numerous. Of her sisters one had married Lord Blantyre, another became Duchess of Leinster, a third Duchess of Westminster. More than one, too, of her uncles became our author's dearest friends, as, for example, Lord Morpeth, afterward Lord Carlisle, and Lord Francis Edgerton, afterward Earl of Ellesmere. We have seen that the prospective eighth Duke of Argyll had never gone to a public school or taken a degree at a university, and that up to the time of his marriage he had lived almost wholly with people older than himself. The result had been that his mind was unusually matured, and that he was apt to take a point of view scarcely expected from a young man of 21. It seems that his letters from the Continent to the Duke of Sutherland had been circulated rather widely in the latter's family circle, and he was amused to hear later that one near relative, old Lady Granville, an aunt of the Duchess of Sutherland, and a very clever woman, had exclaimed, on reading one of them: "Quite charming; but, oh, it might be from a grandfather!" Doubtless, also, association with the Sutherland connection gradually modified Lord Lorne's political opinions. His allegiance to Sir Robert Peel, indeed, remained unshaken up to that statesman's death, but his original antipathy to the Whigs melted away under personal intercourse with Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne. Of Lord John in particular he bears witness that "a more charming companion in private society could not be found."

IV.

So far as his political career was concerned, the young man who presently was to be Duke of Argyll labored under the disadvantage of never having had an opportunity of entering the House of Commons. He has never ceased, he said, to regret the loss of the experience, for although it could not have extended over three sessions, because, in April, 1847, he succeeded to his father's peerage, yet even during so short a period he would have made many personal friends of his own age and acquired a knowledge of men which nothing else could supply. The Duke's comment on the matter is: "It is not generally observed how very large a number of the peers have been members of the House of Commons for a longer or a shorter time, and what an effect this has on the silent and automatic causes which smooth the working of our old Constitution. There is no truth in the passionate nonsense which Gladstone once used when he spoke of peers as 'living up in a balloon.' They mingle with all other classes of society, they belong to the same political parties, they stand often on the same platforms, they read the same newspapers, and the line between peer and commoner is invisible and imperceptible in all the business relations of life."

The Duke adds: "I speak of the House of Commons simply as an assembly of men which it is of importance for every politician to belong to, even for a time, however short, that he may know its members as widely as he can. This was a loss to me which I have felt through life."

During the three years which elapsed between Lord Lorne's attainment of his majority and his accession to the dukedom of Argyll, British politics were revolutionized by the repeal of the Corn laws. When the smoke of the great battle had passed away it was patent that the old traditional parties had been shattered. Ostensibly, indeed, the Whigs remained, but they had advanced far from the position occupied by Earl Grey. A Protectionist rump of the old Tory party still survived also, but even this rump was presently to abjure its economic principles. Meanwhile a new party had arisen, which for the moment was called Peelite, but which soon came to be recognized as the Liberal-Conservative party, inheriting all that was best in the traditions of Toryism and yet responsive to a new impulse to yield to evidence or to arguments in favor of all real reform. It was a party which seemed to be founded on the words uttered by Peel in his memorable speech on the Address, made on January 22, 1846: "Whether holding a public station or placed in a private one, I will assert the privilege of yielding to the force of argument and conviction, and of acting on the results of enlarged experience." This party, though at the time of our author's entrance into the House of Lords it had been ejected from office and was not numerous, was in a position of effective power, holding the balance between other parties for the moment and destined, apparently, to grow in numbers and in weight. It included all the members of Peel's Cabinet who had any great ability, with the single exception of Lord Stanley, and, outside the circle of ex-Cabinet Ministers, it comprehended a good many men of high position and great abilities, such as Lord Francis Edgerton (afterward Earl of Ellesmere), Lord Ashley (afterward Earl of Shaftesbury) and Lord Mahon (afterward Earl Stanhope), the historian. To a party thus constituted the author of this autobiography seemed to belong by nature. The tendency to eclecticism in his opinions, which had arisen out of his early education and environment, was reflected in this new political group, and he gave to it all his sympathies.

It is at this point in his narrative that our author, who did not take up the pen, it should be remembered, until 1897, pauses to free his mind of his personal, but now somewhat heterodoxical, opinion of Benjamin Disraeli. As all the world knows, it was in the stormy time when the old Tory party suffered shipwreck that Disraeli was "floated" to the surface. According to the Duke, the word in quotation marks represents exactly the nature of his rise. A remark made to the author by a statesman of great eminence, who served with or under Disraeli to the last, is here recalled with approval: "Disraeli is the greatest myth that I know," the reference being, as the auditor understood, to the wide difference between the current belief about him and the realities of his character and position. The Duke of Argyll insists that "this mythical atmosphere enveloped him from the first. The popular idea, propagated alike by friends and foes, has been that, by the sheer, strong swimming of extraordinary genius, he breasted innumerable opposing currents; that the accidents of opportunity did little for him, and that he was handicapped in the race for power by every kind of external difficulty and disadvantage." We are assured that the assumption is not only incorrect but the reverse of the truth. "The secession from the Conservative party of the whole of Peel's official staff cleared out of Disraeli's way in the House of Commons at one fell swoop every single man of recognized parliamentary experience and ability who could possibly be thought of as a leader. For a short time only was Lord George Bentinck a nominal exception." As for Bentinck, his whole life had been devoted to the turf, and, although he had considerable natural abilities, they were not of a kind to qualify him for political leadership. "His high birth, his perfect honesty and the evident sincerity of his opinions did, nevertheless, raise him to such a position for a moment; but even this obstacle was specially removed out of the way of Dizzy. In the prime of life, with a person the handsomest in the House of Commons and an appearance of manly strength which in itself was attractive, Lord George Bentinck fell dead on a lonely footpath that led across one of his ancestral fields." The Duke goes on to show that, by this strange event, Disraeli, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, was left absolutely alone (Lord Stanley having gone to the upper House as Lord Derby); the only piece upon the board on that side of politics that was above the level of a pawn. The deduction drawn in this autobiography is that "what is true of Disraeli is not that he conquered his own position and made his own opportunities but that he had some special gifts, which enabled him to take advantage of several purely accidental openings, altogether unprecedented in their width and facility of passage. He was like a subaltern in a great battle, where every single superior officer was killed or wounded."

The Duke of Argyll goes on to maintain that no less wide of the mark is the popular impression respecting some supposed disabilities over which Disraeli is said to have triumphed only by supreme ability. It is true, of course, that in the ordinary social sense in which the words are used by English aristocrats he was a man of no birth. He was a foreigner and a Jew. According to our author, however—and he certainly speaks as an expert, if social status be a qualification—"the circumstances were no impediments whatever in his way. The British aristocracy was called a 'proud' one by Lord John Russell in 1846, but whatever faults it may have, it has never had any vulgar prejudice against 'new men.' Out of such men it has been itself built up by the continuous incorporation and welcome of them for 700 years." The Duke proceeds to deny as roundly that there now exists in England any of that disgraceful antipathy to Jews which still prevails on the Continent of Europe. "Besides all this, Disraeli was the son of a man highly distinguished in literature, who long had been naturalized in England and was an accepted guest in the best society. Young Dizzy himself, although in dress and manners a fantastic fop, had long before made his mark in the literature of fiction. His novels, full of absurdities and paradox as they were, had so arrested attention that Dean Milman spoke of one of them as being as clever as Byron's poem of 'Don Juan.' We are also reminded of a fact, often forgotten, that in one of his early, but abortive, attempts to win a seat in Parliament Disraeli had actually enjoyed the support of such splendid patrons as Wellington and Lyndhurst. Nor can it be denied that in London society he was received everywhere with distinction, though it may have been largely mixed with curiosity and amusement.

In view of all these circumstances the Duke pronounces it "really nonsense" to talk of Disraeli as a mere "Jew boy" who by the force of nothing but extraordinary genius attained the leadership of a great party. "The only impediments in his way were not any want of external advantages, but his own often grotesque and unintelligible opinions. Even these, however, served all the more to arouse curiosity and arrest attention." What, then, is the final judgment here expressed? It is this, that no power possessed by Disraeli would ever have secured for him the place he came to occupy if the normal division of parties had continued and if the Conservatives had not been suddenly deprived of all their leaders in the House of Commons. "If such men as constituted Peel's staff, if Sir James Graham and Sidney Herbert and Gladstone and Dalhousie had continued to be chiefs in that party, they never could have been pushed aside or superseded by such qualities as Disraeli had." But when a clean sweep was made of all the official leaders and of other promising persons from the Conservative ranks an absolute vacuum was created into which Dizzy was just the man to step. On the one side, he had been for nine years a member of the House of Commons; he had been a frequent speaker; he was an old parliamentary hand. On the other side, he had no opinions of his own. He had no traditions with which to break. He was free to play with prejudices in which he did not share and to express passions which were not his own, except in so far as they were tinged with personal resentment. He was an adept in the art of inventing skilful phrases, and these, carefully prepared and backed with the venom of the enraged protectionists, were the very weapons needed to concentrate on the great fallen Minister the vindictive animosities of an angry and defeated party." Lest this severe arraignment should be thought not to reflect his riper judgment, the author, who penned the words just quoted more than fifteen years after Disraeli's death, is careful to say: "I write now as I saw and felt then; later reflection has not altered my opinion."

V.

It was by his father's death in April, 1847, that the Marquis of Lorne succeeded to the dukedom and estates of Argyll. At the opening of the session of 1848 he went up to town and took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge, the English barony above referred to, which had been conferred on his grandfather. This, we repeat, was the formal title by which for thirty years in the House of Lords he was called upon to speak. Where was he to sit? Parties are less rigidly separated in the Lords than in the Commons, but still the young Scotchman did not wish to sit on the Whig side of the House. Moreover, although a Peelite, he had a great respect and admiration for Lord Derby, and so, rather for the sake of being sufficiently near to hear him well than for any other reason, he first took a seat immediately behind him. The cordiality of Lord Derby's reception, however, made it evident that an unintended interpretation had been put upon the act. So thereafter the author of this autobiography drew off and tried the cross benches. Finding it impossible to speak with any comfort from that position, which is the worst in the House, he ultimately settled on what is called the "Dukes' Bench," next the Woolsack, on the left of the Throne. On that bench he continued to sit all the rest of his life, except, of course, when in office. Another invariable occupant of it was the Earl of Aberdeen, with whom, from sitting constantly beside him, the young Duke formed an intimate friendship, though there was no man in the House against whom he had originally conceived a greater prejudice. He had a notion that Aberdeen was what the Scots call a "dour" man—obstinate and narrow minded; but the impression melted away like snow in a thaw when he came to know him personally. The following tribute to an ill appreciated statesman is well worth reproducing: "Silent and reserved, indeed, he was, but his voice when heated was unmistakably the voice of sincerity and truth. With an immense knowledge of men and of affairs, he possessed penetrating observation, with the calmest and most measured judgment. There was an indefinable charm in him which stole upon me, gradually at first, but which took entire possession of me at last. Absolute sincerity and truthfulness of character was the fundamental note in a perfect harmony."

Argyll's first speech was on the bill for the admission of Jews to Parliament by exempting them from that part of the parliamentary oath which invoked "the true faith of a Christian," a bill which had been passed repeatedly by the Commons but had always been thrown out by the Lords. Our author was in favor of leaving constituencies free to exercise their own judgment as to the religion of their members. The speech seems to have been fairly well delivered and to have made a good impression. Coincidentally with his entrance into parliamentary life the young Duke, feeling, perhaps, the expediency of continuing an intellectual training which had owed nothing to academic tuition, formed the habit, never afterward wholly abandoned, of having always some literary work on hand which should occupy a large portion of his thoughts. It was about the same time that he acquired a power and a habit of abstraction which during the rest of his life enabled him to dispense entirely with any separate room for his own study, even when actually writing. "I always wrote in the same room in which my wife sat with her children. My work of composition, so far as thinking is concerned, was carried on at all times and in all places, and the actual writing was accomplished with ease in the quiet evenings which we generally enjoyed in a retired country life." And again: "I was never disturbed by hearing family conversations, but I would have been disturbed, on the contrary, if I had been left alone. I mention this feature in my intellectual and literary work because I rather think it is peculiar. It accounts for my having written repeatedly on subjects which seemed remote from my better known pursuits."

The Duke of Argyll was but 25 when in 1848 he published a book entitled "An Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation." It was this work that first brought him into personal relations with Gladstone. As the latter's own book on "Church and State" had been reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*, so Gladstone determined to review Argyll's very different opinions in the *Quarterly*. This he did in an article which although anonymous was known to be by him. Not only was he most courteous to the new author personally, but he was highly complimentary to the literary merits of the essay. As certain points in the book seemed to have been misunderstood, Argyll addressed to Gladstone by letter some explanations, to which he received a characteristic reply, not fully admitting, yet not denying, the authorship, and asserting the right of an anonymous contributor to defend his own incognito. Going up to London in the spring of 1849, the young Duke called upon Gladstone. We are told that "he was most kind and courteous, and I liked him personally from that moment. But I may as well explain here at once that on Church questions I never thought it worth while to talk with him. That was the one subject on which I always realized that there was a fundamental indelibility in his opinions, and an equally fundamental indelibility in mine." We shall hear from the Duke more about Gladstone hereafter.

We must reserve for a second notice a survey of the last fifty years of the life of the Duke of Argyll, for an account of four-fifths of which we are indebted to the Dowager Duchess. Thus far we have brought him but a step beyond the threshold of his long, useful and eminent public career.

M. W. H.

THE RUINS OF ANGKOR.

Cambodian Monuments Unsolved Secrets of History.

Since King Sisowath's visit to Europe we have had from time to time various revelations concerning the singular country and people which he rules—but as to the origin and exact meaning of the word Khmer, the ancient name of the Cambodians, Cambodia being a name of Siamese origin, it seems that no one can tell. When the Cambodians speak of their ancestors they style them Khmer-dom, and their ancestors' country as Nokor-Khmer; but nothing is known of its history, its civilization or its aspirations. There is no country in the world whose past is more mysterious and no people whose traditions are more nebulous.

But of that old mysterious civilization there remain in Indo-China monumental buildings so grand, of so marvellous a conception and of so imposing and harmonious a style, that the palaces and pagodas of the ancient cities of India are entirely eclipsed by them, says a correspondent of the London *Globe*. There is no exact knowledge even of the date of their erection. For a long time it was believed that they were anterior to the Buddhist era—that is to say, that they were considered to be 2,500 years old; but after the first important explorations Vivien de Saint-Martin attributed their erection to the Christian era. Having studied the Sanskrit inscriptions distinguishable on the old walls, Indianists have approximately fixed the date of the subsequent construction of the temples and pagodas of the ancient cities dotting the two provinces of Angkor and Battambang as that comprised between the ninth and twelfth centuries of the above era.

That land of the Khmers must have had in ancient times, judging from its remaining edifices, a civilization of unparalleled splendor. Centuries ago northern barbarians invaded its opulent cities and devastated them. Then came a people who gave a new life to that region, and gradually another nation was constituted and became, ten centuries ago, the Cambodia of to-day, with a long dynasty of kings whose names are unknown to history, but who caused to be revived that kind of refined and powerful civilization of long ago known as the "Golden Chersoneseus."

It was during the reign of these kings that the palaces and temples of Angkor were built. Angkor was then the capital, a fortified town with monumental gates and measuring thirty-five miles in circumference. Within this immense enclosure, encircling an almost impenetrable forest, one finds at short distances from one another the ruins of edifices which silently proclaim the ancient splendor of the city. Angkor-Vat is a pagoda situated at about two miles and a half south of the city.

Its causeway is adorned with sculptured figures representing fantastic dragons; nine towers crown its temple, whose central one, rising above the sanctuary, is nearly ninety feet high. Its galleries, its colonnades, its walls are embellished with basso-relievos portraying the scenes described in the sacred books of Brahminism—