

ordinary mortals, to all which it must be added that he is not a remote and silent landlord. He is at home and affable with all the tenants and villagers, takes an interest in the literary or young men's society of his little village, is a frequent caller at many of the houses of the villagers. One old dame makes it her boast that she has frequently told Mr. Gladstone all that was on her mind; while a wise old farmer, whose house we passed on our way, is constantly visited by the Premier, who deems it to be a part of the wisdom of his life to make himself acquainted with the opinions and ways of thinking of all sorts and conditions of men. He has something to say to everybody and something to listen to with respect from everybody. He has none of the jauntiness of Lord Palmerston, yet the cares of empire seem to sit lightly also upon his shoulders. He has an affable nearness, and it is impossible to approach him and look into his face without feeling that you are in the presence of a man who disdains all chicanery, all meanness, and who breathes magnanimity as his native air.

It would be exceedingly ungracious to close this paper without mentioning the urbane and beneficent lady to whom Mr. Gladstone is indebted for this noble historical home. Mrs. Gladstone, the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynn, has so entered into and partaken of all the triumphs of her illustrious husband that any record would be defective which did not pay honour to her name; and then a very interesting feature, and one of the most interesting buildings at Hawarden, is Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage, which stands close to the castle. Here desolate orphans are well cared for, and find, until they have to enter on the conflict and to encounter the cares of life, a happy home. Also it is very pleasing to record that as there is no village library in Hawarden, the great library at the castle, consisting of some 10,000 volumes, is open to borrowers, no further security being taken than the entry of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction. It may be presumed that the treasures of the inner study are guarded from the profanation of uncultured fingers and unlearned eyes.

A personal acquaintance thus describes Mr. Gladstone's manner in private life:

I saw Mr. Gladstone first when he was about sixty years of age. Happening to sit very near him at a dinner-party, I had a good opportunity of examining his appearance closely and of making mental notes of his conversation. I had heard