

THE EARL OF DERBY.

Whether as plain Mr. Stanley, as Lord Stanley, or finally as the Earl of Derby, or rather as the English love to call him, (albeit in vulgar Cockney accent) "Lord Derby," EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY was a man of singular mark, a truly typical Englishman, but one endowed with so many extraordinary gifts as to make him not only distinguished among his fellows, but even in some respects an exception to his nation. It was he alone who could meet the famous Daniel O'Connell with a fervency of eloquence that almost equalled his own, and with a purity of diction which undoubtedly excelled it. He only who combined with the most intimate knowledge of, and devotion to, the affairs of State, the heartiest support of the English Turf, until it was said with reason that Lord Derby would rather see one of his horses the winner of the Derby races than his party triumph in a division in the House of Commons. Heir to an ancient title and an honourable name, he entered the political arena when his grandfather, the twelfth Earl, was yet alive, the founder of the Derby and the Oaks races, a devoted student of zoology and a bland unobtrusive Whig. In the House of Commons he was, therefore, only plain Mr. Stanley; but even then such was the fervid force of his eloquence that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton effectively named him "the Rupert of debate." *Rupert* indeed he was throughout his whole career; rash, generous, sympathetic, fond of the forensic encounter, attached to his country and his people, ready to sacrifice all for it and them; a generous landlord, a fast friend, a learned scholar, and a patron of scholars, the fourteenth Earl of Derby won for himself a place in English history which, if not the highest on statesmanship, is at least one of the most honourable, in all that can truly be said, to dignity manhood. Beginning political life as a Whig, he gradually blossomed out into the full blown Tory—not a Conservative exactly, for he had the courage to tear down, as well as to build up. He was not afraid of a Reform Bill, though he shrank from the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He found England with her institutions old, and encrusted on her, and he wished to leave her and them unchanged, except in so far as the growing intelligence of the age qualified the mass of the people for a voice in the administration of public affairs. The family motto—*Sine change*—never had a more devoted adherent than the subject of our notice. The changes he did countenance were only such as he believed would add beauty and symmetry to the fabric of English society as he found it. In him was honoured and illustrated one of the proudest names in English history. The scion of an ancient and honourable house, dating back for many centuries, he inherited to a remarkable degree, the lusty vigour so common to the English aristocracy; a vigour which, carrying with it not only a love for the manly sports of the field, but a devotion to literature, and a capacity for the highest duties of statesmanship which



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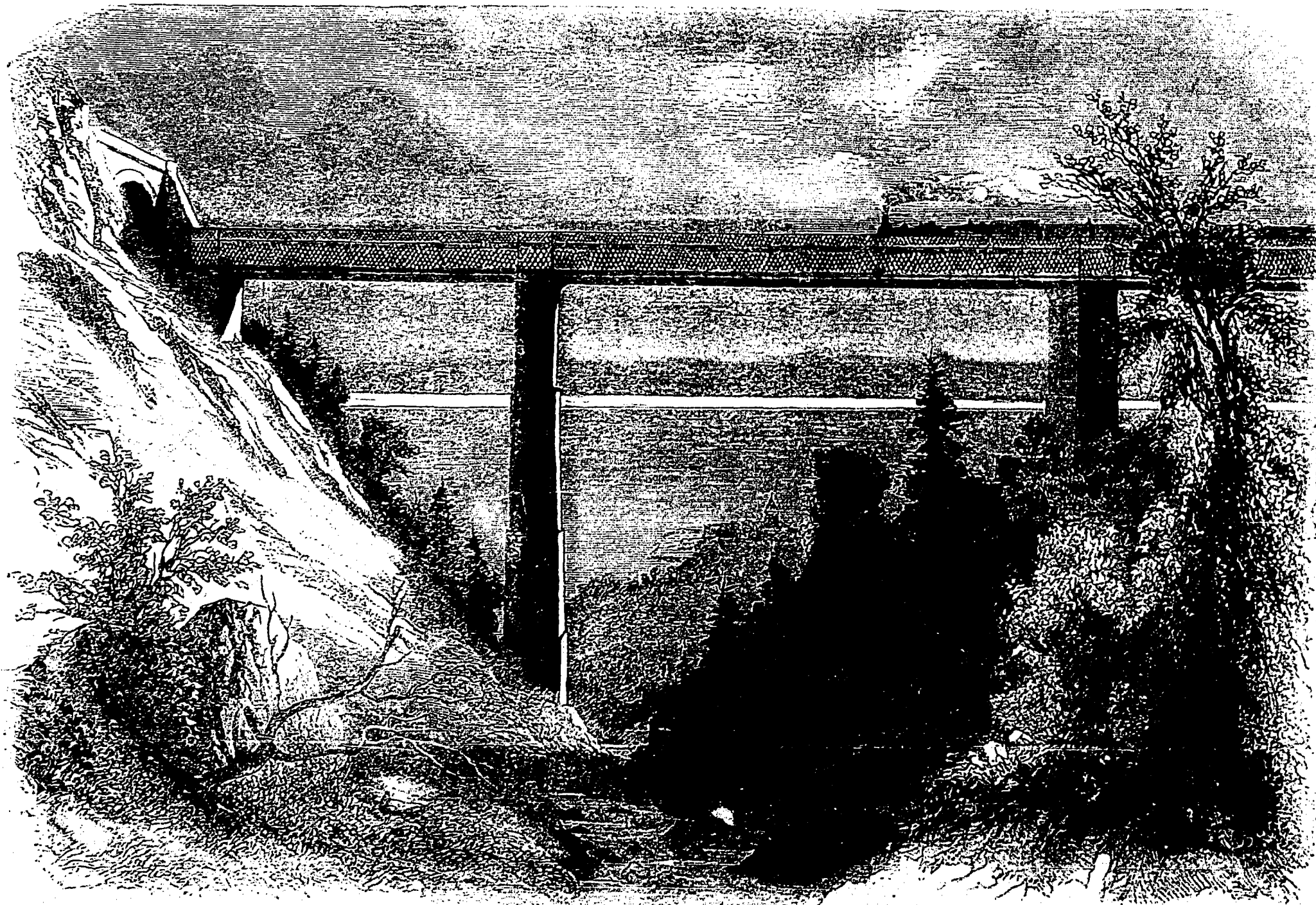
have won for the British nobility an entirely exceptional place in modern history, one which has earned them the devotion of the common people of their own country, and the admiration of the most advanced *democrats* of the world at large. As a brief sketch of his marked distinctions, the following extract from the *London Times* of Oct. 25, may fairly be quoted. It sets forth his qualities in a light not too flattering, but very truthful, and the personal qualities it celebrates, contributed, perhaps, more than any others, to the high place which Lord Derby held in the affections of his countrymen. It was not because he was a statesman, but because he was a man, that the English people looked up to Lord Derby as one of the foremost among themselves. It was his force of character, so well set forth in the extract which follows, that endeared him to his country. Says the *Times*:—

"We have spoken of Lord Derby chiefly as a statesman. But, after all, it is the man—ever brilliant and impulsive—that has most won the

admiration of his countrymen.—He was a splendid specimen of an Englishman, and whether he was engaged in furious debate with demagogues, or in lowly conversation on religion with little children, or in parley with jockeys, while training *Toxophilite*, or ransacking *Homer* into English verse, or in stately Latin discourse as the Chancellor of his University, or in joyous talk in a drawing-room among ladies whom he delighted to chaff, or in caring for the needs of Lancashire operatives, there was a force and a fire about him that acted like a spell. Of all his public acts none did him more honour and none made a deeper impression on the minds of his countrymen than that to which we have just alluded—his conduct on the occasion of the cotton famine in Lancashire. No man in the kingdom sympathized more truly than he with the distress of the poor Lancashire spinners, and, perhaps, no man did so much as he for their relief. It was not simply that he gave them a princely donation; he worked hard for them in the committee which was established in their aid; he was, indeed, the life and soul of the committee, and for months at that bitter time he went about doing good by precept and example, so that myriads in Lancashire now bless his name. He will long live in memory as one of the most remarkable, and indeed irresistible, men of our time—a man privately beloved and publicly admired, who showed extraordinary cleverness in many ways; was the greatest orator of his day, and was the most brilliant, though not the most successful, Parliamentary leader of the last half century."

Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, married in May, 1825, Emma Caroline, second daughter of Lord Skelmersdale, by whom he leaves a family of two sons and a daughter. The elder son is well known as Lord Stanley. The younger, Captain Stanley, is Member of Parliament for North Lancashire, and is married to a daughter of Lord Charendon. The daughter, Lady Emma, is married to Colonel Talbot. The nineteenth earl who now succeeds to the title is a man of great ability and grave demeanour. It is related that at a public dinner, not very long ago, Lord Derby said, on his son's retiring from the table, "now, we can have some fun, the *old man* has gone." Derby made even better jokes than this at the expense of his son's gravity, and it is said that the latter not unfrequently repaid them with interest. Like his father, the present Lord Derby began political life as a Whig, or Liberal. It will be a curious study hereafter to compare the lives of the Reformers, who ended their careers as Tories, with the Tories who ended as Reformers. Derby with Brougham, Gladstone with Disraeli, — and so on, with an intinable of illustrious names, English, Continental, and even Canadian.

The late Earl Derby died at seven o'clock on Saturday morning, Oct. 23. He was born at Knowsley, on the 29th March, 1799, and was therefore in his 71st year, having passed the patriarchal age of "three score and ten." As an "Eton boy" he early won distinction. His clear, ringing voice, his retentive memory, his wondrous capacity for the tracing of long sentences in his juvenile compositions, distinguished him as one of no ordinary natural attainment. But, like many other, we might almost say, like the majority of great men, he did not take a University degree. This fact has been made a wonder by nearly all his biographers, but why we are utterly at a loss to understand, since nearly all the men with "handles" after their names, are only remarkable for their falling behind in the great race of life. (see page 38)



CHATEAUFORT VIADUCT OF THE LAUSANNE AND FRIBURG RAILROAD;—See page 35.