


## LORD R. CHURCHILL

ANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL, a noted English politician, son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough, was born at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Feb. 15, 1849, and died at London, Jan. 24, 1895. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, and entered the House of Commons as member for Woodstock in 1874. After 1880 he was conspicuous for his attacks upon the Liberal party and was the leader of the so-called "Fourth Party." He was Secretary of State for India in 1885, and Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House during Lord Salisbury's second administration in 1886. He resigned in December of that year and was then returned to the House as member for South Paddington, and again in 1892. He travelled in South Africa in 1891 on account of failing health, and on his return to England was again active in Parliament as a leader of the Opposition and in making platform speeches about the country. He is remembered in the United States as having married a daughter of Leonard Jerome, their son being the well-known English novelist and war correspondent, Winston Spencer Churchill. His death occurred in his forty-sixth year. He was one of the most prominent Tory politicians of his time, and a versatile and audacious speaker, but his political course was erratic and intractable. He was the author of "Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa" (1892) and a collection of "Speeches."

### ON THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS

A SPEECH DELIVERED IN PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884

[The fall of Sinkat and the massacre of its garrison excited indignation in all Conservative minds. When the announcement was made in the House of Lords (Feb. 12, 1884), Lord Salisbury moved a vote of censure on the government, describing its policy pursued in Egypt as "vacillating and inconsistent," and also as "an act of blood-guiltiness." A similar vote was moved in the House of Commons by Sir Stafford Northcote. Indignation meetings were held everywhere, and the Liberal government seemed tottering to its fall.]

**M**Y LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I rise for the purpose of moving the first resolution, and in order that we may consider that resolution with advantage I would beg all these gentlemen here who do not altogether concur with the views which we are going to expound, to listen to the discussion with equanimity, and, if possible, to reply to the arguments we may urge.

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It would conduce more to the dignity of a London meeting, it will conduce more to the maintenance of the high character of the citizens of this great metropolis, if any gentleman who have counter-opinions to urge to those of the majority of the meeting will come to the platform and address us. We have, gentlemen, to-day to set an example to the country: let us first set an example of order. The resolution which I have to propose is in these terms:

"That in the opinion of this meeting, her Majesty's government are solely responsible for the anarchy which prevails in Egypt, and the bloodshed which has occurred, and which is imminent in the Soudan, and that the vacillating and pusillanimous policy of the Ministers deserve the severest censure of the country."

We are gathered together this afternoon for a serious purpose; no other, indeed, than to pronounce, after due deliberation, the strongest and most resolute condemnation of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, and our detestation and abhorrence of the bloodshed and misery of which he has been the immediate and direct cause. I say Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, because I utterly decline to recognize as responsible agents either his ministerial colleagues or his parliamentary supporters.

Those parties have so wallowed in a stifling morass of the most degraded and servile worship of the Prime Minister that they have sunk below the level of slaves; they have become mere puppets, the objects of derision and contempt; they have lost all claim to the title of Englishmen, and I think they have lost all claim to the title of rational human beings.

To give you an instance of the abject imbecility which has struck down the Liberal party, I would mention what occurred in the House of Commons on Thursday night. Mr.

Forster, in that great speech which he made that evening—a speech in which he promised one vote to the government in the House of Commons, and alienated a hundred thousand votes from the government in the country—Mr. Forster, I say, expressed the opinion that the government ought to have rescued the garrison of Sinkat.

“How?” cried out some importunate Liberals. “How?” was the plaintive cry they raised.

“How?” shouted Mr. Forster, turning upon them, so that they wished themselves a hundred leagues under the sea, “How? why, by doing a fortnight earlier what they are doing now, sending British soldiers to the garrison’s rescue.”

There is a good instance of the hopeless and incurable mental alienation to which the once free and independent Liberal party have been reduced by Mr. Gladstone! It was indeed a melancholy spectacle.

I said that our purpose this afternoon was a serious one, and it is so. It is a serious thing for Englishmen to meet together in open day for the purpose of doing all they can to destroy a government. But we are not alone. Thousands of your countrymen have already met, and thousands more will meet, animated by the same feelings as yourselves, and, like yourselves, resolved to exhaust their energies in a supreme effort to avert further disgrace from our names, future defeat from our army, and ultimate ruin from our country, by dashing from his pride of place the evil and moonstruck minister who has brought England into grievous peril.

Perilous, I say, is our condition, for it is perilous for a country to shed human blood in vain; it is perilous for a country to assume responsibilities which it is too cowardly to discharge; it is perilous for a country to permit its foreign interests to be in such a condition that any morning we may

awake to hear Europe demanding reparation and even vengeance.

Once again, for the fourth time in four years, do the ministry, whose programme was peace, and whose component parts were Quakers, call upon you to give them authority to wage a bloody war.

Of their former wars the results have been either infamous or futile—infamy in the south of Africa; futility in the north of Africa. Will you, I ask, with these memories still fresh in your minds, permit these false guides again to direct your course?

There can be but one answer. If war is again to be urged; if British blood and British treasure are again to be poured forth; if the regeneration of Egypt and the East is once more to be taken in hand, then other heads must do the work and other policies must be pursued.

A Parliament which has long ceased to represent England must be dissolved, and a ministry, for a parallel to which you must go back to the days of Shaftesbury or Lord North, must be placed on its trial by the people.

We have to provide for the safety of the hero Gordon; for the safety of the 4,000 British soldiers sent to Suakim; for the safety of the garrisons of the Soudan, 30,000 souls in all, whose one and only hope is now reposed in you. Above all, we have to provide for the safety of our position in the Delta of the Nile.

Shall labors such as these, interests so tremendous and so vital, be committed to the hands of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, men who have on their souls the blood of the massacre of Maiwand, the blood of the massacre of Laing’s Nek, the blood of Sir George Colley, the blood of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and many other true

and loyal subjects of the Crown in Ireland, the blood of Hicks Pasha and his 10,000 soldiers, the blood of the army of General Baker, the blood of Tewfik Bey and his 500 heroes?

For four years this ministry has literally waded in blood; their hands are literally dripping and reeking with blood. From massacre to massacre they march, and their course is ineffaceably stamped upon the history of the world by an overflowing stream of blood. How many more of England's heroes—how many more of England's best and bravest, are to be sacrificed to the Moloch of Midlothian?

This, too, is shocking and horrible—the heartless indifference and callousness of the Liberal party to narratives of slaughter and unutterable woe. Fifteen times did Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday night, in his reply to the grave and measured accusations of Sir Stafford Northcote,—fifteen times, I say, did he excite the laughter of his Liberal supporters with a frivolity which was too hideous to contemplate.

Talk of Bulgarian atrocities! Add them together, and even multiply them if you will, and you will not exceed the total of the atrocities and the infamies which have distinguished with an awful reputation the most blood-stained and withal the most cowardly government which England has ever seen.

Well, we are met together this afternoon, as loyal subjects of the Queen and as lovers of our country, for this purpose, and this purpose only,—to put a stop to further wicked and wanton bloodshed. We know that great empires must sometimes fight great battles, and that empires which fear to fight battles will soon cease to be empires; but we are resolved that the battles which we have to fight shall be fought for definite objects and for noble ends, and that poltroons and

traitors, in the garb of ministers of the Crown, shall sacrifice no longer, for worthless and degraded aims, the life-blood of our country. The supporters of the present government exclaim that the Tory party, although prodigal of censure, is deficient in a policy of its own; and with many taunts they call upon us to disclose the direction in which our efforts would be turned in the event of a change in the councils of the Crown.

The demand cannot be considered unfair, and the reply is not so difficult as some people seem to think. We recognize to the very uttermost the immense responsibilities which this country has incurred toward Egypt, and toward the interests of Europe there, and to the discharge of these responsibilities we would be prepared to apply all the resources, if need be, of the Empire of the Queen; and till those responsibilities are satisfied we would neither stop nor stay.

The history of the Tory party in the past is, I fearlessly assent, an ample guarantee that the recognition of a responsibility and the full discharge of a responsibility are inseparable and consequential. I cannot claim to have the smallest share in the councils of the leaders of the Tory party, whoever they may be—and therefore, as far as they are concerned, I speak without authority.

But having studied with some care the history of our party in the past, possessing an unbounded faith in its future, and being not altogether ignorant of the state of public opinion, I will venture to say this much—that the policy of the Tory party, should it be placed in power, will be the policy of calling things by their right names. The occupation of Egypt by the British forces will be called a Protectorate of Egypt by the British Empire, having for its object the establishment, in process of time, of a government at Cairo which

shall be consonant with the legitimate and laudable aspirations of the Egyptian people; which shall be able to protect itself alike from internal tumult and from foreign intrigue; which, while it shall develop the undoubted resources of Egypt, shall faithfully discharge the equitable liabilities of its people; and which, as far as human governments can do, shall give promise of prosperity and happiness in the land of the Nile.

We are now in Egypt by the sufferance of Europe, but we must endeavor to be in Egypt by the mandate of Europe. Our Protectorate, to be effective, and authoritative, and secure, should be acquiesced in by a European Congress in which Turkey shall be adequately represented and the rights and powers of the Sultan loyally secured. Our Protectorate, if it is to be crowned with success, must not shrink from dealing comprehensively and boldly with the financial indebtedness of Egypt, even though such dealing should involve some pecuniary liability on ourselves.

The work, if you undertake it, will be a work of time,—perhaps a long time. It will be a work of difficulty, and perhaps a work of danger; but it would also be a work of duty and a work of honor; and from work of that kind Britain has never yet recoiled. It is a work which, if courageously persisted in, will bind more closely to us than heretofore the sympathies of the Mohammedan races, and will establish on deeper foundations our dominions in the East. Our aims are honor, peace, and freedom, and we should not shrink from prosecuting those aims, if need be, by force of arms. Conscious of their magnanimity, we would go boldly forward, knowing well that the results of our policy would surely be to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free.

## AUGUSTINE BIRRELL



AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K. C., M. P., LL. D., a brilliant English essayist, critic, and chancery lawyer, was born near Liverpool, Jan. 19, 1850. The son of the Rev. Charles Birrell, a Baptist clergyman, he received his education at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1872, was called to the Bar in 1875, and fourteen years later was elected Liberal member of Parliament for West Fifeshire. In 1896, he was appointed Quain professor of law at University College, London. Among his best-known publications are "Obiter Dicta" (1884 and 1887); "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (1885); "Res Judicata" (1892); "Men, Women, and Books" (1894); besides his professional "Lectures on the Duties and Liabilities of Trustees" (1896). He is also editor of an edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

### EDMUND BURKE

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

**M**R. JOHN MORLEY, who among other things has written two admirable books about Edmund Burke, is to be found in the Preface to the second of them apologizing for having introduced into the body of the work extracts from his former volume — conduct which he seeks to justify by quoting from the Greek (always a desirable thing to do when in a difficulty), to prove that, though you may say what you have to say well once, you cannot so say it twice.

A difficulty somewhat of the same kind cannot fail to be felt by every one who takes upon himself to write on Burke; for, however innocent a man's own past life may be of any public references to the subject, the very many good things other men have said about it must seriously interfere with true liberty of treatment.

Hardly any man, and certainly no politician, has been so