SOME NEW BOOKS.

Ex-Senator Foraker's Autobiography.

The second volume of ex-Senator JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER'S *Notes of a Busy Life* (Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati), of which the first volume was reviewed in THE SUN of February 27, revives in recollection the Senate's dealing with such important matters as intervention in Cuba, the establishment of government in the Philippines, the Panama Canal treaties; the conventions and campaigns of 1900 and 1904, and the author's part in the Sampson-Schley controversy, his "differences" with President Roosevelt growing out of the Brownsville "affray," the "Standard Oil letters" of 1908 and "the Taft collapse." The ex-Senator is, as he always was, quite unambiguous in presenting his views, and unapologetically partisan. Interesting correspondence with Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, with Mark Hanna, John Hay and others is reproduced. The record, set down without effort at literary embellishment, has the attractive quality of intimate conversation; and its value is not impaired by the easily discountable element of personal bitterness. A chapter commemorative of the ex-Senator's son, whose career of promise was cut short, in 1915, by death from an illness which probably was the deferred result of fever contracted in the Spanish war, gives a sympathetically "human" touch to the story.

Contemporaries of Mr. Foraker in the national Senate—he took his seat March 4, 1897, the day McKinley and Hobart were inaugurated—were, in partial review, Shelby M. Cullom, Charles W. Fairbanks, Dolliver of Iowa, Frye and Hale of Maine, Hoar and Lodge of Massachusetts, Chandler and Gallinger of New Hampshire, Burrows and Alger of Michigan, Knute Nelson, Depew, Quay, Aldrich, Wetmore, Proctor, Elkins and Spooner. It was a Senate of high intellectual standing—yet sufficiently free in its spoken English at times to keep Senator Lodge often "in a disagreeable frame of mind." Mr. Foraker describes his colleagues briefly: Elkins "had a hard head, a sound mind, a big heart"; Hoar, "notwithstanding he had a genial nature, yet was a pugnacious fighter"; Nelson of Minnesota, "a sturdy, rugged type, who personified in all he did sincerity and uprightness of character and purpose"; Senators Kean and Cockrell were "the two watchdogs." Among the Democratic contemporaries of Mr. Foraker were Morgan and Pettus of Alabama, Gray of Delaware, Blackburn of Kentucky, Money and McLaurin of Mississippi, Gorman and Rayner of Maryland, Stone and Vest of Missouri, Overman, Tillman, Bailey and Culberson. In the House in those years were Boutelle and Littlefield, McCall, Weeks, Hepburn, Dalzell, Overstreet, Sereno E. Payne; and on the Democratic side, W. Bourke Cockran, Clayton, and several of the gentlemen who sit in the high places of Democracy to-day. The roll call is not tedious to those who remember the news stories of ten to twenty years ago.

Mr. Foraker's maiden speech in the Senate was made May 19, 1897, in support of a motion to refer to the Committee on Foreign Relations Senator Morgan's resolution recognizing the rebels in Cuba as belligerents and declaring the neutrality of the United States. Such recognition of the Cubans would give the Spaniards the right to stop our merchantmen on the high seas in search for contraband goods, but it would, on the other hand, give to the "hundreds of Americans enlisted among the Cubans" the rights of soldiers engaged in civilized warfare:

> Some twenty or thirty Republican Senators, unmoved by such conditions, constituted themselves the special guardians of the peace and the deputized protectors of the business of the country. They answered all mention of such facts with talk about Americans staying at home and attending to their own business, and with sneers about "jingoes"; they especially frowned upon everything in the nature of an expression of sympathy with the revolting Cubans—particularly so, if it was in the form of a practical suggestion of recognition or intervention.

The new Senator spoke with that forcefulness which was to become known as his characteristic quality; and, as he remarks, these gentlemen did not like his speech: "and some of them, particularly a few who were unable to talk any other place, said some unkind things about it in the cloak rooms." The highly keyed talk of those days was quite similar in many respects, particularly of too frequently intruding violence, misinformation and misrepresentation, to much of the earnest discussion of this day.

Mr. Foraker goes pretty fully into the details of Cuban legislation, with quotations from old speeches and articles; among these the eye falls upon passages of livelier nature. Of the "second intervention," which he says was "not, in fact, an intervention in any proper sense of the word, nor so intended," he says: "Fortunately, President Roosevelt was fully alive to the situation in all respects, and, while invited to intervene under the Platt Amendment, which he had no power acting alone to do, yet, promptly acting under his general powers, he landed marines and so handled the situation as to bring about the best possible results, without any abuse whatever of our rights or opportunities. For what he accomplished in the way of 'saving Cuba to the Cubans' and in saving us from the serious troubles that were imminent, both countries owe him a special debt of gratitude that few have even mentioned and no one can well exaggerate." To show that this judgment is not ex post facto, Mr. Foraker reproduces telegrams which passed between him and Mr. Roosevelt in September, 1906. The President said:

> Let me, for your private information only, explain that there is not the slightest intention, and never has been, of acting against the established Government, but only of acting in view of the established Government abdicating its powers. I sent Bacon and Taft down into Cuba only on receipt of the statement from President Palma that he intended to resign, and that neither the Vice-President nor the members of his Cabinet would consent to go on with the government, and, therefore, that chaos would come.

A speech that Mr. Foraker places among the most important he ever made in the Senate was that of January 11, 1899, against resolutions of Senator Vest in which the Missourian denied to the United States Government the right to acquire, hold and govern territory without making it an integral part of the United States; the intention being to make it impossible for us to hold as colonial dependencies the territory acquired in the war with Spain. The Ohio Senator maintained that this Government was not inferior but equal in governmental power to any other nation, with full power, as the fathers uttered in their Declaration, "to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do." As chairman of the Committee for Porto Rico Mr. Foraker engineered the drafting of a statute which has, with few changes, continued to be the organic law of the island and become the model for Philippine legislation. One of the messages of congratulation which the author of the statute received came from President Butler of Columbia University. Here Mr. Foraker reports that in 1912 he regarded President Butler as the best compromise Republican candidate for the Presidency, and "ventured to make the suggestion where I thought it might do some good," but he "found the lines so tightly drawn between Taft and Roosevelt" that the suggestion failed. He nominates Mr. Butler for 1916. In a letter to Mr. Roosevelt, November 28, 1906, Mr. Foraker said: "I am glad to note in the morning papers that you intend to urge Congress to make the citizens of Porto Rico citizens of the United States." And in an extremely interesting paragraph he explains that when the first Porto Rican legislation was enacted it was not his fault that American citizenship was not conferred, for he "so reported the bill" and did everything he could to have it so enacted, "but a majority of the Senate thought it was then premature," and provided instead that they should be simply "citizens of Porto Rico, and as such entitled to the protection of the United States." This phrase, he says, he himself framed and substituted for the clause conferring United States citizenship "when I found I could not do better."

Mr. Foraker's indorsement was influential in deciding President McKinley to to appoint Judge Taft to the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines, and, February 11, 1900, Mr. Taft wrote to Mr. Foraker: "I shall always have a feeling that the course of my life has been largely due to you, who gave me the opportunity and first honor from which all that I have had since has easily flowed." And he added: "Good fortune has followed me with so much persistence that I tremble for the future—on the principle of compensation." In 1887 Gov. Foraker had given Mr. Taft a high judicial appointment in Ohio, the future President's first public office.

At the end of a conversation just before the Republican convention of 1900 President McKinley said to Senator Foraker: "I hope you will not allow the convention to be stampeded to Roosevelt for Vice-President." The Senator expressed regret, and said he thought it likely that Mr. Roosevelt would be named, adding that he thought him the strongest available running mate: "In addition I regarded myself as committed to his support, and that I could not honorably do otherwise than support him if he should be a candidate." Whether or not the President's opposition was really mellowed by what the Senator told him, he assured Mr. Foraker that he would see in his support of the New Yorker nothing unfriendly to him, the President. The author adds: "I did not tell him in what way I had become committed. It did not seem necessary, and I probably feared it might not be entirely agreeable, although I think he would have enjoyed the streak of humor that ran through the story."

Mr. Foraker tells the story, however, in his book. From the time of their first meeting, at the Chicago convention of 1884, his relations with Governor Roosevelt had been cordial. When Foraker was Senator and Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy, their views on Cuba brought them into closer friendly contact. Shortly before the convention of 1900, at Philadelphia, Roosevelt called upon Foraker in Washington and asked his cooperation with Senator Lodge and others to prevent his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, so that he might not have to resign as Governor of New York. Mr. Foraker demurring, Mr. Roosevelt persisted in his urging; but:

> The following day he returned, with all the real Roosevelt spirit fully aroused, and told me, in substantially the following language, that he had in some way learned since talking with me the day before that "the McKinley people" did not want him on the ticket, and "*that*," he said, "makes a different case, and I feel differently about it. There is no reason why they should not want me, and I will not allow them to discredit me. If the convention wants me, I shall accept."

Then Mr. Roosevelt reconsidered and had it announced that he would not accept the nomination; re-reconsidered, and "found the demand for him so overwhelming that it was a party duty for him to yield." Mr. Foraker finds pleasure in the reflection that, at the candidate's request, he nominated Mr. McKinley once for Governor and twice for President. He refutes, with vigor, supported by documentary evidence, allegations made against him and representatively expressed in one reference to "the part which Mr. Foraker was *obliged* to play on formal occasions as official *praisemonger* for the Administration." (The italics are copied from the book.) Since truth is so unable to catch up with falsehood, it seems Mr. Foraker might better have let such statements pass unnoticed in this book, rather than to revive the minor and ephemeral frictions and fictions of a day gone by. Though quite in another class, even the "Differences with President Roosevelt" discussed in a separate chapter are better read about in the book than in any objective résumé of its contents.

When the two Hay-Pauncefote treaties were negotiated, Mr. Foraker was a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. The part he took in the discussions on the Panama Canal has not been forgotten. To-day he says: "In my opinion the abandonment of our right to discriminate in favor of our own ships using the canal was an inexcusable surrender of an American right, for which we shall suffer, are already suffering, serious injury and embarrassment. It is another blunder added to a persistent, long continued narrow and un-American policy of refusing necessary help on account of which the European war found us without a merchant marine."

Rather than attempt to follow Senator Foraker's full narrative through its sequence of important matters, all of which he treats with characteristic frankness and positiveness, we select for notice Chapter XXXVIII., in which he recounts his conflicts with Senator Hoar. In February of 1902 the Secretary of War, in response to a resolution calling for it, sent to the Senate a copy of the Philippine Treason and Sedition act. When it had been read Mr. Hoar said:

> If I understand that correctly, a wife, knowing of what is alleged to be the treason of a husband, or a husband knowing of what is alleged to be the treason of a wife * * * and not acting as an informant to the Government is, under a law imposed by the authority of the United States, to be punished by seven years imprisonment. I should like to know whether that is true.

The reference was to Section 2 of the act. When that section had been read—and it entirely justified Senator Hoar's paraphrase of its contents—Senator Foraker sent to the secretary's desk, to be read, Section 5333 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. In the ensuing debate it was made perfectly clear that "our commissioners in the Philippines, in enacting the legislation complained of, were but following our own statute and applying to the Filipinos what our fathers had from the beginning of our Government applied to the people of the United States." Mr. Foraker hints that Senator Hoar's sensitiveness whenever the incident happened to be mentioned was due to chagrin that in all his years in Congress he had not "discovered there was any necessity for repealing, altering or amending it." Always until this encounter, says Mr. Foraker, Senator Hoar "had been exceedingly friendly in his relations with me"; after the incident "he did not seem so cordial in his manner." There was an amusing sequel: The next summer, Congress having adjourned, Mr. Foraker, stopping at a hotel in New York, had gone to bed one night and was wakened from a sound sleep by hearing some one moving about in the dark room. "That awful sensation came over me that there was a burglar in the room. I listened intently. I could hear him distinctly as he, with evident purpose, as I supposed, to make as little noise as possible, seemed to be carefully making his way toward the dresser that stood against the wall about the middle of the room. Presently he turned on the light. To my great surprise and relief I recognized Senator Hoar as the supposed burglar." The gentleman from Massachusetts had been assigned to the room directly over that of the gentleman from Ohio; had gone out to mail a letter, and left the elevator one story too soon. Mr. Foraker had neglected to lock his door; Mr. Hoar walked in. The Senators renewed their old friendship, and maintained it until they clashed again, over the secession of Panama.

As an example of the fussiness that with advancing years came upon Mr. Hoar, Mr. Foraker reports a disagreement over the authorship of the Sherman anti-trust law. At Chillicothe, Ohio, May 20, 1903, on the occasion of the Ohio Centennial celebration, Mr. Foraker, speaking on "Ohio in the Senate of the United States," said: "Many statutes bear testimony to the far sighted wisdom of Senator Sherman as a legislator," and praised the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890. From Worcester, Mass., May 28, 1903, Mr. Hoar wrote:

> I observe that you say that John Sherman, 'before others realized the danger * * * had secured the enactment of what the whole country has recently become familiar with as the Sherman Anti-trust law.' If there was any man in this world who did not have anything to do with the anti-trust law of 1890, it was John Sherman. The bill he introduced was amended by the Senate, and then sent to the Committee on the Judiciary, and an entirely new measure substituted for it, of which I wrote every syllable myself.

Passed by the Senate, Mr. Hoar continued, and rejected by the House, the bill was finally put through by a conference committee of which Senator Hoar was, and Senator Sherman was not, a member.

Answering the letter of the Massachusetts Senator, Mr. Foraker said that the news conveyed was equally surprising and interesting, and promised to "have the matter looked into, "with a view to adding a footnote to the permanent record," if it could be done with propriety, making proper corrections. In reply Mr. Hoar expanded the statement of his former letter, and in a postscript he said: "If you desire to look at the debates you will see how completely Mr. Sherman was driven from every position which he took, and that the Senate took the extraordinary course of referring a bill reported from the Committee on Finance, clearly within its province, to another committee, whose report was accepted and acted upon and became a law." In his autobiography Mr. Hoar stated his claim to authorship.

A New York lawyer who investigated the matter independently concluded that "the eight sections of the statute were written by the following Senators in the following proportions: Senator Edmunds wrote all of Sections 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6, except seven words in Section 1, written by Senator Evarts. These are the words, 'in the form of trust or otherwise.' Senator George wrote all of Section 4. Senator Hoar wrote all of Section 7, and Senator Ingalls was the author of Section 8." Senator Foraker's investigation substantially confirmed this distributory attribution of authorship But Senator Edmunds's part is declared to have been one not of origination but of redrafting Senator Sherman's ideas. Mr. Foraker criticises Mr. Hoar pretty sharply, not the less so because softening the arraignment with recognition of Mr. Hoar's advanced age when his claim was made, and repeats his praise of Senator Sherman. Such discussion is not profitable, but it is mighty human.

Mr. Foraker devotes three chapters to the Brownsville affray and one to the Standard Oil letters. The "Taft collapse" he attributes to "golfing and junketing." In face of the "political changes" of the last few years his own convictions are clouded by no uncertainty, and he concludes with praise of the old convention system of party administration as opposed to the new-fangled primary system.

Delane of the "Times."

An interesting study of an important factor in British public life during the Victorian period is offered by SIR EDWARD T. COOK, now the chief censor of news, in *Delane of the Times* (Henry Holt and Company), a study that will incite the reader to peruse the fuller accounts of the man to which he is referred. The author has a thesis to maintain, which is that from 1841 to 1877 Delane was the *Times* and the *Times* was Delane; he endeavors to make clear what that meant for the development of England and states explicitly at the start that he does not intend to write a history of the *Times*, nor a history of European affairs, nor a biography of Delane. His reticence about Delane's private life goes so far as to condense the description of the editorial work, the subject that many readers would care most for, to a few pages. While he reiterates over and over again that the predominant quality in Delane was his ability to grasp the point of view of the average Briton, the instances showing how he set to work to find this out are given only occasionally.

The appointment of Delane to the editorship at the age of 24 was certainly a startling performance, comparable to the younger Pitt's becoming Prime Minister at the same age. He was only a little over a year out of Oxford and had been employed in newspaper work for that length of time. But the *Times* was already established in the position which he maintained and improved through the labors of his predecessors, Sterling and Barnes, as the author is careful to show; it was already the "Thunderer," and John Walter the Second, the proprietor, who picked out Delane, had known and studied him for years. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the transaction is that the young man should have had the confidence in himself and the assurance to undertake the task.

In his conception of the editor's functions, according to Sir Edward Cook's description, Delane seems to have anticipated modern efficiency methods and the new executive vocations. He made himself the director and assigned the actual work of writing and investigating largely to others. He wrote very little himself, but no word went into the paper that he had not seen and revised; nothing that failed to express the views he thought the paper should have. He employed the most competent men he could find to write the leaders and the special articles, but he edited their articles severely, both as regards the substance and the English used; he arranged the methods of gathering news and sending it in expeditiously in the days when railroads were beginning, the telegraph was a scientific novelty and cables did not exist. In addition to this he performed the duties that would be now delegated to political reporters, going daily into society, where he was likely to gather news. He had a genius for making forecasts of coming events from the varied sources of news at his command, which often resulted in "scoops" which were attributed to exclusive official information given to him. The guesses which failed, and there were some in the history of the *Times*, are not mentioned by Sir Edward Cook.

A regular day's work, according to him, was something like this: Delane got up at noon and breakfasted; then he mounted his horse, for he never walked or drove if he could help it, and made calls on persons who could be of assistance. After this he went to the office, where he first attended to the correspondence, selecting the letters he wished to print and answering those that called for an answer in his own handwriting; after this he made up the paper for the following day; next he issued instructions to correspondents, reporters, reviewers, and allotted subjects (with instructions also) among the leader writers. The instructions were generally in writing. When this was done, if anything important was going on in Parliament he would ride to Westminster and listen to the debates or else he would ride in the Row till dinner time. He dined out almost every night, but slipped away about 10 o'clock, and by 11 at latest was at his desk in the office, where he remained till 4 or 5 in the morning. The author quotes from Kinglake:

> These were the hours of the night when often he had to decide—to decide of course with great swiftness—between two or more courses of action momentously different; when, besides, he must judge the appeals brought up to the paramount arbiter from all kinds of men, from all sorts of earthly tribunals; when despatches of moment, when telegrams fraught with grave tidings, when notes hastily scribbled in the Lords or the Commons, were from time to time coming in to confirm, or to distur—perhaps even to annul—former resolutions; and these, besides, were the hours when he somehow must cause to spring up sudden essays, invectives and arguments which only strong power of brain with even much toil could supply.

In spite of the magnificence this is a fair description of a managing editor's nightly task. Another writer who saw Delane at work says of him:

> His instinctive perception, his sagacious prescience of the tendency of events, was only paralleled by his prompt decision. A message coming in at the last moment, pregnant with issues in foreign politics or home affairs, never found him unready. His brother-in-law said, "It is those flashes of sure intuition that save him; if he were in the habit of hesitating he would often be blundering."

From the very beginning, with all possible courteousness, he made all subordinates and contributors understand that what Mr. Delane said was law in the *Times*, occasionally he took a day off or visited friends for a few days, but his regular vacation came after Parliament rose, when he frequently visited the Continent. Such was the routine of his life for the thirty-six years during which he edited the *Times*.

It must have been with mixed emotions that Sir Edward Cook, a newspaper man whose present duty is to prevent news from being known, describes the doings of Delane and his greatest foil among special correspondents, W. H. Russell, the later Bull Run Russell, during the Crimean war. Russell was free to say whatever he liked and what those in authority disliked; he not only denounced abuses and incompetence, but gave military information that might have aided the enemy if the Russians had read the *Times*. Neither at home nor at the front was the idea of a censorship entertained. And in London, on the basis of Russell's reports and other information, the *Times* kept denouncing the shortcomings of administrators and of commanders in the field. The comment of the official censor is:

> Owing to the vastly increased range of modern weapons and extended sphere of military operations on the one hand, and owing, on the other, to the extreme severity of the censorship, the opportunities even of the most enterprising correspondents are greatly restricted. All are placed very much in the same position—a position generally in the rear of actual operations, and, except when enterprise takes the form of fiction, the correspondent becomes, so far as any immediate publication is concerned, little more than an official chronicler.

To Delane's special journalistic work, the association with political leaders and persons in society, from whom he derived the explicit information or the hints which enabled him to forestall others or to give a semi-official character to the news he published, Sir Edward Cook devotes much space. The greater portion of his book is an account of Delane's relations to the men successively in power, with refutations or comments on the statements of other chroniclers, such as Greville and Hayward. He gives a good deal of space to setting straight the facts about the first great political "scoop," the premature announcement of Peel's intention to repeal the corn laws, for which scandal, abetted by George Meredith, long blamed the unfortunate Mrs. Norton. He completely demolishes that story and asserts that Delane received the information from Lord Aberdeen, with permission to make it public. It was to Lord Aberdeen's friendship that he owed his start; the authoritative character of the news he was able to impart kept up the prestige of the *Times*, and his discretion made later Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries confide in him. The author tells of his close friendship with Lord Palmerston, with Lord Granville and Lord Clarendon, and in later years with Disraeli. Lord John Russell disliked him, and Gladstone was not always friendly. He insists, however, that Delane was always independent and that the editorials in his paper advocated always the policies in which he believed, whether they hurt or helped his friends. He was free from party ties, and nobody knew beforehand which side the *Times* would take on any new question. He changed his opinions at times and he supported or attacked either party. The author tries to explain Delane's attitude:

> There are electors who always vote the same party ticket, and these are the majority. There are others who vote sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other. These are a minority, but it is they—the balancing electors—who decide the fortunes of Ministers and direct the policy of the country. The *Times* under Delane expressed or formed the views of the balancing electors, and therein was one secret of his influence. Delane's political influence was in large measure due to his accuracy as a political meteorologist. Whether by instinct, or sympathy, or artifice, he nearly always knew which way the wind was blowing, in what direction the balancing electors were tending. During his editorship there were eight general elections. On all those occasions except one the *Times* correctly predicted the result and supported what proved to be the winning side.

The medium through which Delane exerted his influence on the public mind was the leading articles. Into those, and especially the one that came first, the chief strength of the paper was thrown. Not only did the place mark it as the one subject of the day but if was there and only there that the best news was given. There was no further article, there were no headlines to turn aside the attention. It was the vehicle of exclusive information; in it were concentrated the varied knowledge of a large staff, the literary ability of the writers, the governing judgment of the editor.

Sir Edward Cook's estimate of Delane, if not overenthusiastic, seems eminently fair:

> He used the power which his position and his abilities gave him in honorable ways and for honorable ends. He betrayed no confidence. He did not debase the journalistic currency. He maintained a high literary standard. He treated every theme with a proper seriousness. He conducted a great newspaper for thirty-six years with unbroken success, reflecting various phases of dominant opinion, pledged to no party or set of politicians, but exercising a moderating influence between them.

It is curious to note that at the close of Delane's career, when the London *Times* was paramount over all other English newspapers, read throughout the world and financially successful, its daily circulation was 61,000 copies.

Lord Redesdale's Reminiscences.

No more than a taste can be given here of the feast of anecdote, character sketch, diplomatic embroglio, political, literary and artistic reminiscence to be found in Lord REDESDALE'S *Memories* (Dutton), two volumes of as delightful autobiography as has appeared in many a long year. It is not a book for criticism, it is too entirely simple, candid and unassuming; it is a book from which to offer extracts, so that he who has a taste for such matter may feed upon the fulness of the volumes. Here we may see the young Swinburne as he played and studied at Eton; we may revel in anecdotes of Whistler, Browning and Rossetti and come to know King Edward as those knew him who lived near him and were charmed by his tact, his kindliness, his unfailing courtesy; here we may hear how Disraeli talked and lived and what Prince Bismarck said of him; we learn of the familiar family life of Mario and meet Nance O'Neil in her stately later life. Kings and queens, statesmen, diplomats, artists and writers walk through the pages of the book, made to live again by the author's keen insight, familiar knowledge and accurate sense for character.

The "Memories" of Lord Redesdale may be said to stretch over more than a lifetime, for the first chapter on "The Cradle and the Race" carries the family traditions back as far as 1066. Lord Redesdale himself was born in 1837 and he is living to-day, observing, judging life as acutely and as wisely as ever. "My life," he says in his preface, "has been largely spent among men who in many lands have made the history of their time. The story of their achievements is, or will be, written in the annals of their countries. The story of their private lives is often unknown to, and therefore put one side by, their biographers. To rescue from oblivion here and there some intimate feature, some petty detail which may help to make known the real personalities of such men—perhaps to remove a wrong impression—is the humble object of this book, and it is to the shades of those who did so much for me that I offer it as a grateful tribute."

In speaking of his ancestry Lord Redesdale admits that it was bad taste in Ajax to brag so loudly of being the great-grandson of Jupiter, but even so, Ulysses need not have snubbed him so severely and gone on to show how he was also god born, but on the mother's side as well as the father's. The author tells us that when he was travelling as a young man on the Continent with Lawrence Oliphant, the mystic, he found himself at dinner next to an agreeable old gentleman who asked his name. "Dear me," he said upon hearing Lord Redesdale's account of who he was, "if you are the son of Mr. Mitford of Exbury and Lady Georgina Ashburnham you are descended from perhaps the two oldest Saxon families in England. Sir, you are a very remarkable person." The author felt, he says, as Whistler in his quaint way felt when Carlyle addressed almost the same words to him: "That was about what was the matter with me." Afterward when Lord Redesdale inquired who his genealogical friend was he found he was talking to no other than Sir Bernard Burke of Burke's peerage fame.

With characteristic modesty the author says:

> That after all these centuries, and after such countless marriages as must have taken place in them, so curious an animal as a man of pure Saxon blood or indeed of any pure blood should still be in existence is, of course, an impossibility. It may be rank nonsense to talk of the Mitfords and Ashburnhams as two of the oldest Saxon families in England when there can be no such families, but there can be no doubt but that they were both of very great antiquity.

Bertram Ashburnham, a baron of Kent, was constable of Dover Castle in 1066 and was beheaded by William the Conqueror because of his valiant defence of his stronghold. About two miles to the west of Morpeth and south of the River Wansbeck are the ruins of the old castle of Mitford, taking its name from the meeting there of the two streams, the Wansbeck and the Font, and here was the cradle of the race from which Algernon Bertram Freeman-Mitford, Lord Redesdale, sprang. His ancestors figure widely in the historic and literary annals of England, one indeed being the subject of a ballad to be found in Percy's "Reliques." "When one looks at the little village of Mitford to-day," writes the author, "it is hard to believe it was once a borough." The feeling of clanship was strongly rooted in the people. In 1850 or thereabout the author remembers an old woman, one Bella Harbottle, who with her brother occupied two or three rooms in what remained of the seventeenth century manor house. They were specimens of a grand old type of northern peasantry and profoundly concerned for the interests of the great family. A gentleman who had bought a small adjoining estate built his house very close to the boundary line. Bella was disturbed and walked out daily, leaning on her crutched stick, to see that there was no encroachment. The neighbor, aware that he was being watched and much amused, said one day: "You see, Bella, it is all right; I am not removing my neighbor's landmark." "Ah," she grumbled, "I'm thinkin' you're buildin' your house verra high." For even the air was sacred to the family of her worship.

William Mitford, the famous historian of Greece and more highly rated by Carlyle than Grote himself, was Redesdale's great-grandfather. He was also a Member of Parliament and commanded the Hampshire militia. Mitford's history naturally took the Tory side of Greek politics, while both Grote and Thirlwall followed on the Radical side. His son, Lord Redesdale's father, was the author of "Mitford on Pleadings," a law classic.

Among the Ashburnham treasures is one of the two shirts worn by Charles I. at his execution. The story goes that the King insisted on wearing two shirts on that cold January morning lest he should shiver and men should think it was from fear. The shirt was kept by an ancestor, John Ashburnham, who attended his Majesty on the scaffold; it was deeply stained with the blood of the martyr, but was unfortunately washed in the time of Lord Redesdale's grandmother by a too zealous housekeeper.

One of Lord Redesdale's aunts, Lady Jane Swinburne, was the mother of the great poet and perhaps as valuable pages as this book contains are those describing Algernon Charles Swinburne, of whom biographical data are so scant while at Eton. Of Lady Jane the author notes that she was a highly cultivated woman from whom the author received the finest part of his endowment. Swinburne entered Eton in 1849 and his parents, Admiral Swinburne and Lady Jane, put him at once in the care of his more experienced cousin; for Algernon Mitford, having entered college at the age of 9, was an experienced schoolboy. His description of Swinburne as a boy is delightfully vivid:

> It was at Eton that he began to feel his wings. His bringing up at home had been scrupulously strict, his literary diet the veriest pap. His precocious brain had been nourished upon food for babes. Not a novel had he been allowed to open, not even Walter Scott's. Shakespeare he only knew through the medium of his precious brown Bowdler. I can see him now, sitting perched up Turk or tailor-wise in one of the windows looking out on the Yard, with some huge Old World tome almost as big as himself on his lap, the afternoon sun setting on fire the great mop of red hair. There it was that he emancipated himself, making acquaintance with Shakespeare (minus Bowdler), Marlowe, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other great poets and playwrights of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His tendency was greatly toward the drama, especially the Tragic Drama. He had a great sense of humor in others, he worshipped Dickens and would quote him especially Mrs. Gamp unwearyingly, but his own genius leaned to tragedy.

It is absurd to pretend, as was said in a letter to the *Times*, that as a boy he had an extraordinarily wide knowledge of the Greek poets, which he read with ease in the original." His study of the Greek tragedians, upon whose work he was largely modelled his own, came much later in life. At Eton these were lessons, and lessons are odious; besides, no one can assimilate Æschylus in homoeopathic doses of thirty lines, and he knew no more Greek than any intelligent boy of his age would do, nor did he take any prominent part in the regular school work, though he was a Prince Consort's prizeman for modern languages. His first love in literature was given to the English poets, and after or together with these he devoured the great classics of France and Italy. The foundations of his searching knowledge of the French and Italian languages were laid by his accomplished mother.

His memory was wonderful, his power of quotation almost unlimited. * * * Of games he took no heed—they were not for his frail build; football and cricket were nothing to him. I do not think he ever possessed a cricket bat; but he could swim like any frog, and of walking he never tired. * * * I have spoken of his courage. He was no horseman, and had but little opportunity at home for riding, but in the matter of horses he was absolutely without terror. Unskilled as he was, he would back anything, as fearless as a centaur.

Sir Francis Burand, that laughter compelling sprite of the "Happy Thoughts," was another Eton schoolmate of Lord Redesdale. The author's summer holidays spent in Coblenz gave him his first glimpse of international diplomacy, of which later on he was to see so much. In 1852 the author, with a number of Eton boys, went up to London to see the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, of which he writes: "I have seen since many great ceremonies, many magnificent and moving spectacles in many lands, but none that could be named in the same day with the funeral of the Iron Duke. As a military display it was of course superb." And there follows a fine description of the splendid uniforms of that day. The bands playing the "Dead March in Saul," the wailing of the Highlander bagpipes; the solemnity of the reversed arms; the charger with the empty boots in the stirrups, and the bronze car hung with cypress and bay, drawn by twelve black horses, covered in black velvet, and a blaze of heraldry, while the huge crowd were all in mourning, even the poorest having about him some scrap of black crape to denote his loyal grief.

Right here, while it is a question of the Iron Duke, one may introduce an anecdote of Gen. Grant, told much later, toward the end of Lord Redesdale's second volume. The second Duke of Wellington always felt it due to the name of his illustrious father, when any famous warrior came to England, to offer him entertainment at Apsley House. When Gen. Grant came to England therefore he was bidden to dinner. When he arrived and stood beneath the great Duke's portrait, he found nothing more appropriate to say than: "I have commanded more divisions than that man ever commanded regiments and yet what a lot of talk there has been about him." "Yes," answered the Duke, in his droll, dry way, "I believe he was considered a meritorious person in his day." Indeed, Lord Redesdale gives us numerous delightful anecdotes of the second Duke of Wellington, who inherited not a little of his father's quick wit. When Lady Dorothy Neville wrote to him once that she had been restoring the dear little church at Dallisfee and feeling sure he would wish to do something for that church in which he had so often worshipped she had put his name down for one hundred pounds he replied that he also was restoring the church at Strathfieldsaye and knowing that Lady Dorothy would want to contribute in memory of the old days he had put her down for one hundred pounds. "In the circumstances," he wound up, "no money need pass between us."

To turn back to the author's days while reading in Wales for the Slade exhibition at Christ Church, which he won, and his early days at Oxford, he tells many an interesting tale of the Oxford of those happy old days when the qualifications for a fellowship were that the candidate should be "bene natus, bene vestitus et modici doctus in arte canendi," and when, as Lord Melbourne said of the Order of the Garter, "there was no damned nonsense of merit about it." Among the interesting dons at Oxford at that time was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. "Who could have guessed," says the author, "that the dry little man from whom we learned the sublime truth that things which are equal to one another are equal to themselves was hatching in that fertile brain of his such a miracle of fancy and fun as 'Alice in Wonderland'?" Lord Redesdale closes his chapter on Oxford with a tiny homily on the penalties of loafing. "I am reminded," he says, "of one of Gavarni's old caricatures. A poor, shabby student is watching another trying on a very glorious new coat. 'Combien, cette coutume-il un habit comme cela?' 'Je ne sais pas.' 'Dites veuille, mon cher, que tu ne le sache jamais!' Sooner or later the bill has to be paid, whether for loafing or for costs."

Upon leaving Oxford Lord Redesdale entered the Foreign Office, at first in the African department and then in the French department. He was sent on a mission to Russia, at a time when politics was much concerned with the Polish insurrection; then in 1864 a messenger being needed to Constantinople, he was sent on his first mission to the East, a journey which extended to China and Japan, where he assisted at the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh, and at the reception of the Austrian mission, returning to England in 1870. In 1871 he was once more appointed to St. Petersburg, but realizing that he could not afford so expensive a post, he asked to be placed en disponibilité and so became a gentleman at large. Then followed a trip through the United States in 1873. There is a curious anecdote of his appointment to the Board of Works in 1874. He dined one night with a friend, Overbeck, who wore a curious stone mounted as a pin in his cravat. He asked what the stone was and was told a black opal, the luckiest of all stones. The next day, Overbeck insisting, they wandered down into Cockspur street, where Lord Redesdale purchased a black opal set in diamonds. It was a strange dusky stone with a mysterious spark of fire in the centre. "In ten days," said Overbeck, "you will get a letter. Mark my words." In ten days exactly, indeed, the opal began its magic work and the author received from Disraeli the appointment as secretary to the Board of Works. He wrote and told Overbeck of his good luck, for that letter changed the whole course of the author's life. "You will get whatever you wish," replied Overbeck. Three months later Lord Redesdale was betrothed to Lady Clementine Ogilvy and they were married in December, 1874. Lord Redesdale then bought and restored Lindsey House, built on the site of Sir Henry Mildmay's country place, and in 1886 he succeeded his cousin, Lord Redesdale, to the estate at Batsford, was three years in the House of Commons, to-end he says, "in what has been called the cold shades of Opposition." When he entered Lord Randolph Churchill said to him, "You have come to the dullest place on earth, with great compensations."

One of the most eloquent and beautiful tributes to King Edward is contained in the chapter on the "Wedding of the Prince of Wales." It is easy to see how deeply Lord Redesdale, with many other loyal Englishmen, resented Sir Sydney Lee's portrait of King Edward in "The Dictionary of National Biography." Bookish the King was not, but he was so full of human sympathy and loving kindness and consideration for others, so conscientious in his work for his people, so unequalled in his "magically conciliating charm, with a power of fascination that can rarely have been equalled," that even his enemies were won over when they saw him face to face. Sir William Harcourt, a good judge of men and no sycophant, spoke of him as "England's greatest King since William the Conqueror"; and a burning radical came away from his first interview with him saying: "That is the greatest man that ever I had speech of."

These two volumes are packed with delicately assured and convincing portraits, perhaps after the one of King Edward that of Disraeli ranking next in vivid charm. He tells of the complete lack of sympathy between Gladstone and Disraeli. They were thus utterly opposite and heartily disliked one another. Disraeli once told the author how the Emperor of Brazil had sent him and Mr. Gladstone the grand cordon of some order. "I wrote him a letter of warmest thanks which could make the dear man believe that he had satisfied the one ambition of my life; Gladstone sent his star back, with an expression of regret that his Sovereign did not permit him to accept foreign decorations. Clumsy fellow! Could he not have put it away in a drawer, as I did?" Lord Redesdale remembered the emphasis and gusto with which the narrator exclaimed "Clumsy fellow!"

One day when he was in the House of Lords he was attacked by the Duke of Argyll upon an Indian question in which he was only partially interested, and in his zeal he made some hideous blunder which for months afterwards he regretted. Monty Corry, who had been listening on tenterhooks, was waiting for him outside, and they walked away together, as usual. "How could you make such a mistake?" asked Monty. "It was uncommonly lucky that nobody spoke on my side." Lord Beaconsfield stopped dead short, reflected for a second or two, and then said gravely and solemnly: "My dear Monty, God is great! And upon my word I think He grows greater and greater every day!"

Moneypenny's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is like a posthumous portrait, says Lord Redesdale, from photographs by one who never knew him. The study, he admits, is excellent history, "but how one longs for those deft touches which belong to what Goethe called 'the words of the eye.'"

It is interesting to find a grave diplomatist and a man of the world giving such sympathetic and penetrating portraits of men like Carlyle and Whistler. When Lord Redesdale settled in Lindsay House he still had as his near neighbors Carlyle, Rossetti and Whistler; and Whistler's famous Sunday breakfasts were in full swing. At that time Whistler was building the White House in Tite street. E. W. Godwin was the architect and they quarrelled over the work, in commemoration of which Whistler caused a stone to be inserted in the front of the house engraved with the words: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it—E. W. Godwin built this house."

These are some of the more extended and striking portraits, but Lord Randolph Churchill, the second