

# LORD BEACONSFIELD

A SKETCH

BY

CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON.



[1882]

<http://burtoniana.org>

August, 2009.



## **Preface to the *burtoniana.org* edition**

Although it has no explicit date of publication on it, this caustic attack on Benjamin Disraeli is generally dated 1882. Isabel Burton planned to include it in her projected but never completed “Labours and Wisdom of Richard Burton”. There are only one or two known copies in public research libraries, though a few surely exist in private collections: the Eckenstein collection in library of the Royal Asiatic Society has a copy, as does the British Museum and the Huntington Library in California.<sup>1</sup>

There were only 25 copies printed, according to a Sotheby’s sale catalogue from 1906.<sup>2</sup> Norman Penzer speculated:

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<sup>1</sup> Jon Godsall, *The Tangled Web*.(2008): 526 fn 18. Godsall reports that a note attached to the Eckenstein copy, by Richard Garnett (Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum) states that 25 copies were printed. Godsall also reports that this copy is bound in “stiff black and green marbled covers”.

<sup>2</sup> *Catalogue of the library of the late Dr. Richard Garnett*, Sotheby’s, 1906. Presumably Eckenstein acquired exactly this copy. The catalogue states, and this must be where Eckenstein got his information, that only 25 copies were printed.

“No date or publisher, possibly a newspaper off-print. Exceedingly rare. I can only trace four copies--one each at Kensington and Camberwell, one in the British Museum, and the last was sold by Quaritch in 1911. Francis Hitchman was apparently connected with its production, for not only did he write a "Life" of Beaconsfield, but the British Museum and the Quaritch copies were both presented by him”.<sup>3</sup>

A copy was also listed in the Spink catalogue of 1976, but curiously not in the Christies sale catalogue of 2004 for the Quentin Keynes' collection, though Keynes surely had a copy. This *burtoniana.org* edition is thus the first to be made available to a wider audience.<sup>4</sup>

90 Garnett (R.) Poems, *with MS. notes by the author*, 1895—The Poetry of S. T. Coleridge, edited by Dr. Garnett, *portrait, with MS. notes by Dr. Garnett*, 1898—Edward Gibbon Wakefield: the Colonization of South Australia and New Zealand, *portrait and maps, an autograph letter of the author inserted*, 1898—Burton (Capt. R. F.) Lord Beaconsfield: a Sketch, *one of 25 copies, half morocco, n. d.*; and others, *one with an original MS. Sonnet by Dr. Garnett*—E. G. Wakefield et sa Doctrine de la Colonisation Systématique, 1904 (8)

*Excerpt from Sotheby's catalogue, 1906.*

*Lord Beaconsfield* has distinctly anti-semitic overtones, though it is not without admiration for the Jews in some respects, and it is not remarkable in this regard for its era.<sup>5</sup> Burton's anti-semitism appears to have been inflamed by his recall from his Damascus consulship, the blame for which he placed squarely on the

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<sup>3</sup> N. M. Penzer *Annotated Bibliography of Sir Richard Francis Burton* (1923): 239.

<sup>4</sup> Burton's *Lord Beaconsfield: a Sketch* should not be confused with another more common (anonymous) pamphlet with the same title, dating from the late 1870s, and misattributed to him in some library catalogues.

<sup>5</sup> Regarding Burton's anti-Semitism, it has recently been established that much of the excised material from Burton's posthumous *The Jew the Gypsy and el Islam*, on supposed human sacrifice among the Jews, was simply copied by Burton from an older anti-Semitic blood-libel tract in the British Library. See Geoffrey Alderman and Colin Holmes, "The Burton Book", *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, January 2008.

Jews. The evidence from official reports does not bear this out, since Burton managed to antagonize almost everyone in Damascus, especially the local Ottoman authorities, but that was not how the Burtons themselves understood it.

Burton bluntly calls Disraeli a failure, the cause of weakness abroad and an inept racial outsider and misfit at home. Perhaps there was some personal enmity behind this, since Burton may have expected a consular transfer from Disraeli's conservative government, which did not materialize. His depreciation of Disraeli was not shared by his wife Isabel, who wrote in her *Life*:<sup>6</sup>

On the 19th of April Lord Beaconsfield died, and our journals were full of him for several pages. Richard wrote a "Sketch," which made twelve pages of print, which will appear in "Labours and Wisdom." My journal is four pages of lament. As a girl of fifteen, his "Tancred" formed all my ardent desires of an Eastern career, and was my first gate to Eastern knowledge and occult science. As a Statesman I put him on a pedestal as my political Chief and model. He had that peculiar prescience and foresight belonging to his Semitic blood. I think a certain period of things passed away with him. He was one of the last relics of England's greatness. Just as the Duke of Wellington died before the Crimean War, so Lord Beaconsfield foreshadowed England's temporary decline, or fusion into another state of things, and this feeling helped his decay. Anyway, one great man is gone.

When the Burtons visited London later that year they "made a pilgrimage to Hughenden to visit the grave of Lord Beaconsfield, and to put a wreath",<sup>7</sup> which, if Isabel really speaks for her husband, and if this really happened, suggests more mixed feelings than this pamphlet owns up to. They certainly met the Disraelis in person more than once, and there is this anecdote reproduced by Thomas Wright:<sup>8</sup>

But Burton could be agreeable enough even to plain ladies when he wished. In one of his books or pamphlets he had said "There is no difference except civilization between a very old woman and an ape." Some time after its publication, when he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Disraeli, herself both elderly and very plain, laid a plan to disconcert him. She seated herself close to a low mirror, in the hopes that Burton would presently join her. He soon fell into the trap and was observed a few minutes later leaning over her and "doing the amiable."

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<sup>6</sup> *Life*, 1893: 212.

<sup>7</sup> *Life*, 1893: 236.

<sup>8</sup> Wright, *Life II*: 109. Reader beware.

“Captain Burton,” said Mrs. Disraeli, with affected annoyance, and pointing to her reflection, “There must be an ape in the glass. Do you not see it?”

Burton instantly recalled the remark in his book, but without exhibiting the least disconcertion, he replied, “Yaas, yaas, Madam, quite plainly; I see myself.”

There are many criticisms here of government foreign policy (“in the councils of Europe, England has about as much influence for good as Iceland”), a habit of snapping at his employers that the consul at Trieste could never muzzle. It is not clear what he hoped to achieve by publishing it, but there may be some self-confession among all the scorn, since who is the outsider really?

Per contra, D'Israeli, Disraeli, and even Lord Beaconsfield, never could, to his dying day, read his English public. His career, both literary and parliamentary, teems with occasions on which his ignorance, or rather his half-knowledge, brought him into difficulties. ... His power of expression, alternately brilliant, persuasive, indignant, sentimental, romantic, captivating, argumentative, caustic and always eloquent, dazzled the public. As a rule his pathos was a failure, but his half-laugh half-sneer was characteristic, original, and effective; his caustic, vitriolic definitions, and his many bon-mots, all the best borrowed and carefully elaborated, served to make his name flutter through the mouths of men. His puzzles, his surprises, his unexpected works, his impossible combinations, startled and baffled his un-friends.

Gavan Tredoux  
July, 2009.



*Benjamin Disraeli*

# LORD BEACONSFIELD.

## A SKETCH.

IT was judged advisable to withhold a realistic study of the departed statesman till time had dulled the blow, till the Dailies and other teachers had issued those *documents a servir* which lurk in the biographical pigeon-hole, writ large and wanting only a last sentence and a date; and, finally, till friendly and officious hands had flooded columns with a gush of little reminiscences. But now the inevitable reaction-day has dawned with advertising the "Beaconsfield pencil case" (price 3d. and 6d.), and the hour of reserve has past away.<sup>9</sup>

The first thing to be noticed was the abnormal superficiality of the biographies; all touched the outside; none the meaning, the *differentia* of the man. It has been with Disraeli after death as during life. The English public, the middle-class mass, never understood him, openly owned "I can't make him out," and expressed their ignorance by nicknames - "Sphinx," "Enigma," "Darkhorse," "Asian mystery," and especially "The man called Dizzy." The latter, indeed, was as happy of its caricature-kind as "Pam" with the ostler's straw between his lips.<sup>10</sup>

In this matter Disraeli was the clear reverse of his rival-in-chief, the "Gladstane body,"<sup>11</sup> as he is familiarly called in the canny land behind the Tweed, which has produced simultaneously two schoolmaster-archbishops. "W. E. G." is emphatically the "People's William;" they know him as he knows himself, perhaps, with a truer knowledge; they are aware that he speaks better, writes better, maunders better, and

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<sup>9</sup> Burton often uses "past" for "passed".

<sup>10</sup> Lord Palmerston, who was caricatured in *Punch* with a straw or sprig of myrtle in his mouth. *Notes and Queries*, 1865: 462.

<sup>11</sup> No other references to Gladstone as the "Gladstane body" could be traced by the editor in the literature.

explains better than any of his English contemporaries. But they see in him, and see justly, only a difference of degree. In Disraeli there was a difference of kind, and they failed to read *le mot de l'enigme*.

Per contra, D'Israeli, Disraeli, and even Lord Beaconsfield, never could, to his dying day, read his English public. His career, both literary and parliamentary, teems with occasions on which his ignorance, or rather his half-knowledge, brought him into difficulties. No better instance can be given than his last dissolution of Parliament. He had come to think and, worse still, to boast himself as essential to England. "No one is necessary to the world," said Napoleon I.; "it can get on very well without me and you!" Part of this inability arose from conditions of education; but essentially it was racial.

The truth is that Disraeli was in nature as in name a very Hebrew of the Hebrews. He underwent the Jewish rite within the normal week and the Christian rite in his early teens. But even the waters of baptism cannot wash away blood; nay, they seem rather to "set" it, as milk does pencillings. Englishmen, however, could hardly be expected to make knowledge-capital out of so simple a fact, when they know so little what the "Israelite" really is.

The public has read in Shakspeare,<sup>12</sup> who misdrew the Jew, that he is fashioned outwardly and inwardly like themselves. They see moving parallel with them, and at times crossing their path, a race of peculiar and un-European aspect; that speaks a peculiar dialect; that delights in money-making and in spending its money royally; that dines with them on week-days and is prayed for by them on Sundays. They know that their business faculties are inbred; that they turn clay to gold by the touch; that they are the financiers par excellence of civilisation. They have heard that their position in the House of Commons and in the Chambers is exceptional when seats are compared with census. Not a few have learned by experience to prefer their dealings to those of their Christian neighbours; that the Jew will "jew"

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<sup>12</sup> This spelling was another of Burton's idiosyncrasies.

them, but leave them a share of profit; whereas the Christian will take all, and, often enough, ask for more. Perhaps they have learned to do tardy justice to the energy, the foresight, and the marvellous tenacity which have made the Jew the dominant figure of the day, the ethnological phenomenon of the world, where he is rapidly becoming the master. Some may go so far as to suspect that no throne in Europe is to be compared for stability with the office-stool of the house of Rothschild.

But even those who own that, as the Israelite is great in politics and religion, so he takes highest rank in art and science, in mechanics and invention, in letters and in literature, own but a part and not the whole; the subject contains many things which they do not know. They hardly suspect that there is scarcely a titled house in England that is not leavened with Jewish blood. They see the money gained from Christians returning by marriage to Christians; but they do not appreciate the consequences. They hear the Jew professing himself a Deist, possibly an Agnostic; they do not realise the fact that at heart he is a Talmudist stiff and stern as Joseph Karo, and that he mostly converts his missionaries, especially when the weakest brains in Europe are opposed to the strongest. They are dimly aware of the truth that the Jew's social discipline is superior to that of the Jesuit and the Freemason; and that no modern society can show a regimented body like the Societe Universelle Israelite, whose heart is in Paris, and whose limbs are everywhere. And when they marvel at the excesses of the Jüdenhetze they do not understand that the Jew is "going too fast," as the phrase is, in Germany, Hungary, and parts of Russia. The superficial arguments of Lord Macaulay still prevail. Pulling is difficult in the race of life; but Jüdenhetze suggests danger, and a terrible danger ahead. Nor will the Hebrew race be safe until its high authorities forbid the abuse of usury, especially amongst the poor; monopolies of spirits, and the proprietorship of gambling and immoral establishments. These infamies must be abated before the Jews can vaunt that they are a "holy people," and can exchange the antipathies for the sympathies of the world.

The Jew owes his phenomenal position to a peculiar racial vitality. He is born under exceptional conditions, and his career is not subject to the rule of the ordinary. He is the only cosmopolite; he colonises, rears a family, and dies at a good old age in India and Jamaica, where races of feebler fibre, the so-called

"Anglo-Saxon" and the weaker neo-Latin never see their grandchildren attain majority. He loses proportional units during pestilences that kill off scores of his Gentile neighbours. His wife bears children at a later age than all other daughters of Eve. Superlative Sidonia, Tancred, Coningsby, and "a' the lave" talk rank nonsense when they describe the Hebrew as being of "pure blood," as an "unmixed race";- they should have said that the alchemy of nervous physique, of a powerful and exceptional vitality, absorbs and transmutes into itself all foreign and baser matter. Again, it is gross ignorance to assert that the Romans by driving the Hebrews from the barren rocklands of Palestine, compelled them to overspread the earth. Centuries before that time they had settled in force at Alexandria and in Rome itself, where their colonies ruled society by the same arts that still rule it. Their organisation was characterised then, as it is now by its "one-idea-ness," by its absolute concentration of thought; by its masterful memory, especially when dealing with details; by its comprehensive far-reaching views, and by its strong bond of common belief. We learn that much from Josephus and Philo Judaeus. "*Credat Judaeus Apella non ego*," must be rendered, "Let the Jew snips give faith to such things (as heaven and hell), I wont;" and here the philosophic Roman was a child compared with the superstitious and fanatic Palestinian. Hence, when this stupendous organisation devoted all its energies to the principle of self-interest, it easily distanced the rest of mankind, and created for itself the monopoly of wealth, which is the monopoly of power.

Benjamin D'Israeli was, I have said, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; and by this light alone we can peer into his dark places. He began life with unusual advantages and disadvantages, known to all. He was, unfortunately, neither an Etonian nor an Oxonian. He "made a fool of himself," as do most youngsters of genius. He began with dandyhood - a "curled darling of fashion" is the usual absurd phrase. His Jewish love of approbation, often confounded with its abuse, vulgar vanity, made him eager to set the Thames on fire and summon England to see the flame. His artificial portrait by Maclise, with its rings and ringlets, tights, pumps, and network of chains, is an index to his mind in the chrysalis-stage.

His earliest works, "Vivian Grey," published when hardly out of his teens, "Popanilla," and "Alroy," dazzled by their marvellous display of gaud and glitter, of artificial tinsel, and unnatural splendour - and the writer was held to justify the ill-natured

saying, "A Jew cannot be a gentleman." His "Young Duke," in characteristic dressing-gown, excited the critics' risible muscles: I doubt that the fop's creator ever, even in his latest days, smiled at his own creation. But under the mosaic there was true gold. The successful novelist then tried epic poetry, and recognised the fact that he could become a second-rate poet; he preferred to be a first-rate prosist. Haunted by the "greatest elementary power since Shakspeare," a power depreciated by Thackeray, who had read too deeply for his good the "Book of Snobs," he resolved to be a literary Byron in all but verse. There is, indeed, a great moral likeness between the men, notably in one point. Both had that exceeding sensitiveness, that womanly (not effeminate) softness of heart which finds safety only in self-concealment from the coarse, hard, and cruel world that girds it. The poet disguised himself as a cynic and many silly sages like Lord Jeffrey find in Don Juan the "demon-character of Lord Byron." The novelist, whose highly-strung, nervous-bilious, and thoroughly-Hebrew temperament was impressionable and excitable beyond that of most men, assumed the masque of gaiety in imperturbability, apathy. This alias served for more than one purpose, and notably it distinguished him from the somewhat forward and over familiar manners of his race, but the assumption never deceived narrow observers. His countenance may have been as stony as Memnon's; still there was nervous movement somewhere. I remember a traveller springing a surprise upon him. "Has your lordship ever heard of the Asian Mystery?" apparently alluding to a book newly-published by an American missionary. His lordship, who must have recognised a *petit nom* 30 years old, replied with the most wooden of faces, "No, never !" The words, however, were commented upon by a twitching of the feet and the adjustment of the coat-cuffs familiar to "the House." In fine Disraeli's first phase was that of extravaganza: the public vented many stale jokes about the original "Jew d'esprit," and knew him only as -

The wondrous boy  
Who wrote Alroy.

This infantine stage ended with his journey to the Holy Land in 1829-31, and now, with the *education d'un voyage*, began at the age of 27 the second act the intellectual middle-age of the man. He effected no useless wandering, no "grand tour," no exploration. He despised the -isms and the -ologies. He went to enjoy the "charm of origins" to mould his mind, to temper his spirit, and to raise his thoughts amongst

the scenes that vividly recalled the glories of his race. He lived amongst his own people, and he clung to it with a love passing the love of women. He evolved his theories of its past and his plans for its future. Tacitus had taught him *Christianos ex Judaeis exstitisse*. He boldly claimed for the Jew a "divine origin and defined Christianity as the" School of Galilee," reckless that he was suggesting the branch may die out while the bole may live. He laid down, with inexorable logic, the obligations and the gratitude-debt of mankind to the deicides who saved their souls by the judicial murder of Jesus; he cared nothing for the only possible conclusion - Judas of Karioth is the greatest benefactor the world ever knew. His theories took shape and consistency in the famous trilogy, *Young England*, *Coningsby*, *Chartistic Sibyl*, and *crusading Tancred*; they at once glorified his race and his party that was to be, and their glamour lasted him till his last. The way in which those miserable Mahometan schismatics, *Ansaryii* were made to worship the gods of Greece and Rome showed how little he cared for fact and realism when working out fiction- and this became another trade-mark. His Philo-Judaeism had its instant reward. An eccentric compatriot of Torquay left him £40,000, saddled only with an easy condition. The legacy by no means showed "how powerful must have been the fascination of his singular genius over certain minds of an imaginative cast." It was a retaining-fee to the ablest advocate of Judaeism, to a Maccabaeus who did not hesitate to bandy bad language with the grand master of the Yahoos - O'Connell - and who, in the long duel, gave at least as much as he took.

Disraeli's proceedings after his return home show that his powers of concentration, perseverance, and far-sighted ambition, tempered with moderation and patience, had attained their full development. After sundry false starts he became Conservative M.P. for Maidstone (1837), and his maiden failure promised more than other men's successes. And now begins the political career, which is popularly distributed into the four several stages of free-lance, of Opposition leader, of Ministry leader in a minority, and of Ministry leader under contrary conditions. Looked upon as a master in Israel by men of his own blood, he attached himself to the Conservatives, and undertook to educate his Tories; thereby protesting against the favourite party politics of his race. Many have thought and said that Disraeli would have done better as a Liberal; some, that he should have worked out his "forte, sedition." They speak without knowledge. He had learned

that the Liberal Jew is a contradiction in terms; while the Conservative Jew who does not fear Radicals, is a logical production. *Opes mutant mores*. Men may be Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, seditionists, subvertionists, whilst they have much to get; when they have gotten much they will be Tories, Conservatives, Imperialists.

Disraeli's third phase began when he first rose to high office under Lord Derby in 1852, and it lasted till he rose to the highest. He at once began to reap the harvest of his theoretical studies; and his practical genius combined with them to sow the seed of fresh successes. His power of expression, alternately brilliant, persuasive, indignant, sentimental, romantic, captivating, argumentative, caustic and always eloquent, dazzled the public. As a rule his pathos was a failure, but his half-laugh half-sneer was characteristic, original, and effective; his caustic, vitriolic definitions, and his many bon-mots, all the best borrowed and carefully elaborated, served to make his name flutter through the mouths of men. His puzzles, his surprises, his unexpected works, his impossible combinations, startled and baffled his un-friends. His friends smiled when he preferred the "Angel to the Ape." His meteoric rise from a lawyer's indentured apprentice, a *littérateur*, an adventurer, a political intruder, to the serene heights of the Cabinet appealed to the rude romance and adventurousness of the many headed; his domestic life, and legends of two huge nightcaps in the nuptial couch bending together over morning tea satisfied "respectability;" the "best of wives and worst of critics," by-the-by, spoke of "Dizzy and I" to the end of her days and hated to be called "Beaconsfield" - the fashionable blunder. It leaked out that he was loving to his blood relations; he did not push them in society, but he made society provide them with good salaries. He did not forget his kinsmen who had changed Spain for Venice, as shown by the epitaphs of Aryeh (Lion) Israel in 1631, and of Isaac Israel in 1641. He answered with some warmth their telegraphic congratulations upon his being raised to the peerage; and, if he did not provide for a pauper first cousin with one paralysed son, it was perhaps because he held the relationship apocryphal. Moreover, a host of relatives, and all ingrates, would have been raised by the whisper of a present or an annuity. He left his fortune in a way that satisfied man's sense of justice and of family affection. All things considered-there should be a special court for statesmen and politicians - he was not without conscience. The public felt with him rather than against him when he refused the promised C.B.-

ship to the unfortunate Anglo-India officer, who had lent him such able aid in abating the "Honourable East India Company." But in one point he was the most unscrupulous of public men. His Hebrew blood made him love those who loved his people, and hate, with the fiery racial hate, all who did not. He had no reason to bluff the Russian or to pet the Turk. But our enemies' enemies are our friends; the Muscovite abhors the Jew and the Osmanli detests the Muscovite. *Ergo*, Disraeli supported with all his might the Seraglio against the Kremlin. Descending lower, the best title to promotion in any of the services under his premiership was emphatically not merit. A few drops of the precious ichor that filtered down from the veins of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would have outweighs the gifts of an admirable Crichton. In one case that shall be nameless his patronage scandalised his friends, even the permanent clerks of the Foreign Office.

Nothing need be said of the drop-scene at Berlin, except that Lord Beaconsfield returned from the diplomatic tournament crying "Peace with honour," and was pedestaled for a time as the model patriot, the idol of his countrymen and especially of his country-women. He became a *persona grata* to the Crown and its allied coronals. He had created an empress; he made able use of a reaction of feeling and succeeded in establishing the imperial policy which Tancred had foreshadowed. He rained titles and ribbons with a theatrical hand; he annexed Cyprus, and portentous was the cackling that hailed the laying of this prodigiously little egg. Yet the public felt that Prime Minister Disraeli was a distinct failure. As long as he led a minority as in 1867 he did wonders. But when he succeeded to the command of a powerful majority he showed an utter absence of business qualities, of accuracy, and of comprehending his new duties and his novel materials.

Then came the great downfall which Fate made final. He was old enough to be philosophic, and not too old to console himself by appealing anew to public sympathy in the old form of a novel. I need hardly say that *Endymion* was the very dullest of his works; a model failure; no second-rate writer of magazine tales would have acknowledged it with pride. It contains only one good thing concerning the religion of sensible men, and that is a barefaced plagiarism. But in these days the novel is the colonel of the literary regiment; moreover, *Endymion* bore his name. The gaudy, tawdry stuff brought him more guineas than

were gained by all the "prose epics" of the year put together; it hired him a toy house in Mayfair, and it procured him a few happy last months.

Most men of fine talents and great energy have begun life with a vague aspiration to climb the tree-top. The day's dream fades early; the dreamer grows practical, marries, settles down, and buckles to a career which is not pitched at a towering height. The few who succeed pass from the general to the particular subject of ambition; they discover their true bias, poetry or cricket; they train and perfect the natural bent, and they become more or less famous. Among the very few was Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, and as his life was successful so its end was happy. He died exactly at the right moment, with fame still fresh, with mind quite clear, and with body hardly so worn out as to make life not worth the living. A few years more would have seen his course ran out otherwise. As it was the English world felt the loss. The public expressed it: the sensible part confessed an uneasy sense that Elijah's temper and *savoir faire*, moderation, and conciliatory spirit-the essence of the English "compromise-policy" - would be found wanting in Elisha, whoever he may be. And public men knew that political life would be duller without the brilliant surpriser, whilst birds of ill-omen began at once to croak about the exits of Pitt and Fox.

Disraeli has left, moreover, a school without a schoolmaster. Who succeeds him? Let us hope nobody. Let him be the last of his race. He vitiated by personal influence the sound condition and constitution of his party. His semitic brain misread the signs of the times. He would have fought Russia, nay, the whole Slav world, for effete and unworthy Turkey. His march to Candahar - another anti-Muscovite move - was a mistake, only to be equalled by marching back from Candahar. His annexation of the Transvaal was a blunder, only to be excelled by the "Peace with dishonour," the shallow truce concluded in the midst of defeat. He created the Jingo - the British Chauvin - at a time when the phenomenon was least welcome, and certainly least wanted. For England, his imperial and masterful policy came either too early or too late. Her present state is essentially empirical and transitional. She sits between two stools;- the old aristocratic rule which, since 1832, has been broken up, not broken down; and a young democracy, whose years have not yet brought it stamina to carry the weight. Her agriculture, manufactures, and commerce are depressed

and show scant signs of recovering vitality. Her army is reduced to its lowest expression, and has lately been subject to repeated reverses. Her navy is not up to its proper mark either in number of ships or in modern appliances. Socially she is deteriorating by a governmental taking the place of family despotism; this is one sign of *morbis senilis*. A chronic revolution affects a third of her home kingdom. And lastly, the example of flourishing Republican Dance is a standing menace to her monarchy. Briefly, the present state of affairs is most unfit for supporting an aggressive "imperial policy." This must change, and will change; but when and at what cost it is hard to say. Meanwhile, in the councils of Europe, England has about as much influence for good as Iceland.

The periodicals remark, "Subscriptions to Lord Beaconsfield's national memorial come in very slowly, and bear no comparison with his extraordinary popularity whilst living." We saw the same in the case of Lord Palmerston, whose memory faded and lost all colour within six months of his death. And so it ever will be when a statesman's claim to a nation's love and affection is founded upon personal qualities and party victories. Compare these two little great-men with Cavour a great great-man, who grows every year a grander figure in the hearts and eyes of the people that claims him with pride and reverence.

