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THE

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD'S

WIT AND WISDOM

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WIT AND WISDOM

OF

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

COLLECTED FROM HIS WRITINGS AND SPEECHES

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET
1881

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PREFACE.

As 'good wine needs no bush,' so words of wit and wisdom, whether falling from the lips, or flowing from the pen, of a great man, do not call for a preface—and no one will gainsay the fact that Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was one of the greatest men of the century—probably the greatest, when the difficulties which he had to overcome are taken into consideration.

It is not given to many to excel either in action or in thought; to very few indeed to be *facile princeps* in both, as was Lord Beaconsfield—a Janus of literature and politics, in the study a Thackeray, a Bolingbroke in the Senate.

But this is neither the time nor the place for panegyric. The air is still ringing with the voice of unanimous England, proclaiming the patience and the patriotism of the great statesman, extolling the eloquence of the brilliant debater, the sparkling phrases of the witty writer, who has just passed away.

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This selection does not purport to be exhaustive—very far from it. It would be easy to compile other volumes equally wise and witty. The gold nearest the surface has been extracted from the rich lode, but an ample store of nuggets remains to reward the seeker; and the object of the present work will be more than accomplished if it induces others to look for further treasure in the writings and speeches of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

It only remains to add that the present work was begun before Lord Beaconsfield's last illness, and that, though the manuscript was never in his hands, he expressed his approval and looked forward to its publication with interest.

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WIT AND WISDOM

OF THE

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

Ability.

I pride myself upon recognising and upholding ability in every party and wherever I meet it.—*Speech at Newport Pagnell* (*General Election*), *February* 5, 1874.

Absence.

I believe absence is often a great element of charm.—('Lord Roehampton') *Endymion.*

Abuse.

It isn't calling your neighbours names that settles a question.—('Widow Carey') *Sybil.*

Action.

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—('The General') *Lothair.*

The standing committee of the Holy Alliance of Peoples all rose, although they were extreme Republicans, when the General entered. Such is the magical influence of a man of action over men of the pen and the tongue.—*Lothair.*

Action must be founded on knowledge.—*Contarini Fleming.*

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Adoption.

The principle of adoption was the secret and endurance of Rome. It gave Rome alike the Scipios and the Antonines.—('Bertie Tremaine') *Endymion.*

Advantage.

Next to knowing when to scize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—('Tiresias') *The Infernal Marriage.*

Adventure.

How full of adventure is life! It is monotonous only to the monotonous.—*Tancred.*

Adventure and contemplation share our being like day and night.—('Sidonia') *Conings by.*

The fruit of my tree of knowledge is plucked, and it is this, 'Adventures are to the adventurous.'—*Alroy.*

Adversity.

There is no education like adversity.—('Sidney Wilton') *Endymion.*

I suppose it is adversity that develops the kindly qualities of our nature. I believe the sense of common degradation has a tendency to make the degraded amiable—at least among themselves. I am told it is found so in the plantations in slave-gangs.—('St. Barbe') *Endymion.*

Adversity is necessarily not a sanguine season, and in this respect a political party is no exception to all other human combinations.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

Advice.

Advice is not a popular thing to give.—('Miss Arundel') *Lothair.*

I do not like giving advice, because it is an unnecessary responsibility under any circumstances.—*Speech at Ayles-*

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bury (Royal and Central Bucks Agricultural Association), September 21, 1865.

Be patient: cherish hope. Read more: ponder less. Nature is more powerful than education: time will develop everything. Trust not overmuch to the blessed Magdalen: learn to protect yourself.—*Contarini Fleming.*

A Father's Advice to his Son.—'But to enter society with pleasure, Contarini, you must be qualified for it. I think it quite time for you to make yourself master of some accomplishments. Decidedly you should make yourself a good dancer. Without dancing you can never attain a perfectly graceful carriage, which is of the highest importance in life, and should be every man's ambition. You are yet too young fully to comprehend how much in life depends upon manner. Whenever you see a man who is successful in society, try to discover what makes him pleasing, and if possible adopt his system. You should learn to fence. For languages, at present, French will be sufficient. You speak it fairly; try to speak it elegantly. Read French authors. Read Rochefoucault. The French writers are the finest in the world, for they clear our heads of all ridiculous ideas. Study precision.

'Do not talk too much at present; do not *try* to talk. But whenever you speak, speak with self-possession. Speak in a subdued tone, and always look at the person whom you are addressing. Before one can engage in general conversation with any effect, there is a certain acquaintance with trifling but amusing subjects which must be first attained. You will soon pick up sufficient by listening and observing. Never argue. In society nothing must be discussed; give only results. If any person differ from you, bow and turn the conversation. In society never think; always be on the watch, or you will miss many opportunities and say many disagreeable things.

'Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency

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because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They, too, will rally you on many points, and as they are women you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance and of so much use to a young man entering life as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits which we pick up in boyhood, without this supervision. Unfortunately you have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you ; encourage her, otherwise you will never be free from your awkwardness or any little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress.

'You ride pretty well, but you had better go through the manège. Every gentleman should be a perfect cavalier. You shall have your own groom and horses, and I wish you to ride regularly every day.

'As you are to be at home for so short a time, and for other reasons, I think it better that you should not have a tutor in the house. Parcel out your morning then for your separate masters. Rise early and regularly and read for three hours. Read the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, the Life of Richelieu, everything about Napoleon : read works of that kind. Strelamb shall prepare you a list. Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory. Then fence. Take an hour with your French master, but do not throw the burden of the conversation upon him. Give him an account of something. Describe to him the events of yesterday, or give him a detailed account of the constitution. You will have then sufficiently rested yourself for your dancing. And after that ride and amuse yourself as much as you can. Amusement to an observing mind is study.'—('Mr. Grey') *Vivian Grey.*

Advice to a Boy going to School.—You will find Eton a great change ; you will experience many trials and temptations ; but you will triumph over and withstand them all, if you will attend to these few directions. Fear God ; morning

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and night let nothing induce you ever to omit your prayers to Him; you will find that praying will make you happy. Obey your superiors; always treat your masters with respect. Ever speak the truth. So long as you adhere to this rule, you never can be involved in any serious misfortune. A deviation from truth is, in general, the foundation of all misery. Be kind to your companions, but be firm. Do not be laughed into doing that which you know to be wrong. Be modest and humble, but ever respect yourself. Remember who you are, and also that it is your duty to excel. Providence has given you a great lot. Think ever that you are born to perform great duties.—('Lady Annabel') *Venetia.*

Age.

Age was frequently beautiful, wisdom appeared like an aftermath, and the heart which seemed dry and deadened suddenly put forth shoots of sympathy.—('Mr. Phœbus') *Lothair.*

The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth: let us hope that the heritage of age is not despair.—*Vivian Grey.*

I hold that the characteristic of the present age is craving credulity.—*Speech at Meeting of Society for increasing Endowments of Small Livings in the Diocess of Oxford, November* 25, 1864.

'The spirit of the age is the very thing that a great man changes,' said Sidonia.

'Does he not rather avail himself of it?' asked Coningsby.

'Parvenus do, but not prophets, great legislators, great conquerors. They destroy and they create.'—*Coningsby.*

I look upon the spirit of the age as a spirit hostile to Kings and Gods.—('Saturn') *The Infernal Marriage.*

It appears to me that I should not greatly err were I to describe the spirit of this age as the spirit of equality.—*Speech at Glasgow University, November* 19, 1873.

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I would say a knowledge of the spirit of the age is necessary for every public man. But it does not follow, because the spirit of the age is perceived and recognised, it should be embraced and followed, or even that success in life depends upon adopting it. What I wish to impress upon you is that success in life depends on comprehending it.—*Speech at Glasgow University, November* 19, 1873.

AGITATION.

We may visit on the laches of the Liverpool Ministry the introduction of that principle and power into our Constitution, which ultimately may absorb all: Agitation.—*Conings by.*

Demagogues and agitators are very unpleasant, and leagues and registers may be very unpleasant, but they are incidents to a free and constitutional country, and you must put up with these inconveniences or do without many important advantages.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Representation of the People Bill*), *April* 12, 1867.

There is one feature about the present agitation in Ireland which is most repulsive and I think most dangerous. Agitation in Ireland is not a novel subject. It has taken many forms. It has been led by men of different characters and idiosyncrasies. It has taken the form of Repeal, it has taken the form of Home Rule, and you may observe that all these movements had over them a varnish, no doubt a mere varnish, of what may be called generous feeling. Even a Fenian was a patriot, or thought he was. But if the present agitation is fostered in Ireland by the Government, it is one which will not easily terminate, because it is an agitation addressed to the most sordid character of the Irish people, not to the romantic and imaginative. An agitation conducted by men who have been taught to believe that the property of others ought to belong to them—an agitation conducted in such a spirit and for such a result is one which Her Majesty's Government will find more diffi-

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cult to deal with than the agitation of previous years.—*Speech in House of Lords* (*Compensation for Disturbance Bill*), *August* 3, 1880.

ALHAMBRA.

Let us enter Alhambra !

See ! here is the Court of Myrtles, and I gather you a sprig. Mark how exquisitely everything is proportioned ; mark how slight, and small, and delicate ! And now we are in the Court of Columns, the far-famed Court of Columns. Let us enter the chambers that open round this quadrangle. How beautiful are their deeply-carved and purple roofs, studded with gold, and the walls entirely covered with the most fanciful fret-work, relieved with that violet tint which must have been copied from their Andalusian skies. Here you may sit in the coolest shade, reclining on your divan, with your beads or pipe, and view the dazzling sunlight in the court, which assuredly must scorch the flowers, if the faithful lions ever ceased from pouring forth that element, which you must travel in Spain or Africa to honour. How many chambers ! the Hall of the Ambassadors ever the most sumptuous. How fanciful its mosaic ceiling of ivory and tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl and gold ! And then the Hall of Justice with its cedar roof, and the Harem, and the baths : all perfect. Not a single roof has yielded, thanks to those elegant horse-shoe arches and those crowds of marble columns, with their oriental capitals. What a scene ! Is it beautiful ? Oh ! conceive it in the time of the Boabdils ; conceive it with all its costly decorations, all the gilding, all the imperial purple, all the violet relief, all the scarlet borders, all the glittering inscriptions and precious mosaics, burnished, bright, and fresh. Conceive it full of still greater ornaments, the living groups, with their splendid and vivid and picturesque costume, and, above all, their rich and shining arms, some standing in conversing groups, some smoking in sedate silence, some

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telling their beads, some squatting round a storier. Then the bustle and the rush, and the coming horsemen, all in motion, and all glancing in the most brilliant sun.

Alhambra is a strong illustration of what I have long thought, that however there may be a standard of taste, there is no standard of style. I must place Alhambra with the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Cathedral of Seville, the temple of Dendera. They are different combinations of the same principles of taste. Thus we may equally admire Æschylus, Virgil, Calderon, and Ferdousi. There never could have been a controversy on such a point, if mankind had not confused the ideas of taste and style. The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same time the most fitting and delicate that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the finest inventions of man, if it were better known. It is only to be found, in any degree of European perfection, in Spain. Some of the tombs of the Mamlouk Sultans in the desert round Cairo, wrongly styled by the French 'the tombs of the Caliphs,' are equal, I think, to Alhambra. When a person sneers at the Saracenic, ask him what he has seen. Perhaps a barbarous, although picturesque, building, called the Ducal Palace, at Venice. What should we think of a man who decided on the architecture of Agrippa by the buildings of Justinian, or judged the age of Pericles by the restorations of Hadrian? Yet he would not commit so great a blunder. There is a Moorish palace, the Alcazar, at Seville, a huge mosque at Cordova turned into a Cathedral, with partial alteration, Alhambra at Granada; these are the great specimens in Europe, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and a chapel of a Moorish saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycomb roof, as vivid and as brilliant as when the Santon was worshipped. I have never seen any work of art so exquisite. The materials are the richest, the ornaments the most

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costly, and in detail the most elegant and the most novel, the most fanciful and the most flowing, that I ever contemplated. And yet nothing at the same time can be conceived more just than the proportion of the whole, and more mellowed than the blending of the parts, which indeed Palladio could not excel.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Alliteration.

'Fancy franchises,'—alliteration tickles the ear, and is a very popular form of language among savages. It is, I believe, the characteristic of rude and barbarous poetry: but it is not an argument in legislation.—*Speech in the House of Commons* (*Representation of the People Bill*), *March* 19, 1860.

Ambition.

It was that noble ambition, the highest and the best, that must be born in the heart, and organised in the brain, which will not let a man be content unless his intellectual power is recognised by his race, and desires that it should contribute to their welfare. It is the heroic feeling; the feeling that in old days produced demi-gods; without which no State is safe; without which political institutions are meat without salt, the Crown a bauble, the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating clubs, and civilisation itself but a fitful and transient dream.—*Conings by.*

America.

The enterprise of America generally precedes that of Europe, as the industry of England precedes that of the rest of Europe, and I look forward with confidence that the industry and enterprise of America will be productive of beneficial results upon this country.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Address in answer to Her Majesty's most gracious Speech*), *December* 8, 1878.

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Americans.

American ladies—I can never make out what they believe, or what they disbelieve. It is a sort of confusion between Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Fifth Avenue congregation and Barnum.—('The Bishop') *Lothair.*

I have not been influenced by that sort of rowdy rhetoric which is expressed in public meetings and public journals, from which, I fear, in this country is formed too rapidly our opinion of the character and possible conduct of the American people. I look upon such expressions as something like those strong and fantastic drinks, that we hear of as such favourites on the other side of the Atlantic; and I should as soon suppose that this rowdy rhetoric is a symbol of the real character of the American people as that those potations are symbols of the aliment and nutrition of their bodies.—*Speech in House of Commons (Defences of Canada), March* 13, 1865.

Anecdote.

An after-dinner anecdote ought to be as piquant as anchovy toast.—('Von Konigstein') *Vivian Grey.*

Mr. Pinto would sometimes remark that when a man fell into his anecdotage, it was a sign for him to retire from the world.—*Lothair.*

Anglo-French Alliance.

It is the essence of English policy, and not only of English policy, but of French policy also, that there should be an alliance between England and France. It is an alliance founded upon a principle totally independent of forms of government, totally independent of dynasties, totally independent of the character of the rulers of that country. It does, indeed, so happen that the present ruler of France is a man eminently gifted, who from a variety of circumstances naturally exercises a great influence over

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events. The Emperor Napoleon is not only a prince, but he is a statesman. The Emperor of France is a man who has not only a great knowledge of human nature generally, but he is a man who has a great knowledge of English human nature ; and it is clear that when the ruler of France is not only a statesman, but one intimately acquainted with the character, the laws, the customs, and the whole condition of England, we have a security for the cultivation and maintenance of that alliance which under other and less favourable circumstances we might not have enjoyed.—*Address from Hustings to Buckinghamshire Electors*, 1858.

Anonymous.

An anonymous writer should at least display power. When Jupiter hurls a thunderbolt, it may be mercy in the god to veil his glory with a cloud ; but we can only view with contemptuous lenity the mischievous varlet who pelts us with mud as we are riding along, and then hides behind a dust-bin.—*Attack on 'Globe,'* 1836.

Anonymous writing is not the exception, but it is the rule of the literature of this country. Who wrote 'Thomas à Kempis'? Nobody knows. Who wrote 'The Whole Duty of Man'? Now there is a book which every one of us ought to have studied—which for generations our predecessors have studied—which has had more editions than any book in the world, and which is not a scandalous book, a libellous book, or a political book, but an anonymous book. Who was the author of 'Waverley'? An anonymous writer. Who was the author of 'Robinson Crusoe'? An anonymous writer. Who was the author of 'A Vindication of Natural Society'? Why—one who became afterwards one of the most brilliant ornaments of this House—Mr. Burke. What are the most brilliant performances of political literature? What are those works that were written by one who in this House occupied the highest post, whose name will ever be remembered, and whose oratory, though a tradition, lives in

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the memory of the nation? I mean Lord Bolingbroke. What are Lord Bolingbroke's works? All those works which we are continually quoting are anonymous.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Newspaper Stamp Duties Bill*), *April* 30, 1854.

Anxiety.

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure and generally occasion ourselves. *Lothair.*

Nobody should ever look anxious, except those who have no anxiety.—*Endymion.*

People without cares do not require so much food as those whose life entails anxieties.—('Mr. St. Lys') *Sybil.*

Apologies.

Apologies only account for that which they do not alter. *Speech in House of Commons* (*Order of Business*), *July* 28, 1871.

Archery.

We are yet to learn the sight that is more dangerous for your bachelor to witness, or the ceremony which more perfectly develops all that the sex would wish us to remark, than this old English custom.—*Young Duke.*

Architecture.

What is wanted in architecture, as in so many things, is a man. One suggestion might be made—no profession in England has done its duty until it has furnished a victim; even our boasted navy never achieved a great victory until we shot an admiral. Suppose an architect were hanged. Terror has its inspiration, as well as competition.—*Tancred.*

Aristocracy.

There is no longer, in fact, an aristocracy in England, for the superiority of the animal man is an essential quality of aristocracy.—*Sybil.*

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I do not understand how an aristocracy can exist, unless it be distinguished by some quality which no other class of the community possesses. Distinction is the basis of aristocracy. If you permit only one class of the population, for example, to bear arms, they are an aristocracy ; not one much to my taste ; but still a great fact. That, however, is not the characteristic of the English peerage. I have yet to learn they are richer than we are, better informed, wiser, or more distinguished for public or private virtue.—(' Mr. Millbank ') *Coningsby*.

Armine (*Ferdinand*).

At ten years of age he was one of those spirited and at the same time docile boys, who seem to combine with the wild and careless grace of childhood the thoughtfulness and self-discipline of maturer age. It was the constant and truthful boast of his parents, that, in spite of all his liveliness, he had never in the whole course of his life disobeyed them. In the village, where he was idolised, they called him ' the little prince ;' he was so gentle and so generous, so kind and yet so dignified in his demeanour. His education was remarkable ; for though he never quitted home, and lived in such extreme seclusion, so richly gifted were those few persons with whom he passed his life, that it would have been difficult to have fixed upon a youth, however favoured by fortune, who enjoyed greater advantages for the cultivation of his mind and manners. From the first dawn of the intellect of the young Armine, Glastonbury had devoted himself to its culture ; and the kind scholar, who had not shrunk from the painful and patient task of impregnating a young mind with the seeds of knowledge, had bedewed its budding promise with all the fertilising influence of his learning and his taste. As Ferdinand advanced in years, he had participated in the accomplishments of his mother ; from her he derived not only a taste for the fine arts, but no unskilful practice. She, too, had

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cultivated the rich voice with which Nature had endowed him; and it was his mother who taught him not only to sing, but to dance. In more manly accomplishments, Ferdinand could not have found a more skilful instructor than his father, a consummate sportsman, and who, like all his ancestors, was remarkable for his finished horsemanship and the certainty of his aim. Under a roof, too, whose inmates were distinguished for their sincere piety and unaffected virtue the higher duties of existence were not forgotten; and Ferdinand Armine was early and ever taught to be sincere, dutiful, charitable, and just; and to have a deep sense of the great account hereafter to be delivered to his Creator. The very foibles of his parents which he imbibed tended to the maintenance of his magnanimity. His illustrious lineage was early impressed upon him, and inasmuch as little now was left to them but their honour, so it was doubly incumbent upon him to preserve that chief treasure, of which fortune could not deprive them, unsullied.—*Henrietta Temple.*

Art.

Art is order, method, harmonious results, obtained by fine and powerful principles.—*Tancred.*

True Principles of Art.—Aryan principles, not merely the study of nature, but of beautiful nature; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs, are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater or less degree, these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities, but Semitism began then to prevail, and ultimately triumphed Semitism has destroyed art; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honour the human frame.—('Mr. Phœbus') *Lothair.*

Greek Art.—In art the Greeks were the children of the Egyptians. The day may yet come when we shall do justice

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to the high powers of that mysterious and imaginative people. The origin of Doric and Ionic invention must be traced amid the palaces of Carnac and the temples of Luxoor. For myself, I confess I ever gaze upon the marvels of art with a feeling of despair. With horror I remember that, through some mysterious necessity, civilisation seems to have deserted the most favoured regions and the choicest intellects. The Persian whose very being is poetry, the Arab whose subtle mind could penetrate into the very secret shrine of Nature, the Greek whose acute perceptions seemed granted only for the creation of the beautiful, these are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. The arts are yielded to the flat-nosed Franks. And they toil, and study, and invent theories to account for their own incompetence. Now it is the climate, now the religion, now the government; everything but the truth, everything but the mortifying suspicion that their organisation may be different, and that they may be as distinct a race from their models as they undoubtedly are from the Kalmuck and the Negro. *Contarini Fleming.*

In the study of the fine arts, they mutually assist each other.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Ashantee.

I am mistaken if these are not feats of arms which will not easily be forgotten in this country. I know it has always been a vulgar error to associate military glory only with armies of magnitude. But that is not a just view to take. Some of the greatest military feats have been performed by small armies. In modern history, nothing perhaps is more illustrative of this truth than the conquest of Mexico by Cortes. So great a result effected by such slight means is not easily matched in the history of man.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Ashantee War—Vote of Thanks*), *March* 30, 1874.

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Assassination.

Assassination has never changed the history of the world.—*Speech in the House of Commons* (*Assassination of the President of the United States, May* 1865).

Association.

The principle of association is the want of the age.—('Stephen Morley') *Sybil.*

Austria.

Poor Austria! Two things made her a nation: she was German and she was Catholic, and now she is neither. ('Monsignore Berwick') *Lothair.*

Authors.

The creators of opinion.—*Speech in the House of Commons* (*Copyright*), *April* 25, 1838.

These scribblers are at present the fashion, and are very well to ask to dinner; but I confess a more intimate connection with them is not at all to my taste.—('Jove') *The Infernal Marriage.*

I think the author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.—*Speech at Banquet to Lord Rector, Glasgow, November* 19, 1870.

The author is, as we must ever remember, of peculiar organisation. He is a being born with a predisposition which with him is irresistible, the bent of which he cannot in any way avoid, whether it directs him to the abstruse researches of erudition or induces him to mount into the fervid and turbulent atmosphere of imagination.—*Speech at Royal Literary Fund Dinner, May* 6, 1868.

Autumn.

The woods were beginning to assume the first faint livery of autumn, when it is beautiful without decay. The

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lime and the larch had not yet dropped a golden leaf, and the burnished beeches flamed in the sun. Every now and then an occasional oak or elm rose, still as full of deep green foliage as if it were midsummer; while the dark verdure of the pines sprang up with effective contrast amid the gleaming and resplendent chestnuts.—*Endymion.*

Badinage.

Men destined to the highest places should beware of badinage.—('Bertie Tremaine') *Endymion.*

Balaclava.

The fight of Balaclava—that was a feat of chivalry, fiery with consummate courage and bright with flashing valour.—*Speech in the House of Commons* (*Vote of Thanks to the Allied Armies*), *December* 15, 1855.

Bar.

The Bar—pooh! Law and bad jokes till we are forty; and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet.—*Vivian Grey.*

Baronetcy.

A baronetcy has become a distinction of the middle class: our physician, for example, is a baronet, and I dare say some of our tradesmen—brewers or people of that sort. ('Lady Joan Fitz-Warene') *Sybil.*

Baths.

Baths should only be used to drown the enemies of the people. I always was against washing, it takes the marrow out of a man.—('The Liberator Hatton') *Sybil.*

Beauty.

Beauty can inspire miracles.—*Young Duke.*

His eyes fell upon the outline of a cheek not too full, yet promising of beauty, like hope of paradise.—*Young Duke.*

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Bellair (Lady).

Lady Bellair was of child-like stature, and quite erect, though ninety years of age; the tasteful simplicity of her costume, her little plain white silk bonnet, her grey silk dress, her apron, her grey mittens, and her Cinderella shoes, all admirably contrasted with the vast and flaunting splendour of her companion, not less than her ladyship's small yet exquisitely proportioned form, her highly finished extremities, and her keen sarcastic grey eye. The expression of her countenance now, however, was somewhat serious.

The Viscountess Dowager Bellair was the last remaining link between the two centuries. Herself born of a noble family, and distinguished both for her beauty and her wit, she had reigned for a quarter of a century the favourite subject of Sir Joshua; had flirted with Lord Carlyle, and chatted with Dr. Johnson. But the most remarkable quality of her ladyship's destiny was her preservation. Time, that had rolled on nearly a century since her birth, had spared alike her physical and mental powers. She was almost as active in body, and quite as lively in mind, as when seventy years before she skipped in Marylebone Gardens, or puzzled the gentlemen of the Tuesday Night Club at Mrs. Cornely's masquerades. Those wonderful seventy years indeed had passed to Lady Bellair like one of those very masked balls in which she had formerly sparkled; she had lived in a perpetual crowd of strange and brilliant characters. All that had been famous for beauty, rank, fashion, wit, genius, had been gathered round her throne; and at this very hour a fresh and admiring generation, distinguished for these qualities, cheerfully acknowledged her supremacy, and paid to her their homage. The heroes and heroines of her youth, her middle life, even of her old age, had vanished; brilliant orators, profound statesmen, inspired bards, ripe scholars, illustrious warriors; beauties whose dazzling charms had turned the world mad;

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choice spirits, whose flying words or whose fanciful manners made every saloon smile or wonder, all had disappeared. She had witnessed revolutions in every country in the world; she remembered Brighton a fishing-town, and Manchester a village; she had shared the pomp of nabobs and the profusion of loan-mongers; she had stimulated the early ambition of Charles Fox, and had sympathised with the last aspirations of George Canning; she had been the confidant of the loves alike of Byron and Alfieri; had worn mourning for General Wolfe, and given a festival to the Duke of Wellington; had laughed with George Selwyn, and smiled at Lord Alvanley; had known the first macaroni and the last dandy; remembered the Gunnings, and introduced the Sheridans! But she herself was unchanged; still restless for novelty, still eager for amusement; still anxiously watching the entrance on the stage of some new stream of characters, and indefatigable in attracting the notice of everyone whose talents might contribute to her entertainment, or whose attention might gratify her vanity. And, really, when one recollected Lady Bellair's long career, and witnessed at the same time her diminutive form and her unrivalled vitality, he might almost be tempted to believe, that if not absolutely immortal, it was at least her strange destiny not so much vulgarly to die, as to grow like the heroine of the fairy tale, each year smaller and smaller,

'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,

until her ladyship might at length subside into airy nothingness, and so rather vanish than expire.

It was the fashion to say that her ladyship had no heart; in most instances an unmeaning phrase; in her case certainly an unjust one. Ninety years of experience had assuredly not been thrown away on a mind of remarkable acuteness; but Lady Bellair's feelings were still quick and warm, and could be even profound. Her fancy was so lively, that her attention was soon engaged; her taste so

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refined, that her affection was not so easily obtained. Hence she acquired a character for caprice, because she repented at leisure those first impressions which with her were irresistible; for, in truth, Lady Bellair, though she had nearly completed her century, and had passed her whole life in the most artificial circles, was the very creature of impulse. Her first homage she always declared was paid to talent, her second to beauty, her third to blood. The favoured individual who might combine these three splendid qualifications, was, with Lady Bellair, a nymph or a demi-god. As for mere wealth, she really despised it, though she liked her favourites to be rich.

Her knowledge of human nature, which was considerable, her acquaintance with human weaknesses, which was unrivalled, were not thrown away upon Lady Bellair. Her ladyship's perception of character was fine and quick, and nothing delighted her so much as making a person a tool. Capable, where her heart was touched, of the finest sympathy and the most generous actions, where her feelings were not engaged she experienced no compunction in turning her companions to account, or, indeed, sometimes in honouring them with her intimacy for that purpose. But if you had the skill to detect her plots, and the courage to make her aware of your consciousness of them, you never displeased her, and often gained her friendship. For Lady Bellair had a fine taste for humour, and when she chose to be candid, an indulgence which was not rare with her, she could dissect her own character and conduct with equal spirit and impartiality. In her own instance it cannot be denied that she comprised the three great qualifications she so much prized: for she was very witty; had blood in her veins, to use her own expression; and was the prettiest woman in the world, for her years. For the rest, though no person was more highly bred, she could be very impertinent; but if you treated her with servility, she absolutely loathed you.—*Henrietta Temple.*

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BENTINCK (LORD GEORGE).

His eager and energetic disposition; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions; his frankness and love of truth; his daring and speculative spirit; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices; all combined to form one of those strong characters who, whatever may be their pursuit, must always direct and lead. Nature had clothed his vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall and remarkable for his presence; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling; the forehead lofty and white; the nose aquiline and delicately moulded; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark-brown eye, that flashed with piercing scrutiny, that all the character of the man came forth; a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception or of being deceived.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

BISHOP.

When the duchess found that the interview with the bishop had been fruitless of the anticipated results, she was staggered, disheartened; but she was a woman of too high a spirit to succumb under a first defeat. She was of opinion that his lordship had misunderstood the case, or had mismanaged it; her confidence in him, too, was not so illimitable since he had permitted the Puseyites to have candles on their altars, although he had forbidden their being lighted, as when he had declared, twenty years before, that the finger of God was about to protestantise Ireland. His lordship had said and had done many things since that time which had occasioned the duchess many misgivings,

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although she had chosen that they should not occur to her recollection until he failed in convincing her son that religious truth was to be found in the parish of St. James, and political justice in the happy haunts of Montacute Forest.

The bishop had voted for the Church Temporalities Bill in 1833, which at one swoop had suppressed ten Irish episcopates. This was a queer suffrage for the apostle of the second Reformation. True it is that Whiggism was then in the ascendant, and two years afterwards, when Whiggism had received a heavy blow and great discouragement; when we had been blessed in the interval with a decided though feeble Conservative administration, and were blessed at the moment with a strong though undecided Conservative opposition; his lordship, with characteristic activity, had galloped across country into the right line again, denounced the Appropriation Clause in a spirit worthy of his earlier days, and, quite forgetting the ten Irish Bishoprics, that only four and twenty months before he had doomed to destruction, was all for proselytising Ireland again by the efficacious means of Irish Protestant bishops.—*Tancred*.

The Bishop was high church, and would not himself have made a bad cardinal, being polished and plausible, well-lettered, yet quite a man of the world. He was fond of society, and justified his taste in this respect by the flattering belief that by his presence he was extending the power of the Church; certainly favouring an ambition which could not be described as being moderate. The Bishop had no abstract prejudice against gentlemen who wore red hats, and under ordinary circumstances would have welcomed his brother churchman with unaffected cordiality, not to say sympathy; but in the present instance, however gracious his mien and honeyed his expressions, he only looked upon the Cardinal as a dangerous rival, intent upon clutching from his fold the most precious of his flock, and he had long

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looked to this occasion as the one which might decide the spiritual welfare and career of Lothair. The odds were not to be despised. There were two Monsignores in the room besides the Cardinal, but the Bishop was a man of contrivance and resolution, not easily disheartened or defeated. Nor was he without allies. He did not count much on the University don, who was to arrive on the morrow in the shape of the head of an Oxford house, though he was a don of magnitude. This eminent personage had already let Lothair slip from his influence. But the Bishop had a subtle counsellor in his chaplain, who wore as good a cassock as any Monsignore, and he brought with him also a trusty archdeacon in a purple coat, whose countenance was quite entitled to a place in the Acta Sanctorum.

It was amusing to observe the elaborate courtesy and more than Christian kindness which the rival prelates and their official followers extended to each other. But under all this unction on both sides were unceasing observation, and a vigilance that never flagged ; and on both sides there was an uneasy but irresistible conviction that they were on the eve of one of the decisive battles of the social world.—*Lothair.*

He combined a great talent for action with very limited powers of thought. Bustling, energetic, versatile, gifted with an indomitable perseverance, and stimulated by an ambition that knew no repose, with a capacity for mastering details and an inordinate passion for affairs, he could permit nothing to be done without his interference, and consequently was perpetually involved in transactions which were either failures or blunders. He was one of those leaders who are not guides. Having little real knowledge, and not endowed with those high qualities of intellect which permit their possessor to generalise the details afforded by study and experience, and so deduce rules of conduct, his lordship, when he received those frequent appeals which were the necessary consequence of his officious life, became obscure, confused, contradictory, inconsistent, illogical. The

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oracle was always dark. Placed in a high post in an age of political analysis, the bustling intermeddler was unable to supply society with a single solution. Enunciating second-hand, with characteristic precipitation, some big principle in vogue, as if he were a discoverer, he invariably shrank from its subsequent application, the moment that he found it might be unpopular and inconvenient. All his quandaries terminated in the same catastrophe—a compromise. Abstract principles with him ever ended in concrete expediency. The aggregate of circumstances outweighed the isolated cause. The primordial tenet, which had been advocated with uncompromising arrogance, gently subsided into some second-rate measure recommended with all the artifice of an impenetrable ambiguity.

Beginning with the second Reformation, which was a little rash but dashing, the Bishop, always ready, had in the course of his episcopal career placed himself at the head of every movement in the Church which others had originated, and had as regularly withdrawn at the right moment, when the heat was over, or had become, on the contrary, excessive. Furiously evangelical, soberly high and dry, and fervently Puseyite, each phasis of his faith concludes with what the Spaniards term a 'transaction.' The saints are to have their new churches, but they are also to have their rubrics and their canons; the universities may supply successors to the apostles, but they are also presented with a church commission; even the Puseyites may have candles on their altars, but they must not be lighted.

It will be seen, therefore, that his lordship was one of those characters not ill-adapted to an eminent station in an age like the present, and in a country like our own; an age of movement, but of confused ideas; a country of progress, but too rich to risk much change. Under these circumstances, the spirit of a period and a people seek a safety-valve in bustle.—*Endymion.*

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Blue-stocking.

Lady Joan Fitz-Warene only required a listener ; she did not make inquiries like Lady Maud, or impart her own impressions by suggesting them as your own. Lady Joan gave Egremont an account of the Aztec cities, of which she had been reading that morning, and of the several historical theories which their discovery had suggested ; then she imparted her own, which differed from all, but which seemed clearly the right one. Mexico led to Egypt. Lady Joan was as familiar with the Pharaohs as with the Caciques of the New World. The phonetic system was despatched by the way. Then came Champollion ; then Paris ; then all its celebrities, literary and especially scientific ; then came the letter from Arago received that morning ; and the letter from Dr. Buckland expected to-morrow. She was delighted that one had written ; wondered why the other had not. Finally, before the ladies had retired, she had invited Egremont to join Lady Marney in a visit to her observatory, where they were to behold a comet which she had been the first to detect.—*Sybil.*

Blush.

Blushing like a Worcestershire orchard before harvest.—*Endymion.*

Bolingbroke.

No one was better qualified to be the minister of a free and powerful nation than Henry St. John, and destiny at first appeared to combine with nature in the elevation of his fortunes. Opposed to the Whigs from principle, for an oligarchy is hostile to genius, and recoiling from the Tory tenets, which his unprejudiced and vigorous mind taught him at the same time to dread and contemn, Lord Bolingbroke at the outset of his career incurred the commonplace imputation of insincerity and inconsistency because in an age of unsettled parties with principles contradictory of their

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conduct, he maintained that vigilant and meditative independence which is the privilege of an original and determined spirit. In the earlier years of his career he meditated over the formation of a new party, that dream of youthful ambition in a perplexed and discordant age, but destined in English politics to be never more substantial than a vision. More experienced in political life, he became aware that he had only to choose between the Whigs and the Tories, and his sagacious intellect, not satisfied with the superficial character of these celebrated divisions, penetrated their interior and essential qualities, and discovered, in spite of all the affectation of popular sympathy on one side, and of admiration of arbitrary power on the other, that this choice was in fact a choice between oligarchy and democracy. From the moment that Lord Bolingbroke, in becoming a Tory, embraced the national cause, he devoted himself absolutely to his party ; all the energies of his Protean mind were lavished in their service ; and although the equitable prudence of the Whig minister restrained him from advocating the cause of the nation in the Senate, it was his inspiring pen that made Walpole tremble in the recesses of the Treasury, and in a series of writings unequalled in English literature for their spirited patriotism, their just and profound views, and the golden eloquence in which they were expressed, eradicated from Toryism all those absurd and odious doctrines which Toryism had adventitiously adopted, clearly developed its essential and permanent character, discarded *jure divino*, demolished passive obedience, threw to the winds the doctrine of non-resistance, placed the abolition of James and the accession of George on their right bases, and in the complete re-organisation of the public mind laid the foundation for the future accession of the Tory party to power, and to that popular and triumphant career which must ever await the policy of an administration inspired by the spirit of our free and ancient institutions.—*Vindication of the Constitution*, 1835.

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Books.

Bookworms do not make Chancellors of State.—('Lady Montfort') *Endymion.*

Without books the discoveries of science, the inventions of art, the grand pedigrees and noble precedents of the intellectual development of man, would have no record; none of those maxims and household words which illustrate, animate, adorn, and cheer life, would exist. Those imaginary characters as they are called, but which are really much more vital and substantial than half our acquaintance, would no longer exist. There would be no Hamlets, no Don Quixotes, no Falstaffs. And therefore I can easily conceive that mankind has instinctively felt how much even those who are unlettered owe to the cultivated record of the impulses of invention and the discoveries of truth.—*Speech at Royal Literary Fund Dinner, May* 6, 1868.

Consols at a hundred were the origin of all book societies.—('Cleveland') *Vivian Grey.*

Those that cannot themselves observe, can at least acquire the observation of others.—('De Winter') *Contarini Fleming.*

It is difficult to decide which is the most valuable companion to a country eremite at his nightly studies, the volume that keeps him awake, or the one that sets him slumbering.—*Lothair.*

Books are fatal: they are the curse of the human race. Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befel man was the invention of printing.—('Mr. Phœbus') *Lothair.*

A Remarkable Book, 'The Revelations of Chaos.'—It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style. Everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed. Nothing can be so pretty: a cluster of vapour, the cream of

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the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese. But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it. —('Lady Constance') *Tancred.*

Book-making, a composition which requires no ordinary qualities of character and intelligence—method, judgment, self-restraint, not too much imagination, perception of character, and powers of calculation.—*Endymion.*

Bow.

Waldershare's bow was a study. Its grace and ceremony must have been organic, for there was no traditionary type in existence from which he could have derived or inherited it.—*Endymion.*

Breakfast.

Breakfast at Brentham was served on half a dozen or more round tables, which vied with each other in grace and merriment, brilliant as a cluster of Greek or Italian Republics, instead of a great metropolitan table, like a central government absorbing all the genius and resources of society.—*Lothair.*

Brecon (Duke of).

The Duke of Brecon was rather below the middle size, but he had a singularly athletic frame not devoid of symmetry. His head was well placed on his broad shoulders, and his mien was commanding. He was narrow-minded and prejudiced, but acute, and endowed with an unbending will. He was an eminent sportsman, and brave even to

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brutality. His boast was that he had succeeded in everything he had attempted, and he would not admit the possibility of future failure. Though still a very young man he had won the Derby, training his own horse; and he successfully managed a fine stud in defiance of the ring, whom it was one of the secret objects of his life to extirpate. Though his manner to men was peremptory, cold, and hard, he might be described as popular, for there existed a superstitious belief in his judgment, and it was known that in some instances when he had been consulted he had given more than advice. It could not be said that he was beloved, but he was feared and highly considered. Parasites were necessary to him, though he despised them.

The Duke of Brecon was an avowed admirer of Lady Corisande, and was intimate with her family. The Duchess liked him much, and was often seen at ball or assembly on his arm. He had such excellent principles, she said; was so straightforward, so true and firm. It was whispered that even Lady Corisande had remarked that the Duke of Brecon was the only young man of the time who had 'character.' The truth is the Duke, though absolute and hard to men, could be soft and deferential to women, and such an exception to a general disposition has a charm. It was said also that he had, when requisite, a bewitching smile.—*Lothair.*

Bribery.

The more I see of these things—and, like many others in this House, I have witnessed the results of many general elections—the more I am convinced that bribery and corruption, although they may be very convenient for gratifying the ambition or the vanity of individuals, have very little effect on the fortunes or the power of parties; and it is a great mistake to suppose that bribery and corruption are means by which power can either be obtained or retained. In all periods which have been characterised by very great

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corruption, it will always be found to have been caused by some new class forcing itself into a position in society, and that it was not due to the effects of rival parties. Of this I am convinced myself, that bribery and corruption affect very little the course of public affairs.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Representation of People Bill*), *May* 30, 1867.

Whenever a very powerful and wealthy class arises in this country, nothing can prevent it asserting a claim to the possession of political power ; and whenever a new class of that kind arises, you always find that bribery is rife when an election is held. It was so in the time of Sir Robert Walpole, when there were the Turkey merchants, men who had made great fortunes ; they attacked all the boroughs and turned the country gentlemen out. Then followed the Nabobs, and after them came the West Indian planters, and, in the time of the war, the Government loan merchants. But I believe that at no period has this country ever been more free in its parliamentary affairs from bribery, than it was in the years that immediately preceded the Reform Bill of Lord Grey. It happened to be a time of tranquillity, when no great changes were occurring, and when no new class was treading upon the heels of those in power, and when the elections of members to this House were purer than usual.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Elections Bill*), *June* 29, 1871.

Brougham (*Lord*).

It may truly be said of Lord Brougham, that none more completely represented his age, and no one more contributed to the progress of the times in which he lived. He had two qualities, almost in excess, which are rarely combined in the same person—one was energy, and the other versatility. The influence which creative power gave him, combined with strength of character, alone sustained him in a career which for its duration, as well as for its dazzling feats, has rarely been equalled in Europe.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*the late Lord Brougham*), *July* 27, 1868.

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Brougham is a man who would say anything; and of one thing you may be quite certain, that there is no subject which Lord Brougham knows thoroughly.—('Mr. Ferrars') *Endymion.*

Buckinghamshire.

Since our Constitution has been settled, since the accession of the House of Hanover, there have been, I think, not more than thirty Prime Ministers, and four of these have been supplied by the county of Buckingham. I believe there is something in the air favourable to political knowledge and vigour.—*Speech at Buckingham* (*General Election*), *February* 10, 1874.

Byron.

If one thing were more characteristic of Byron's mind than another, it was his strong, shrewd common sense; his pure, unalloyed sagacity.

The loss of Byron can never be retrieved. He was indeed a real man; and when I say this, I award him the most splendid character which human nature need aspire to. At least, I, for my part, have no ambition to be considered either a divinity or an angel; and truly, when I look round upon the creatures alike effeminate in mind and body of which the world is, in general, composed, I fear that even my ambition is too exalted. Byron's mind was, like his own ocean, sublime in its yesty madness, beautiful in its glittering summer brightness, mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters, gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing, but as in a glass darkly, the natures of all others.'—('Cleveland') *Vivian Grey.*

Cab.

A hansom cab—'tis the gondola of London.—*Lothair.*

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Cabal.[1]

The motion was brought forward in the House of Commons by a gentleman of unimpeachable reputation (Mr. Cardwell). The Cabal—which has rather a tainted character—chose its instrument with Pharisaical accuracy, and I assure you that when Mr. Cardwell rose to impeach me, I was terrified at my own shortcomings as I listened to a Nisi Prius narrative, ending with a resolution which I think must have been drawn up by a conveyancer. In the other House of Parliament a still greater reputation (Lord Shaftesbury) condescended to appear on the human stage. Gamaliel himself, with the broad phylacteries of faction on his forehead, called God to witness in pious terms of majestic adoration, that he was not like other men, and was never influenced by party motives. Well, gentlemen, what happened under these circumstances? Something I am sure quite unprecedented in the Parliamentary history of England; and when I hear of faction, when I hear of the acts and manœuvres of parties, when I hear sometimes that party spirit will be the ruin of this country, let us take a calm view of what has occurred during the past fortnight, and I think we shall come to the conclusion that in a country free and enlightened as England, there are limits to party feeling which the most dexterous managers of the passions of mankind cannot overpass, and that in the great bulk of Parliament, as I am sure, whatever may be their opinions, in the great bulk of the people of this country, there is a genuine spirit of patriotism which will always right itself.—*Speech at a Dinner at Slough, May* 26, 1858.

Cabinet.

He (Lord Marney) might have found his way into the Cabinet, and like the rest have assisted in registering the decrees of one too powerful individual.—*Tancred.*

[1] Of Opposition on action of Government in condemning Lord Canning's proclamation after rebellion in Oude.

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Cadurcis (Captain).

There was about Captain Cadurcis a natural cheerfulness which animated everyone in his society; a gay simplicity, difficult to define, but very charming, and which, without effort, often produced deeper impressions than more brilliant and subtle qualities. Left alone in the world, and without a single advantage save those that nature had conferred upon him, it had often been remarked, that in whatever circle he moved George Cadurcis always became the favourite and everywhere made friends. His sweet and engaging temper had perhaps as much contributed to his professional success as his distinguished gallantry and skill. Other officers, no doubt, were as brave and able as Captain Cadurcis, but his commanders always signalled him out for favourable notice; and, strange to say, his success, instead of exciting envy and ill-will, pleased even his less fortunate competitors. However hard another might feel his own lot, it was soothed by the reflection that George Cadurcis was at least more fortunate. His popularity, however, was not confined to his profession. His cousin's noble guardian, whom George had never seen until he ventured to call upon his lordship on his return to England, now looked upon him almost as a son, and omitted no opportunity of advancing his interests in the world. Of all the members of the House of Commons he was perhaps the only one that everybody praised, and his success in the world of fashion had been as remarkable as in his profession. These great revolutions in his life and future prospects had, however, not produced the slightest change in his mind and manners; and this was perhaps the secret spell of his prosperity. Though we are most of us the creatures of affectation, simplicity has a great charm, especially when attended, as in the present instance, with many agreeable and some noble qualities.

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In spite of the rough fortunes of his youth, the breeding of Captain Cadurcis was high ; the recollection of the race to which he belonged had never been forgotten by him. He was proud of his family. He had one of those light hearts, too, which enable their possessors to acquire accomplishments with facility : he had a sweet voice, a quick ear, a rapid eye. He acquired a language as some men learn an air. Then his temper was imperturbable, and although the most obliging and kindest-hearted creature that ever lived, there was a native dignity about him which prevented his goodnature from being abused. No sense of interest either could ever induce him to act contrary to the dictates of his judgment and his heart.—*Venetia.*

Calamities.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.—('Mr. Ferrars') *Endymion.*

Calculation.

Everything in this world is calculation.—('Lord Marney') *Sybil.*

Canning.

I never saw Mr. Canning but once, but I can recollect it but as yesterday, when I listened to almost the last accents —I may say the dying words—of that great man. I can recall the lightning flash of that eye, and the tumult of that ethereal brow ; still lingers in my ear the melody of that voice. But when shall we see another Canning—a man who ruled this House as a man rules a high-bred steed, as Alexander ruled Bucephalus, of whom it was said that the horse and the rider were equally proud?—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Protection of Life* [*Ireland*] *Bill*), *June* 15, 1846.

We all deplore his untimely end ; and we all sympathise with him in his fierce struggle with supreme prejudice and sublime mediocrity—with inveterate foes, and with candid

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friends.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Opening Letters at Post Office*), *February* 28, 1845.

Capital.

In these days a great capitalist has deeper roots than a sovereign prince, unless he is very legitimate.—*Tancred.*

Cards.

To a mind like that of Tiresias a pack of cards was full of human nature. A rubber was a microcosm.—*The Infernal Marriage.*

Casualties.

Great things spring from casualties.—(' Gerard ') *Sybil.*

Catesby (*Monsignore*).

Catesby was a youthful member of an ancient English house, which for many generations had without a murmur, rather in a spirit of triumph, made every worldly sacrifice for the Church and Court of Rome. For that cause they had forfeited their lives, broad estates, and all the honours of a lofty station in their own land. Reginald Catesby, with considerable abilities, trained with consummate skill, inherited their determined will, and the traditionary beauty of their form and countenance. His manners were winning, and he was as well informed in the ways of the world as he was in the works of the great casuists.

Lothair could not have a better adviser on the subject of the influence of architecture on religion than Monsignore Catesby. Monsignore Catesby had been a pupil of Pugin; his knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture was only equalled by his exquisite taste. To hear him expound the mysteries of symbolical art, and expatiate on the hidden revelations of its beauteous forms, reached even to ecstasy. Lothair hung upon his accents like a neophyte. Conferences with Father Coleman on those points of faith on which they did not differ, followed up by desultory remarks on those points

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of faith on which they ought not to differ; critical discussions with Monsignore Catesby on cathedrals, their forms, their purposes, and the instances in several countries in which those forms were most perfect and those purposes best secured, occupied a good deal of time; and yet these engaging pursuits were secondary in real emotion to his frequent conversations with Miss Arundel, in whose society every day he took a strange and deeper interest.—*Lothair.*

Cause.

It is always when the game is played that we discover the cause of the result.—*Tancred.*

Celibacy.

Melancholy, which, after a day of action, is the doom of energetic celibacy.—*Sybil.*

Chance.

If you mean by chance an absence of accountable cause, I do not believe such a quality as chance exists. Every incident that happens must be a link in a chain.—('Herbert') *Venetia.*

Change.

We all know, especially in free and popular communities, that the few are sensible of the necessity of change before the multitude are convinced of that necessity, and that it is extremely difficult to bring the great body of a community to agree to a change of the necessity of which they are not convinced.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Relations with France*), *February* 18, 1853.

Change, in the abstract, is what is required by a people who are at the same time inquiring and wealthy.—*Tancred.*

Change is inevitable in a progressive country. Change is constant.—*Speech at Conservative Banquet, Edinburgh, October* 29, 1867.

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Chapel.

At Vauxe.—Although the chapel at Vauxe was, of course, a private chapel, it was open to the surrounding public, who eagerly availed themselves of a permission alike politic and gracious.

Nor was that remarkable. Manifold art had combined to create this exquisite temple, and to guide all its ministrations. But to-night it was not the radiant altar and the splendour of stately priests, the processions and the incense, the divine choir and the celestial harmonies resounding and lingering in arched roofs, that attracted many a neighbour. The altar was desolate, the choir was dumb; and while the services proceeded in hushed tones of subdued sorrow, and sometimes even of suppressed anguish, gradually, with each psalm and canticle, a light of the altar was extinguished, till at length the Miserere was muttered, and all became darkness. A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as it were the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness, and the vail of the temple is rent. But just at this moment of extreme woe, when all human voices are silent, and when it is forbidden even to breathe 'Amen;' when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord, a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from a corner of the altar. This is the light of the world, and announces the resurrection, and then all rise up and depart in silence.—*Lothair.*

At St. Genevieve.—But what interested them more than the gallery, or the rich saloons, or even the baronial hall, was the chapel, in which art had exhausted all its invention, and wealth offered all its resources. The walls and vaulted roofs entirely painted in encaustic by the first artists of Germany, and representing the principal events of the second Testament, the splendour of the mosaic pavement, the richness of

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the painted windows, the sumptuousness of the altar, crowned by a masterpiece of Carlo Dolce and surrounded by a silver rail, the tone of rich and solemn light that pervaded all, and blended all the various sources of beauty into one absorbing and harmonious whole: all combined to produce an effect which stilled them into a silence that lasted for some minutes, until the ladies breathed their feelings in an almost inarticulate murmur of reverence and admiration; while a tear stole to the eye of the enthusiastic Henry Sydney.—*Coningsby.*

Character.

In all lives there is a crisis in the formation of character. It comes from many causes, and from some which on the surface are apparently even trivial. But the result is the same; a sudden revelation to ourselves of our secret purpose, and a recognition of our perhaps long-shadowed, but now masterful convictions.—*Endymion.*

National Character.—A character is an assemblage of qualities; the character of England should be an assemblage of great qualities.—('Sidonia') *Coningsby.*

Charity.

I speak in the capital of an ancient nation, remarkable above all the nations of the world for its rich endowments. Charity in its most gracious, most learned, and most human form has established institutions in this country to soften the asperities of existence.—*Speech in House of Commons (Irish-Church Bill), March* 18, 1869.

Christianity.

Christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christianity, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

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Christianity is completed Judaism, or it is nothing—('Egremont') *Sybil.*

Church.

The Church has no fear of just reasoners.—('Brother Anthony') *Contarini Fleming.*

The Church is cosmopolitan—the only practical means by which you can attain to identity of motive and action.—('Nigel Penruddock') *Endymion.*

The doctrine of evolution affords no instance so striking as those of sacerdotal development.—*Lothair.*

What the soul is to the man, the Church is to the world. ('Cardinal Grandison') *Lothair.*

The Church is a sacred corporation for the promulgation and maintenance in Europe of certain Asian principles which, although local in their birth, are of divine origin and eternal application.—*Preface to fifth edition of 'Coningsby.'*

The Church comes forward, and without equivocation offers to establish direct relations between God and man. Philosophy denies its title, and disputes its power. Why? Because they are founded on the supernatural. What is the supernatural? Can there be anything more miraculous than the existence of man and the world? Anything more literally supernatural than the origin of things? The Church explains what no one else pretends to explain, and which, everyone agrees, it is of first moment should be made clear.—*Lothair.*

I look upon the existence of parties in the Church as a necessary and beneficial consequence. They have always existed, even from apostolic times. They are a natural development of the religious sentiment in man; and they represent fairly the different conclusions at which, upon subjects that are most precious to him, the mind of man arrives. Ceremony, enthusiasm, and free speculation are the characteristics of the three great parties in the Church, some of which have now modern names, and which the

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world is too apt to imagine in their character are original. The truth is, that they have always existed in different forms or under different titles. Whether they are called High Church, or Low Church, or Broad Church, they bear witness, in their legitimate bounds, to the activity of the religious mind of the nation, and in the course of our history this country is deeply indebted to the exertions and the energy of all these parties.—*Speech in House of Commons (Public Worship Regulation Bill), July* 15, 1874.

There is only one Church and only one religion ; all other forms and phrases are mere phantasms, without root, or substance, or coherency. Look at that unhappy Germany, once so proud of its Reformation. What they call the leading journal tells us to-day, that it is a question there whether four-fifths or three-fourths of the population believe in Christianity. Some portion of it has already gone back, I understand, to Number Nip. Look at this unfortunate land, divided, sub-divided, parcelled out in infinite schism, with new oracles every day, and each more distinguished for the narrowness of his intellect or the loudness of his lungs ; once the land of saints and scholars, and people in pious pilgrimages, and finding always solace and support in the divine offices of an ever-present Church, which were a true though a faint type of the beautiful future that awaited man. Why, only three centuries of this rebellion against the Most High have produced throughout the world, on the subject the most important that man should possess a clear, firm faith, an anarchy of opinion throwing out every monstrous and fantastic form, from a caricature of the Greek philosophy to a revival of Fetishism.—('Cardinal Grandison') *Lothair.*

Church of England.—The strength of the Church of England is this : that not being a stipendiary of the State, it was not afraid of being just, and, while professing to be entirely in theory, and actually being very greatly in practice, the Church of the nation, it could still favour the complete

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development of the principle of religious liberty.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Prison Ministers Bill*), *May* 7, 1863.

Parliament made the Church of England, and Parliament will unmake the Church of England.—('Cardinal Grandison') *Lothair*.

The Church of England, mainly from its deficiency of oriental knowledge, and from a misconception of the priestly character, which has been the consequence of that want, has fallen of late years into straits.—*Tancred*.

The Church of England is not a mere depositary of doctrine. The Church of England is a part of England—it is a part of our strength and a part of our liberties, a part of our national character. It is a chief security for the local Government, which a Radical Reformer has thought fit to-day to designate as 'an archæological curiosity.' It is a principal barrier against that centralising supremacy, which has been in other countries so fatal to liberty.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Church Rates Abolition Bill*), *February* 27, 1861.

It is because there is an Established Church that we have achieved religious liberty, and enjoy religious toleration; and without the union of the Church with the State I do not see what security there would be either for religious liberty or toleration. No error could be greater than to suppose that the advantage of the Church of England is limited to those who are in communion with it. Take the case of the Roman Catholic priest. He will refuse the offices of the Church to anyone not in communion with it. The same with Dissenters. It is just possible—it has happened and might happen frequently—that a Roman Catholic may be excommunicated by his church, or a sectarian may be denounced and expelled by his congregation; but if that happen in this country, the individual in question is not a forlorn being. There is the Church, of which the Sovereign is the head, which does not acknowledge the principle of Dissent, and which dares not refuse to that

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individual those religious rites which are his privilege and consolation. I therefore hold that the connection between Church and State is really a guarantee for religious liberty and toleration; that it maintains, as it were, the standard of religious liberty and toleration just as much as we by other means sustain the standard of value. If you wish to break up a state, and destroy and disturb a country, you can never adopt a more effectual method than by destroying at the same time the standards of value and of toleration.—*Irish Church Bill, March* 18, 1869.

Broad Church.—I do perfect justice to the great talent, the great energy, and the considerable information, which the new party command; but I believe that the new party in the Church will fail for two reasons. Having examined all their writings, I believe, without an exception, whether they consist of fascinating eloquence, diversified learning, and picturesque sensibility—I speak seriously what I feel—all these exercised too by one honoured in the great university and whom to know is to admire and regard—or whether I find them in the cruder conclusions of prelates, who appear to me to have commenced their theological studies after they grasped the crozier, and who introduce to society their obsolete discoveries with startling wonder and the frank ingenuousness of their own savages; or whether I read the lucubrations of nebulous professors, who appear in their style to have revived chaos, and who, if they would only succeed in obtaining a perpetual study of their writings, would go far to realise that eternity of punishment which they object to; or lastly, whether it be the provincial arrogance and precipitate self-complacency which flash and glare in an essay and review—I find the common characteristic of all their writings, that their learning is always second-hand.—*Speech at Oxford* (*Meeting of Society for increasing Endowments of Small Livings in the Diocess of Oxford*), *November* 25, 1864.

Man is a being born to believe, and if no church comes forward with all the title-deeds of truth, and sustained by

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the tradition of sacred ages, and the conviction of countless generations to guide him, he will find altars and idols in his own heart, and his own imagination. But observe what must be the relations of a powerful church without distinctive creeds with a being of that nature. Where there is a great demand, there will be a proportionate supply, and commencing, as the new school may, by rejecting the principle of inspiration, they may end by every priest being a prophet; and beginning as they do by repudiating the practice of miracles, before long we shall see a flitting scene of spiritual phantasmagoria. There are no tenets however extravagant, and no practice however objectionable, we may not in time develop under such a state of affairs—opinions the most absurd and ceremonies the most revolting—

Qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colit,—

perhaps to be relieved by the incantations of Canidia and the Corybantian howl.—*Speech at Oxford* (*Meeting of Society for increasing Endowments of Small Livings in the Diocess of Oxford*), *November* 25, 1864.

We live in decent times, frigid, latitudinarian, alarmed, decorous. A priest is scarcely deemed in our days a fit successor to the authors of the Gospels if he be not the editor of a Greek play; and he who follows St. Paul must now at least have been private tutor of some young nobleman who has taken a good degree! And then you are all astonished that the Church is not universal! Why! nothing but the indestructibleness of its principles, however feebly pursued, could have maintained even the disorganised body that still survives.—('Mr. Millbank') *Coningsby*.

Church and State.—As good things as strawberries and cream, and like them always best together.—('Dr. Masham') *Venetia*.

The character of a Church is universality. Once the church in this country was universal in principle and prac-

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tice; when wedded to the State, it continued at least universal in principle, if not in practice. What is it now? All ties between the State and the Church are abolished, except those which tend to its danger and degradation.

What can be more anomalous than the present connection between State and Church? Every condition on which it was originally consented to has been cancelled. That original alliance was, in my view, an equal calamity for the nation and the Church; but, at least, it was an intelligible compact. Parliament, then consisting only of members of the Established Church, was, on ecclesiastical matters, a lay synod, and might, in some points of view, be esteemed a necessary portion of Church government. But you have effaced this exclusive character of Parliament; you have determined that a communion with the Established Church shall no longer be part of the qualification for sitting in the House of Commons. There is no reason, so far as the Constitution avails, why every member of the House of Commons should not be a Dissenter. But the whole power of the country is concentrated in the House of Commons. The House of Lords, even the monarch himself, has openly announced and confessed, within these ten years, that the will of the House of Commons is supreme. A single vote of the House of Commons, in 1832, made the Duke of Wellington declare, in the House of Lords, that he was obliged to abandon his sovereign in 'the most difficult and distressing circumstances.' The House of Commons is absolute. It is the State. 'L'État c'est moi.' The House of Commons virtually appoints the bishops. A sectarian assembly appoints the bishops of the Established Church. They may appoint twenty Hoadlys. James II. was expelled the throne because he appointed a Roman Catholic to an Anglican see. A Parliament might do this to-morrow with impunity. And this is the constitution in Church and State which Conservative dinners toast! The only consequences of the present union of Church and State are, that,

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on the side of the State, there is perpetual interference in ecclesiastical government, and on the side of the Church a sedulous avoidance of all those principles on which alone Church government can be established, and by the influence of which alone can the Church of England again become universal.—('Mr. Millbank') *Coningsby.*

What I understand by the union of Church and State is an arrangement which renders the State religious by investing authority with the highest sanctions that can influence the sentiments and convictions, and consequently the conduct of the subject; whilst, on the other hand, that union renders the Church—using that epithet in its noblest and purest sense—political; that is to say, it blends civil authority with ecclesiastical influence: it defines and defends the rights of the laity, and prevents the Church from subsiding into a sacerdotal corporation. If you divest the State of this connection, it appears to me that you necessarily reduce both the quantity and the quality of its duties. The State will still be the protector of our persons and our property, and no doubt these are most important duties for the State to perform. But these are duties, which in a community rather excite a spirit of criticism than a sentiment of enthusiasm and veneration. All or most of the higher functions of government—take education for example, the formation of the character of the people, and consequently the guidance of their future conduct—depart from the State and become the appanage of religious societies, of the religious organisation of the country—you may call them the various churches if you please—when they are established on what is called independent principles. Now the question which necessarily arises in this altered state of affairs is: are we quite certain that in making this severance between political and religious influence we may not be establishing in a country a power greater than the acknowledged government itself?—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Irish Church Bill*), *March* 18, 1869.

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Church of Rome.—The Church of Rome is to be respected as the only Hebræo-Christian church extant.—('Mr. St. Lys') *Sybil.*

I look upon our nobility joining the Church of Rome as the greatest national calamity that has ever happened to England. Irrespective of all religious considerations, it is an abnegation of patriotism; and in this age, where all things are questioned, a love of our country seems to me the one thing to cling to.—('Lady Corisande') *Lothair.*

If Popery were only just the sign of the cross, and music, and censer-pots, though I think them all superstitious, I'd be free to leave them alone if they would leave me. But Popery is a much deeper thing than that, Lothair, and our fathers found it out. They could not stand it, and we should be a craven crew to stand it now. A man should be master in his own house. You will be taking a wife some day; at least it is to be hoped so; and how will you like one of these Monsignores to be walking into her bedroom, eh; and talking to her alone when he pleases, and where he pleases; and when you want to consult your wife, which a wise man should often do, to find there is another mind between hers and yours?—('Lord Culloden') *Lothair.*

Circuit.

This circuit is a cold and mercantile adventure, and I am disappointed in it. Not so either, for I looked for but little to enjoy. Take one day of my life as a specimen; the rest are mostly alike. The sheriff's trumpets are playing; one, some tune of which I know nothing, and the other no tune at all. I am obliged to turn out at eight. It is the first day of the assize, so there is some chance of a brief, being a new place. I push my way into court through files of attorneys, as civil to the rogues as possible, assuring them there is plenty of room, though I am at the very moment gasping for breath wedged in in a lane of well-lined waistcoats. I get into court, take my place in the quietest

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corner, and there I sit, and pass other men's fees and briefs like a twopenny postman, only without pay. ` Well ! 'tis six o'clock, dinner-time, at the bottom of the table, carve for all, speak to none, nobody speaks to me, must wait till last to sum up, and pay the bill. Reach home quite devoured by spleen, after having heard everyone abused who happened to be absent.—('Hargrave Grey') *Vivian Grey.*

Circumstances.

Man is not the creature of circumstances, circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter.—('Beckendorf') *Vivian Grey.*

Circumstances are beyond the control of man ; but his conduct is in his own power.—*Contarini Fleming.*

'Tis circumstance makes conduct ; life's a ship
The sport of every wind.—('Alarcos') *Count Alarcos.*

There is nothing in which the power of circumstances is more evident than in politics.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

Circumstance has decided every crisis which I have experienced, and not the primitive facts on which we have consulted.—('Baroni') *Tancred.*

Circumstance is the creature of cities, where the action of a multitude, influenced by different motives, produces innumerable and ever-changing combinations.—('Tancred') *Tancred.*

City.

A great city, whose image dwells on the memory of man, is the type of some great idea. Rome represents conquest ; faith hovers over Jerusalem ; and Athens embodies the pre-eminent quality of the antique world-art.—*Conings by.*

The air of cities
To unaccustomed lungs is very fatal.
('King of Castille') *Count Alarcos.*

Civilisation.

The progressive development of the faculties of man.—('Lord Henry Vavasour') *Tancred.*

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It is civilisation that makes us awkward, for it gives us an uncertain position; perplexed we take refuge in pretence, and embarrassed we seek a resource in affectation.—*Sybil.*

I have always felt that the best security for civilisation is the dwelling, and that upon properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvement of mankind. Such dwellings are the nursery of all domestic virtues, and without a becoming home the exercise of those virtues is impossible.—*Speech at Opening of the Shaftesbury Park Estate, July* 18, 1874.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilisers of man.—*Speech at Manchester, April* 3, 1872.

Clergyman of the Old School.

The Doctor was a regular orthodox divine of the eighteenth century; with a large cauliflower wig, shovel-hat, and huge knee-buckles, barely covered by his top-boots; learned, jovial, humorous, and somewhat courtly; truly pious, but not enthusiastic; not forgetful of his tithes, but generous and charitable when they were once paid; never neglecting the sick, yet occasionally following a fox; a fine scholar, an active magistrate, and a good shot; dreading the Pope, and hating the Presbyterians.—*Venetia.*

Club.

This club was Hatton's only relaxation. He had never entered society; and now his habits were so formed, that the effort would have been a painful one; though, with a first-rate reputation in his calling, and supposed to be rich, the openings were numerous to a familiar intercourse with those middle-aged nameless gentlemen of easy circumstances who haunt clubs, and dine a great deal at each other's houses and chambers; men who travel regularly a little, and gossip regularly a great deal; who lead a sort of facile, slipshod existence, doing nothing, yet mightily interested in what others do; great critics of little things, profuse in

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minor luxuries, and inclined to the respectable practice of a decorous profligacy; peering through the window of a club-house as if they were discovering a planet; and usually much excited about things with which they have no concern, and personages who never heard of them.—*Sybil.*

Coalition.

Coalitions, although successful, have always this: their triumph has been brief. This I know, that England does not love coalitions.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Budget*), *December* 3, 1852.

When the Coalition Government was formed, I was asked how long it would last, and I ventured to reply, 'Until every member of it is, as a public character, irretrievably injured.'—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Law of Landlord and Tenant and Leasing* [*Ireland*] *Bill*), *July* 13, 1854.

Cobden.

What the qualities of Mr. Cobden were in the House all present are aware; yet, perhaps, I may be permitted to say that as a debater he had few equals. As a logician he was close and complete; adroit, perhaps even subtle; yet at the same time he was gifted with such a degree of imagination that he never lost sight of the sympathies of those whom he addressed, and so, generally avoiding to drive his arguments to extremity he became as a speaker both practical and persuasive. I believe that when the verdict of posterity shall be recorded on his life and conduct, it will be said of him that he was, without doubt, the greatest political character the pure middle class of this country has yet produced—an ornament to the House of Commons, and an honour to England.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*the late Mr. Cobden*), *April* 3, 1865.

Coercion.

Men are apt to believe that crime and coercion are inevitably associated.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

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Coffee.

A good cup of coffee is the most delicious and the rarest beverage in the world.—*Endymion.*

Colonies.

Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Address to Her Majesty on the Lords Commissioners' Speech*), *February* 5, 1863.

What is colonial necessarily lacks originality.—('Lord Roehampton') *Endymion.*

Combination.

There is a combination for every case.—('Hatton') *Sybil.*

Commerce.

More pernicious nonsense was never devised by man than treaties of commerce.—('Job Thornberry') *Endymion.*

Commercial Distress.

Commercial distress—its disappearance was always sudden. It was like a long and desperate calm—a breeze suddenly arises, when all are disheartened, and in a moment the character of the sky is changed.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Distress of Country*), *February* 14, 1843

Commercial World.

It was impossible to deny that she was interested and amused by the world, which she now witnessed—so energetic, so restless, so various; so full of urgent and pressing life; never thinking of the past, and quite heedless of the future, but worshipping an almighty present, that sometimes seemed to roll on like the car of Juggernaut.—*Endymion.*

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Commission.

Nowadays public robbery is out of fashion, and takes the milder title of a commission of inquiry.—*Sybil.*

Committee.

Our statesmen never read, and are only converted by Parliamentary committees.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Sugar Duties*), *July* 28, 1841.

Common Sense.

There is an extreme Protestant party, who persist in believing that every Roman Catholic is a Jesuit. There is, on the other hand, an extreme Roman Catholic party who, the moment their aggressive indiscretion excites comment, and perhaps a little distrust, immediately raise a howl that their Protestant fellow-countrymen wish to revive all the Roman Catholic disabilities. Fortunately, although noisy and bustling, they are limited in their influence, and the general sentiment of the country controls their violence and extravagance. What may be called the Gulf-Stream of common sense softens and subdues their violence and asperity.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Roman Catholic Oaths Bill*), *June* 12, 1865.

Complain.

I make it a point never to complain.—*Speech in House of Commons.*

Composition.

I have observed that, after writing a book, my mind always makes a great spring. I believe that the act of composition produces the same invigorating effect upon the mind which some exertion does upon the body. Even the writing of 'Manstein' produced a revolution in my nature, which cannot be traced by any metaphysical analysis. In the course of a few days, I was converted from a worldling into a philosopher. I was indeed ignorant, but I had lost

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the double ignorance of the Platonists; I was no longer ignorant that I was ignorant. No one could be influenced by a greater desire of knowledge, a greater passion for the beautiful, or a deeper regard for his fellow-creatures. And I well remember when, on the evening that I wrote the last sentence of this more intellectual effort, I walked out upon the terrace with that feeling of satisfaction which accompanies the idea of a task completed. So far was I from being excited by the hope of having written a great work, that I even meditated its destruction; for the moment it was terminated, it seemed to me that I had become suddenly acquainted with the long-concealed principles of my art, which, without doubt, had been slenderly practised in this production. My taste, as it were in an instant, became formed; and I felt convinced I could now produce some lasting creation.

I thought no more of criticism. The breath of man has never influenced me much, for I depend more upon myself than upon others. I want no false fame. It would be no delight to me to be considered a prophet, were I conscious of being an impostor. I ever wish to be undeceived; but if I possess the organisation of a poet, no one can prevent me from exercising my faculty, any more than he can rob the courser of his fleetness, or the nightingale of her song.

The profound thinker always suspects that he is superficial. Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius. Nothing is more fatal than to be seduced into composition by the first flutter of the imagination. This is the cause of so many weak and unequal works, of so many worthy ideas thrown away, and so many good purposes marred. Yet there is a bound to meditation; there is a moment when further judgment is useless. There is a moment when a heavenly light rises over the dim world you have been so long creating, and bathes it with life and beauty. Accept this omen that your work is good, and revel in the sunshine of composition.—*Contarini Fleming.*

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Conceit.

Nothing depresses a man's spirits more completely than a self-conviction of self-conceit.—*Popanilla.*

Conciliation.

One should always conciliate.—('Putney Giles') *Lothair.*

If you are not very clever, you should be conciliatory.—('The Premier') *Endymion.*

Conduct.

The conduct of men depends upon the temperament, not upon a bunch of musty maxims.—*Henrietta Temple.*

Conference.

The Conference lasted six weeks. It wasted six weeks. It lasted as long as a carnival, and like a carnival it was an affair of masks and mystification. Our ministers went to it, as men in distressed circumstances go to a place of amusement—to while away the time, with a consciousness of impending failure.—*Speech in House of Commons (Denmark and Germany—Vote of Censure), July* 4, 1864.

Coningsby.

His countenance, radiant with health and the lustre of innocence, was at the same time thoughtful and resolute. The expression of his deep blue eye was serious. Without extreme regularity of features, the face was one that would never have passed unobserved. His short upper lip indicated a good breed: and his chestnut curls clustered over his open brow, while his shirt-collar thrown over his shoulders was unrestrained by handkerchief or ribbon. Add to this, a limber and graceful figure, which the jacket of his boyish dress exhibited to great advantage.

There ran through Coningsby's character, as we have before mentioned, a vein of simplicity which was not its least charm. It resulted, no doubt, in a great degree from

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the earnestness of his nature. There never was a boy so totally devoid of affectation, which was remarkable, for he had a brilliant imagination, a quality that, from its fantasies, and the vague and indefinite desires it engenders, generally makes those whose characters are not formed affected. . . .

As he bowed lowly before the Duchess and her daughter, it would have been difficult to image a youth of a mien more prepossessing and a manner more finished.

A manner that was spontaneous ; nature's pure gift, the reflex of his feeling. No artifice prompted that profound and polished homage. Not one of those influences, the aggregate of whose sway produces, as they tell us, the finished gentleman, had ever exercised its beneficent power on our orphan, and not rarely forlorn, Coningsby. No clever and refined woman, with her quick perception, and nice criticism that never offends our self-love, had ever given him that education that is more precious than Universities. The mild suggestions of a sister, the gentle raillery of some laughing cousin, are also advantages not always appreciated at the time, but which boys, when they have become men, often think over with gratitude, and a little remorse at the ungracious spirit in which they were received. Not even the dancing-master had afforded his mechanical aid to Coningsby, who, like all Eton boys of this generation, viewed that professor of accomplishments with frank repugnance. But even in the boisterous life of school, Coningsby, though his style was free and flowing, was always well-bred. His spirit recoiled from that gross familiarity that is the characteristic of modern manners, and which would destroy all forms and ceremonies merely because they curb and control their own coarse convenience and ill-disguised selfishness. To women, however, Coningsby instinctively bowed, as to beings set apart for reverence and delicate treatment. Little as his experience was of them, his spirit had been fed with chivalrous fancies,

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and he entertained for them all the ideal devotion of a Surrey or a Sydney. . . .

Our young Coningsby reached Beaumanoir in a state of meditation. He also desired to be great. Not from the restless vanity that sometimes impels youth to momentary exertion, by which they sometimes obtain a distinction as evanescent as their energy. The ambition of our hero was altogether of a different character. It was, indeed, at present not a little vague, indefinite, hesitating, inquiring, sometimes desponding. What were his powers? what should be his aim? were often to him, as to all young aspirants, questions infinitely perplexing and full of pain. But, on the whole, there ran through his character, notwithstanding his many dazzling qualities and accomplishments, and his juvenile celebrity, which has spoiled so much promise, a vein of grave simplicity that was the consequence of an earnest temper, and of an intellect that would be content with nothing short of the profound.

His was a mind that loved to pursue every question to the centre. But it was not a spirit of scepticism that impelled this habit; on the contrary, it was the spirit of faith. Coningsby found that he was born in an age of infidelity in all things, and his heart assured him that a want of faith was a want of nature. But his vigorous intellect could not take refuge in that maudlin substitute for belief which consists in a patronage of fantastic theories. He needed that deep and enduring conviction that the heart and the intellect, feeling and reason united, can alone supply.—*Coningsby.*

Conscience.

A pure conscience may defy city gossips.—('Eva') *Tancred.*

Conservatism.

The Queen's fancy ball—Peel as Louvois? No, Sir Robert would be content with nothing less than Le Grand

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Colbert, Rue Richelieu No. 15, Grand magasin de nouveautés très-anciennes : prix fixe, avec quelque rabais.

'A description of Conservatism,' said Coningsby.—*Coningsby.*

Conservatism in 1834.

Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government ; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connections. Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress ; having rejected all respect for Antiquity, it offers no redress for the Present, and makes no preparation for the Future. It is obvious that for a time, under favourable circumstances, such a confederation might succeed ; but it is equally clear, that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all states, and which such an unimpassioned system is even calculated ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting : the barren curse of political infidelity will paralyse all action ; and the Conservative Constitution will be discovered to be a Caput Mortuum.—*Coningsby.*

'If any fellow were to ask me what the Conservative Cause is, I am sure I should not know what to say,' said Backhurst.

'Why, it is the cause of our glorious institutions,' said Coningsby. 'A Crown robbed of its prerogatives ; a Church controlled by a commission ; and an Aristocracy that does not lead.'

'Under whose genial influence the order of the Peasantry, "a country's pride," has vanished from the face of the land,' said Henry Sydney, 'and is succeeded by a race of serfs, who are called labourers, and who burn ricks.'

'Under which,' continued Coningsby, 'the Crown has become a cipher ; the Church a sect ; the Nobility drones ; and the People drudges.'

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'It is the great constitutional cause,' said Lord Vere, 'that refuses everything to opposition; yields everything to agitation; conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors; that has no objection to any change provided only it be effected by unauthorised means.'

'The first public association of men,' said Coningsby, who have worked for an avowed end without enunciating a single principle.'

'And who have established political infidelity throughout the land,' said Lord Henry.—*Coningsby.*

Conservative.

Conservative Policy.—I am told sometimes that our policy is not sufficiently startling and melodramatic for the temper of the people of England. I cannot say that I agree with that opinion. I believe that a policy that diminishes the death-rate of a great nation is a feat as considerable as any of those decisive battles of the world that generally decide nothing.—*Speech at Guildhall, November* 9, 1875.

Throughout my public life I have aimed at two chief results. Not insensible to the principle of progress, I have endeavoured to reconcile change with that respect for tradition, which is one of the main elements of our social strength; and in external affairs I have endeavoured to develop and strengthen our Empire, believing that the combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and condition of a people.—*Letter to Electors of Buckinghamshire, August* 22, 1876.

I find that the only charge Lord Hartington makes against the Government is that it makes every class comfortable. I remember—I think I have heard of a time when a Government was accused of harassing every class.—*Speech at Mansion House, November* 9, 1877.

Conservative Principles.—I believe I am right in saying that it is a Conservative principle, which holds that the due influence of property in the exercise of the suffrage is a

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salutary influence. I think it is a Conservative principle that in any representative scheme the influence of landed property should be sensibly felt. I hold it to be a Conservative principle that we maintain the union between Church and State—that we should not only maintain but expand the ecclesiastical institutions of this country. I hold it to be a Conservative principle that the estate of the Church should be respected, and that the Church itself should not be a stipendiary of the civil power. I hold it to be a Conservative principle that we maintain the Church in Ireland, believing that maintenance perfectly reconcilable with the rights and privileges of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects in that kingdom. I hold it to be a Conservative principle to cherish and protect all traditionary influences, because they are opposed to a crude centralisation, and because they are the source of an authority at once beneficent and economical. I hold it to be a Conservative principle that would respect existing corporations. If I go to another great branch of public life—I mean foreign affairs—I find in the country that there are opinions on all great questions of foreign politics perfectly opposed to each other. I have always considered that there were three great questions upon which it becomes any man who aspires to be a statesman, as well as any Parliamentary party which incurs the responsibility of supporting particular individuals, to have clear and precise ideas. These three subjects are: the Russian Empire, the Austrian Empire, and our relations with the United States of America. For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the dismembering of the Russian Empire is not an object which any statesman ought to propose to himself, and even if the dismemberment took place we should find that the ultimate result would be that the balance of power in Europe would be distributed in a manner prejudicial to our interests. Take, again, the case of the Austrian Empire. I hold that it is the Conservative opinion that the maintenance of the Austrian Empire is necessary to the in-

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dependence, and, if necessary to the independence, necessary to the civilisation and even to the liberties of Europe. Let us look to our relations with the United States. What is our policy? There are those who view with the utmost jealousy, and regard in a litigious spirit, the progress of the United States of America—who think that any advance in their power, any expansion of their territory is opposed to the commercial interest, and perhaps also to the political influence of England. But I am not of that opinion. I apprehend with respect to these three subjects of foreign policy there are distinctive opinions, and therefore it is idle to pretend that parties have ceased to exist.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Review of Session*), *July* 25, 1856.

A sound Conservative Government, I understand: Tory men and Whig measures.—('Taper') *Coningsby*.

Consols.

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.—*Endymion*.

There is nothing like a fall in Consols to bring the blood of our good people of England into cool order.—('Cleveland') *Vivian Grey*.

Constancy.

Constancy is human nature.—('Contarini') *Contarini Fleming*.

Constantinople.

No picture can ever convey a just idea of Constantinople. I have seen several that are faithful, as far as they extend; but the most comprehensive can exhibit only a small portion of this extraordinary city. By land or by water, in every direction, passing up the Golden Horn to the Valley of Fresh Waters, or proceeding, on the other hand, down the famous Bosphorus to Buyukdere and Terapia, to the Euxine, what infinite novelty! New kiosks, new hills, new

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windings, new groves of cypress, and new forests of chestnut, open on all sides.

Conceive the ocean a stream not broader than the Rhine, with shores presenting all the beauty and variety of that river, running between gentle slopes covered with rich woods, gardens, and summer-palaces, cemeteries and mosques, and villages, and bounded by sublime mountains. The view of the Euxine from the heights of Terapia, just seen through the end of the Straits, is like gazing upon eternity.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Constituencies.

You may talk of tampering with the currency, and there are few things worse ; but that which is worse is tampering with the constituency of England. If there is to be a change, let it be a change called for by clear necessity, and one which is calculated to give general—I will not say final—but general and permanent satisfaction.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Elective Franchise*), *March* 25, 1852.

I have always thought the ideal of the constituent body in England should be this—it should be numerous enough to be independent, and select enough to be responsible.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Representation of the People*), *February* 28, 1859.

I think it would be well on both sides of the House, if we were for a moment to consider the tone in which we are accustomed to speak of the constituencies of this country. I do not arrogate for those whom I represent, or for the great body of whom they are a portion, any superiority over any other body in this country ; but I think the House will agree with me, that those interested in the cultivation of land in this country form a class highly respectable for their private virtues and public spirit. But if an agricultural constituency after a sharp contest happen to elect a member of Parliament—what do we hear? They are described as serfs, they are denounced as the instruments of feudal

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tyranny, and the most inventive and skilful cultivators of the soil are described as illiterate boobies. Again, if the conduct of the electors who live in towns and cities is the question, you would suppose from the conversation you hear, that whilst the farmers of England are mere serfs, the dwellers in cities and towns are absolute and arrant traitors, disaffected to all the institutions of the country. I need say nothing about the freemen—they are the pariahs of politics. If this be the true character of the great body of the constituency of England, what must we be who are their choice!—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Government of India, No.* 3 *Bill*), *April* 26, 1858.

Constitution.

During the last twenty years you have introduced a sentimental instead of a political principle into the conduct of your foreign affairs. You looked upon the English Constitution as a model farm.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Expulsion of British Ambassador from Madrid*), *June* 5, 1845.

We shall never make the Constitution of England a strictly logical one, and I do not think that it is desirable that we should try. But I am not at all ashamed of the principle to which I have often given expression in this House, and which is, I believe, a very sound one, that it is just that a person should vote when his qualification is found.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Representation of the People Bill*), 1867.

The Constitution of England is not a paper Constitution. It is an aggregate of institutions, many of them founded merely upon prescription, some of them fortified by muniments, but all of them the fruit and experience of an ancient and illustrious people.—*Speech at Merchant Taylors' Hall*, *June* 17, 1868.

There is a school of politics who looks at the English Constitution as valetudinarian. They are always looking at its tongue and feeling its pulse, and devising means by which

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they may give it a tonic.—*Speech at Glasgow* (*Freedom of City*), *November* 20, 1873.

Conversation.

It was a lively dinner; Lord St. Jerome loved conversation, though he never conversed. 'There must be an audience,' he would say, 'and I am the audience.'—*Lothair.*

It was some time since they had met—not since the end of last season—so there was a great deal to talk about. There had been deaths and births and marriages, which required a flying comment—all important events: deaths, which solved many difficulties, heirs to estates that were not expected, and weddings which surprised everybody.—*Lothair.*

The conversation of lovers is inexhaustible.—*Henrietta Temple.*

Alfred Mountchesney hovered round Lady Joan Fitz-Warene: he uttered inconceivable nothings, and she replied to him in incomprehensible somethings.—*Sybil.*

'He was a great talker,' said Lady Bellair, 'but then he was the tyrant of conversation. Now men were made to listen as well as talk.' 'Without doubt, for Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth,' said Count Mirabel.—*Henrietta Temple.*

'You must come and dine with me, Count Mirabel, because you talk well across a table. So few can do it without bellowing.'—('Lady Bellair') *Henrietta Temple.*

The art of conversation is to be prompt without being stubborn, to refute without argument, and to clothe great matters in a motley garb.—('Waldershare') *Endymion.*

Lord Roehampton was the soul of the feast, and yet it is difficult to describe his conversation: it was a medley of whim, interspersed now and then with a very short anecdote of a very famous person, or some deeply interesting reminiscence of some critical event.—*Endymion.*

Lady Everingham thoroughly understood the art of con-

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versation, which, indeed, consists of the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathise; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible.—*Coningsby.*

Compared with their converse, the tattle of our saloons has in it something humiliating. It is not merely that it is deficient in warmth, and depth, and breadth; that it is always discussing persons instead of principles, and cloaking its want of thought in mimetic dogmas, and its want of feeling in superficial raillery; it is not merely that it has neither imagination, nor fancy, nor sentiment, nor feeling, nor knowledge to recommend it; but it appears to me, even as regards manner and expression, inferior in refinement and phraseology; in short, trivial, uninteresting, stupid, really vulgar.—('Egremont') *Sybil.*

One of the principal causes of our renowned dulness in conversation is our extreme intellectual jealousy. It must be admitted that in this respect authors, but especially poets, bear the palm. They never think they are sufficiently appreciated, and live in tremor lest a brother should distinguish himself.—*Coningsby.*

A great thing is a great book; but a greater thing than all is the talk of a great man.—*Coningsby.*

Hereupon a conversation took place, principally sustained by the earl and the baronet, which developed all the resources of the great parochial mind. Dietaries, bastardy, gaol regulations, game laws, were amply discussed; and Lord Marney wound up with a declaration of the means by which the country might be saved, and which seemed principally to consist of high prices and low church.—*Sybil.*

Waldershare talked the whole way. It was a rhapsody of fun, knowledge, anecdote, brilliant badinage and passionate seriousness. Sometimes he recited poetry, and his voice was musical, and then when he had attuned his companions to a sentimental pitch, he would break into mockery

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and touch with delicate satire every mood of human feeling. *Endymion.*

Do not think, as many young gentlemen are apt to believe, that talking will serve your purpose. That is the quicksand of your young beginners. All can talk in a public assembly : that is to say, all can give us exhortations which do not move, and arguments which do not convince ; but to converse in a private assembly is a different affair, and rare are the characters who can be endured if they exceed a whisper to their neighbours. But though mild and silent, be ever ready with the rapier of repartee, and be ever armed with the breastplate of good temper, for such infallibly gather laurels if you add to these the spear of sarcasm and the shield of nonchalance.

The high style of conversation where eloquence and philosophy emulate each other, where principles are profoundly expounded and felicitously illustrated, all this has ceased. It ceased in this country with Johnson and Burke, and it requires a Johnson and a Burke for its maintenance. There is no mediocrity in such discourse, no intermediate character between the sage and the bore. The second style, where men, not things, are the staple, but where wit, and refinement, and sensibility invest even personal details with intellectual interest, does flourish at present, as it always must in a highly civilised society. S. is, or rather was, a fine specimen of this school, and M. and L. are his worthy rivals. This style is indeed, for the moment, very interesting. Then comes your conversation man, who, we confess, is our aversion. His talk is a thing apart, got up before he enters the company from whose conduct it should grow out. He sits in the middle of a large table, and, with a brazen voice, bawls out his anecdotes about Sir Thomas or Sir Humphry, Lord Blank, or my Lady Blue. He is incessant, yet not interesting ; ever varying, yet always monotonous. Even if we are amused, we are no more grateful for the entertainment than we are to the lamp over

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the table for the light which it universally sheds, and to yield which it was obtained on purpose. We are more gratified by the slight conversation of one who is often silent, but who speaks from his momentary feelings, than by all this hullaballoo. Yet this machine is generally a favourite piece of furniture with the hostess. You may catch her eye, as he recounts some adventure of the morning, which proves that he not only belongs to every club, but goes to them, light up with approbation ; and then, when the ladies withdraw, and the female senate deliver their criticism upon the late actors, she will observe, with a gratified smile, to her confidante, that the dinner went off well, and that Mr. Bellow was very strong to-day.—*The Young Duke.*

In his mood Lothair found it easier to talk to men than to women. Male conversation is of a coarser grain, and does not require so much play of thought and manner : discourse about the Suez Canal, and Arab horses, and pipes and pachas, can be carried on without much psychological effort, and by degrees banishes all sensibility.—*Lothair.*

There are men whose phrases are oracles ; who condense in a sentence the secrets of a life ; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character or illustrates an existence. *Coningsby.*

Coquette.

A coquette is a being who wishes to please. Amiable being ! If you do not like her, you will have no difficulty in finding a female companion of a different mood. Alas ! coquettes are but too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'Tis the coquette that provides all amusement ; suggests the riding party, plans the pic-nic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms ; the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet. Let anyone pass a very agreeable week, or it may be ten days, under any roof, and analyse the cause of his

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satisfaction, and one might safely make a gentle wager that his solution would present him with the frolic phantom of a coquette.—*Coningsby.*

Corisande (Lady).

There was one daughter unmarried, and she was to be presented next season. Though the family likeness was still apparent in Lady Corisande, in general expression she differed from her sisters. They were all alike with their delicate aquiline noses, bright complexions, short upper lips, and eyes of sunny light. The beauty of Lady Corisande was even more distinguished and more regular, but whether it were the effect of her dark-brown hair or darker eyes, her countenance had not the lustre of the rest, and its expression was grave and perhaps pensive. . . .

'Her character is not yet formed, and its future is perplexing, at least to me,' murmured her mother. 'She has not the simple nature of her sisters. It is a deeper and more complicated mind, and I watch its development with fond but anxious interest.'—*Lothair.*

Corporations.

I would now ask permission to state why I am, on the whole, entirely opposed to confiscating the property of corporations; why I view it alike with dislike and suspicion. The reason is that, in the first place, whatever may have been the origin of corporate property—whether the gift of the nation, which was rarely the case, or the donation of individuals, as was generally its source—one thing is clear, that it is from its use and purpose essentially popular property, the property of the nation, though not of the state. The second reason why I dislike all confiscation of corporate property is that I find no great act of confiscation was ever carried into effect without injurious consequences to the State in which it took place; either, generally speak-

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ing, it has led to civil war, or established, what in the long run is worse, a chronic disaffection for ages amongst the subjects of the Crown. But if there be any corporate property the confiscation of which I most dislike, it is Church property, and for these reasons :—Church property is to a certain degree an intellectual tenure ; in a greater degree, a moral and spiritual tenure. It is the fluctuating patrimony of the great body of the people. It is, I will not say the only, but it is the easiest method by which the sons of the middle, and even of the working classes, can become landed proprietors, and, what is more, can become resident landed proprietors, and fulfil all the elevating duties incident to this position. But there is another reason why I am greatly opposed to the confiscation of Church property, and that is because I invariably observe, that when Church property is confiscated, it is always given to the landed proprietors.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Irish Church Bill*), *March* 18, 1869.

Country Houses.

A visit to a country-house, as Pinto says, is a series of meals mitigated by the new dresses of the ladies.—*Lothair.*

Armine Place.—In one of the largest parks in England there yet remained a fragment of a vast Elizabethan pile, that in old days bore the name of Armine Place. Long lines of turreted and many-windowed walls, tall towers, and lofty arches, now rose in picturesque confusion on the green ascent where heretofore old Sir Walsingham had raised the fair and convenient dwelling, which he justly deemed might have served the purpose of a long posterity. The hall and chief staircase of the castle and a gallery alone were finished ; and many a day had Sir Ferdinand passed in arranging the pictures, the armour, and choice rarities of these magnificent apartments. The rest of the building was a mere shell ; nor was it in all parts even roofed in. Time, however, that had stained the neglected towers with an antique

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tint, and had permitted many a generation of summer birds to build their sunny nests on all the coigns of vantage of the unfinished walls, had exercised a mellowing influence even on these rude accessories, and in the course of years they had been so drenched by the rain, and so buffeted by the wind, and had become so covered with moss and ivy, that they rather added to than detracted from the picturesque character of the whole mass.

A few hundred yards from the castle, but situate on the same verdant rising ground, and commanding, although well sheltered, an extensive view over the wide park, was the fragment of the old Place that we have noticed. The rough and undulating rent which marked the severance of the building was now thickly covered with ivy, which in its gamesome luxuriance had contrived also to climb up a remaining stack of tall chimneys, and to spread over the covering of the large oriel window. This fragment contained a set of pleasant chambers, which, having been occupied by the late baronet, were of course furnished with great taste and comfort; and there was, moreover, accommodation sufficient for a small establishment.

The principal chamber of Armine Place was a large irregular room, with a low but richly-carved oaken roof, studded with achievements. This apartment was lighted by the oriel window we have mentioned, the upper panes of which contained some ancient specimens of painted glass, and, having been fitted up by Sir Ferdinand as a library, contained a collection of valuable books. From the library you entered through an arched door of glass into a small room, of which, it being much out of repair when the family arrived, Lady Armine had seized the opportunity of gratifying her taste in the adornment. She had hung it with some old-fashioned pea-green damask, that exhibited to advantage several copies of Spanish paintings by herself, for she was a skilful artist. The third and remaining chamber was the dining-room, a somewhat gloomy chamber,

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being shadowed by a neighbouring chestnut. A portrait of Sir Ferdinand, when a youth, in a Venetian dress, was suspended over the old-fashioned fireplace ; and opposite hung a fine hunting-piece by Schneiders.—*Henrietta Temple.*

Beaumanoir.—Beaumanoir was one of those Palladian palaces, vast and ornate, such as the genius of Kent and Campbell delighted in at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Placed on a noble elevation, yet screened from the northern blast, its sumptuous front, connected with its far-spreading wings by Corinthian colonnades, was the boast and pride of the midland counties. The surrounding gardens, equalling in extent the size of ordinary parks, were crowded with temples dedicated to abstract virtues and to departed friends. Occasionally a triumphal arch celebrated a general whom the family still esteemed a hero ; and sometimes a votive column commemorated the great statesman who had advanced the family a step in the peerage. Beyond the limits of this pleasance the hart and hind wandered in a wilderness abounding in ferny coverts and green and stately trees.—*Conings by.*

Belmont.—There is something very pleasant in a summer suburban ride in the valley of the Thames. London transforms itself into bustling Knightsbridge and airy Brompton brightly and gracefully, lingers cheerfully in the long, miscellaneous, well-watered King's Road, and only says farewell when you come to an abounding river and a picturesque bridge. The boats were bright upon the waters when Lothair crossed it, and his dark chestnut barb, proud of its resplendent form, curvetted with joy when it reached a green common, studded occasionally with a group of pines and well bedecked with gorse. After this he pursued the public road for a couple of miles until he observed on his left hand a gate on which was written 'private road,' and here he stopped. The gate was locked, but when Lothair assured the keeper that he was about to visit Belmont, he was permitted to enter.

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He entered a green and winding lane, fringed with tall elms and dim with fragrant shade, and after proceeding about half a mile came to a long low-built lodge with a thatched and shelving roof and surrounded by a rustic colonnade covered with honeysuckle. Passing through the gate at hand, he found himself in a road winding through gently undulating banks of exquisite turf studded with rare shrubs and occasionally rarer trees. Suddenly the confined scene expanded: wide lawns spread out before him, shadowed with the dark forms of many huge cedars and blazing with flower-beds of every hue. The house was also apparent, a stately mansion of hewn stone, with wings and a portico of Corinthian columns, and backed by deep woods.

This was Belmont, built by a favourite Minister of State to whom a grateful and gracious sovereign had granted a slice of a royal park whereon to raise a palace and a garden and find occasionally Tusculan repose.

The inner hall was of noble proportion, and there were ranged in it many Roman busts and some ancient slabs and altars of marble. These had been collected some century ago by the minister; but what immediately struck the eye of Lothair were two statues by an American artist, and both of fame, the Sibyl and the Cleopatra. He had heard of these, but had never seen them, and could not refrain from lingering a moment to gaze upon their mystical and fascinating beauty.

He proceeded through two spacious and lofty chambers, of which it was evident the furniture was new. It was luxurious and rich and full of taste, but there was no attempt to recall the past in the details: no cabinets and clocks of French kings or tables of French queens, no chairs of Venetian senators, no candelabra that had illumined Doges of Genoa, no ancient porcelain of rare schools and ivory carvings and choice enamels. The walls were hung

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with masterpieces of modern art, chiefly of the French school, Ingres and Delaroche and Scheffer.

The last saloon led into a room of smaller dimensions opening on the garden, and which Lothair at first thought must be a fernery, it seemed so full of choice and expanding specimens of that beautiful and multiform plant; but when his eye had become a little accustomed to the scene and to the order of the groups, he perceived they were only the refreshing and profuse ornaments of a regularly furnished and inhabited apartment. There was a table covered with writing materials and books and some music. A chair before the table was so placed as if some one had only recently quitted it, a book being open but turned upon its face with an ivory cutter by its side. It would seem that the dweller in the chamber might not be far distant.

The room opened on a terrace adorned with statues and orange trees, and descending gently into a garden in the Italian style, in the centre of which was a marble fountain of many figures. The grounds were not extensive, but they were only separated from the royal park by a wire fence, so that the scene seemed alike rich and illimitable. On the boundary was a summer-house in the shape of a classic temple, one of those pavilions of pleasure which nobles loved to raise in the last century.—*Lothair*.

Brentham.—It would be difficult to find a fairer scene than Brentham offered, especially in the lustrous effulgence of a glorious English summer. It was an Italian palace of freestone; vast, ornate, and in scrupulous condition; its spacious and graceful chambers filled with treasures of art, and rising itself from statued and stately terraces. At their foot spread a gardened domain of considerable extent, bright with flowers, dim with coverts of rare shrubs, and musical with fountains. Its limit reached a park, with timber such as the midland counties only can produce. The fallow deer trooped among its ferny solitudes and gigantic oaks; but

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beyond the waters of the broad and winding lake the scene became more savage, and the eye caught the dark form of the red deer on some jutting mount, shrinking with scorn from communion with his gentler brethren.—*Lothair.*

Cadurcis Abbey.—When they emerged from the wood, they found themselves on the brow of the hill, a small down, over which Venetia ran, exulting in the healthy breeze which, at this exposed height, was strong and fresh. As they advanced to the opposite declivity to that which they had ascended, a wide and peculiar landscape opened before them. The extreme distance was formed by an undulating ridge of lofty and savage hills; nearer than these were gentler elevations, partially wooded; and at their base was a rich valley, its green meads fed by a clear and rapid stream, which glittered in the sun as it coursed on, losing itself at length in a wild and sedgy lake that formed the furthest limit of a widely-spreading park. In the centre of this park, and not very remote from the banks of the rivulet, was an ancient gothic building, that had once been an abbey of great repute and wealth, and had not much suffered in its external character by having served for nearly two centuries and a half as the principal dwelling of an old baronial family.

Descending the downy hill, that here and there was studded with fine old trees, enriching by their presence the view from the abbey, Lady Annabel and her party entered the meads, and, skirting the lake, approached the venerable walls without crossing the stream.

It was difficult to conceive a scene more silent and more desolate. There was no sign of life, and not a sound save the occasional cawing of a rook. Advancing towards the abbey, they passed a pile of buildings that, in the summer, might be screened from sight by the foliage of a group of elms, too scanty at present to veil their desolation. Wide gaps in the roof proved that the vast and dreary stables were no longer used; there were empty granaries, whose doors had fallen from their hinges; the gate of the court-

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yard was prostrate on the ground ; and the silent clock that once adorned the cupola over the noble entrance arch, had long lost its index. Even the litter of the yard appeared dusty and grey with age. You felt sure no human foot could have disturbed it for years. At the back of these buildings were nailed .the trophies of the gamekeeper : hundreds of wild cats, dried to blackness, stretched their downward heads and legs from the mouldering wall ; hawks, magpies, and jays hung in tattered remnants; but all grey, and even green, with age ; and the heads of birds in plenteous rows, nailed beak upward, and so dried and shrivelled by the suns and winds and frosts of many seasons, that their distinctive characters were lost.

The interior of the abbey formed a quadrangle, surrounded by the cloisters, and in this inner court was a curious fountain, carved with exquisite skill by some gothic artist in one of those capricious moods of sportive invention that produced those grotesque medleys for which the feudal sculptor was celebrated. Not a sound was heard except the fall of the fountain and the light echoes that its voice called up.

The staircase led Lady Annabel and her party through several small rooms, scantily garnished with ancient furniture, in some of which were portraits of the family, until they at length entered a noble saloon, once the refectory of the abbey, and not deficient in splendour, though sadly soiled and worm-eaten. It was hung with tapestry representing the Cartoons of Raffael, and their still vivid colours contrasted with the faded hangings and the dingy damask of the chairs and sofas. A mass of Cromwellian armour was huddled together in a corner of a long monkish gallery, with a standard, encrusted with dust, and a couple of old drums, one broken. From one of the windows they had a good view of the old walled garden, which did not tempt them to enter it ; it was a wilderness, the walks no longer distinguishable from the rank vegetation of the once culti-

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vated lawns ; the terraces choked up with the unchecked shrubberies ; and here and there a leaden statue, a goddess or a satyr, prostrate, and covered with moss and lichen.—*Venetia.*

Castle Dacre.—Castle Dacre was the erection of Vanbrugh, an imaginative artist, whose critics we wish no bitterer fate than not to live in his splendid creations. A spacious centre, richly ornamented, though broken, perhaps, into rather too much detail, was joined to wings of a corresponding magnificence by fanciful colonnades. A terrace, extending the whole front, was covered with orange trees, and many a statue, and many an obelisk, and many a temple, and many a fountain, were tinted with the warm twilight. The Duke did not view the forgotten scene of youth without emotion. It was a palace worthy of the heroine on whom he had been musing. The carriage gained the lofty portal. Luigi and Spiridion, who had preceded their master, were ready to receive the Duke, who was immediately ushered to the rooms prepared for his reception. He was later than he had intended, and no time was to be unnecessarily lost in his preparation for his appearance.—*The Young Duke.*

The Cedars.—The villa of Mr. Vigo was on the banks of the Thames, and had once belonged to a noble customer. The Palladian mansion contained a suite of chambers of majestic dimension—lofty ceilings, rich cornices, and vast windows of plate glass ; the gardens were rich with the products of conservatories which Mr. Vigo had raised with every modern improvement, and a growth of stately cedars supported the dignity of the scene and gave to it a name. Beyond, a winding walk encircled a large field which Mr. Vigo called the park, and which sparkled with gold and silver pheasants, and the keeper lived in a newly raised habitation at the extreme end, which took the form of a Swiss cottage. *Endymion.*

Château Desir.—How shall we describe Château Desir, that place fit for all princes? In the midst of a park of great

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extent, and eminent for scenery, as varied as might please nature's most capricious lover ; in the midst of green lawns, and deep winding glens, and cooling streams, and wild forest, and soft woodland, there was gradually formed an elevation, on which was situate a mansion of great size, and of that bastard, but picturesque style of architecture, called the Italian Gothic. The date of its erection was about the middle of the sixteenth century. You entered by a noble gateway, in which the pointed style still predominated, but in various parts of which the Ionic column, and the prominent keystone, and other creations of Roman architecture, intermingled with the expiring Gothic, into a large quadrangle, to which the square casement windows, and the triangular pediments or gable-ends supplying the place of battlements, gave a varied and Italian feature. In the centre of the court, from a vast marble basin, the rim of which was enriched by a splendidly sculptured lotus border, rose a marble group representing Amphitrite with her marine attendants, whose sounding shells and coral sceptres sent forth their subject element in sparkling showers. This work, the chef d'œuvre of a celebrated artist of Vicenza, had been purchased by Valerian, first Lord Carabas, who having spent the greater part of his life as the representative of his monarch at the Ducal Court of Venice, at length returned to his native country ; and in the creation of Château Desir endeavoured to find some consolation for the loss of his beautiful villa on the banks of the Adige.

Over the gateway there rose a turreted tower, the small square window of which, notwithstanding its stout stanchions, illumined the muniment room of the House of Carabas. In the spandrils of the gateway and in many other parts of the building might be seen the arms of the family ; while the tall twisted stacks of chimneys, which appeared to spring from all parts of the roof, were carved and built in such curious and quaint devices that they were rather an ornament than an excrescence. When you entered the quad-

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iangle, you found one side solely occupied by the old hall, the huge carved rafters of whose oak roof rested on corbels of the family supporters against the walls. These walls were of stone, but covered half-way from the ground with a panelling of curiously-carved oak ; whence were suspended, in massy frames, the family portraits, painted by Dutch and Italian artists. Near the dais, or upper part of the hall, there projected an oriel window, which as you beheld, you scarcely knew what most to admire, the radiancy of its painted panes or the fantastic richness of Gothic ornament, which was profusely lavished in every part of its masonry. Here too the Gothic pendant and the Gothic fan-work were intermingled with the Italian arabesques, which, at the time of the building of the Château, had been recently introduced into England by Hans Holbein and John of Padua.

How wild and fanciful are those ancient arabesques ! Here at Château Desir, in the panelling of the old hall, might you see fantastic scrolls, separated by bodies ending in termini, and whose heads supported the Ionic volute, while the arch, which appeared to spring from these capitals, had, for a keystone, heads more monstrous than those of the fabled animals of Ctesias ; or so ludicrous, that you forgot the classic griffin in the grotesque conccption of the Italian artist. Here was a gibbering monkey, there a grinning pulcinello ; now you viewed a chattering devil, which might have figured in the 'Temptation of St. Anthony ;' and now a mournful, mystic, bearded countenance, which might have flitted in the back scene of a 'Witches' Sabbath.'

A long gallery wound through the upper story of two other sides of the quadrangle, and beneath were the show suite of apartments, with a sight of which the admiring eyes of curious tourists were occasionally delighted.

The grey stone walls of this antique edifice were, in many places, thickly covered with ivy and other parasitical plants, the deep green of whose verdure beautifully contrasted with the scarlet glories of the pyrus japonica, which

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gracefully clustered round the windows of the lower chambers. The mansion itself was immediately surrounded by numerous ancient forest trees. There was the elm with its rich branches bending down like clustering grapes; there was the wide-spreading oak with its roots fantastically gnarled; there was the ash, with its smooth bark and elegant leaf; and the silver beech, and the gracile birch; and the dark fir, affording with its rough foliage a contrast to the trunks of its more beautiful companions, or shooting far above their branches, with the spirit of freedom worthy of a rough child of the mountains.—*Vivian Grey.*

Cherbury.—Some ten years before the revolt of our American colonies, there was situate in one of our midland counties, on the borders of an extensive forest, an ancient hall that belonged to the Herberts, but which, though ever well preserved, had not until that period been visited by any member of the family since the exile of the Stuarts. It was an edifice of considerable size, built of grey stone, much covered with ivy, and placed upon the last gentle elevation of a long ridge of hills, in the centre of a crescent of woods, that far overtopped its clusters of tall chimneys and turreted gables. Although the principal chambers were on the first story, you could nevertheless step forth from their windows on a broad terrace, whence you descended into the gardens by a double flight of stone steps, exactly in the middle of its length. These gardens were of some extent, and filled with evergreen shrubberies of remarkable overgrowth, while occasionally turfy vistas, cut in the distant woods, came sloping down to the south, as if they opened to receive the sunbeam that greeted the genial aspect of the mansion. The ground-floor was principally occupied by the hall itself, which was of great dimensions, hung round with many a family portrait and rural picture, furnished with long oaken seats covered with scarlet cushions, and ornamented with a parti-coloured floor of alternate diamonds of black and white marble. From the centre of the roof of the mansion,

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which was always covered with pigeons, rose the clock-tower of the chapel, surmounted by a vane ; and before the mansion itself was a large plot of grass, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by a hedge of honeysuckle.

This plot of grass was separated from an extensive park, that opened in front of the hall, by tall iron gates, on each of the pillars of which was a lion rampant supporting the escutcheon of the family. The deer wandered in this enclosed and well-wooded demesne, and about a milé from the mansion, in a direct line with the iron gates, was an old-fashioned lodge, which marked the limit of the park, and from which you emerged into a fine avenue of limes bounded on both sides by fields. At the termination of this avenue was a strong but simple gate, and a woodman's cottage ; and then spread before you a vast landscape of open, wild lands, which seemed on one side interminable, while on the other the eye rested on the dark heights of the neighbouring forest.—*Venetia.*

Coningsby Castle.—It was not without emotion that Coningsby beheld for the first time the castle that bore his name. It was visible for several miles before he even entered the park, so proud and prominent was its position, on the richly-wooded steep of a considerable eminence. It was a castellated building, immense and magnificent, in a faulty and incongruous style of architecture, indeed, but compensating in some degree for these deficiencies of external taste and beauty by the splendour and accommodation of its interior, and which a Gothic castle, raised according to the strict rules of art, could scarcely have afforded. The declining sun threw over the pile a rich colour as Coningsby approached it, and lit up with fleeting and fanciful tints the delicate foliage of the rare shrubs and tall thin trees that clothed the acclivity on which it stood.—*Coningsby.*

Ducie Bower.—It was scarcely noon when he reached Ducie Bower. This was a Palladian pavilion, situated in the midst of beautiful gardens, and surrounded by green hills.

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The sun shone brightly, the sky was without a cloud; it appeared to him that he had never beheld a more graceful scene. It was a temple worthy of the divinity it enshrined. A façade of four Ionic columns fronted an octagon hall, adorned with statues, which led into a saloon of considerable size and fine proportion. Ferdinand thought that he had never in his life entered so brilliant a chamber. The lofty walls were covered with an Indian paper of vivid fancy, and adorned with several pictures which his practised eye assured him were of great merit. The room, without being inconveniently crowded, was amply stored with furniture, every article of which bespoke a refined and luxurious taste: easy chairs of all descriptions, most inviting couches, cabinets of choice inlay, and grotesque tables covered with articles of vertu; all those charming infinite nothings, which a person of taste might some time back have easily collected during a long residence on the Continent. A large lamp of Dresden china was suspended from the painted and gilded ceiling. The three tall windows opened on the gardens, and admitted a perfume so rich and various, that Ferdinand could easily believe the fair mistress, as she told him, was indeed a lover of flowers. A light bridge in the distant wood, that bounded the furthest lawn, indicated that a stream was at hand. What with the beauty of the chamber, the richness of the exterior scene, and the bright sun that painted every object with its magical colouring, and made everything appear even more fair and brilliant, Ferdinand stood for some moments quite entranced. A door opened, and Mr. Temple came forward and welcomed him with cordiality.

After they had passed a half-hour in looking at the pictures and in conversation to which they gave rise, Mr. Temple, proposing an adjournment to luncheon, conducted Ferdinand into a dining-room, of which the suitable decorations wonderfully pleased his taste. A subdued tint pervaded every part of the chamber: the ceiling was painted in grey

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tinted frescoes of a classical and festive character, and the side table, which stood in a recess supported by four magnificent columns, was adorned with choice Etruscan vases. The air of repose and stillness which distinguished this apartment was heightened by the vast conservatory into which it led, blazing with light and beauty, groups of exotic trees, plants of radiant tint, the sound of a fountain, and gorgeous forms of tropic birds.—*Henrietta Temple.*

Hainault House.—Hainault House had been raised by a British peer in the days when nobles were fond of building Palladian palaces. It was a chief work of Sir William Chambers, and in its style, its beauty, and almost in its dimensions, was a rival of Stowe or Wanstead. It stood in a deer park, and was surrounded by a royal forest. The family that had raised it wore out in the earlier part of this century. It was supposed that the place must be destroyed and dismantled. It was too vast for a citizen, and the locality was no longer sufficiently refined for a conscript father. In this dilemma Neuchatel stepped in and purchased the whole affair—palace, and park, and deer, and pictures, and halls, and galleries of statue and bust, and furniture, and even wines, and all the farms that remained, and all the seigneurial rights in the royal forest.—*Endymion.*

Hauteville Castle.—The castle, unlike most Yorkshire castles, was a Gothic edifice, ancient, vast, and strong ; but it had received numerous additions in various styles of architecture, which were at the same time great sources of convenience and great violations of taste.—*The Young Duke.*

Hellingsley.—The beautiful light of summer had never shone on a scene and surrounding landscape which recalled happier images of English nature, and better recollections of English manners, than that to which we would now introduce our readers. One of those true old English halls, now unhappily so rare, built in the time of the Tudors, and in its elaborate timber-framing and decorative woodwork indicating, perhaps, the scarcity of brick and stone at the

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period of its structure, as much as the grotesque genius of its fabricator, rose on a terrace surrounded by ancient and very formal gardens. The hall itself, during many generations, had been vigilantly and tastefully preserved by its proprietors. There was not a point which was not as fresh as if it had been renovated but yesterday. It stood a huge and strange blending of Grecian, Gothic, and Italian architecture, with a wild dash of the fantastic in addition. The lantern watch-towers of a baronial castle were placed in juxtaposition with Doric columns employed for chimneys, while under oriel windows might be observed Italian doorways with Grecian pediments. Beyond the extensive gardens an avenue of Spanish chestnuts at each point of the compass approached the mansion, or led into a small park which was table-land, its limits opening on all sides to beautiful and extensive valleys, sparkling with cultivation, except at one point, where the river Darl formed the boundary of the domain, and then spread in many a winding through the rich country beyond.—*Conings by*.

Hurstley.—At the foot of the Berkshire downs, and itself on a gentle elevation, there is an old hall with gable-ends and lattice windows, standing in grounds which once were stately, and where there are yet glade-like terraces of yew-trees, which give an air of dignity to a neglected scene. In the front of the hall huge gates of iron, highly wrought, and bearing an ancient date as well as the shield of a noble house, opened on a village green, round which were clustered the cottages of the parish with only one exception, and that was the vicarage. Behind the hall and its enclosure the country was common land, but picturesque. It had once been a beech forest, and though the timber had been greatly cleared, the green land was still occasionally dotted, sometimes with groups and sometimes with single trees, while the juniper, which here abounded and rose to a great height, gave a rich wildness to the scene and sustained its forest character. The house contained an immense hall, which

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reached the roof, and which would have become a baronial mansion, and a vast staircase in keeping; but the living rooms were moderate, even small in dimensions and not numerous.—*Endymion.*

Marney Abbey.—The building which was still called Marney Abbey, though remote from the site of the ancient monastery, was an extensive structure raised at the latter end of the reign of James I., and in the stately and picturesque style of that age. Placed on a noble elevation in the centre of an extensive and well-wooded park, it presented a front with two projecting wings of equal dimensions with the centre, so that the form of the building was that of a quadrangle, less one of its sides. Its ancient lattices had been removed, and the present windows, though convenient, accorded little with the structure; the old entrance door in the centre of the building, however, still remained, a wondrous specimen of fantastic carving: Ionic columns of black oak, with a profusion of fruits and flowers, and heads of stags, and sylvans. The whole of the building was crowned with a considerable pediment of what seemed at the first glance fanciful open work, but which, examined more nearly, offered in gigantic letters the motto of the house of Marney. The portal opened to a hall, such as is now rarely found; with the dais, the screen, the gallery, and the buttery-hatch all perfect, and all of carved black oak. Modern luxury, and the refined taste of the lady of the late lord, had made Marney Abbey as remarkable for its comfort and pleasantness of accommodation as for its ancient state and splendour. The apartments were in general furnished with all the cheerful ease and brilliancy of the modern mansion of a noble, but the grand gallery of the seventeenth century was still preserved, and was used on great occasions as the chief reception-room. You ascended the principal staircase to reach it through a long corridor. It occupied the whole length of one of the wings; was one hundred feet long, and forty-five feet broad, its walls hung with a collection of choice pictures

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rich in history; while the Axminster carpets, the cabinets, carved tables, and variety of easy chairs, ingeniously grouped, imparted even to this palatial chamber a lively and habitable air.—*Sybil.*

Marringhurst Rectory.—Marringhurst was only five miles from Cherbury by a cross-road which was scarcely passable for carriages. The rectory house was a substantial, square-built, red brick mansion, shaded by gigantic elms, but the southern front covered with a famous vine, trained over it with elaborate care, and of which, and his espaliers, the Doctor was very proud. The garden was thickly stocked with choice fruit-trees; there was not the slightest pretence to pleasure grounds; but there was a capital bowling-green, and, above all, a grotto, where the Doctor smoked his evening pipe, and moralised in the midst of his cucumbers and cabbages. On each side extended the meadows of his glebe, where his kine ruminated at will. It was altogether a scene as devoid of the picturesque as any that could well be imagined; flat, but not low, and rich, and green, and still.—*Venetia.*

Montacute Castle.—At the extremity of the town, the ground rises, and on a woody steep, which is in fact the termination of a long range of table-land, may be seen the towers of the outer court of Montacute Castle. The principal building, which is vast and of various ages, from the Plantagenets to the Guelphs, rises on a terrace, from which, on the side opposite to the town, you descend into a well-timbered enclosure, called the Home Park. Further on, the forest again appears; the deer again crouch in their fern, or glance along the vistas; nor does this green domain terminate till it touches the vast and purple moors that divide the kingdoms of Great Britain.—*Tancred.*

Montfort Castle.—Montfort Castle was the stronghold of England against the Scotch invader. It stood on a high and vast table-land, with the town of Montfort on one side at its feet, and on the other a wide-spreading and sylvan domain, herded with deer of various races and terminating in pine

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forests; beyond them moors and mountains. The donjon-keep, tall and grey, that had arrested the Douglas, still remained intact, and many an ancient battlement; but the long list of the Lords of Montfort had successively added to the great structure according to the genius of the times, so that still with the external appearance generally of a feudal castle, it combined, in its various courts and quadrangles, all the splendour and convenience of a modern palace.—*Endymion.*

Muriel Towers.—Muriel Towers crowned a wooded steep, part of a wild and winding and sylvan valley at the bottom of which rushed a foaming stream. On the other side of the castle the scene, though extensive, was not less striking, and was essentially romantic. A vast park spread in all directions beyond the limit of the eye, and with much variety of character, ornate near the mansion, and choicely timbered; in other parts glens and spreading dells, masses of black pines and savage woods; everywhere, sometimes glittering and sometimes sullen, glimpses of the largest natural lake that inland England boasts, Muriel Mere, and in the extreme distance moors, and the first crest of mountains. The park, too, was full of life, for there were not only herds of red and fallow deer, but, in its more secret haunts, wandered a race of wild cattle, extremely savage, white and dove-coloured, and said to be of the time of the Romans.—*Lothair.*

Pen Bronnock Chase.—It was a pile which the immortal Inigo had raised in sympathy with the taste of a noble employer, who had passed his earliest years in Lombardy. Of stone, and sometimes even of marble, with pediments and balustrades, and ornamental windows, and richly-chased keystones, and flights of steps, and here and there a statue, the structure was quite Palladian, though a little dingy, and, on the whole, very imposing.

There were suites of rooms which had no end, and staircases which had no beginning. In this vast pile, nothing was more natural than to lose your way, an agreeable amuse-

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ment on a rainy morning. There was a collection of pictures, very various, by which phrase we understand not select. Yet they were amusing ; and the Canalettis were unrivalled. There was a regular ball-room, and a theatre ; so resources were at hand. The scenes, though dusty, were numerous ; and the Duke had provided new dresses. The park was not a park ; by which we mean, that it was rather a chase than the highly-finished enclosure which we associate with the first title. In fact, Pen Bronnock Chase was the right name of the settlement ; but some monarch travelling, having been seized with a spasm, recruited his strength under the roof of his loyal subject, then the chief seat of the House of Hauteville, and having in his urgency been obliged to hold a privy council there, the supreme title of palace was assumed by right.

The domain was bounded on one side by the sea ; and here a yacht and some slight craft rode at anchor in a small green bay, and offered an opportunity for the adventurous, and a refuge for the wearied.—*The Young Duke.*

Princedown.—Princedown was situate in a southern county, hardly on a southern coast, for it was ten miles from the sea, though enchanting views of the Channel were frequent and exquisite. It was a palace built in old days upon the downs, but sheltered and screened from every hostile wind. The full warmth of the south fell upon the vast but fantastic pile of the Renaissance style, said to have been built by that gifted but mysterious individual, John of Padua. The gardens were wonderful, terrace upon terrace, and on each terrace a tall fountain. But the most peculiar feature was the park, which was undulating and extensive, but its timber entirely ilex : single trees of an age and size not common in that tree, and groups and clumps of ilex, but always ilex. Beyond the park, and extending far into the horizon, was Princedown forest, the dominion of the red deer.—*Endymion.*

St. Genevieve.—In a valley, not far from the margin of a beautiful river, raised on a lofty and artificial terrace at the

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base of a range of wooded heights, was a pile of modern building in the finest style of Christian architecture. It was of great extent and richly decorated. Built of a white and glittering stone, it sparkled with its pinnacles in the sunshine as it rose in strong relief against its verdant background. The winding valley, which was studded, but not too closely studded, with clumps of old trees, formed for a great extent on either side of the mansion a grassy demesne, which was called the Lower Park; but it was a region bearing the name of the Upper Park, that was the peculiar and most picturesque feature of this splendid residence. The wooded heights that formed the valley were not, as they appeared, a range of hills. Their crest was only the abrupt termination of a vast and enclosed table-land, abounding in all the qualities of the ancient chase: turf and trees, a wilderness of underwood, and a vast spread of gorse and fern. The deer, that abounded, lived here in a world as savage as themselves: trooping down in the evening to the river. Some of them, indeed, were ever in sight of those who were in the valley, and you might often observe various groups clustered on the green heights above the mansion, the effect of which was most inspiriting and graceful. Sometimes in the twilight, a solitary form, magnified by the illusive hour, might be seen standing on the brink of the steep, large and black against the clear sky.—*Conningsby*.

Vauxe.—Vauxe, the seat of the St. Jeromes, was the finest specimen of the old English residence extant. It was the perfection of the style which had gradually arisen after the wars of the Roses had alike destroyed all the castles and the purpose of those stern erections. People said Vauxe looked like a college: the truth is, colleges looked like Vauxe; for when those fair and civil buildings rose, the wise and liberal spirits who endowed them intended that they should resemble as much as possible the residence of a great noble.

There were two quadrangles at Vauxe of grey stone;

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the outer one of larger dimensions and much covered with ivy ; the inner one not so extensive but more ornate, with a lofty tower, a hall, and a chapel. The house was full of galleries, and they were full of portraits. Indeed there was scarcely a chamber in this vast edifice of which the walls were not breathing with English history in this interesting form. Sometimes more ideal art asserted a triumphant claim : transcendental Holy families, seraphic saints, and gorgeous scenes by Tintoret and Paul of Verona.

The furniture of the house seemed never to have been changed. It was very old, somewhat scanty, but very rich ; tapestry and velvet hangings, marvellous cabinets, and crystal girandoles. Here and there a group of ancient plate ; ewers and flagons and tall saltcellars a foot high and richly chiselled ; sometimes a state bed shadowed with a huge pomp of stiff brocade and borne by silver poles.

Vauxe stood in a large park studded with stately trees ; here and there an avenue of Spanish chestnuts or a grove of oaks ; sometimes a gorsy dell and sometimes a great spread of antlered fern, taller than the tallest man.—*Lothair.*

Credit.

I see before me the statue of a celebrated minister, who said that confidence was a plant of slow growth. But I believe, however gradual may be the growth of confidence, that of credit requires still more time to arrive at maturity. *Speech at Mansion House, November* 9, 1867.

Creed.

A creed is imagination.—*Contarini Fleming.*

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man.—('Nigel Penruddock') *Endymion.*

Crimean War.

We may draw at least this conclusion from the war which has broken out. I think what has occurred has shown that

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the arts of peace, practised by a free people, are not enervating. I think that the deeds which have been referred to, both of the commanders and the common soldiers, have shown that education has not a tendency to diminish, but to refine and raise the standard of the martial character. In these we may proudly recognise the might and prowess of a free and ancient people. These are all circumstances and conditions which are favourable to our confidence in the progress of civilisation and flattering to the consciousness of every Englishman.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Vote of Thanks to Allied Armies*), *December* 15, 1855.

Critics.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Address in answer to Her Majesty's Speech*), *January* 24, 1860.

You know who critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.—('Mr. Phœbus') *Lothair.*

There are critics, who, abstractedly, do not approve of successful books, particularly if they have failed in the same style.—*Preface to Lothair.*

There is always, both in politics and literature, the race, the Dennises, the Oldmixons, and Curls, who flatter themselves that by systematically libelling some eminent person of their times, they have a chance of descending to posterity.—*Preface to Lothair.*

Cyprus.

In taking Cyprus—the movement is not Mediterranean; it is Indian. I only hope the House will not misunderstand our motives in occupying Cyprus and in encouraging those intimate relations between ourselves and the government and population of Turkey. They are not movements of war: they are movements of peace and civilisation.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Congress Correspondence and Protocols*), *July* 18, 1878.

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There is no doubt that the administration of Cyprus by England will exercise the most beneficial and moral influence upon the contiguous dominions of the Sultan. This was a secondary consideration in inducing us to take the step which we have done. It was as a strong place of arms, for which it is admirably calculated by its geographical position and the variety of its resources, that we fixed on Cyprus, after having examined all the other islands of the Mediterranean.—*Speech at Mansion House, November* 9, 1878.

Dacre (May).

She was very young; that is to say, she had, perhaps, added a year or two to sweet seventeen, an addition which, while it does not deprive the sex of the early grace of girlhood, adorns them with that indefinable dignity which is necessary to constitute a perfect woman. She was not tall, but as she moved forward displayed a figure so exquisitely symmetrical that for a moment the Duke forgot to look at her face, and then her head was turned away; yet he was consoled a moment for his disappointment by watching the movements of a neck so white, and round, and long, and delicate, that it would have become Psyche, and might have inspired Praxiteles. Her face is again turning towards him. It stops too soon; yet his eye feeds upon the outline of a cheek not too full, yet promising of beauty, like hope of Paradise.

She turns her head, she throws around a glance, and two streams of liquid light pour from her hazel eyes on his. It was a rapid, graceful movement, unstudied as the motion of a fawn, and was in a moment withdrawn, yet was it long enough to stamp upon his memory a memorable countenance. Her face was quite oval, her nose delicately aquiline, and her high pure forehead like a Parian dome. The clear blood coursed under her transparent cheek, and increased the brilliancy of her dazzling eyes. His never left her. There was an expression of decision about her small mouth,

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an air of almost mockery in her curling lip, which, though in themselves wildly fascinating, strangely contrasted with all the beaming light and beneficent lustre of the upper part of her countenance. There was something, too, in the graceful but rather decided air with which she moved, that seemed to betoken her self-consciousness of her beauty or her rank ; perhaps it might be her wit ; for the Duke observed that while she scarcely smiled, and conversed with lips hardly parted, her companion, with whom she was evidently intimate, was almost constantly convulsed with laughter, although, as he never spoke, it was clearly not at his own jokes.—*The Young Duke.*

Dance.

A waltz of spiriting grace, or a mazy cotillon of jocund bouquets.—*Endymion.*

Dawn.

Eve has its spell of calmness and consolation, but dawn brings hope and joy.—*Lothair.*

It was just that single hour of the twenty-four, when crime ceases, debauchery is exhausted, and even desolation finds a shelter.—*Sybil.*

Day.

Twilight makes us pensive : Aurora is the goddess of activity : despair curses at midnight : hope blesses at noon. *The Young Duke.*

Death.

The first conviction that there is death in the house is perhaps the most awful moment of youth. When we are young, we think not only ourselves, but that all about us, are immortal. Until the arrow has struck a victim round our own hearth, death is merely an unmeaning word ; until then, its casual mention has stamped no idea upon our brain. There are few, even among those least susceptible of thought and emotion, in whose hearts and minds the

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first death in the family does not act as a powerful revelation of the mysteries of life, and of their own being; there are few who, after such a catastrophe, do not look upon the world and the world's ways, at least for a time, with changed and tempered feelings. It recalls the past; it makes us ponder over the future; and youth, gay and light-hearted youth, is taught, for the first time, to regret and to fear.—*Venetia.*

The heavens darken: a new character enters upon the scene.

Ὦ θάνατε, θάνατε, νῦν μ' ἐπισκέψαι μολών.

They say that when great men arise they have a mission to accomplish, and do not disappear until it is fulfilled. Yet this is not always true. After all his deep study and his daring action, Mr. Hampden died on an obscure field, almost before the commencement of that mighty struggle which he seemed born to direct.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

Ah, death! that is a botherer. What can you make of death? There are those poor fishermen now; there will be a white squall some day, and they will go down with those lateen sails of theirs, and be food for the very prey they were going to catch; and if you continue living here, you may eat one of your neighbours in the shape of a shoal of red mullets, when it is the season. The great secret, we cannot penetrate that with all our philosophy, my dear Herbert. 'All that we know is, nothing can be known.' Barren, barren, barren! And yet what a grand world it is! Look at this bay, these blue waters, the mountains, and these chestnuts, devilish fine! The fact is, truth is veiled, but, like the Shekinah over the tabernacle, the veil is of dazzling light!—('Lord Cadurcis') *Venetia.*

Debate.

A dull debate, when the facts are only a refutation of the Blue-books, and the fancy an ingenious appeal to the recrimination of Hansard.—*Sybil.*

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Wishy is down, and Washy is up.—('Spencer May') *Sybil.*

The debate was opened by a young man with a singularly sunny face and a voice of music. His statement was clear and calm. Though nothing could be more uncompromising than his opinions, it seemed that nothing could be fairer than his facts. . . . The debate was concluded after another hour by Hortensius, and Endymion was struck by the contrast between his first and second manner. Safe from reply, and reckless in his security, it is not easy to describe the audacity of his retorts, or the tumult of his eloquence. Rapid, sarcastic, humorous, picturesque, impassioned, he seemed to carry everything before him, and to resemble his former self in nothing but the music of his voice, which lent melody to scorn and sometimes reached the depth of pathos.—*Endymion.*

Debaters.

The most commanding speaker that I ever listened to is, I think, Sir Francis Burdett. I never heard him in the House, but at an election. He was full of music, grace, and dignity, even amid all the vulgar tumult; and, unlike all mob orators, raised the taste of the populace to him, instead of lowering his own to theirs. His colleague, Mr. Hobhouse, seemed to me ill qualified for a demagogue, though he spoke with power. He is rather too elaborate, and a little heavy, but fluent, and never weak. His thoughtful and highly-cultivated mind maintains him under all circumstances; and his breeding never deserts him. Sound sense comes recommended from his lips by the language of a scholar and the urbanity of a gentleman.

Mr. Brougham, at present, reigns paramount in the House of Commons. I think the lawyer has spoiled the statesman. He is said to have great powers of sarcasm. From what I have observed there, I should think very little ones would be quite sufficient. Many a sneer withers in

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those walls, which would scarcely, I think, blight a currant-bush out of them ; and I have seen the House convulsed with raillery which, in other society, would infallibly settle the railler to be a bore beyond all tolerance. Even an idiot can raise a smile. They are so good-natured, or find it so dull. Mr. Canning's badinage was the most successful, though I confess I have listened to few things more calculated to make a man gloomy. But the House always ran riot, taking everything for granted, and cracked their universal sides before he opened his mouth. The fault of Mr. Brougham is, that he holds no intellect at present in great dread, and, consequently, allows himself on all occasions to run wild. Few men hazard more unphilosophical observations ; but he is safe, because there is no one to notice them. On all great occasions, Mr. Brougham has come up to the mark ; an infallible test of a man of genius.

I hear that Mr. Macaulay is to be returned. If he speaks half as well as he writes, the House will be in fashion again. I fear that he is one of those who, like the individual whom he has most studied, will 'give up to party what was meant for mankind.'

At any rate, he must get rid of his rabidity. He writes now on all subjects as if he certainly intended to be a renegade, and was determined to make the contrast complete.

Mr. Peel is the model of a minister, and improves as a speaker ; though, like most of the rest, he is fluent without the least style. He should not get so often in a passion either, or, if he do, should not get out of one so easily. His sweet apologies are cloying. His candour ; he will do well to get rid of that. He can make a present of it to Mr. Huskisson, who is a memorable instance of the value of knowledge, which maintains a man under all circumstances and all disadvantages, and will.

In the Lords, I admire the Duke. The readiness with

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which he has adopted the air of a debater, shows the man of genius. There is a gruff, husky sort of a downright Montaignish naïveté about him, which is quaint, unusual, and tells. You plainly perceive that he is determined to be a civilian ; and he is as offended if you drop a hint that he occasionally wears a uniform, as a servant on a holiday if you mention the word *livery*.

Lord Grey speaks with feeling, and is better to hear than to read, though ever strong and impressive. Lord Holland's speeches are like a *rifaccimento* of all the suppressed passages in Clarendon, and the notes in the new edition of Bishop Burnet's Memoirs : but taste throws a delicate hue over the curious medley, and the candour of a philosophic mind shows that in the library at Holland House he can sometimes cease to be a partisan.

One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite : I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House 'Don Juan' may perhaps be our model ; in the Upper House, 'Paradise Lost.' *The Young Duke.*

Debt.

To be harassed about money is one of the most disagreeable incidents of life. It ruffles the temper, lowers the spirits, disturbs the rest, and finally breaks up the health.—('Lord Marney') *Sybil.*

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime ; it taints the course of life in all its dreams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians ! It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions for ever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood,

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did not secure a doom more terrific. But when we are young we must enjoy ourselves.—*Henrietta Temple.*

Delicacy.

In my opinion there is no quality in business more dangerous than delicacy. In my limited experience, I can certainly say that whenever delicacy has been admitted in the transaction of business, I have always considerably suffered. Now I do not think a minister ought to be allowed to shrink from the performance of a public duty by telling us he considered it indelicate.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Official Salaries*), *April* 12, 1850.

Democracy.

Popular privileges are consistent with a state of society in which there is great inequality of position. Democratic rights, on the contrary, demand that there should be equality of condition as the fundamental basis of the society they regulate.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Representation of the People Bill*), *March* 18, 1867.

If you establish a democracy, you must in due time reap the fruits of a democracy. You will in due season have great impatience of the public burdens, combined in due season with great increase of the public expenditure. You will in due season have wars entered into from passion and not from reason; and you will in due season submit to peace ignominiously sought and ignominiously obtained, which will diminish your authority and perhaps endanger your independence. You will in due season find your property is less valuable, and your freedom less complete.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Representation of the People Bill*), *March* 31, 1859.

There is more true democracy in the Roman Catholic Church than in all the secret societies of Europe.—('Waldershare') *Endymion.*

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Departures.

Departures should be sudden.—('Sidonia') *Coningsby.*

Deputations.

And now for these deputations; of all things in the world I dislike a deputation. I do not care how much I labour in the closet or the House; that's real work; the machine is advanced. But receiving a deputation is like sham marching: an immense dust and no progress. To listen to their views! As if I did not know what their views were before they stated them! And to put on a countenance of respectful candour while they are developing their exploded or their impracticable systems! Were it not that, at a practised crisis, I permit them to see conviction slowly stealing over my conscience, I believe the fellows would never stop.—('A Gèntleman in Downing Street') *Sybil.*

Derby (Earl of).

I do not know that there is anything that excites enthusiasm in him except when he contemplates the surrender of some national policy.—*Speech in House of Lords, March* 5, 1881.

Derby Race (the).

It is the blue ribbon of the turf.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck.*

Despair.

Despair is the conclusion of fools.—('Alroy') *Sybil.*

Desperation.

Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius.—*Endymion.*

Destiny.

Destiny is our will, and our will is our nature.—*Contarini Fleming.*

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Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Tastes differ about destinies, as about manners.—('Lady Montfort') *Endymion.*

Destiny for its fulfilment ordains action.—('Prince Florestan') *Endymion.*

If we cannot shape our destiny, there is no such thing as witchcraft.—('Lady Montfort') *Endymion.*

De Trop.

Endymion felt all that embarrassment mingled with a certain portion of self-contempt, which attends the conviction that we are what is delicately called *de trop.*—*Endymion.*

Development.

Development is the discovery of utility.—*Popanilla.*

Digestion.

A good eater must be a good man; for a good eater must have a good digestion, and a good digestion depends upon a good conscience.—*The Young Duke.*

Dinner.

Turtle makes all men equal.—('Adriana Neuchatel') *Endymion.*

Tradesmen nowadays console themselves for not getting their bills paid by asking their customers to dinner.—*The Young Duke.*

O London dinners! Empty artificial nothings! and that beings can be found, and those too the flower of the land, who, day after day, can act the same part in the same dull, dreamy farce!—*Vivian Grey.*

The glare, and heat, and noise, this congeries of individuals without sympathy, and dishes without flavour; this is society.—*The Young Duke.*

Two things which are necessary to a perfect dinner are

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noiseless attendants and a precision in serving the various dishes of each course.—*Tancred.*

A dinner of wits is proverbially a palace of silence.—*Endymion.*

At Lord St. Jerome's.—It was a lively dinner. Lord St. Jerome loved conversation, though he never conversed. 'There must be an audience,' he would say, 'and I am the audience.' The partner of his life, whom he never ceased admiring, had originally fascinated him by her conversational talents; and even if nature had not impelled her, Lady St. Jerome was too wise a woman to relinquish the spell. The Monsignore could always, when necessary, sparkle with anecdote or blaze with repartee; and all the chaplains, who abounded in this house, were men of bright abilities, not merely men of reading but of the world, learned in the world's ways, and trained to govern mankind by the versatility of their sympathies. It was a dinner where there could not be two conversations going on, and where even the silent take their share in the talk by their sympathy.—*Lothair.*

At Mr. Pinto's.—His (St. Aldegonde's) keen though listless glance revealed to him that he was, as he described it to Hugo Bohun, in a social jungle, in which there was a great herd of animals that he particularly disliked, namely what he entitled 'swells.'—*Lothair.*

This was Mr. Brancepeth, celebrated for his dinners and still more for his guests. Mr. Brancepeth was a grave young man. It was supposed that he was always meditating over the arrangement of his menus, or the skilful means by which he could assemble together the right persons to partake of them. Mr. Brancepeth had attained the highest celebrity in his peculiar career. To dine with Mr. Brancepeth was a social incident that was mentioned. Royalty had consecrated his banquets, and a youth of note was scarcely a graduate of society who had not been his guest. There was one person, however, who, in this respect, had not taken his degree, and, as always happens under such cir-

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cumstances, he was the individual on whom Mr. Brancepeth was most desirous to confer it ; and this was St. Aldegonde. In vain Mr. Brancepeth had approached him with vast cards of invitation to hecatombs, and with insinuating little notes to dinners sans façon ; proposals which the presence of princes might almost construe into a command, or the presence of some one even more attractive than princes must invest with irresistible charm. It was all in vain. 'Not that I dislike Brancepeth,' said St. Aldegonde ; 'I rather like him : I like a man who can do only one thing, but does that well. But then I hate dinners.'—*Lothair.*

Lord Monmouth's dinners at Paris were celebrated. It was generally agreed that they had no rivals ; yet there were others who had as skilful cooks, others who, for such a purpose, were equally profuse in their expenditure. What, then, was the secret spell of his success? The simplest in the world, though no one seemed aware of it. His Lordship's plates were always hot : whereas at Paris, in the best appointed houses, and at dinners which, for costly materials and admirable art in their preparation, cannot be surpassed, the effect is always considerably lessened, and by a mode the most mortifying : by the mere circumstance that every one at a French dinner is served on a cold plate. The reason of a custom, or rather a necessity, which one would think a nation so celebrated for their gastronomical taste would recoil from, is really, it is believed, that the ordinary French porcelain is so very inferior that it cannot endure the preparatory heat for dinner. The common white pottery, for example, which is in general use, and always found at the cafés, will not bear vicinage to a brisk kitchen fire for half an hour. Now, if we only had that treaty of commerce with France which has been so often on the point of completion, the fabrics of our unrivalled potteries, in exchange for their capital wines, would be found throughout France. The dinners of both nations would be improved :

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the English would gain a delightful beverage, and the French, for the first time in their lives, would dine off hot plates. An unanswerable instance of the advantages of commercial reciprocity !—*Conings by.*

Dinner at Mr. Vigo's.—The dinner was a banquet,—a choice bouquet before every guest, turtle and venison and piles of whitebait, and pineapples of prodigious size, and bunches of grapes that had gained prizes. The champagne seemed to flow in fountains, and was only interrupted that the guest might quaff Burgundy or taste Tokay. But what was more delightful than all was the enjoyment of all present, and especially of the host. That is a rare sight. Banquets are not rare, nor choice guests, nor gracious hosts ; but when do we ever see a person enjoy anything ? But these gay children of art and whim, and successful labour and happy speculation, some of them very rich, and some without a sou, seemed only to think of the festive hour and all its joys. Neither wealth nor poverty brought them cares. Every face sparkled, every word seemed witty, and every sound seemed sweet. A band played upon the lawn during the dinner, and were succeeded, when the dessert commenced, by strange choruses from singers of some foreign land, who for the first time aired their picturesque costumes on the banks of the Thames.—*Endymion.*

The banquet of the Neuchatels to the Premier, and some of the principal ambassadors and their wives, and to those of the Premier's colleagues who were fashionable enough to be asked, and to some of the Dukes and Duchesses and other ethereal beings who supported the ministry, was the first event of the season. The table blazed with rare flowers and rarer porcelain and precious candelabra of sculptured beauty glittering with light ; the gold plate was less remarkable than the delicate ware that had been alike moulded and adorned for a Du Barri or a Marie Antoinette, and which now found a permanent and peaceful home in the proverbial land of purity and order ; and amid

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the stars and ribbons not the least remarkable feature of the whole was Mr. Neuchatel himself, seated at the centre of his table, alike free from ostentation or over-deference, talking to the great ladies on each side of him as if he had nothing to do in life but whisper in gentle ears, and partaking of his own dainties as if he were eating bread and cheese at a country inn.—*Endymion.*

A little dinner not more than the Muses, with all the guests clever, and some pretty, offers human life and human nature under very favourable circumstances.—*Conings by.*

Lady Fitz-pompey determined that the young Duke should make his début at once, and at her house. Although it was yet January, she did not despair of collecting a select band of guests, Brahmins of the highest caste. Some choice spirits were in office, like her lord, and therefore in town; others were only passing through; but no one caught a flying-fish with more dexterity than the Countess. The notice was short, the whole was unstudied. It was a felicitous impromptu, and twenty guests were assembled, who were the Corinthian capitals of the Temple of Fashion.

There was the Premier, who was invited, not because he was a Minister, but because he was a hero. There was another Duke not less celebrated, whose palace was a breathing shrine which sent forth the oracles of mode. True, he had ceased to be a young Duke; but he might be consoled for the vanished lustre of youth by the recollection that he had enjoyed it, and by the present inspiration of an accomplished manhood. There were the Prince and the Princess Protocoli: his Highness a first-rate diplomatist, unrivalled for his management of an opera; and his consort, with a countenance like Cleopatra and a tiara like a constellation, famed alike for her shawls and her snuff. There were Lord and Lady Bloomerly, who were the best friends on earth: my Lord a sportsman, but soft withal, his talk the Jockey Club, filtered through White's; my Lady a

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little blue, and very beautiful. Their daughter, Lady Charlotte, rose by her mother's side like a tall bud by a full-blown flower. There were the Viscountess Blaze, a peeress in her own right, and her daughter, Miss Blaze Dashaway, who, besides the glory of the future coronet, moved in all the confidence of independent thousands. There was the Marquess of Macaroni, who was at the same time a general, an ambassador, and a dandy; and who, if he had liked, could have worn twelve orders; but this day, being modest, only wore six. There, too, was the Marchioness, with a stomacher stiff with brilliants extracted from the snuff-boxes presented to her husband at a Congress.

There were Lord Sunium, who was not only a peer but a poet; and his lady, a Greek, who looked just finished by Phidias. There, too, was Pococurante, the epicurean and triple millionnaire, who in a political country dared to despise politics, in the most aristocratic of kingdoms had refused nobility, and in a land which showers all its honours upon its cultivators invested his whole fortune in the funds. He lived in a retreat like the villa of Hadrian, and maintained himself in an elevated position chiefly by his wit and a little by his wealth. There, too, were his noble wife, thoroughbred to her fingers' tips, and beaming like the evening star; and his son, who was an M.P., and thought his father a fool. In short, our party was no common party, but a band who formed the very core of civilisation; a high court of last appeal, whose word was a fiat, whose sign was a hint, whose stare was death, and sneer—— damnation!—*The Young Duke.*

The unfortunate, who had no contest, had to dine with another principal citizen, with real turtle soup and gigantic turbots, entrees in the shape of volcanic curries, and rigid venison sent as a compliment by a neighbouring peer.—*Endymion.*

The dinner was refined, for Mr. Bertie Tremaine com-

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bined the sybarite with the utilitarian sage, and it secretly delighted him to astonish or embarrass an austere brother republican by the splendour of his family plate or the polished appointments of his household.—*Endymion.*

A Sporting Dinner.—It is doubtful whether it ever occurs to anyone present, that there is any other existing combination of atoms than odds and handicaps.—*Endymion.*

A Fish Dinner.—Tancred was going to give them a fish dinner! A what? A sort of banquet which might have served for the marriage feast of Neptune and Amphitrite, and be commemorated by a constellation ; and which ought to have been administered by the Nereids and the Naiads ; terrines of turtle, pools of water souchee, flounders of every hue, and eels in every shape, cutlets of salmon, salmis of carp, ortolans represented by whitebait, and huge roasts carved out of the sturgeon. The appetite is distracted by the variety of objects, and tantalised by the restlessness of perpetual solicitation ; not a moment of repose, no pause for enjoyment ; eventually, a feeling of satiety without satisfaction, and of repletion without sustenance ; till, at night, gradually recovering from the whirl of the anomalous repast, famished yet incapable of flavour, the tortured memory can only recall with an effort, that it has dined off pink champagne and brown bread and butter !—*Tancred.*

A Parliamentary Dinner.—I think a course of Parliamentary dinners would produce a good effect. It gives a tone to a political party. The science of political gastronomy has never been sufficiently studied.—*Vivian Grey.*

A Dinner in Coaching Days.—'The coach stops here half an hour, gentlemen : dinner quite ready !'

'Tis a delightful sound. And what a dinner ! What a profusion of substantial delicacies ! What mighty and iris-tinted rounds of beef ! What vast and marble-veined ribs ! What gelatinous veal pies ! What colossal hams ! Those are evidently prize cheeses ! And how invigorating is the

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perfume of those various and variegated pickles! Then the bustle emulating the plenty; the ringing of bells, the clash of thoroughfare, the summoning of ubiquitous waiters, and the all-pervading feeling of omnipotence, from the guests, who order what they please, to the landlord, who can produce and execute everything they can desire. 'Tis a wondrous sight. Why should a man go and see the pyramids and cross the desert, when he has not beheld York Minster or travelled on the Road?—*Henrietta Temple.*

An Old-fashioned Dinner.—Simple as was the usual diet at Cherbury, the cook was permitted on Sunday full play to her art, which, in the eighteenth century, indulged in the production of dishes more numerous and substantial than our refined tastes could at present tolerate. The Doctor appreciated a good dinner, and his countenance glistened with approbation as he surveyed the ample tureen of potage royal, with a boned duck swimming in its centre. Before him still scowled in death the grim countenance of a huge roast pike, flanked on one side by a leg of mutton *à-la-daube*, and on the other by the tempting delicacies of bombarded veal. To these succeeded that masterpiece of culinary art, a grand battalia pie, in which the bodies of chickens, pigeons, and rabbits were embalmed in spices, cocks' combs, and savoury balls, and well bedewed with one of those rich sauces of claret, anchovy, and sweet herbs, in which our great-grandfathers delighted, and which was technically termed a Lear. But the grand essay of skill was the cover of this pasty, whereon the curious cook had contrived to represent all the once-living forms that were now entombed in that gorgeous sepulchre. A Florentine tourte, or tansy, an old English custard, a more refined blamango, and a riband jelly of many colours, offered a pleasant relief after these vaster inventions, and the repast closed with a dish of oyster loaves and a pompetone of larks.—*Venetia.*

After Dinner.—The entrance of the gentlemen produced

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the same effect on the saloon as sunrise on the world, universal animation, a general though gentle stir.—*Conings by.*

A very great personage in a foreign but not remote country once mentioned to the writer of these pages that he ascribed the superiority of the English in political life, in their conduct of public business, and practical views of affairs to that little half-hour that separates, after dinner, the dark from the fair sex.—*Conings by.*

Diplomacy.

All diplomacy since the Treaty of Utrecht seems to me to be fiddle-faddle, and the country rewarded the great man who made that treaty by an attainder.—('Waldershare') *Endymion.*

Diplomacy is hospitable.—*Endymion.*

Diplomatists.

I always look upon diplomatists as the Hebrews of politics.—('Sidonia') *Conings by.*

Dissolution.

Our opponents, indeed, have settled everything. They have exhausted all the arts of unanimous audacity. But I think I have read somewhere that it is the custom of undisciplined hosts on the eve of a battle to anticipate and celebrate their triumph by horrid sounds and hideous yells, the sounding of cymbals, the beating of drums, the shrieks and springs of barbaric hordes. But it is sometimes found that the victory is not to them, but to those who are calm and collected; the victory is to those who have arms of precision, though they made no noise; to those who have the breech-loaders, the rocket brigade, and the Armstrong artillery. The fight will soon commence.—*Speech at Mansion House, November* 9, 1868.

Divinity.

Human wit ought to be exhausted before we presume to invoke Divine interposition.—('Eva') *Tancred.*

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The Divine majesty has never thought fit to communicate except with human beings of the very highest powers.—*Tancred.*

There is but one God—is it Allah or Jehovah? The palm-tree is sometimes called a date-tree, but there is only one tree.—('Amalek') *Tancred.*

Divorce

Lady Gaverslock was pure as snow; but her mother having been divorced, she ever fancied she was paying a kind of homage to her parent by visiting those who might some day be in the same predicament.—*Conings by.*

Don Quixote.

'There,' said Herbert, as he closed the book. 'In my opinion, Don Quixote was the best man that ever lived.'

'But he did not ever live,' said Lady Annabel, smiling.

'He lives to us,' said Herbert. 'He is the same to this age as if he had absolutely wandered over the plains of Castile and watched in the Sierra Morena. We cannot, indeed, find his tomb; but he has left us his great example. In his hero, Cervantes has given us the picture of a great and benevolent philosopher, and in his Sancho, a complete personification of the world, selfish and cunning, and yet overawed by the genius that he cannot comprehend: alive to all the material interests of existence, yet sighing after the ideal; securing his four young foals of the she-ass, yet indulging in dreams of empire.'

'But what do you think of the assault on the windmills, Marmion?' said Lady Annabel.

'In the outset of his adventures, as in the outset of our lives, he was misled by his enthusiasm,' replied Herbert, 'without which, after all, we can do nothing. But the result is, Don Quixote was a redresser of wrongs, and therefore the world esteemed him mad.'—*Venetia.*

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Downing Street.

Happy spot, where they draw up constitutions for Syria and treaties for China with the same self-complacency and the same success.—*Tancred.*

Dress.

You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life. You must dress in some cases according to your set. In youth a little fancy is rather expected, but if political life be your object, it should be avoided, at least after one-and-twenty. What all men should avoid is the shabby genteel. No man gets over it. You had better be in rags.—('Vigo') *Endymion.*

The sisters were in demi-toilette, which seemed artless, though in fact it was profoundly devised. Sylvia was the only person who really understood the meaning of 'simplex munditiis,' and this was one of the secrets of her success.—*Endymion.*

Duel.

A political duel, in which recourse was had to the secure arbitrament of blank cartridges.—*Maiden Speech in House of Commons* (*Irish Election Petition*), *December* 7, 1837.

Duke and Duchess.

The noble proprietor of this demesne had many of the virtues of his class; a few of their failings. He had that public spirit which became his station. He was not one of those who avoided the exertions and the sacrifices which should be inseparable from high position, by the hollow pretext of a taste for privacy, and a devotion to domestic joys He was munificent, tender, and bounteous to the poor, and loved a flowing hospitality. A keen sportsman, he was not untinctured by letters, and had indeed a cultivated taste for the fine arts. Though an ardent politician, he was tolerant to adverse opinions, and full of amenity to his opponents.

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A firm supporter of the corn-laws, he never refused a lease. Notwithstanding there ran through his whole demeanour and the habit of his mind, a vein of native simplicity that was full of charm, his manner was finished. He never offended anyone's self-love. His good breeding, indeed, sprang from the only source of gentle manners, a kind heart. To have pained others would have pained himself. Perhaps, too, this noble sympathy may have been in some degree prompted by the ancient blood in his veins, an accident of lineage rather rare with the English nobility. One could hardly praise him for the strong affections that bound him to his hearth, for fortune had given him the most pleasing family in the world ; but, above all, a peerless wife.

The Duchess was one of those women who are the delight of existence. She was sprung from a house not inferior to that with which she had blended, and was gifted with that rare beauty which time ever spares, so that she seemed now only the elder sister of her own beautiful daughters. She, too, was distinguished by that perfect good breeding which is the result of nature and not of education : for it may be found in a cottage, and may be missed in a palace. 'Tis a genial regard for the feelings of others that springs from an absence of selfishness. The Duchess, indeed, was in every sense a fine lady ; her manners were refined and full of dignity ; but nothing in the world could have induced her to appear bored when another was addressing or attempting to amuse her. She was not one of those vulgar fine ladies who meet you one day with a vacant stare, as if unconscious of your existence, and address you on another in a tone of impertinent familiarity. Her temper, perhaps, was somewhat quick, which made this consideration for the feelings of others still more admirable, for it was the result of a strict moral discipline acting on a good heart. Although the best of wives and mothers, she had some charity for her neighbours. Needing herself no indulgence, she could be indulgent ; and would by no means favour

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that strait-laced morality that would constrain the innocent play of the social body. She was accomplished, well read, and had a lively fancy. Add to this that sunbeam of a happy home, a gay and cheerful spirit in its mistress, and one might form some faint idea of this gracious personage.

The Duke had a good heart, and not a bad head. If he had not made in his youth so many Latin and English verses, he might have acquired considerable information, for he had a natural love of letters, though his pack were the pride of England, his barrel seldom missed, and his fortune on the turf, where he never betted, was a proverb. He was good, and he wished to do good; but his views were confused from want of knowledge, and his conduct often inconsistent because a sense of duty made him immediately active; and he often acquired in the consequent experience a conviction exactly contrary to that which had prompted his activity.—*Coningsby.*

Duke of St. James.

His Grace moved towards them, tall and elegant in figure, and with that air of affable dignity which becomes a noble, and which adorns a court; none of that affected indifference which seems to imply that nothing can compensate for the exertion of moving, and 'which makes the dandy, while it mars the man.' His large and somewhat sleepy grey eye, his clear complexion, his small mouth, his aquiline nose, his transparent forehead, his rich brown hair, and the delicacy of his extremities, presented, when combined, a very excellent specimen of that style of beauty for which the nobility of England are remarkable. Gentle, for he felt the importance of the tribunal, never loud, ready, yet a little reserved, he neither courted nor shunned examination. His finished manner, his experience of society, his pretensions to taste, the gaiety of his temper, and the liveliness of his imagination, gradually developed themselves with the developing hours.—*The Young Duke.*

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Dynasties.

Dynasties are unpopular, especially new ones; the present age is monarchical, but not dynastic.—('Bertie Tremaine') *Endymion.*

East.

The East is a career.—('Coningsby') *Tancred.*

East India Company.

The East India Company has fallen very much like that great Italian Republic which I have always thought it rivalled and resembled. It has fallen in possession of a gallant army, a powerful fleet, and a considerable territory. It has fallen with all the semblance of authority, and it has met its end in the august fulfilment of its duties. Like Venice, the East India Company has left a legacy of glory to mankind, and in treating of a form of government which has become extinct I hope the House will allow me to express my own feelings and to speak of that Company with that respect which I think every Englishman will extend to its memory.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Government of India* [*No.* 2] *Bill*), *March* 26, 1858.

Economy.

Economy does not consist in the reckless reduction of estimates. On the contrary such a course almost necessarily tends to increased expenditure. There can be no economy where there is no efficiency.—*Letter to Constituents, October* 3, 1868.

Education.

The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness.—('Mr. Phœbus') *Lothair.*

Those costly ceremonies which, under the name of Eton and Christchurch, in his time fascinated and dazzled mankind.—*Endymion.*

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I have found life very gloomy, but I think it arises from our faulty education : we are taught words, not ideas.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Wherever was found what was called a paternal government, was found a State education. It had been discovered that the best way to insure implicit obedience was to commence tyranny in the nursery.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Minister of Education*), *June* 15, 1874.

Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends. There is no period in the history of the world in which I believe it has been more important that the disposition and mind of the people should be considered by the State than it is at present.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Minister of Education*), *June* 15, 1874.

Although it is humiliating to confess, yet I do confess, that cleanliness and order are not matters of instinct ; they are matters of education, and like most great things—mathematics and classics—you must cultivate a taste for them.—*Speech at Aylesbury* (*Royal and Central Bucks Agricultural Association*), *September* 21, 1865.

Egyptian Ornament.

There is a charm about Cairo, and it is this, that it is a capital in a desert. In one moment you are in the stream of existence, and in another in boundless solitude, or, which is still more awful, the silence of tombs. I speak of the sepulchres of the Mamlouk sultans without the city. They form what may indeed be styled a City of the Dead, an immense Necropolis, full of exquisite buildings, domes covered with fretwork, and minarets carved and moulded with rich and elegant fancy. To me they proved much more interesting than the far-famed pyramids, although their cones in a distance are indeed sublime, their grey cones soaring in the light blue sky.

The genius that has raised the tombs of the sultans may also be traced in many of the mosques of the city, splendid

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specimens of Saracenic architecture. In gazing upon these brilliant creations, and also upon those of ancient Egypt, I have often been struck by the felicitous system which they display, of ever forming the external ornaments by inscriptions. How far excelling the Grecian and Gothic method! Instead of a cornice of flowers, or an entablature of unmeaning fancy, how superior to be reminded of the power of the Creator, or the necessity of government, the deeds of conquerors, or the discoveries of arts!—*Contarini Fleming.*

Election.

We have had a riot, a little riot, just to show that we are freemen. We have had, as we had in 1832, violent opinions expressed—but in 1832 they were expressed by men of mark. By whom are they expressed now? By the nincompoops of politics—by men more absurd than Hudibras.—*Speech at Conservative Banquet, Edinburgh, October* 29, 1867.

Eloquence.

Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence.—*Endymion.*

Emigration.

When I observe year after year the vast emigration from Ireland, I feel that it is impossible to conceal the fact that we are experiencing a great social and political calamity. I acknowledge that under some conditions, and even under general conditions, emigration is the safety-valve of a people. But there is a difference between blood-letting and hæmorrhage.—*Election Speech on acceptance of office of Chancellor of Exchequer, July* 13, 1866.

Empire.

It is not on our fleets and armies, however necessary they may be for the maintenance of our imperial strength, that I alone or mainly depend in that enterprise on which this country is about to enter. It is on what I most highly

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value—the consciousness that in the Eastern nations there is a confidence in this country, and that while they know we can enforce our policy, at the same time they know that our Empire is an Empire of liberty, of truth, and of justice. *Speech in House of Commons* (*Congress Correspondence and Protocols*), *July* 18, 1878.

This Empire was formed by the enterprise and energy of our ancestors, and it is one of remarkable character. I know no example of it either in ancient or modern history. No Cæsar or Charlemagne ever presided over a dominion so peculiar. Its flag floats on many waters: it has provinces in every zone: they are inhabited by persons of different races, with different religions, different laws, manners, customs. Some of them are bound to us by the tie of liberty, fully conscious that without their connection with the metropolis they would have no security for public freedom and self-government. Others united to us by faith and blood are influenced by maternal as well as moral considerations. There are millions who are bound to us by military sway, and they bow to that sway because they know that they are indebted to it for order and justice. But all these communities agree in recognising the commanding spirit of these Islands that has formed and fashioned in such a manner so great a portion of the globe. That Empire is no mean heritage, but it is not a heritage that can only be enjoyed, it must be maintained; and it can only be maintained by discipline, by patience, by determination, and by a reverence for public law and respect for national rights.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Message from the Queen, Army Reserve Forces*), *April* 8, 1878.

Ems.

The situation of Ems is delightful. The mountains which form the valley are not, as in Switzerland, so elevated that they confine the air or seem to impede the facility of breathing. In their fantastic forms the picturesque is not

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lost in the monotonous, and in the rich covering of their various woods the admiring eye finds at the same time beauty and repose. Opposite the ancient palace, on the banks of the Lahn, are the gardens. In these, in a pavilion, a band of musicians seldom cease from enchanting the visitors by their execution of the most favourite specimens of German and Italian music. Numberless acacia arbours and retired sylvan seats are here to be found, where the student or the contemplative may seek refuge from the noise of his more gay companions, and the tedium of eternal conversation. In these gardens, also, are the billiard-room, and another saloon, in which each night meet not merely those who are interested in the mysteries of rouge-et-noir, and the chances of roulette, but, in general, the whole of the company, male and female, who are frequenting the baths. In quitting the gardens for a moment, we must not omit mentioning the interesting booth of our friend the restaurateur, where coffee, clear and hot, and exquisite confectionery, are never wanting. Nor should we forget the glittering pennons of the gay boats which glide along the Lahn; nor the handsome donkeys, who, with their white saddles and red bridles, seem not unworthy of the princesses whom they sometimes bear. The gardens, with an alley of limetrees, which are farther on, near the banks of the river, afford easy promenades to the sick and debilitated; but the more robust and active need not fear monotony in the valley of the Lahn. If they sigh for the champaign country, they can climb the wild passes of the encircling mountains, and from their tops enjoy the most magnificent views of the Rhineland. There they may gaze on that mighty river, flowing through the prolific plain which at the same time it nourishes and adorns, bounded on each side by mountains of every form, clothed with wood or crowned with castles. Or, if they fear the fatigues of the ascent, they may wander farther up the valley, and in the wild dells, romantic forests, and grey ruins of Stein and Nassau, con-

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jure up the old times of feudal tyranny when the forest was the only free land, and he who outraged the laws the only one who did not suffer from their authority.

Such is a slight description of Ems, a place almost of unique character; for it is a watering-place with every convenience, luxury, and accommodation; and yet without shops, streets, or houses.—*Vivian Grey.*

Endowment.

I have observed that it is a characteristic, a happy characteristic, of the age in which we live, men become their own executors, and I should be delighted to hear of some magnificent endowment, which would place our university in the position which it deserves.—*Speech at Glasgow (Presentation of Freedom of City), November* 20, 1872.

Endymion and Myra.

They were twins; children of most singular beauty. They resembled each other, and had the same brilliant complexions, rich chestnut hair, delicately arched brows, and dark blue eyes. The expression of their countenances was haughty, disdainful, and supercilious. Their beautiful features seemed quite unimpassioned, and they moved as if they expected everything to yield to them.

Endymion.

He was gentle and docile; but he did not acquire knowledge with facility, and was remarkably deficient in that previous information on which his father counted.

Three years later.—Though apparently so uneventful, the period had not been unimportant in the formation, doubtless yet partial, of his character. And all its influences had been beneficial to him. The crust of pride and selfishness with which large prosperity and illimitable indulgence had encased a kind, and far from presumptuous, disposition had been removed; the domestic sentiments in their sweetness

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and purity had been developed; he had acquired some skill in scholarship and no inconsiderable fund of sound information; and the routine of religious thought had been superseded in his instance by an amount of knowledge and feeling on matters theological, unusual at his time of life. Though apparently not gifted with any dangerous vivacity, or fatal facility of acquisition, his mind seemed clear and painstaking, and distinguished by common sense. He was brave and accurate. . . Three quarters of a year had elapsed since the twins had parted, and they were at that period of life when such an interval often produces no slight changes in personal appearance. Endymion, always late for his years, had considerably grown; his air and manner and dress were distinguished.

. . . With all circles Endymion was a favourite. No doubt his good looks, his mien—which was both cheerful and pensive—his graceful and quiet manners, all told in his favour, and gave him a good start, but further acquaintance always sustained the first impression. He was intelligent and well informed without any alarming originality, or too positive convictions. He listened not only with patience, but with interest to all, and ever avoided controversy. Here are some of the elements of a man's popularity: what was his intellectual reach, and what his real character, it was difficult at this time to decide. He was still very young, only on the verge of his twentieth year; and his character had no doubt been influenced, it might be suppressed, by the crushing misfortunes of his family. The influence of his sister was supreme over him; she had never omitted an occasion to impress upon him that he had a great mission, and that, aided by her devotion, he would fulfil it. What his own conviction on that subject was may be obscure. Perhaps he was organically of that cheerful and easy nature which is content to enjoy the present and not brood over the past. The future may throw light upon all these points; at present it may be admitted that the three years of seem-

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ingly bitter and mortifying adversity have not been altogether wanting in beneficial elements in the formation of his character and the fashioning of his future life. . . .

Endymion had now one of those rare opportunities which, if men be equal to them, greatly affect their future career. As the session advanced, debates on foreign affairs became frequent and deeply interesting. So far as the Ministry was concerned, the burthen of these fell on the Under-Secretary of State. He was never wanting. The House felt that he had not only the adequate knowledge, but that it was knowledge perfectly digested; that his remarks and conduct were those of a man who had given constant thought to his duties, and was master of his subject. The power and melody of his voice had been before remarked, and that is a gift which much contributes to success in a popular assembly. He was ready without being too fluent. There was light and shade in his delivery. He repressed his power of sarcasm: but if unjustly and inaccurately attacked, he would be keen. Over his temper he had complete control; if, indeed, his entire insensibility to violent language on the part of an opponent was not organic. All acknowledged his courtesy, and both sides sympathised with a young man who proved himself equal to no ordinary difficulties. In a word, Endymion was popular, and that popularity was not diminished by the fact of his being the brother of Lady Roehampton, who exercised great influence in society, and was much beloved.

Energy.

No conjunction can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous, it may appear, from which a man by his own energy may not extricate himself, as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending waterspout.—('Beckendorf') *Vivian Grey.*

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England.

England is a domestic country. Here the home is revered and the hearth sacred. The nation is represented by a family—the Royal family—and if that family is educated with a sense of responsibility and a sentiment of public duty, it is difficult to exaggerate the salutary influence it may exercise over a nation.—*Speech at Manchester, April* 3, 1872.

There is no sovereignty of any first-rate State which costs so little to the people as the sovereignty of England.—*Speech at Manchester, April* 3, 1872.

The people of England are the most enthusiastic in the world. There are others more excitable, but there are none so enthusiastic.—*Speech at Royal and Central Bucks Agricultural Association, September* 26, 1876.

The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Abolition of Corn Laws*), *March* 15, 1838.

The mind of England is the mind of the rising race.—('Egremont') *Sybil.*

English.

English is an expressive language, but not difficult to master. Its range is limited. It consists, as far as I can observe, of four words, 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and 'bore,' and some grammarians add 'fond.'—('Pinto') *Lothair.*

English Climate.—'Oh! the damned climate!'

'On the contrary, it is the only good climate there is. In England you can go out every day, and at all hours; and then, to those who love variety, like myself, you are not sure of seeing the same sky every morning you rise, which, for my part, I think the greatest of all existing sources of ennui.'—('Count Mirabel') *Henrietta Temple.*

English Government.—Insurrections and riots strengthen an English government.—('Lady Montfort') *Endymion.*

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English History.—If the history of England be ever written by one who has the knowledge and the courage, and both qualities are equally requisite for the undertaking, the world would be more astonished than when reading the Roman annals by Niebuhr. Generally speaking, all the great events have been distorted, most of the important causes concealed, some of the principal characters never appear, and all who figure are so misunderstood and misrepresented, that the result is a complete mystification, and the perusal of the narrative about as profitable to an Englishman as reading the Republic of Plato or the Utopia of More, the pages of Gaudentio di Lucca or the adventures of Peter Wilkins.

English Nation.—I think there is no mistake so grave on the part of a Minister as to undervalue public peril. The English nation is never so great as in adversity. In prosperity it may be accused, and perhaps justly, of being somewhat ostentatious, and, it may be, even insolent: in middle fortunes it may often prove itself unreasonable, but there never has been a time when a great sense of responsibility has been thrown upon the people of this country, when they have not answered the occasion and shown that matchless energy which has made and will maintain their position as the leading nation of the world.—*Speech in House of Commons (Troops for India), August* 11, 1857.

What he said was very well said, and it was addressed to a people who, though the shyest in the world, have a passion for public speaking, than which no achievement more tests reserve.—*Lothair.*

Enterprise.

The enterprising are often fortunate.—*Tancred.*

Enthusiasm.

That youthful fervour, which is sometimes called enthusiasm, but which is a heat of imagination subsequently discovered to be inconsistent with the experience of actual life.—*Endymion.*

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Equality.

Civil equality prevails in Britain, social equality prevails in France. The essence of civil equality is to abolish privilege ; the essence of social equality is to destroy class. *Speech at Glasgow University, November* 19, 1873.

The equality which is now sought by vast multitudes of men in many countries is physical and material equality. This is the disturbing spirit which is now rising like a moaning wind in Europe, and which, when you enter the world, may possibly be a raging storm. The leading principle of the new school is that there is no happiness which is not material, and that every living being has a right to share in that physical welfare. The first obstacle which they find to this object is found in the rights of property. Therefore they must be abolished. But the social system must be established on some principle ; and therefore for the rights of property they would establish the rights of labour. The great limit to employment, to the rights of labour, and to the physical and material equality of man, is found in the division of the world into States and nations. Thus a civil equality would abolish privilege, social equality would destroy classes ; so material and physical equality strikes at the principle of patriotism and is prepared to abrogate countries. The new philosophy strikes further than at the existence of patriotism. It strikes at the home ; it strikes at the individuality of man. It would reduce civilised society to human flocks and herds.—*Speech at Glasgow University, November* 19, 1873.

The equality of man can only be accomplished by the sovereignty of God.—('The Angel of Arabia') *Tancred.*

Estate.

If you want to understand the ups and downs of life, there is nothing like the parchments of an estate.—('Gerard') *Sybil.*

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Eternity.

The doom of eternity and the fortunes of life cannot be placed in competition.—('Cardinal Grandison') *Lothair.*

Eton.

That delicious plain, studded with every creation of graceful culture; hamlet, and hall, and grange; garden, and grove, and park; that castle-palace, grey with glorious ages; those antique spires, hoar with faith and wisdom, the chapel and the college; the river winding through the shady meads; the sunny glade and the solemn avenue; the room in the Dame's house where we first order our own breakfast and first feel we are free; the stirring multitude, the energetic groups, the individual mind that leads, conquers, controls; the emulation and the affection; the noble strife and the tender sentiment; the daring exploit and the dashing scrape; the passion that pervades our life, and breathes in everything, from the aspiring study to the inspiring sport: oh! what hereafter can spur the brain and touch the heart like this; can give us a world so deeply and variously interesting; a life so full of quick and bright excitement, passed in a scene so fair?—*Conningsby.*

Eva.

She was young, even for the East; her stature rather above the ordinary height, and clothed in the rich dress usual among the Syrian ladies. She wore an amber vest of gold-embroidered silk, fitting closely to her shape, and fastening with buttons of precious stones from the bosom to the waist, there opening like a tunic, so that her limbs were free to range in her huge Mamlouk trousers, made of that white Cashmere, a shawl of which can be drawn through a ring. These, fastened round her ankles with clasps of rubies, fell again over her small slippered feet. Over her amber

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vest she had an embroidered pelisse of violet silk, with long hanging sleeves, which showed occasionally an arm rarer than the costly jewels which embraced it ; a many-coloured Turkish scarf enclosed her waist ; and then, worn loosely over all, was an outer pelisse of amber cashmere, lined with the fur of the white fox. At the back of her head was a cap, quite unlike the Greek and Turkish caps which we are accustomed to see in England, but somewhat resembling the head-dress of a mandarin ; round, not flexible, almost flat ; and so thickly incrusted with pearls, that it was impossible to detect the colour of the velvet which covered it. Beneath it descended two broad braids of dark brown hair, which would have swept the ground had they not been turned half-way up, and there fastened with bunches of precious stones ; these, too, restrained the hair which fell, in rich braids, on each side of her face.

That face presented the perfection of oriental beauty ; such as it existed in Eden, such as it may yet occasionally be found among the favoured races in the favoured climes, and such as it might have been found abundantly and for ever, had not the folly and malignity of man been equal to the wisdom and beneficence of Jehovah. The countenance was oval, yet the head was small. The complexion was neither fair nor dark, yet it possessed the brilliancy of the north without its dryness, and the softness peculiar to the children of the sun without its moisture. A rich subdued and equable tint overspread this visage, though the skin was so transparent that you occasionally caught the streaky splendour of some vein like the dappled shades in the fine peel of beautiful fruit.

But it was in the eye and its overspreading arch that all the Orient spake, and you read at once of the starry vaults of Araby and the splendour of Chaldean skies. Dark, brilliant, with pupil of great size and prominent from its socket, its expression and effect, notwithstanding the long eyelash of the Desert, would have been those of a terrible

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fascination, had not the depth of the curve in which it reposed softened the spell and modified irresistible power by ineffable tenderness. This supreme organisation is always accompanied, as in the present instance, by a noble forehead, and by an eyebrow of perfect form, spanning its space with undeviating beauty; very narrow, though its roots are invisible.

The nose was small, slightly elevated, with long oval nostrils fully developed. The small mouth, the short upper lip, the teeth like the neighbouring pearls of Ormuz, the round chin, polished as a statue, were in perfect harmony with the delicate ears, and the hands with nails shaped like almonds.—*Tancred.*

Evening.

A rosy light hung over the rare shrubs, and tall fantastic trees; while a rich yet darker tint suffused the distant woods. This euthanasia of the day exercises a strange influence over those who love. Who has not felt it? Magical emotions that touch the immortal part.—*Coningsby.*

The last beam of the sun flashed across the flaming horizon as they gained the terrace; the hills, well wooded, or presenting a bare and acute outline to the sky, rose sharply defined in form; while in another direction some more distant elevations were pervaded with a rich purple tint, touched sometimes with a rosy blaze of soft and flickering light. The whole scene, indeed, from the humble pasture-land that was soon to creep into darkness, to the proud hills whose sparkling crests were yet touched by the living beam, was bathed with lucid beauty and luminous softness, and blended with the glowing canopy of the lustrous sky. But on the terrace, and the groves that rose beyond it, and the glades and vistas into which they opened, fell the full glory of the sunset. Each moment a new shadow, now rosy, now golden, now blending in its shifting tints all the glory of the iris, fell over the rich

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pleasure-grounds, their groups of rare and noble trees, and their dim or glittering avenues.

The vespers of the birds were faintly dying away, the last low of the returning kine sounded over the lea, the tinkle of the sheep-bell was heard no more, the thin white moon began to gleam, and Hesperus glittered in the fading sky. It was the twilight hour !

That delicious hour that softens the heart of man, what is its magic? Not merely its beauty ; it is not more beautiful than the sunrise. It is its repose. Our tumultuous passions sink with the sun, there is a fine sympathy between us and our world, and the stillness of Nature is responded to by the serenity of the soul.—*Henrietta Temple.*

It was the twilight hour ; the hour at which in southern climes the peasant kneels before the sunset image of the blessed Hebrew maiden ; when caravans halt in their long course over vast deserts, and the turbaned traveller, bending in the sand, pays his homage to the sacred stone and the sacred city ; the hour, not less holy, that announces the cessation of English toil, and sends forth the miner and the collier to breathe the air of earth, and gaze on the light of heaven.—*Sybil.*

Hesperus rises from the sunset like the fountain of fresh water from the sea. The sky and the ocean have two natures like ourselves.—(' Herbert ') *Venetia.*

Events.

What wonderful things are events ! The least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations.—*Coningsby.*

Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendar. There are epochs in our existence which cannot be ascertained by a formal appeal to the registry.—*Venetia.*

If you want to be a leader of the people, you must learn to watch events.—(' Devilsdust ') *Sybil.*

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Everingham (Lady).

Lady Everingham was not a celebrated beauty, but she was something infinitely more delightful, a captivating woman. There were combined in her, qualities not commonly met together, great vivacity of mind with great grace of manner. Her words sparkled and her movements charmed. There was indeed, in all she said and did, that congruity that indicates a complete and harmonious organisation. It was the same just proportion which characterised her form : a shape slight and undulating with grace ; the most beautifully shaped ear ; a small, soft hand ; a foot that would have fitted the glass slipper ; and which, by the bye, she lost no opportunity of displaying ; and she was right, for it was a model.—*Coningsby.*

Exaggeration.

There is no greater sin than to be *trop prononcé.*—*The Young Duke.*

Expediency.

Expediency is a law of nature. The camel is a wonderful animal, but the desert made the camel.—('Baroni') *Tancred.*

Experience.

Experience is a thing that all men praise.—*The Young Duke.*

Great men never want experience.—('Sidonia') *Coningsby.*

The sum of our experience is but a dim dream of the conduct of past generations—generations that lived in a total ignorance of their nature.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Experience, whose result is felt by all, whose nature is described by none.—*Vivian Grey.*

Explain.

He had lived long enough to know that it is unwise to wish everything explained.—*Conningsby.*

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Extreme.

Extreme views are never just ; something always turns up which disturbs the calculations formed upon their data.—('Baroni') *Tancred.*

Faith.

To revive faith is more difficult than to create it.—*Lothair.*

Faith flourishes in solitude.—*Alroy.*

His was a mind that loved to pursue every question to the centre. But it was not a spirit of scepticism that impelled this habit ; on the contrary, it was the spirit of faith. Coningsby found that he was born in an age of infidelity in all things, and his heart assured him that a want of faith was a want of nature. But his vigorous intellect could not take refuge in that maudlin substitute for belief which consists in a patronage of fantastic theories. He needed that deep and enduring conviction that the heart and the intellect, feeling and reason united, can alone supply. — *Coningsby.*

Fame.

Fame has eagle wings, and yet she mounts not so high as man's desires.—*The Young Duke.*

All we poor fellows can do is to wake the Hellenistic raptures of Mayfair ; and that they call fame ; as much like fame as a toadstool is like a truffle.—('Cadurcis') *Venetia.*

To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods.—*Tancred.*

Fane (Violet).

Her companion was much younger, not so tall, and of slender form. The long tresses of her chestnut hair shaded her oval face. Her small, aquiline nose, bright hazel eyes, delicate mouth, and the deep colour of her lips, were as remarkable as the transparency of her complexion. The

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flush of her cheek was singular ; it was of a brilliant pink : you may find it in the lip of an Indian shell. The blue veins played beneath her arched forehead, like lightning beneath a rainbow. She was dressed in white, and a damask rose, half hid in her clustering hair, was her only ornament. This lovely creature glided by Vivian Grey almost unnoticed, so fixed was his gaze on her companion. Yet, magnificent as was the style of Lady Madeleine Trevor, there were few who preferred even her commanding graces to the softer beauties of Violet Fane.—*Vivian Grey.*

Farewell.

I never like to say farewell even for four-and twenty hours : one should vanish like a spirit.—(' Theodora ') *Lothair.*

Fashion.

All hurried to pay their devoirs to the King of Fashion ; and each who succeeded in becoming a member of the Court felt as proud as a peer with a new title or a baronet with an old one.—*The Young Duke.*

The Duke of St. James passed the examination with unqualified approval, and having been stamped at the mint of fashion as a sovereign of the brightest die, he was flung forth, like the rest of his golden brethren, to corrupt the society of which he was the brightest ornament.—*The Young Duke.*

The high mode for a real swell is to have a theatre. Brecon has the Frolic ; Kate Simmons is his manager, who calls herself Athalie de Montfort. You ought to have a theatre, Lothair ; and if there is not one to hire, you should build one. It would show that you were alive again and had the spirit of an English noble, and atone for some of your eccentricities.—(' Hugo Bohun ') *Lothair.*

A Man of Fashion.—Dandy has been voted vulgar, and beau is now the word. It may be doubted whether the revival will stand ; and as for the exploded title, though it had its

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faults at first, the muse of Byron has made it not only English, but classical. Charles Annesley could hardly be called a dandy or a beau. There was nothing in his dress, though some mysterious arrangement in his costume, some rare simplicity, some curious happiness, always made it distinguished; there was nothing, however, in his dress which could account for the influence which he exercised over the manners of his contemporaries. Charles Annesley was about thirty. He had inherited from his father, a younger brother, a small estate; and, though heir to a wealthy earldom, he had never abused what the world called 'his prospects.' Yet his establishment, his little house in Mayfair, his horses, his moderate stud at Melton, were all unique, and everything connected with him was unparalleled for its elegance, its invention, and its refinement. But his manner was his magic. His natural and subdued nonchalance, so different from the assumed non-emotion of a mere dandy; his coldness of heart, which was hereditary, not acquired; his cautious courage, and his unadulterated self-love, had permitted him to mingle much with mankind without being too deeply involved in the play of their passions; while his exquisite sense of the ridiculous quickly revealed those weaknesses to him which his delicate satire did not spare, even while it refrained from wounding. All feared, many admired, and none hated him. He was too powerful not to dread, too dexterous not to admire, too superior to hate. Perhaps the great secret of his manner was his exquisite superciliousness, a quality which, of all, is the most difficult to manage. Even with his intimates he was never confidential, and perpetually assumed his public character with the private coterie which he loved to rule. On the whole, he was unlike any of the leading men of modern days, and rather reminded one of the fine gentlemen of our old brilliant comedy, the Dorimants, the Bellairs, and the Mirabels.—*The Young Duke.*

Fate.

We make our fortunes, and we call them fate.—*Alroy.*

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Feebleness.

It may be that words are vain to save us, but feeble deeds are vainer than words.—*Sybil.*

Feeling.

Feeling without sufficient cause is weakness.—('Lady Corisande') *Lothair.*

There is nothing that makes one so thirsty as listening to a song (at a music hall), particularly if it touches the feelings.—('Dandy Dick') *Sybil.*

All feeling which has no object to attain is morbid and maudlin.—('Lady Montfort') *Endymion.*

Never apologise for showing feeling. My friend, remember that when you do so, you apologise for truth.—('Winter') *Contarini Fleming.*

Our feelings affect even scenery.—('Job Thornberry') *Endymion.*

Fenians.

What the Fenian movement is I do not at this moment understand. I believe it is rather to be accounted for by physical than political causes. I know that in the middle ages there was a dancing mania, and whole nations fell into fits of dancing and passed the borders of contiguous countries till they accomplished a distance of 3,000 leagues. There is no doubt that there is an epileptic feeling which affects nations like individuals, and I can only account for the Fenian movement on the epileptic principle.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Ireland, Railways*), *March* 15, 1867.

Ferrol (Count of).

The Count of Ferrol was a young man and yet inclined to be bald. He was chief of a not inconsiderable mission at our Court. Though not to be described as a handsome man, his countenance was striking; a brow of much intellectual development, and a massive jaw. He was tall,

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broad-shouldered, with a slender waist. He greeted Endymion with a penetrating glance, and then with a winning smile.

The Count of Ferrol was the representative of a kingdom which, if not exactly created, had been moulded into a certain form of apparent strength by the Congress of Vienna. He was a noble of considerable estate in a country where possessions were not extensive or fortunes large, though it was ruled by an ancient and haughty and warlike aristocracy. Like his class, the Count had received a military education; but when that education was completed he found but a feeble prospect of his acquirements being called into action. It was believed that the age of great wars had ceased, and that even revolutions were for the future to be controlled by diplomacy. As he was a man of an original, not to say eccentric turn of mind, the Count was not contented with the resources and distraction of his second-rate capital. He was an eminent sportsman, and for some time took refuge and found excitement in the breadth of his dark forests, and in the formation of a stud. But all this time, even in the excitement of the chase, and in the raising of his rare-bred steeds, the Count of Ferrol might be said to have been brooding over the position of what he could hardly call his country, but rather an aggregation of lands baptized by protocols, and christened and consolidated by treaties, which he looked upon as eminently untrustworthy. One day he surprised his sovereign by requesting to be appointed to the legation at London, which was vacant. The appointment was at once made, and the Count of Ferrol had now been two years at the Court of St. James's.

The Count was a favourite in English society, for he possessed every quality which there conduces to success. He was of great family and of distinguished appearance, munificent and singularly frank; was a dead shot, and the boldest of riders, with horses which were the admiration alike of Melton and Newmarket. The ladies also approved

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of him, for he was a consummate waltzer, and mixed, with a badinage gaily cynical, a tone that could be tender with a bewitching smile.—*Endymion.*

Figures.

Figures are not party men. You may cross the House, yet you cannot convert 15,000 tons into 20,000 tons.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Sugar Duties*), *July* 28, 1846.

Finance.

The noble Lord (Palmerston) seems to think that posterity is a packhorse, always ready to be loaded.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Fortifications and Works*), *June* 23, 1862.

I have in the course of my life been in communication with some of the most eminent statesmen of various countries, and I have always heard them use this language with regard to the influence of England—that the real cause of the influence of England may be found in this circumstance, that England is the only country which, when it enters into a quarrel that it believes to be just, never ceases its efforts until it has accomplished its aim. Whereas it was always felt in old times that, with scarcely any exception, there was not a State in Europe, not even the proudest and most powerful, that could enter into a third campaign. What then gave us this power of continuing any war on which we entered? It was the financial reserve of England. *Speech in House of Commons* (*National Expenditure*), *June* 3, 1862.

William introduced into England the system of Dutch finance. The principle of that system was to mortgage industry in order to protect property.—*Sybil.*

Firmness.

One of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove, what I always suspected before to

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be an absolute fact—that neither the Crimean war, nor this horrible devastating war, which has just terminated, would have taken place, if England had spoken with the necessary firmness.—*Banquet at Duke of Wellington's Riding School, July* 28, 1878.

It came at last, as everything does if men are firm and calm.—*Sybil.*

FLATTERY.

Mrs. Guy Flouncey was an adroit flatterer, with a temper imperturbable, and gifted with a ceaseless energy of conferring slight obligations. She lent them patterns for new fashions, in all which mysteries she was versant; and what with some gentle glozing and some gay gossip—sugar for their tongues, and salt for their tails—she contrived pretty well to catch them.—*Conningsby.*

Flattery is the destruction of all good fellowship: it is like a qualmish liqueur in the midst of a bottle of wine.—('Hunsdrick') *Vivian Grey.*

FLIRTATION.

The soul-subduing sentiment, harshly called flirtation, which is the spell of a country house.—*Conningsby.*

FLORENCE.

I was at length at Florence. The fair city, so much vaunted by poets, at first greatly disappointed me. I could not reconcile myself to those unfinished churches like barns, and those gloomy palaces like prisons. The muddy Arno was not poetical, and the site of the whole place, and the appearance of the surrounding hills, in spite of their white villas, seemed to me confined, monotonous, and dull. Yet there is a charm in Florence, which, although difficult precisely to define, is in its influence great and growing, and I scarcely know a place that I would prefer for a residence. I think it is the character of Art which, both from ancient associations and its present possessions, is forcibly impressed

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upon this city. It is full of invention. You cannot stroll fifty yards, you cannot enter a church or palace, without being favourably reminded of the power of human thought. It is a famous memorial of the genius of the Italian middle ages, when the mind of man was in one of its spring tides, and in which we mark so frequently what at the present day we too much underrate, the influence of individual character

In Florence the monuments are not only of great men, but of the greatest. You do not gaze upon the tomb of an author who is merely a great master of composition, but of one who formed the language. The illustrious astronomer is not the discoverer of a planet, but the revealer of the whole celestial machinery. The artist and the politician are not merely the first sculptors and statesmen of their time, but the inventors of the very art and the very craft in which they excelled.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Formality.

Governments, like individuals, sometimes shrink from formality.—('Prince Florestan') *Endymion.*

Fortune.

It is a great thing to make a fortune. There is only one thing greater, and that is to keep it when made.—('Mr. Bond Sharpe') *Henrietta Temple.*

Good wishes do not always bring good fortunes.—('Alcesté') *Contarini Fleming.*

Frankfort Fair.

It was Frankfort fair; and all countenances were expressive of that excitement which we always experience at great meetings of our fellow-creatures; whether the assemblies be for slaughter, pleasure, or profit, and whether or not we ourselves join in the banquet, the battle, or the fair. At the top of the hill is an old Roman tower, and

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from this point the flourishing city of Frankfort, with its picturesque cathedral, its numerous villas, and beautiful gardens in the middle of the fertile valley of the Maine, burst upon Vivian's sight. On crossing the bridge over the river, the crowd became almost impassable, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Vivian steered his way through the old narrow winding streets, full of tall ancient houses, with heavy casements and notched gable-ends. These structures did not, however, at the present moment, greet the traveller with their usual sombre and antique appearance : their outside walls were, in most instances, covered with pieces of broad cloth of the most showy colours, red, blue, and yellow predominating. These standards of trade were not merely used for the purpose of exhibiting the quality of the articles sold in the interior, but also of informing the curious traveller of the name and nation of their adventurous owners. Inscriptions in German, French, Russian, English, Italian, and even Hebrew, appeared in striking characters on each woollen specimen ; and, as if these were not sufficient to attract the attention of the passenger, an active apprentice, or assistant, commented in eloquent terms on the peculiar fairness and honesty of his master. The public squares and other open spaces, and indeed every spot which was secure from the hurrying wheels of the heavy old-fashioned coaches of the Frankfort aristocracy and the spirited pawings of their sleek and long-tailed coach-horses, were covered with large and showy booths, which groaned under the accumulated treasures of all countries. French silks and French clocks rivalled Manchester cottons and Sheffield cutlery, and assisted to attract or entrap the gazer, in company with Venetian chains, Neapolitan coral, and Vienna pipeheads : here was the booth of a great bookseller, who looked to the approaching Leipsic fair for some consolation for his slow sale and the bad taste of the people of Frankfort ; and there was a dealer in Bologna sausages, who felt quite convinced that in some things the taste of the

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Frankfort public was by no means to be lightly spoken of. All was bustle, bargaining, and business: there were quarrels and conversation in all languages; and Vivian Grey, although he had no chance either of winning or losing money, was amused.—*Vivian Grey.*

Frankness.

Candour is a great virtue. There is a charm, a healthy charm, in frankness.—*Venetia.*

There is no wisdom like frankness.—*Sybil.*

Be frank and explicit. That is the right line to take, when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the minds of others.—('The Gentleman in Downing Street.') *Sybil.*

Freedom.

Freedom, says the sage, will lead to prosperity, and despotism to destruction.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Free Trade.

There was obviously some analogy between civil and commercial freedom. A man was not less free because he was subject to some regulations and taxes. But gentlemen opposite meant by Free-trade an absence from all restriction. A peculiar characteristic of the Free-trade school was their total neglect of circumstances. They never took any circumstances into consideration.—*Speech in House of Commons* (*Import Duties*), *April* 25, 1843.

French.

Coningsby would find some day that there were two educations, one which his position required, and another which was demanded by the world. French is the keystone to this second education.—*Coningsby.*

French Society.—The art of society is, without doubt, perfectly comprehended and completely practised in the bright metropolis of France. An Englishman cannot enter a saloon without instantly feeling he is among a race more social than

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his compatriots. What, for example, is more consummate than the manner in which a French lady receives her guests? She unites graceful repose and unaffected dignity with the most amiable regard for others. She sees everyone; she speaks to everyone; she sees them at the right moment; she says the right thing; it is utterly impossible to detect any difference in the position of her guests by the spirit in which she welcomes them. There is, indeed, throughout every circle of Parisian society, from the *château* to the *cabaret*, a sincere homage to intellect; and this without any maudlin sentiment. None sooner than the Parisians can draw the line between factitious notoriety and honest fame, or sooner distinguish between the counterfeit celebrity and the standard reputation. In England, we too often alternate between a supercilious neglect of genius and a rhapsodical pursuit of quacks. In England, when a new character appears in our circles, the first question always is, 'Who is he?' In France it is, 'What is he?' In England, How much a year?' In France, 'What has he done?'—*Coningsby*.

'I have already seen many remarkable things,' said Coningsby; 'and met many celebrated persons. Nothing strikes me more in this brilliant city than the tone of its society, so much higher than our own. What an absence of petty personalities! How much conversation, and how little gossip! Yet nowhere is there less pedantry. Here all women are as agreeable as is the remarkable privilege in London of some half-dozen. Men too, and great men, develope their minds. A great man in England, on the contrary, is generally the dullest.—*Coningsby*.

FRIENDSHIP.

Female friendships are of rapid growth.—*The Young Duke.*

Perhaps there is nothing more lovely than the love of two beautiful women, who are not jealous of each other's charms.—*The Young Duke.*

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The friendships of the world are wind.—('Lord Cadurcis') *Venetia.*

Sidonia has no friends. No wise man has. What are friends? Traitors.—*Coningsby.*

There have been many instances of friends and friendship. Friendship is the gift of the gods, and the most precious boon to man. It has long occupied the thought and consideration of essayists and philosophers; there has been more analysis of the elements of the different degrees of friendship than of any other quality granted to sustain and solace humanity. There, for instance, is the devoted friend who stands or falls by you. But there is another kind of friend, immortalised by an epithet which should not be mentioned to 'ears polite.' We all know that friend. *Speech in House of Commons* (*Ministerial Explanation, Resignation of Lord John Russell*), *July* 16, 1855.

As for modern friendship, it will be found in clubs. It is violent at a house dinner, fervent in a cigar shop, full of devotion at a cricket or a pigeon match, or in the gathering of a steeple-chase. The nineteenth century is not entirely sceptical on the head of friendship, but fears 'tis rare. A man may have friends, but then, are they sincere ones? Do not they abuse you behind your back, and blackball you at societies where they have had the honour to propose you? It might philosophically be suggested, that it is more agreeable to be abused behind one's back than to one's face; and, as for the second catastrophe, it should not be forgotten that, if the sincere friend may occasionally put a successful veto on your election, he is always ready to propose you again. Generally speaking, among sensible persons, it would seem that a rich man deems that friend a sincere one who does not want to borrow his money; while, among the less favoured with fortune's gifts, the sincere friend is generally esteemed to be the individual who is ready to lend it.—*Tancred.*

In short, Vivian and he became what the world calls

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friends ; that is to say, they were men who had no objection to dine in each other's company, provided the dinner were good ; assist each other in any scrape, provided no particular personal responsibility were incurred by the assistant ; and live under the same roof, provided each were master of his own time.—*Vivian Grey.*

I wear my old bonnets at Bath and use my new friends; but in town I have old friends and new dresses.—('Lady Bellair') *Henrietta Temple.*

It is seldom the lot of husbands, that their confidential friends gain the regards of their brides.—*Conings by.*

Schoolboy Friendships.—At school, friendship is a passion. It entrances tne being ; it tears the soul. All loves of after-life can never bring its rapture, or its wretchedness ; no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen ! What tenderness and what devotion ; what illimitable confidence ; infinite revelations of inmost thoughts ; what ecstatic present and romantic future ; what bitter estrangements and what melting reconciliations ; what scenes of wild recrimination, agitating explanations, passionate correspondence ; what insane sensitiveness, and what frantic sensibility ; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in that simple phrase, a schoolboy's friendship ! 'Tis some indefinite recollection of these mystic passages of their young emotion that makes grey-haired men mourn over the memory of their schoolboy days. It is a spell that can soften the acerbity of political warfare, and with its witchery can call forth a sigh even amid the callous bustle of fashionable saloons.—*Conings by.*

There is a magic in the memory of schoolboy friendships ; it softens the heart, and even affects the nervous system of those who have no hearts.—*Endymion.*

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Frill (Count).

Count Frill was a different sort of personage. He was all rings and ringlets, ruffles, and a little rouge. Much older than his companion, short in stature, plump in figure, but with a most defined waist, fair, blooming, with a multiplicity of long light curls, and a perpetual smile playing upon his round countenance, he looked like the Cupid of an Opera Olympus.—*The Young Duke.*

Future.

He was famous for discovering the future, when it has taken place.—*Contarini Fleming.*

The past is for wisdom, the present for action, but for joy the future.—*Alroy.*

Gambling.

In a brilliantly-illuminated saloon, adorned with Corinthian columns and casts from some of the most famous antique statues, assembled, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, many of the visitors at Ems. On each side of the room was placed a long narrow table, one of which was covered with green baize, and unattended; while the variously-coloured leathern surface of the other was closely surrounded by an interested crowd. Behind this table stood two individuals of different appearance. The first was a short, thick man, whose only business was dealing certain portions of playing cards with quick succession one after the other: and as the fate of the table was decided by this process, did his companion, a very tall, thin man, throw various pieces of money upon certain stakes, which were deposited by the bystanders on different parts of the table; or, which was much oftener the case, with a silver rake with a long ebony handle, sweep into a large enclosure near him the scattered sums. This enclosure was called the Bank, and the mysterious ceremony in

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which these persons were assisting was the celebrated game of *rouge-et-noir*. A deep silence was strictly preserved by those who immediately surrounded the table; no voice was heard save that of the little, short, stout dealer, when, without an expression of the least interest, he seemed mechanically to announce the fate of the different colours. No other sound was heard, except the jingle of the dollars and Napoleons, and the ominous rake of the tall, thin banker. The countenances of those who were hazarding their money were grave and gloomy: their eyes were fixed, their brows contracted, and their lips projected; and yet there was an evident effort visible to show that they were both easy and unconcerned. Each player held in his hand a small piece of pasteboard, on which, with a steel pricker, he marked the run of the cards, in order, from his observations, to regulate his own play. The *rouge-et-noir* player imagines that chance is not capricious. Those who were not interested in the game promenaded in two lines within the tables, or, seated in recesses between the pillars, formed small parties for conversation.—*Vivian Grey.*

We know that we are broaching a doctrine which many will start at, and which some will protest against, when we declare our belief that no person, whatever his apparent wealth, ever yet gamed except from the prospect of immediate gain. We hear much of want of excitement, of ennui, of satiety; and then the gaming-table is announced as a sort of substitute for opium, wine, or any other mode of obtaining a more intense vitality at the cost of reason. Gaming is too active, too anxious, too complicated, too troublesome; in a word, *too sensible* an affair for such spirits, who fly only to a sort of dreamy and indefinite distraction. The fact is, gaming is a matter of business. Its object is tangible, clear, and evident. There is nothing high, or inflammatory, or exciting; no false magnificence, no visionary elevation, in the affair at all. It is the very antipodes to

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enthusiasm of any kind. It presupposes in its votary a mind essentially mercantile. All the feelings that are in its train are the most mean, the most commonplace, and the most annoying of daily life, and nothing would tempt the gamester to experience them except the great object which, as a matter of calculation, he is willing to aim at on such terms. No man flies to the gaming-table in a paroxysm. The first visit requires the courage of a forlorn hope. The first stake will make the lightest mind anxious, the firmest hand tremble, and the stoutest heart falter. After the first stake, it is all a matter of calculation and management, even in games of chance. Night after night will men play at *rouge-et-noir*, upon what they call a system, and for hours their attention never ceases, any more than it would if they were in the shop or on the wharf. No manual labour is more fatiguing, and more degrading to the labourer, than gaming. Every gamester feels ashamed. And this vice, this worst vice, from whose embrace, moralists daily inform us, man can never escape, is just the one from which the majority of men most completely, and most often, emancipate themselves. Infinite are the men who have lost thousands in their youth, and never dream of chance again. It is this pursuit which, oftener than any other, leads man to self-knowledge. Appalled by the absolute destruction on the verge of which he finds his early youth just stepping; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul; often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thraldom, and with a ruined fortune, and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, his conscience clear, and that, once more, he breathes the sweet air of heaven.—*The Young Duke.*

By shutting up gaming-houses, we brought the gaming-table into the streets.—*Endymion.*

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Garden.

At Armine Place.—Armine Place, before Sir Ferdinand, unfortunately for his descendants, determined in the eighteenth century on building a feudal castle, had been situate in famous pleasure-grounds, which extended at the back of the mansion over a space of some hundred acres. The grounds in the immediate vicinity of the buildings had of course suffered severely, but the far greater portion had only been neglected ; and there were some indeed who deemed, as they wandered through the arbour-walks of this enchanting wilderness, that its beauty had been enhanced even by this very neglect. It seemed like a forest in a beautiful romance ; a green and bowery wilderness where Boccaccio would have loved to woo, and Watteau to paint. So artfully had the walks been planned, that they seemed interminable, nor was there a single point in the whole pleasaunce where the keenest eye could have detected a limit. Sometimes you wandered in those arched and winding walks dear to pensive spirits ; sometimes you emerged on a plot of turf blazing in the sunshine, a small and bright savannah, and gazed with wonder on the group of black and mighty cedars that rose from its centre, with their sharp and spreading foliage. The beautiful and the vast blended together ; and the moment after you had beheld with delight a bed of geraniums or of myrtles, found yourself in an amphitheatre of Italian pines. A strange exotic perfume filled the air ; you trod on the flowers of other lands ; and shrubs and plants, that usually are only trusted from their conservatories, like Sultanas from their jalousies, to sniff the air and recall their bloom, here learning from hardship the philosophy of endurance, had struggled successfully even against northern winters and wantoned now in native and unpruned luxuriance. Sir Ferdinand, when he resided at Armine, was accustomed to fill these pleasure-grounds with macaws and other birds of gorgeous plumage ; but

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these had fled away with their master, all but some swans which still floated on the surface of a lake which marked the centre of this paradise.—*Henrietta Temple.*

At Brentham.—In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created, notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present Duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed, and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed, as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century. It was formed upon a gentle southern slope, with turfen terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden yew. The Duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory, that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here, in their season, flourished abundantly all those productions of nature which are now banished from our once delighted senses: huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweetbriar and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the ancient bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. As they entered now, it seemed a blaze of roses and carnations, though one recognised in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall, and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air, but their homes were near, and you might watch them labouring in their glassy hives.—*Lothair.*

At Château Desir.—The mansion itself was immediately surrounded by numerous ancient forest trees. There was

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the elm with its rich branches bending down like clustering grapes ; there was the wide-spreading oak with its roots fantastically gnarled ; there was the ash, with its smooth bark and elegant leaf ; and the silver beech, and the gracile birch ; and the dark fir, affording with its rough foliage a contrast to the trunks of its more beautiful companions, or shooting far above their branches, with the spirit of freedom worthy of a rough child of the mountains.

Around the castle were extensive pleasure-grounds, which realised the romance of the 'Gardens of Verulam.' And truly, as you wandered through their enchanting paths, there seemed no end to their various beauties, and no exhaustion to their perpetual novelty. Green retreats succeeded to winding walks ; from the shady berceau you vaulted on the noble terrace ; and if, for an instant, you felt wearied by treading the velvet lawn, you might rest in a mossy cell, while your mind was soothed by the soft music of falling waters. Now your curious eyes were greeted by Oriental animals, basking in a sunny paddock ; and when you turned from the white-footed antelope and the dark-eyed gazelle, you viewed an aviary of such extent, that within its trellised walls the imprisoned songsters could build, in the free branches of a tree, their natural nests.—*Vivian Grey.*

At Ducie Bower.—They went forth ; they stepped into a paradise, where the sweetest flowers seemed grouped in every combination of the choicest forms ; baskets, and vases, and beds of infinite fancy. A thousand bees and butterflies filled the air with their glancing shapes and cheerful music, and the birds from the neighbouring groves joined in the chorus of melody. The wood walks through which they now rambled admitted at intervals glimpses of the ornate landscape, and occasionally the view extended beyond the enclosed limits, and exhibited the clustering and embowered roofs of the neighbouring village, or some woody hill studded with a armhouse, or a distant spire. . . .

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From the conservatory they stepped into the garden. It was a delicious afternoon ; the sun had sunk behind the grove, and the air, which had been throughout the day somewhat oppressive, was now warm, but mild. At Ducie there was a fine old terrace facing the western hills, that bound the valley in which the Bower was situate. These hills, a ridge of moderate elevation, but of picturesque form, parted just opposite the terrace, as if on purpose to admit the setting sun, like inferior existences that had, as it were, made way before the splendour of some mighty lord or conqueror. The lofty and sloping bank which this terrace crowned was covered with rare shrubs, and occasionally a group of tall trees sprang up among them, and broke the view with an interference which was far from ungraceful, while plants spreading forth from large marble vases, had extended over their trunks, and sometimes, in their play, had touched even their topmost branches. Between the terrace and the distant hills extended a tract of pasture land, green and well wooded by its rich hedgerows ; not a roof was visible, though many farms and hamlets were at hand ; and, in the heart of a rich and populous land, here was a region where the shepherd or the herdsman was the only evidence of human existence.—*Henrietta Temple.*

In Germany.—It was a beautiful garden, full of terraces and arched walks of bowery trees. A tall fountain sprang up from a marble basin, and its glittering column broke in its fall into a thousand coloured drops, and woke the gleaming fish that would have slept in the dim water. And I wandered about, and the enchanted garden seemed illimitable, and each turn more magical and more bright. Now a white vase shining in the light, now a dim statue shadowed in a cool grot. I would have lingered a moment at the mossy hermitage, but the distant bridge seemed to invite me to new adventures.—*Contarini Fleming.*

At Muriel Towers.—After luncheon they visited the gardens, which had been formed in a sylvan valley enclosed with

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gilded gates. The creator of this paradise had been favoured by nature, and had availed himself of this opportunity. The contrast between the parterres blazing with colour and the sylvan background, the undulating paths over romantic heights, the fanes and the fountains, the glittering statues, and the Babylonian terraces, formed a whole much of which was beautiful, and all of which was striking and singular.

'Perhaps too many temples,' said Lothair, 'but this ancestor of mine had some imagination.'—*Lothair.*

What I admire most in your country are your gravel walks.—('Colonel Campion') *Lothair.*

Gardener.

The gardener, like all head gardeners, was opinionated. *Lothair.*

Gay (Lucian).

Nature had intended Lucian Gay for a scholar and a wit; necessity had made him a scribbler and a buffoon. He had distinguished himself at the University; but he had no patrimony, nor those powers of perseverance which success in any learned profession requires. He was good-looking, had great animal spirits, and a keen sense of enjoyment, and could not drudge. Moreover he had a fine voice, and sang his own songs with considerable taste; accomplishments which made his fortune in society and completed his ruin.—*Conings by.*

Genius.

Nemesis favours genius.—*Sybil.*

He (Sievers) was one of those prudent geniuses who always leave off with a point.—*Vivian Grey.*

Gentlemen.

'They say no artist can draw a camel, and I say no author ever drew a gentleman. How can they, with no opportunity of ever seeing one?—('St. Barbe') *Endymion.*

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