

Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Even this did not pass unchallenged in some quarters, but Mr. Froude during his tenure of the professorship seems to have justified the most sanguine expectations of his friends. From this appointment till the end, Mr. Froude was engaged on his last two works, "Erasmus," published just before, and "English Seamen," just after his death, in 1894. "Erasmus" is a most fascinating volume—being lectures delivered while holding the Oxford Professorship, but it is marred throughout by the same blemishes as are found in his earlier works. "Nowhere," says *The Quarterly Review*, "has Mr. Froude more felicitously displayed his rare literary skill. But nowhere has he more infelicitously displayed the inaccuracy which was his besetting sin."

In his estimates of men and things Froude was a pessimist. He could find real sincerity in almost none of our modern public men. With Carlyle, he had a strong dislike for Mr. Gladstone, whom he considered a striking example of the evil of oratory—a demagogue wheedling the people into all manner of unwise courses by his mellifluous eloquence—and as Froude used to say contemptuously, "popularizing himself by addressing the crowds from his railway carriage." Toward Beaconsfield he was rather more tolerant, but in his earlier years he considered him also a charlatan. For Mr. Chamberlain, however, he had a high admiration, and expected a great future for him.

This pessimism may be accounted for by the facts of Mr. Froude's life. Throughout his whole life, he had one long, hard struggle against adverse criticism, merited and unmerited. From his first leanings toward heterodoxy in his undergraduate days to his appointment to Oxford, not a single prominent act of his life passed uncensured. From his earliest contributions to the Tractarian movement to the publication of "Erasmus," not a single product of his pen passed into public favor save through the fiery ordeal of severest criticism. Such an experience could scarcely fail to produce a pessimist. In this feature also he resembled Carlyle, and this was doubtless one of the strong bonds of sympathy that drew them together. And in the case of each this pessimistic temper increased as they advanced in years. Everything with them was out of joint; national ruin was staring them in the face. In a letter written by Mr. Froude