

Art. 12.—THE CENTENARY OF 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW' (II).

1. *The Quarterly Review*. 117 vols. London: Murray, October 1853–January 1909.
2. *Some XVIII Century Men of Letters: Biographical Essays by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, with a Memoir*. Edited by his son, Warwick Elwin. Two vols. London: Murray, 1902.
3. *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*. By John Morley. Three vols. London: Macmillan, 1903.
4. *Gleanings of Past Years (1843–1879)*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Seven vols. London: Murray, 1879.
5. *Essays by the late Marquess of Salisbury*. Two vols. London: Murray, 1905.
6. *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Sixty-six vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1885–1901.

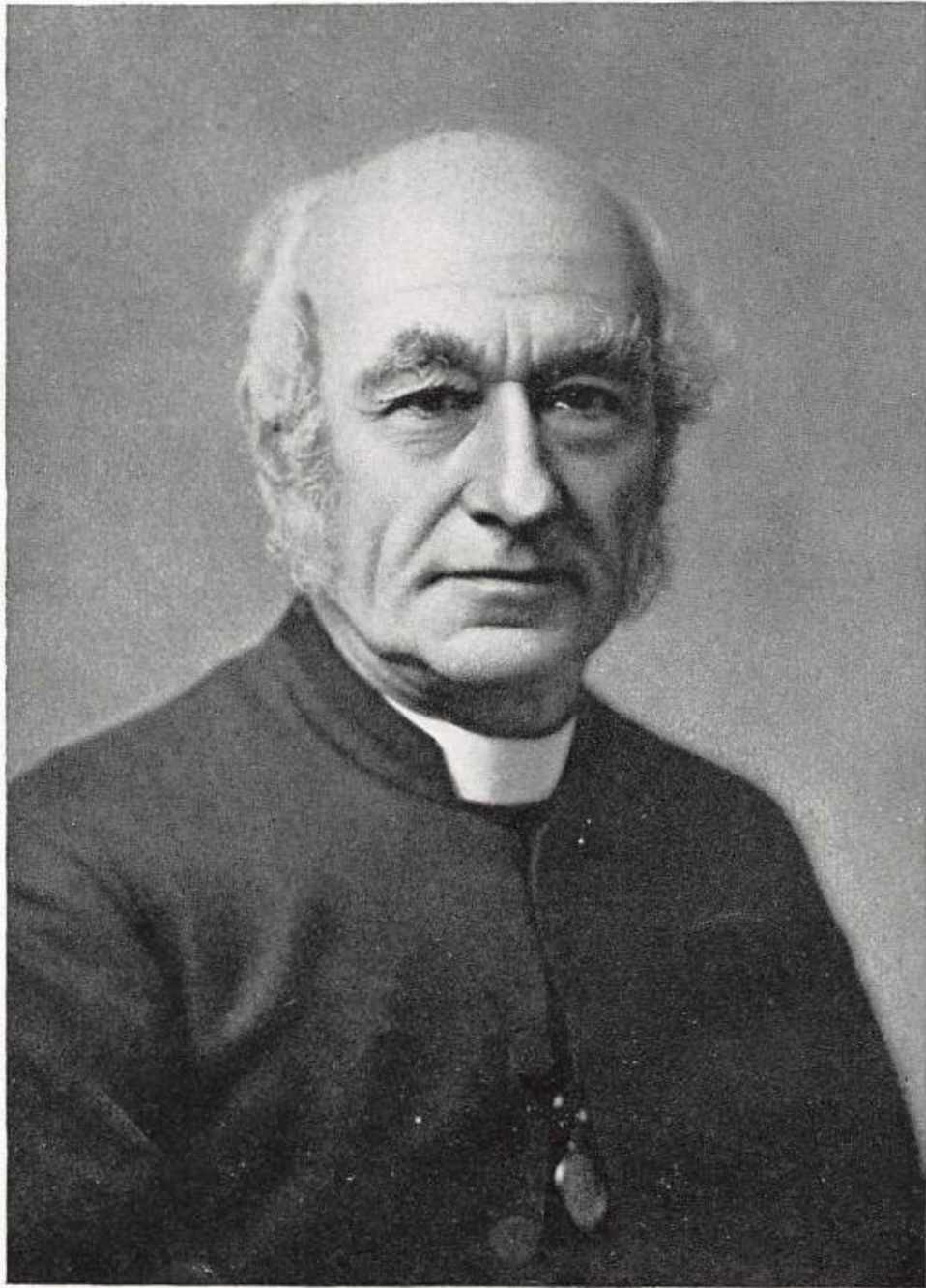
WHEN, in July 1853, ill-health compelled Lockhart to retire from the control of the Review which he had conducted with such skill and success for twenty-seven years, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin took his place. The choice was made with Lockhart's full consent, for Elwin had been a contributor to the Review since 1843, and his abilities were fully recognised by his chief. It was at first hoped that a temporary intermission of work would enable Lockhart to recover his health; but this was not to be; and on his death in November 1854, Elwin succeeded, somewhat unwillingly, to the full responsibilities of the post.

At this time he was thirty-eight years old. He came of an old Norfolk family, long settled at Booton and Thurning in that county; and among his direct ancestors he counted John Rolfe, who introduced tobacco-planting into Virginia, and married the celebrated Pocahontas. Whitwell Elwin's 'pronounced nose' and 'rich brown eyes' are said to have closely resembled those features of the Indian princess; but tobacco he never touched till some years after he became editor of the 'Quarterly.' It is never too late to mend; and his biographer tells us that he found his pipe a great solace for tired nerves.

As a boy he lived a healthy outdoor life, and was addicted to fishing. But books were already a joy to him; and he showed an enquiring turn of mind. His mother (after whose family-name he had been christened) said he was 'chiefly remarkable for asking endless questions.' He was educated at North Walsham grammar-school, hard by his home, where he gained a reputation as a tough fighter, and a great reader of the English classics. These he much preferred to Latin and Greek; and he had read Boswell several times before he grew up. Law and science had also some interest for him; but literature was his first and his last love. As an undergraduate at Caius College, Cambridge, he continued the pursuit; and it was here that he gained that familiarity with eighteenth century writers which determined his literary predilections through life. 'Taste in literature' (he afterwards wrote) 'is acquired before twenty'; and his preferences were certainly formed in early youth. He eventually took a pass degree, and was ordained in 1839.

After serving a curacy near Bristol, he became, in 1849, rector of Booton, a family living twelve miles from Norwich. Here he lived for the rest of his life. He began by building, out of his own and his wife's capital, a new rectory house. He was his own architect; and it is characteristic of him that the rectory never, in his lifetime, got itself entirely completed. John Forster, who visited him in 1854, noted in his diary, 'the unfinished house; the windows unprotected by blinds; his utter unconsciousness of it.' When the century was running out, the rooms were still unpainted and unpapered. About 1867 he began to renovate his church, a mean, ill-furnished building in bad repair. 'Repairing soon grew into rebuilding; and the rebuilding of one part necessitated the rebuilding of another. It ended in his constructing an entirely new and splendid church, from chancel to tower.'

This is no mere biographical detail in Elwin's life; his work in Booton church is illustrative of that remarkable revival of ecclesiastical activity which permeated England during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Intimately connected with that revival was the change which gradually became apparent in Elwin's religious views, in the services in his church, and even in his dress and habits. Like Newman, he began as an Evangelical; and



THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.
(From a photograph by Mayall and Newman.)

we find him, at Cambridge, discussing the Tracts in an adverse sense with an undergraduate friend. But his Evangelicalism was not of a severe type; and his sense of humour treasured up the extravagances of the religious circle at Bath in which some of his relatives lived. He was fond of telling how one of these worthies, when asked to stay for lunch, always insisted on first 'asking leave of the Lord'; and how his own cousin, who had undergone 'conversion,' grievously offended a blameless maiden lady who kept a girls' school, by leaving at her door a tract entitled 'The Call of the Abandoned.' In short, Elwin was a Moderate in youth; and a Moderate he remained to the end.

The seed sown by the leaders of the Oxford Movement fell, in his case, upon not uncongenial ground, and bore fruit, as in so many other parishes throughout the kingdom. But in Elwin it never led to a Romanising tendency in his teaching or beliefs, or to ritualistic extravagance in his exterior observances. His religion remained quiet and serene; his favourite divines were not the early Fathers, but Baxter and Jeremy Taylor and Tillotson; the public worship which he conducted was marked by decency and order. The condition of his church and its services, when he took charge, is admirably described by his biographer. The locked-up church, the high square pews for the well-to-do, the open benches for the poor, the absence of music, the quarterly 'Sacrament Sunday,' the black bottle of wine on the table—all this and much else was typical of many places of worship about 1850, and will be remembered by not a few persons who are still alive. Elwin was in no hurry for rapid or violent change; but, as he gradually rebuilt the fabric of his church, so he slowly altered its ceremonial. In the end he adopted, says his son, 'ideas and practices which he would formerly have repudiated'—weekly Eucharists, daily morning service, even the eastward position. 'The change extended to his personal attire.' His week-day dress had been 'indistinguishable from that of a sober layman'—an ordinary frock-coat, check trousers, 'Gladstone' collars, and a black tie. From this he passed, through a white-neck-cloth period of transition, to the clerical stock; and the rest of the orthodox ecclesiastical garb followed.

Elwin's politics were of the same moderate stamp as his religion. In 1832 he had supported the Reform Bill. Afterwards he became a Tory; but his Toryism always retained—no bad thing—a certain Whiggish taint. 'I have not a drop of party feeling in me' (he wrote in 1854), 'nor an antipathy to any one political personage in existence, except so far as the want of principle in particular individuals may compel me to disown them.' His conception of the principles to be followed by the Review is expressed in a letter to Murray written in 1857.

'My notion is briefly this—that the Review must represent the Conservative party of *our* generation, and not of the *past* generation. No individual is entirely consistent . . . still less are parties entirely consistent. An attentive observation of them shows that they are obliged to modify their views, even within comparatively short periods, to suit varying events. Now a Review which exists from generation to generation must move with its party; and it will, like the party, vary in some respects from its former self. The Q.R. has done so already. . . . That it must again introduce some modifications into its policy, or rather maintain those which have been introduced already, if it is to represent the Conservatives of our time, is the point which I feel strongly.'

Holding these views, his guidance of the 'Quarterly' was distinguished by an impartiality and by a careful avoidance of misrepresentation which had not always marked it, especially during the time when it was the political mouthpiece of J. W. Croker. But it had for some time been apparent to all except Croker himself that it would be better for the Review that his connexion with it should cease; and Elwin, almost immediately on his accession to office, found it necessary to 'bell the cat.' To deal firmly with a contributor who, whatever his mistakes and shortcomings, had done yeoman's service to the Review for more than forty years, was no easy task; but Elwin faced it at once manfully and tactfully.

As already mentioned in the last number, it was the question of the policy to be pursued by this country in regard to Turkey and Russia which caused the first breach. The Anglo-French alliance was hanging in the balance. Croker was to write on the crisis. 'Give him

what books you please' (said Elwin to Murray), 'his article will wear two colours—hostility to France, and approbation of Russia.' And so it turned out; when the article was produced, it was inadmissible except on the hypothesis that concessions to the Tsar were preferable to an alliance with Napoleon. A battle royal in Albemarle Street ensued. Croker fought hard for his opinion; for hours the debate continued; and so loud waxed the discussion that the voices echoed through the house, and Mrs Murray sat listening in terror of the possible consequences. But, in the end, Croker had to give way; and the article was withdrawn. The same fate met a paper on another subject which he prepared to fill the gap. In April there were similar disputes over an article on Lord J. Russell's Reform Bill; and Croker, coming to the conclusion that he was 'out of date,' offered to cancel the very lucrative arrangement which he had made with the elder Murray some forty years before. To his credit it should be added that he bore no grudge, and remained on friendly terms with Elwin to the end.

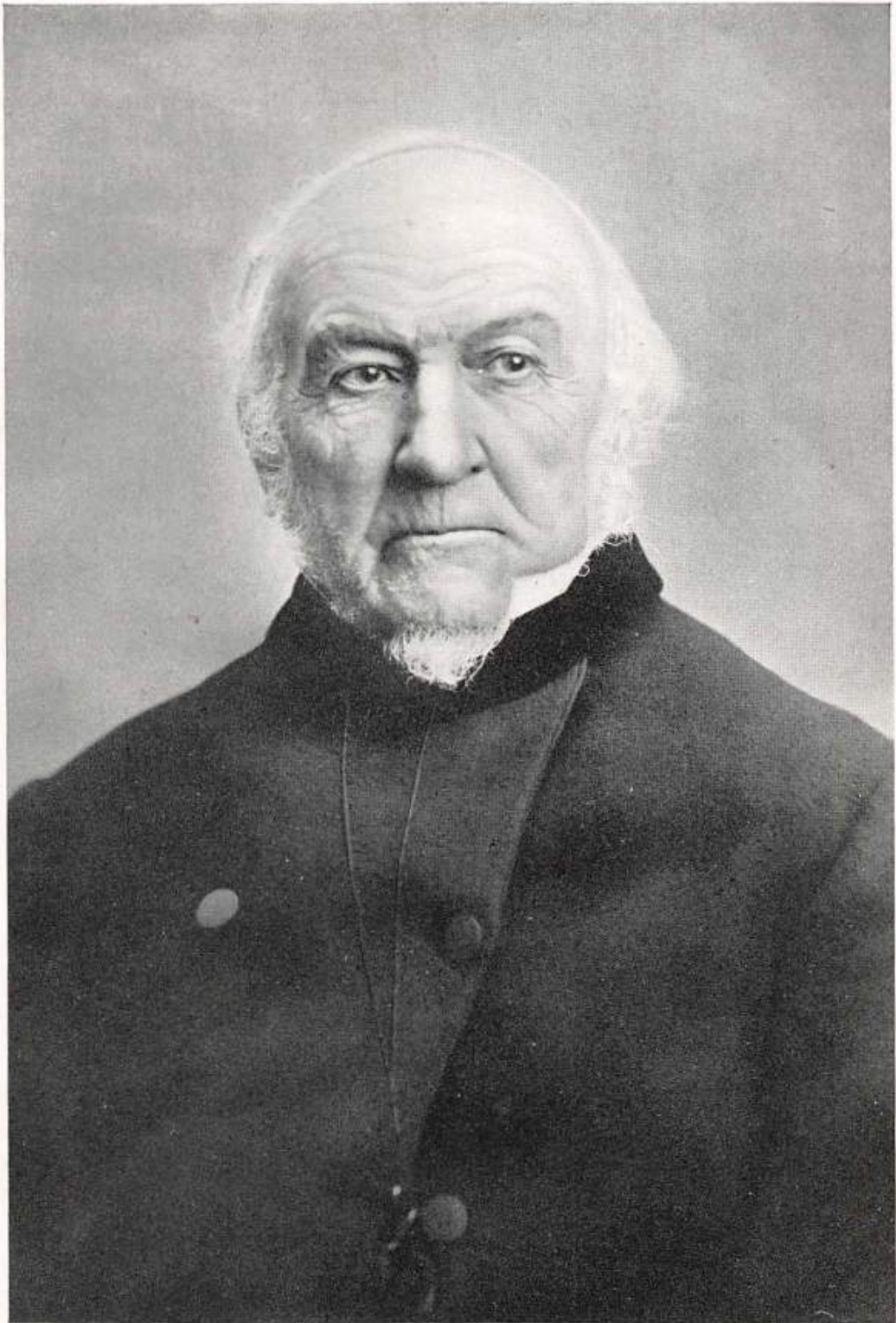
Henceforward Elwin was free to take his own line; and that line was, as we have already remarked, a moderate and comparatively impartial one. On the subject of the Crimean war, however, he felt and wrote strongly. He had supported the Aberdeen Ministry at the outset; but the want of preparation and the incompetence of management which were disclosed during the first months of the struggle forced him to join in the general demand for a change of Government.

When Palmerston, early in the next year, came into power, Elwin gave him a cautious but somewhat lukewarm and ineffective support. More important was his defence of Lord Raglan, which was published in January 1857. In the preparation of this article he had the assistance of Lady Raglan and other members of the family, and was able to draw on sources otherwise inaccessible. It took the form of a complete biographical sketch of Raglan's life and character, and 'entirely fulfilled its purpose as a vindication of its hero.' The 'Times' altered its tone towards the dead man whose conduct of the campaign had been subjected to such unfair criticism; and the article was read with such avidity that a second edition of the number was required.

During the rest of the period covered by Elwin's editorship, political questions of importance, in this country at least, were scarce; and the want of a leader to whom the Conservative party could look with confidence or enthusiasm would have made it difficult even for a far less impartial editor than Elwin to take a strong line. In regard to the Church and to religious questions he preserved the same tone of moderation. Religious controversy was distasteful to him; and he shrank instinctively from the discussion of theological topics in the pages of the Review. Moreover, Elwin was by nature tolerant of diversity in matters of opinion, while his reason convinced him that breadth was necessary to an Established Church. 'There must' (he wrote) 'be a toleration of different opinions within the Establishment, or there could be no Establishment at all.' But he knew also that 'a line must be drawn somewhere,' and he drew it when Dean Stanley wished to propagate his latitudinarianism in the pages of the Review.

He drew the line also at ultra-Tractarians and ritualists, and declined to truckle with any practices tending, as he thought, towards Rome. He even admitted, in January 1858, an article which definitely charged the authorities of the theological college at Cuddesdon with 'ostentatious playing at Romanism.' This attack made a considerable stir; and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) appointed his three archdeacons as a commission of enquiry into the charges made. Their report exonerated the Cuddesdon authorities of any Romanising tendency. Thereupon Gladstone and Bishop Phillpotts intervened to procure some sort of retraction; and Elwin convinced himself that the most damaging charges could not be substantiated. They were withdrawn in the next number of the Review. It should be added that Elwin entered soon after this into friendly relations with Bishop Wilberforce, who became a contributor to the Review; and that he subsequently sent two of his sons to Cuddesdon—another sign of that gradual change in his theological views to which reference has already been made.

Of Elwin's intimacy with Gladstone we have already seen several indications; and among the contributors to the Review during his editorship, it is needless to say



THE RT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
(From a photograph.)

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that none was more brilliant than the great leader whom the Conservative party, till towards the end of that period, still hoped to retain. In our previous article we had occasion to mention Gladstone's first contribution to the 'Quarterly'—that on Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' (Dec. 1844); as well as his last—that on the 'Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' (July 1876). During this period of some thirty years he contributed a score of articles* to the Review. About half of these fall within Elwin's period—a time when politics still left leisure for other studies, and during a large part of which (Feb. 1855–June 1859) Gladstone himself was free from the trammels of office. Of the four or five political articles, perhaps the most interesting and important is that on 'The Declining Efficiency of Parliament' (Sept. 1856). That parliamentary life was feeble at that time, it was not difficult to prove; and Gladstone spares neither sarcasm nor invective in exposing the contrast between the present and the past. It is interesting to note, in connexion with his later career, that he insists on 'success in legislation' as 'an essential condition of the right to hold office.' He points out that, 'before the great break-up of 1846,' much first-class legislation was achieved, not only under, but actually by means of, that system of party-government which it had been erroneously supposed the Reform Bill would bring to an end. But after 1846 this legislative activity slackened; and the six-years' premiership of Lord John Russell (1846–52) produced no first-class measure 'except the repeal of the Navigation Laws,' which itself was 'a necessary postscript' of corn-law repeal. 'We know not' (writes Gladstone) 'to what this marked decline in Whig administration can justly be ascribed, except to that disorganisation of party which followed upon the events of 1846'—a disorganisation in which, it will be remembered, Gladstone and his Peelite friends had a principal share. The legislative record of Lord Derby's first two years showed some improvement; that of 1854, a marked falling-off. 'Yet even this feeble year is strong in com-

* Seven of these are republished in 'Gleanings of Past Years.' Gladstone, in his preface, states that he has excluded controversial essays, and those on classical subjects. All, or almost all, the 'Quarterly' articles are referred to by Lord Morley in his 'Life.'

parison with those which have succeeded it.' In short, 'the signs of this demoralisation of Parliament, with respect to its high duties, are becoming manifest to the country.' And what, or who, is chiefly to blame? The 'main cause of the evil' is not to be found in the Cabinet, but 'one of the causes, and that no inconsiderable one,' is—the influence of Lord Palmerston!

'Lord Palmerston' (writes Gladstone) 'has the obvious advantages of an unusually prolonged service rendered to the State, great adroitness and facility of speech, admirable temper, high birth, and a frank and manly bearing altogether answerable to his extraction. . . . On the other hand, if our estimate of Lord Palmerston be correct, he labours under two radical and incurable defects, which must inevitably prevent his ever taking rank among the great ministers of England; his knowledge of public business, and his interest in it, appear to be alike limited to the Foreign Department. . . . In regard to the infinitely multiplied and diversified subjects, administrative and legislative, which continually solicit the mind of a Prime Minister if he is in earnest, and which prematurely exhausted the immense energies of Peel, his conceptions are vague, flat, bald, and shallow, in an unprecedented degree. The lesson which he was set too late to learn, he has not learned at all; there is scarcely an idea, good, bad, or indifferent, to be extracted from his speeches upon the general business and legislation of the country. . . . More than this, the people feel that the business of the senate is handled in the spirit of the nursery; and the worst of all is that they feel it justly; for there lies at the root a want of cordial interest, and a marked absence of earnestness of purpose, and of the sense of any other sort of responsibility than the simple risk of being placed in a parliamentary minority.'

If legislative inertness and administrative failure were the main themes of this trenchant attack on Palmerston's Government, the fickle and dangerous character—at one time provocative, at another subservient—of that minister's foreign policy supplied the motive for another vigorous article, entitled 'France and the Late Ministry,' which Gladstone contributed to the 'Quarterly' in April 1858. It will be remembered that, in the interval, Palmerston had been defeated on his Chinese policy, had appealed to the country, and had retained

power with a largely increased majority. But a strange reverse of fortune was in store for him. In January 1858 occurred the Orsini attempt on Napoleon's life, which led to a violent explosion of feeling on the other side of the Channel, and to the demand that our laws should be modified so as to provide for the detection and the expulsion or punishment of such murderous conspirators. In order to assuage the feeling of irritation in France, Palmerston introduced a Bill by which conspiracy to murder was to be made felony. But the sense of the country revolted against what was regarded as a surrender to foreign dictation; and the Prime Minister, beaten on a division, resigned. Gladstone improved the occasion by pointing out how flimsy was the evidence on which the French demand was based, how serious was the proposal to restrict the right of asylum—a right of which the Emperor himself had, in the days of his exile, made the fullest use—and how natural was the indignation of the country. He went further, and charged the late Ministry with having encouraged the French Government to take up a position which exposed them to a serious rebuff, and of having set an example of pusillanimity which Cavour was almost constrained to follow.

'It was natural that Sardinia should conceive the necessity [of concession] to be dire indeed, when she saw bending before the storm a minister who had proved his prowess by quarrelling at different times with every state in the civilised world, and with most of them several times over. She did not understand . . . the incurable levity of character, the want of all solid appreciation of right, as it is contra-distinguished from might and from convenience, which made one and the same British minister at once the most likely to trespass upon the just claims of foreign countries, and to abandon those of his own.'

On Palmerston's resignation, Lord Derby took office; and, in an article entitled 'The Past and Present Administrations' (Oct. 1858), Gladstone drew a contrast between them, highly favourable to the party then in power. There have been, as he points out, few more eccentric periods in our parliamentary history than that which witnessed 'the regular, the undisputed, let us add the generally successful administration of public affairs

by a Government which is, or is supposed to be, politically opposed to the large majority of the House of Commons.' For upwards of twelve months Derby and Disraeli retained office in spite of the fact that their followers composed 'hardly two-fifths' of the Lower House. Gladstone was twice offered a place in the Government, and twice declined. But he gave the Conservative party his support, not only in the House, but also in the pages of the 'Quarterly.' Not content with having actively contributed to Palmerston's downfall, he now renewed his attack upon one who, according to his assailant, 'had scarcely one of the higher qualities which were necessary for a Prime Minister of England.' The policy of the late Ministry 'was once said to have been a policy of vigour tempered with conciliation; it is now seen to have been a policy of arrogance dashed and variegated with timidity.' But this wretched system has received its *coup de grâce*.

'In common with the brightest day, the darkest also has an end; and there is an end of the day of that disastrous policy which is associated with the name, with the famous but ill-omened name, of Lord Palmerston. That sun has set, and has set, if we read the times aright, not to rise again. . . . The proscription is no personal proscription. It is the determination of a great and serious issue, too long neglected and misunderstood, but now at last deliberately handled, and to all appearance finally disposed of.'

Within eight months of the publication of this forecast Palmerston was again in power, not to relinquish it until his death six years later. So much for political prophecy! So much also for political consistency! The veteran leader offered the man who had thus bitterly and contemptuously assailed him a place in his Cabinet, and it was accepted. So lately as October 1858, Gladstone had declared Palmerston, whether regarded from the financial, the legislative, or the administrative point of view, to be utterly unfit to rule. In June 1859, he took office under Palmerston as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such a *volte-face* as this, in view of the publicity of his opposition to Palmerston in the House of Commons, required some explanation; and Gladstone attempted it in his letter to the Provost of Oriel. But,

if his public conduct occasioned surprise, how much would that surprise have been heightened had people been generally aware that in the anonymous pages of a Review he had used language against his new chief which, if known to be his, would have stretched to the breaking point even the tolerance and good temper of Palmerston?

Another series of papers throws light on Gladstone's religious views. In an article headed 'From Oxford to Rome' (June 1847), and based upon a recent work of fiction which, under that title, purported to explain the numerous conversions of that time, Gladstone gives eloquent expression to some of his deepest convictions concerning the English Church, and its superiority to that of Rome. Recognising the fact that these conversions give good cause for anxious thought, though not for any feeling approaching despondency, he avers that the temper of the nation and the character of the Roman Church alike preclude the possibility of any general desertion. For what are the attractions which that Church holds out?

'She offers us a sealed Bible; a mutilated Eucharist; an arbitrarily expanded modern creed; a casuistry that "sows pillows to all arm-holes," and is still open to the reproach of Pascal, that, while it aspires to the service of virtue, it does not disdain that of vice; a scheme of worship involving constant peril of polytheistic idolatry; a doctrinal system disparaging Scripture, and driving her acutest champions upon the most dangerous and desperate theories; and a rule of individual discipline which offends against duty even more than against liberty, by placing the reins of the inward and outward life, given by God to conscience, in the hands of an extraneous person under the name of a Director.'

But, though there is no fear that Rome will again dominate the English people, she may inflict much harm on the English Church. How shall we ward off the danger? There is undoubtedly much to be done. The people have to be won back to their old allegiance. As things are, 'we have not churches for the people but neither have we people for the churches.' This lamentable falling away is due to the lethargy and the want of high spiritual aim which for so long a time has marked the leaders of Anglicanism. But a reaction is becoming

apparent; our 'drowsy consciences' are slowly waking up; 'devotion begins to rekindle her ancient fires.' And, though the struggle may be long and arduous, it is not too late. The Church has but to bestir herself in order to recover the lost ground; for

'the peculiar characteristics which she combines, her balanced regards to stability and progress, to truth and freedom, to the visible and the unseen, to corporate and individual development, seem to fit the conditions of the problem, by which it is required to harmonise the fixed and dogmatic religion of the Church with the spirit and the movement of modern society.'

The fierce and deep-rooted hostility to the extreme pretensions of the Papacy, which appears incidentally in the last-mentioned paper, as well as in that on 'War in Italy,' and which long afterwards blazed up in the famous pamphlet on 'The Vatican Decrees,' forms the chief motive of three other powerful articles. In one of these, a critique of Montalembert's 'Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX^{me} Siècle' (Dec. 1852), while giving the author full credit for the truth of his convictions and the eloquence with which he supports, in theory, the cause of liberty, Gladstone asks how much real love of liberty there is in him—how much, indeed, there can be in any whole-hearted adherent of the Church of Rome. Little enough, is the reply.

'The portrait which that Church has drawn and is drawing of herself in continental Europe at this moment, to say nothing of Ireland, is one whose lineaments cannot be forgotten—tyranny, fraud, base adulation, total insensibility not only to the worth of human freedom, but to the majesty of law and the sacredness of public and private right—these are the malignant and deadly features which we see stamped upon the conduct of the Roman hierarchy, and which have generated in the English mind a profound revulsion from them and all that seems to resemble them.'

Montalembert (says the writer) calls himself 'vieux soldat du Catholicisme et de la Liberté'; but liberty counts for little in comparison. He is 'for Rome indeed a veteran, but for liberty only a cripple.' He is, in short, the champion of Ultramontanism; and Ultramontanism Gladstone defines as follows:

'We do not mean the mere opinion of the Pope's power in temporals *in ordine ad spiritualia*, nor even that opinion which holds his authority to be paramount to that of the Councils of the Church. We mean, along with these opinions, many others of like tendency—we mean, above all, a frame of mind, a tone and direction of thought, which, continually exalting the hierarchical elements of the Christian system, and the mystical next to them, and, on the other hand, continually depressing those counterbalancing ingredients which are so fully exhibited in Holy Scripture and in the early history of the Church—namely, the doctrine of inward freedom, the rights and responsibilities of individuality, the mixed and tempered organisation of ecclesiastical government—has at length well-nigh reduced the latter elements of the Christian system to zero, and installed the first in exclusive possession of the sacred domain.'

In the second article to which we have referred, that entitled 'Sardinia and Rome' (June 1855), Gladstone strongly supports the Government of Cavour in its struggle for independence as against Papal control. He is intent upon preserving the 'libero Stato' rather than the 'libera Chiesa,' which Cavour sought to combine. For the moment, it was certainly the pretensions of the Papacy, expressed in the Allocution of Jan. 1855, rather than those of Sardinia, which it was necessary to combat.

Finally, in almost the last paper which he contributed to the 'Quarterly,' one on 'The Speeches of Pope Pius IX' (Jan. 1875), he dwells at length on the character of papal oratory, and the increasing hostility to some of the best elements in modern civilisation to which it bears evidence. From the various addresses of Pio Nono he culls an astonishing list of epithets lavished on the Italian Government and its followers. They are reviled as 'wolves, Pharisees, Philistines, thieves, Jacobins, sectarians, liars, hypocrites, dropsical, impious, perfidious, children of Satan, of perdition, of sin and corruption, enemies of God, satellites of Satan, monsters of hell, demons incarnate, and stinking corpses.' It was, however, easy for the writer to refute the charge that the condition of Italy, and of Rome in particular, had deteriorated since 1861 and 1870. Had he written thirty years later, this part of his argument would have been infinitely strengthened, even though the transfer of control was

accompanied by much that was objectionable, and the state of things still leaves much to be desired. The conclusion of the article, touching the character and career of 'the Liberal Pope,' is worth quoting.

'A provincial prelate, of a regular and simple life, endowed with devotional susceptibilities, wholly above the love of money, and with a genial and tender side to his nature, but without any depth of learning, without wide information or experience of the world, without original and masculine vigour of mind, without political insight, without the stern discipline that chastens human vanity, and without mastery over an inflammable temper, is placed, contrary to the general expectation, on the pinnacle—and it is still a lofty pinnacle—of ecclesiastical power. . . . Having essayed the method of governing by Liberal ideas and promises, and having, by a sad incompetency to control the chargers he had harnessed to his car, become (to say the least) one of the main causes of the European convulsions of 1848, he rushed from the North Pole of politics to the South, and grew to be the partisan of Legitimacy, the champion of the most corrupt and perjured Sovereignities of Italy, that is to say, of the whole world. . . . As the age grows on one side enlightened, and on another sceptical, he encounters the scepticism with denunciation, and the enlightenment with retrogression. As he rises higher and higher into the regions of transcendental obscurantism, he departs by wider and wider spaces from the living intellect of man; he loses Province after Province; he quarrels with Government after Government; he generates Schism after Schism.'

Gladstone's love of the English Church, one of the strongest passions of, at least, his earlier life—though it did not prevent him disestablishing her in Ireland, and contemplating her disestablishment in Wales—displays itself in an article (December 1849)* on the so-called 'Clergy Relief Bill,' introduced by Mr Bouverie shortly before, the object of which was to relieve 'persons in Holy Orders of the United Church of England and Ireland, declaring their dissent therefrom,' of certain pains and penalties, or at least inconveniences, to which, under the existing law, their change of profession rendered them

* The name of no author is entered against this article in Albemarle Street; but Lord Morley, in his 'Life,' attributes it to Gladstone, and the style justifies the attribution.

liable. The article is a strong plea for ecclesiastical discipline, combined with toleration, on the ground that 'the Church is a religious society, and cannot subsist without law and order, of which law and order the Faith she is commissioned to teach must be the rule.' The same interest in Church questions appears in an article on 'Scottish Ecclesiastical Affairs' (December 1845), and still more strongly in a fascinating study of Bishop Patteson (October 1874). Finally, in this connexion, we may refer to a closely-reasoned article on the Divorce Bill (July 1857), in which Gladstone protests, with all the resources of his scriptural learning and his experience of human society, against the loosening of the ties of marriage, the inequality between men and women, and the inroad upon the rights and doctrines of the Church, which appeared to him the inevitable results of that measure. The article, controversial as it is, was reprinted in 'Gleanings,' with a note in the following words. 'I record with regret, after twenty-one years, my conviction that the general soundness of these arguments and anticipations has been too sadly illustrated by the mischievous effect of the measure on the conjugal morality of the country.'

We cannot close our account of Gladstone's connexion with the 'Quarterly Review' without reference to the articles which, with his wonderful versatility of interest he contributed on literary matters. He refrained (as already stated) from reprinting those on classical subjects. With regard to one at least of these—on Lachmann's Homer (September 1847)—we can hardly regret this decision, for the attitude of uncompromising opposition to the views of that great scholar as to the unity of the Iliad and the Odyssey was generally abandoned even before 1879. So too the article on 'Phœnicia and Greece' (January 1868), which deals chiefly with the mythological connexion of the two countries, and especially with the worship of Poseidon, must be regarded as antiquated in the light of recent research. But another essay, on 'Homeric Characters in and out of Homer' (July 1857), deserves more permanent recognition, for in this interesting analysis of the motives and actions of Achilles and Hector, of Paris and Helen, of Ulysses and Agamemnon, and their friends and foes, the writer's broad and

sympathetic scholarship stands him in good stead ; while he is not misled by the want of accurate learning and of archæological knowledge, which render the crude assumptions and fantastic speculations of his 'Homer and the Homeric Age' a mere literary curiosity. Particularly suggestive and stimulating are the passages in which he traces the metamorphoses undergone by the personages of Homer in the hands of later writers—of the Greek tragedians, of Pindar, of Catullus and Horace and other Latins ; even in those of Ariosto and Tasso, Shakespeare and Dryden, Racine and Goethe.

It cannot be said, however, that in this essay, or in those on Leopardi (March 1850) and Tennyson (Oct. 1859), Gladstone displays real critical acumen or any subtlety of discrimination from the strictly literary point of view. To produce work of this kind requires not only special gifts, which Gladstone did not possess, but prolonged study and reflection, which, it need hardly be said, were practically impossible in his case. Nevertheless, it is interesting and instructive, if only with the object of understanding the writer, to note his preferences, and his reasons for them. On Leopardi's work, with which he was evidently thoroughly conversant, Gladstone set the highest value. Of the poet's short and melancholy life, his detachment from home and friends, the constant agony of mind which his scepticism inflicted on him, and the pessimistic views which it engendered, he writes with sympathy and understanding. 'When' (he says) 'we regard Leopardi in his character as a poet . . . it is not difficult to perceive that he was endowed in a peculiar degree with most of the faculties which belong to the highest excellence.' But he notes two exceptions. The first of these—and it is characteristic of Gladstone's point of view as a poetical critic—is that Leopardi had no faith in 'the Gospel revelation.' Without this, 'even while we feel the poet to be an enchanter, we cannot accept and trust him as a guide' ; and he compares him unfavourably with Wordsworth in this respect. We cannot help asking, if the greatest poets must be Christian, what about Homer ? Is poetry inseparable from Christian faith ? The 'other point in which Leopardi fails as compared with the highest poets'—and here we may be more in agreement with the critic—is that 'he is stronger in the reflective

than in the perceptive, or, at any rate, than in the more strictly creative powers.'

'But he is surely a very great subjective poet . . . he has choice and flowing diction, a profound harmony, intense pathos; he unites to very peculiar grace a masculine energy and even majesty of expression which is not surpassed, so far as we know, in the whole range of poetry or of eloquence'; and 'his gift of compression is one which seems, not borrowed, for such things no man can borrow, but descended or inherited from the greatest of all masters of compression, from Dante himself.'

In writing of Tennyson, Gladstone reviews the whole *corpus* of the poems published down to 1859, but pays special attention to 'The Princess,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Maud,' and 'Idylls of the King.' Of 'The Princess,' he says, 'It may be doubted whether the idea is well suited to exhibition in a quasi-dramatic form. Certainly the mode of embodying it, so far as it is dramatic, is not successful.' The observations which he makes on 'In Memoriam,' which one would have expected to appeal to Gladstone with special force, are brief, trite, and obvious. 'Maud' is depreciated as 'the least popular, and probably the least worthy of popularity of Mr Tennyson's more considerable works; . . . and the effort required to dispel the darkness of the general scheme is not repaid when we discover what it hides.' The insanity expressed in 'ravings of the homicide lover . . . may be good frenzy, but we doubt its being as good poetry.' There follows a lengthy discussion on the evils of war, which not even the 'eulogies of the frantic hero' can render palatable to the critic. 'We have, however, this solid consolation, that Mr Tennyson's war poetry is not comparable to his poetry of peace.' (Neither the 'Ballad of the Revenge' nor 'The Siege of Lucknow' had been written then.) All this seems to us somewhat beside the mark in a criticism of a semi-dramatic poem; and we have ourselves heard Tennyson protest with his usual vigour of diction against the critics who forced into his own mouth the views and expressions of his characters. That Gladstone himself felt, in later days, the inadequacy of his criticism, is clear from a note which he appended to the reprint of this article in 'Gleanings.'

'I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling which had reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at the date of this article, dislocated my frame of mind, and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination . . . I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power.'

The same feeling appears in a passage from his diary ('Life,' ii, 581), which does credit to his magnanimity and real humility. 'Read *Maud* once more, and, aided by Doyle's criticism, wrote my note of apology and partial retractation. The fact is I am wanting in that higher poetical sense which distinguishes the true artist.' For the 'Idylls' he reserves his warmest praise. The title, indeed, is condemned on the ground that 'no diminutive (*εἰδύλλιον*) can be adequate to the breadth, vigour, and majesty which belong to the subjects, as well as to the execution of this volume'; but in the book itself Tennyson has reached his climax.

'From his first appearance he has had the form and fashion of a true poet; the insight into beauty, the perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye, both in the physical and the moral world, for motion, light and colour, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive faculty, and that rare gift, the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. . . . His turn for metaphysical analysis is closely associated with a deep ethical insight. . . . But the grand poetical quality, in which this volume gives to its author a new rank and standing, is the dramatic power, the power of drawing character and reproducing action.'

It is to be feared that remarks like these may have encouraged Tennyson to venture on to the stage, and to produce those dramas which, whatever may be their merits, cannot be reckoned among his best works.

We have dwelt at considerable length on Gladstone's connexion with the 'Quarterly Review,' partly because this department of his many-sided activity has not hitherto, so far as we are aware, been dealt with as a whole; and partly because the discussion may serve as a tribute on our part to the memory of the statesman, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated on Dec. 29

in this year of many centenaries. But it is time to turn to other matters and other persons. Among the contributors whom Lockhart had enlisted, and who continued to write for the 'Quarterly' under Elwin's editorship, may be mentioned, besides Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lady Eastlake, Herman Merivale, M. Guizot, Richard Ford, Dean Milman, and Henry Reeve (afterwards editor of the 'Edinburgh'). To these Elwin added a good many distinguished names—Mark Pattison, Sir Henry Layard, Bulwer Lytton, John Forster (the biographer of Dickens), Thackeray, E. A. Freeman, Dean Merivale, Miss Martineau, Bishop Wilberforce, and, most important of all, Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Marquess of Salisbury). Among these and many others space will allow us to notice individually but a few.

The first article contributed by Mark Pattison was an essay (September 1853), at once learned and brilliant, on a subject which he afterwards, in a famous biography, made his own—the life of Casaubon. The essay is enlivened by entertaining remarks on the society of the time, and piquant sketches of other scholars. With regard to his main subject, he concludes as follows :

'The life of Casaubon is justly considered one of the most tranquil and prosperous of any scholar of his day—the proper meed of his extraordinary learning, uprightness, and moderation. . . . Yet the moment we come to take a closer view, we discover that the brow which looked smooth at a distance is wrinkled with care. If we go with Casaubon into his study we find him beset with difficulties and groaning with weariness; if we follow him into his family, we see him pinched at the present and anxious for the future; if we behold him in his professorial chair, we perceive that the outward honour is associated with endless and almost insupportable mortifications; if we accompany him to the French capital, a history is unfolded to us of hopes deferred, of humiliating attendances to extort the payment of his pittance, of harassing discussions with Catholics, and injurious suspicions from Protestants; if we cross the Channel with him, and attend him to the Court of James, we observe that though a richer, he is not a happier man. . . . Those whose lives have been a greater struggle, and who have worked more unremittingly, for a smaller reward, may complain that their lot has been cast upon stony ground; but the majority of men of letters will rather have reason to gather courage and cheerfulness from the example,

and be thankful that, with all the hardships of our time, it is at least an improvement on the generation of Casaubon.'

In a later essay on an equally congenial subject, entitled 'New Biographies of Montaigne' (Sept. 1856), Mark Pattison remarks on the curious oscillations of that author's literary fame. Five editions of his 'Essais' were published during his life. Thirty-one editions appeared between 1580 and 1650. 'But, as the growth of the "Siècle" literature gave a new direction to thought and taste, the credit of Montaigne declined.' Bossuet mentions him only once, as 'un Montaigne.' Fénelon reproaches him with writing Gasconese. Between 1659 and 1724 not a single edition of his book appeared. But 'later times have made abundant atonement for this temporary neglect,' which is further explained in the following luminous generalisation respecting French literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:

'It would, we conceive, be more than individual error, it would be a fundamental misconception of the character of French literature, to lose sight of the following general distinction. The literature of the "Siècle" is the literature of a court circle. It is fashionably drest, it is modish, Parisian. It comes not from the study, but from the world; from a world, however, of etiquette and polished intrigue, a world with all its license, yet circumscribed by conventional morals. Thought and judgment are there, but they are conformed to a certain superficial standard of good society. In a word, it is the literature of the *salons* of Paris and Versailles. In contrast with this, the few great pieces of literature of the previous age, from Rabelais down to Pascal, were the offspring of the cloister, the château, or the wayside. They are the "Vox clamantis in deserto." Their superior force and originality derive directly from the rude independence of character which was generated by that free and unformal life. In Montaigne especially, it is the force of individual character, coming out on us in every page of his book, that charms. He stands in awe of no Café Procope, has heard of no rules of writing; he is not composing. He has the hardy and fearless spirit of a man who has no one to please but himself. "J'ay une ame libre et tout sienne, accoustumée a se conduire a sa mode."'

Lady Eastlake's contributions, some thirty-five in number, extend over a period of nearly fifty years,

from 1842 to 1891. Though mainly concerned with the criticism of art, and especially with that of painting, her versatile pen touched on a large variety of subjects—dress, children's books, lady travellers, as well as social matters, such as drink and pauperism. In March 1854 she reviewed Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain,' a book that first revealed to the world the artistic wealth which this country possessed in the middle of the last century, and which the last generation has seen so lamentably diminished.

In another article, published two years later (March 1856), Lady Eastlake had the courage to attack the views of art put forward by Ruskin in his 'Modern Painters,' the third volume of which had just been published. It was high game that she flew at; but the attack is conducted with a force of argument, a wealth of illustration, and a correctness of insight into the principles of art-criticism, which command our admiration. She fails to do justice to Ruskin's powers of observation and description, to his mastery of what may be called the phenomenology of nature, while she seems impervious to the beauties of his style; she even charges him with coldness, callousness, want of enthusiasm, and strangely asserts that, though his 'intellectual powers are of the most brilliant description, there is not one single great moral quality in their application.' But, when she declares that his 'principles, as applied to art, are unsound from the outset; and that, the foundation having a radical defect, the structure he has raised upon it, however showy, is untenable,' she is merely saying what the educated art-criticism of the present day, without going the lengths involved in the phrase 'Art for art's sake,' would deliberately affirm.

The 'first fundamental false principle' which she attacks is the assertion 'that painting, or art generally, . . . is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing'; and that the man who has mastered this language has done no more towards making himself a great painter than the man who has learnt to express himself grammatically and melodiously has done towards becoming a great poet. Here we have, in the words quoted, 'an erroneous statement'; and, in the 'comparison of two unanalogous things,' viz. the language of the painter and

that of the poet, 'wrong reasoning.' Lady Eastlake has little difficulty in showing that

'the subjects of the finest pictures existing embody the simplest, the least original, or even the least consistent thoughts; and that it is, on the contrary, the language itself which, far from being an inferior attribute, can alone exalt the commonest, or recommend the most mistaken subject a painter may choose.' . . . 'What' (she continues) 'distinguishes the ideas of a great painter from those of his feebler follower? . . . what but the difference in their language? What indeed makes the difference between the original and the copy, so that the idea you delight in in the first, you find all enfeebled or utterly gone in the last—but the difference in the language?'

Another unfortunate statement of Ruskin's, which permeates all his criticism, is a consequence of the first. 'He who pronounces the painter's thought to be everything, and his language nothing, must of course next attempt to force upon art a moral and not a pictorial responsibility.' To this the writer answers:

'Whether sacred or historical, landscape or domestic, art was *not* given to man to teach him either religion or morality; and wherever he is found professing to learn one or the other from her, something worse than that spiritual indifference which Mr Ruskin laments—namely, false and morbid fervours—and something worse than that human interest he despises—namely, cold and selfish abstractions—will be found.'

The transition from this serious and suggestive talk about Raphael and Leonardo and their fellows to Thackeray's rollicking enjoyment of the 'Pictures of Life and Character' of John Leech (December 1854) is a step, not quite in the ordinary sense, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Thackeray's childhood was badly off, it appears, for picture-books. 'Our story-books' (he says) 'had no pictures in them for the most part.' Of funny pictures there was indeed no lack, but

'there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr Syntax: Doctor Syntax in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy, exuberant damsels. . . . After Doctor Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorne, and the facetious Bob Logic must be recorded—a wondrous history indeed theirs was! When the future student of our

manners comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancus? . . . How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents! what foul blows were hit, what language of Billingsgate flung!

But all this has passed away. Manners are changed. Tom and Jerry have made their exit from fiction, as Mr Creevey and his like have from real life. Even George Cruikshank is out of date. But there is no need for regret, for have we not Leech and his 'Pictures of Life and Character,' in the collection of Mr Punch?

'There is no blinking the fact that in Mr Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of "Punch" without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? . . . The truth, the strength, the true vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man.'

There certainly was no one like Leech in his day; and we may be permitted to doubt if, in his own line, he has been surpassed. But this is not to say that Thackeray would not have found equal cause for delight in his admirable successors. To the would-be critics who remark, with the sniff of superiority, that 'Mr Punch is not what he used to be,' the only reply is—and it is a sufficient one—'No, he never was.'

The article from which we have taken the foregoing extracts seems to have been Thackeray's only contribution to the 'Quarterly.' He was busy enough in other directions, and probably consented this once only out of compliment to his 'dear Dr Primrose,' as he used to call Elwin. Another novelist of the time—of a very different stamp, it is true—Bulwer Lytton, was a fairly frequent contributor, writing chiefly on political questions. One of his articles, entitled 'Lord Lyndhurst and the War (June 1854), is remarkable as one of the earliest declarations in favour of following up the successes of the Turks on the Danube by an attack on the Crimea.

'We should have been satisfied' (he writes), 'before drawing the sword, with the evacuation of the provinces; now our