

ary. And then, when on each remotest island and on every loneliest sea, the Red Cross blazed, majestic and alone, then he would have turned to the colonies, and said: "Choose now. Will you be one with us, with every right save that of independence, and with our right of sovereignty asserted but in theory alone, with your commerce bound only by laws passed in a parliament reformed at home, and in both Houses of which you are represented? Or will you face, alone and unaided, the whole might of victorious Britain?"

It was not to be. *Dis aliter visum*. The brain was as clear as ever, but the racked and tortured body was broken at last. At the end of his introductory speech he sat down. The Duke of Richmond replied with moderation and dignity. Chatham made a vain attempt to rise, suddenly caught at his heart, and fell back in a faint. As soon as possible he was carried to his beloved Hayes, where after lingering for a few weeks he died; in his dying hours, with his old dramatic instinct, calling on his son to read to him the tale of the mourning of Troy for Hector.

Was the plan impracticable? "A federal union between the American Colonies and Great Britain floated as some think before the mind of Chatham. Such a union might have lived with Chatham; with Chatham it would have died." (Goldwin Smith: *The United States*, p. 70). It is idle to speculate on what might have been; yet had Chatham been given five years to carry out his plan, he might have handed on the torch to his son, and he to Canning. To him liberty and Empire were no catchwords, but winged spirits with tongues of flame. May we not indulge the fancy that his genius might have united them in indissoluble union, and so prevented the long years of hatred and misunderstanding now happily at an end.

W. L. GRANT.