

Professor Tyndall on Mr. Gladstone and the English Girondins.

The following speech was delivered in Belfast on the 28th of January, 1890, under the chairmanship of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire:

My Lord Duke, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen—It is customary and proper for persons in a position like mine to-night to express their regret that the duty confided to them had not fallen into better hands. I will not follow the usual routine on this occasion. Nevertheless, it may be fairly asked why I should be chosen to propose a vote of confidence in her Majesty's Government. It is, perhaps, first of all because a man who, in point of years, stands within a decade or so of the footsteps of Mr. Gladstone, deserves to be credited with a mature opinion. It is also, perhaps, because those who have called upon me know that I was born under a modest Irish roof, and that, for the first twenty years of my life, I lived in Ireland in intense sympathy with the Irish people. They may also know that in a small way I myself fought the battle of a true Home Rule, contending, to my own detriment, that Irish ability and English ability and Scotch ability should have legitimate scope and fair play, and should not be thwarted and nullified by a petulant and interested officialism. (Hear, hear.) Your noble Mew Island Lighthouse is the result of this battle. (Hear, hear.) Above all, it may be that those who requested me to come hear to-night are aware that I am pledged to no political party—that for either honour or emolument I am just as much, and as little, indebted to Lord Salisbury as to Mr. Gladstone. I speak, therefore, as a free man, with no political obligation to fulfil, and with no personal object in view. (Hear, hear.) This, together with my own belief that at the present time every honest man is called upon to speak his mind, constitutes the chief reason why I am here to-night. I harbour no illusions regarding the realization of ideals in practical life, and I am not called upon to contend that her Majesty's present Government is ideally perfect. But, viewing them in combination with the circumstances in which they are placed—judging their acts in relation to their environment—I am weakened by no misgiving when I say that they are worthy of your confidence. What, let us enquire, is the power opposed to them? You have a statesman who has passed his 80th year, whose youth was marked by honest impulsiveness and devotion; who smote John Wesley, exalted John Newman, and was the ardent champion of sacerdotalism generally. (Hear, hear.) You have this man, in his sincere and impulsive youth, gifted with qualities which excited the fears, but which gained the affection of many illustrious persons. You have him now in a position, brought about by the temptations of political life, which the wise and illustrious among his friends describe as throwing his reputation into the gutter. (Hear, hear.) I ask you to consider the habits, and the conduct of this extraordinary man. I have heard him speak, and have been amazed by his power of coming language. (Laughter.) Take up a copy of the *Times*, and you find five or six columns of that large paper covered with his utterances. Take up the magazines and reviews of all English-speaking lands, and you find therein illustrated the same matchless power of showering down words. The carter for the public taste in America, as well as those in England, know that they have here an inexhaustible tap, which they have only to turn on to fill their broad sheet with eloquence. (A laugh.) The public stand agape at this astounding display of power and versatility. My lords and gentlemen, I had the honor of discussing many a question with the late illustrious Charles Darwin. On one special point we emphatically agreed, and that was the necessity in all true work of combining reflection in a high ratio with expression. But in this eternal outflow of words there is no room for reflection, and the consequence is that the strongest and soundest men of my acquaintance treat with contempt that quality which so large a portion of the public regard with admiration. (Hear, hear.) Consider, I would beg of you, the career of this statesman. Throughout his long life he was continually immersed in politics. He witnessed the overthrow of Ministry after Ministry upon Irish questions. He heard the voice of Dan O'Connell demanding Repeal before 100,000 Irishmen on Tara Hill. He listened to the voice of his great leader, Sir Robert Peel, affirming that Ireland was the English statesman's chief difficulty; and yet blindly shutting his eyes to this

problem of problems, he waited until he was 75 years old to discover that Pitt was a Blackguard and the Union a crime. (Applause.) Think of this master mariner who now ask us, without a word of explanation, to place the helm in his hands. He helped to steer the imperial ship of Britain for more than 50 years with this tremendous rock upon his lee, and never once showed that he was aware of its existence. When, a few years ago, I pressed upon an intelligent Nationalist priest Mr. Gladstone's dereliction of duty for more than half a century, he coolly replied that, until a few years ago, he had not studied the question. I ask you, Radicals, Separatists of England, Ireland, and Scotland, whether this is a sufficient excuse?—whether the question which ought to have formed the very forefront of his political education could, without criminality, have been neglected until he became "A Grand Old Man." (Applause.) Is such a statesman worthy of the confidence which he asks you blindly to repose in him? I say "No!" Either he is blind or he is not. If blind, he is unfit to be our steersman; if not his true and merited reward would be very different from the committal to his hands of political power. (Applause.) The great Thomas Carlyle, long ago, defined what that reward ought to be. Radicals of England, Ireland, and Scotland, open your eyes, and examine the leader whom you have chosen. God forbid that I should ascribe to him conscious dishonesty and falsehood. But there are two words commonly employed by the philosophers of Germany—the words *subjective* and *objective*—which will be useful to us here. The subjective has reference to a man's own personal convictions; the objective has reference to what occurs outside of himself. Gentlemen, I came here not to mince matters but to speak the stern truth. Cleanse Mr. Gladstone subjectively as you will, give him credit for the most earnest and honest personal convictions. Did not your former Secretary, Mr. Foster, say in the House of Commons that his right honorable friend could persuade himself to believe anything he wished to believe. (Hear, hear.) Wash him clean subjectively with all my heart; still, in view of his political career during the last five or six years; in view of the blood vainly shed on Majuba Hill, of noble Irish, Scotch, and English lives wrecked amid the deserts of the Sudan; in view of the immolation of those splendid Arabs who fought so devotedly for their country and their faith; in view, above all, of the sacrifice of the heroic Gordon at Khartoum—sent out by Mr. Gladstone to suit his own purposes, and then abandoned to his fate—in view of this I express not only my profound conviction, but the conviction of many sober-minded men, when I say that this English statesman judged objectively, and in reference to acts brought about, not perhaps by his intention, but by his mismanagement, cowardice, and vacillation, is the wickedest man of our day and generation. (Applause.) "Well," said the Nationalist priest to me, when I urged some of these points against the ex-Premier, "Mr. Gladstone has at least always proved himself a strong man." Here, I think, the priest, hoping much from the strength of Mr. Gladstone was disposed to overrate it. I have been accustomed to look in the faces and hear the voices of strong men all my life; and not one of them would be willing to credit Mr. Gladstone with true strength of character. (Hear, hear.) His strength consists in knowing his fatal power of playing upon the feelings of the "masses." Withdraw from him his audience, and he collapses. His strength, in short, is the strength of a demagogue of colossal type. (Hear, hear.) Many years ago, while engaged in conversation with Mr. Gladstone's most illustrious friend, he ran affectionately over the various good qualities of the statesman—his earnestness, his eloquence, his culture, his versatility. "And yet," he added, pulling himself up at the end, "I deem it a calamity of unspeakable magnitude that the destinies of this empire should be in the hands of such a madman." (Cheers.) And now, let us briefly consider the most burning question of all, which, so far from making me swerve, gives me double strength in proposing a vote of confidence in Her Majesty's Government—I mean, of course, their rule and governance in this land of Ireland. The plains of the Po in Italy are sometimes overwhelmed by destructive floods—crops, herds, homesteads, men, women, and children swept to a common ruin. A distinguished man has proposed that among the mountains where the Po

"I am amazed at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness—no words are strong enough—which befoul the whole history of the Union." Letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. G. Leveson-Gower.—*Times*, 17th July, 1886.

originates vast reservoirs, strong dams, should be constructed to receive the first sudden gushes of tempestuous rain. From these the water could be peacefully and usefully distributed afterwards. I ask you to consider the case of an engineer appointed to watch one of these dams, when strong hydrostatic pressure is brought to bear against it. He sees a crack and promptly stops it. He sees a hole and plugs it without delay. He puddles every weak point in the dam, thus mending without halting every aperture and fissure. He knows too well that if the water be allowed to get for a moment the upper hand his barrier will be swept away, and widespread destruction will follow. That mountain reservoir represents the forces of anarchy in this country. The dam opposed to it is the dam of law, and the engineer who has charge of that dam, and who is in duty bound to stop every crack, plug every hole, and puddle every weak point is Arthur Balfour. (Applause.) Well and resolutely he has done his work thus far. And, despite all their blatant denunciation, the demagogues, whom he holds in his iron grip respect him, I doubt not, a thousand times more than they do those Reubens of politics, his unstable predecessors. In virtue of the action of Arthur Balfour in Ireland I would propose, with enhanced emphasis, a vote of confidence in Her Majesty's present Ministers. They have deserved well of their country. (Cheers.) My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen—it is a sad thing to me to reflect upon the present position of men whom I once regarded as my friends. Lord Spencer is perhaps too high to permit of my presuming thus to designate him. But his genuine kindness of character had inspired me with a strong affection for him, while the resolute manliness which he exhibited for a time had won my respect and admiration. During his period of rule in Ireland he was covered with mud of vituperation, and he bore it bravely. The explanation of his strength and of his subsequent falling off I take to be that he is a man who requires backing up; that he was so backed up by his chief beyond the Channel, whose denunciations of the National League have never been exceeded in violence. Look into his kindly and cultured face, and you see that Lord Spencer lacks the rude strength which would enable him to resist the almost demoniac fierceness of his chief. The consequence was that when that chief turned and falsified all his previous action, Lord Spencer turned likewise. (Hear, hear.) For some years of my life I think I could claim Mr. John Morley as my friend. He was to me a man of pure and noble mind, and it is one of the saddest illustrations of the influence of party politics that such a man should be linked in his present partnership. Sir George Trevelyan I knew less intimately, but I heartily admired him. Professor Bryce I hardly knew at all. These distinguished men can read history, and I would ask them to compare their present position with that of the pure-minded and enthusiastic Girondins of the French Revolution, including Madame Roland, the noblest of them all. She, as you know, was sent to the guillotine by the people for whom she had spent her life. She was slain by a power which she had only too successfully helped to bring into existence. A few days later her husband was found with a dagger in his heart, driven through it by himself. Rouse yourselves gentlemen! Lord Spencer, Mr. Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Bryce. The times exhort you to stir yourselves up. I do not think it likely that in these islands the bloody atrocities of the French Revolution will be repeated, for we have not here the antecedent wickedness and woe which drove the masses of France into fury; but we are sure to have a repetition on a minor scale. Even now we can foreshadow the fate that awaits our English Girondins. Mr. Labouchere, whose name is not English, aided by another of unmistakably foreign extraction—Jacoby, I think they call him—has already outbid the Girondins, whose political corpses will in due time be cast upon the dung-hill by forces which they were able to evoke, but were unable to control. (Cheers.) My lords and gentlemen, I have walked through this city and around the suburbs with my eyes open. I was here some sixteen years ago, and can mark the progress you have made since that time. In this respect I would back Belfast against any city in the United Kingdom. You have your docks, your factories, and your hospitals. New and noble public buildings have arisen; new streets which rival, if they do not surpass, the best streets of the English Metropolis; while around about your city I have seen mansions rising and completed which afford additional proof of your energy and your wealth. You

have, moreover, your noble Queen's College, to minister to your intellectual needs. Is all this to be placed under the control of Archbishop Croke and his myrmidons, backed by the ignorant and excitable peasantry of the South? Are English Nonconformists mad to play into such hands? The year before last, at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy in London, I sat beside that true patriot and entirely honest gentleman, John Bright. (Applause.) He had been occasionally writing to the *Times* those letters which delighted his friends, and which were a terror to his opponents. He said to me that writing was the only form of expression with which he could trust himself. If he ventured to make a speech upon Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, he could not, he said, control his condemnation of his former friend and leader. I spoke to him of the confusion and bloodshed that must follow if Mr. Gladstone had his way. He fixed his strong jaw and curved his firm lip as he replied, "We do not intend to let him have his way. It must never be." (Cheers.) I do not remember whether Mr. Bright has been in Belfast, but if he were here to-day he would regard the crime of placing this great community of the North under the control of Mr. Parnell and the rabble he commands as an iniquity overshadowing in its magnitude all the other iniquities of Mr. Gladstone. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, in the language of Mr. John Bright, I would repeat, "It must never be." If you, the successors of men who knew how to defend their rights and liberties with the sword, be driven by unrighteous legislation to the same means of defence, you will not, I am persuaded, shrink from the ordeal. And trust me, should that hour ever come, that, when it comes, tens of thousands of British men will be found ready to leap into your ranks, and help you to overthrow your foes. (Cheers.) I beg to move—"That, in offering our warmest congratulations to her Majesty's Ministers on the signal success which has crowned their Irish policy, we hereby record our unabated confidence in them, feeling assured that they will continue to administer the affairs of this country on the lines which have led to such satisfactory results during the past three years."

ENGLISHMEN.

Read this!

WHY DO YOU SUFFER the agonizing pains, aches, and sit up nights, etc., etc.?

Oh! Because you have SCIATICA; RHEUMATISM and KIDNEY DISEASE.

We have a Positive Cure for you. It is taken internally. One dose in 24 hours. Not a cure all. One bottle usually cures; gives relief instantly. Ask your dealer for

WRIGHT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY

It is a true specific, used by thousands.

Try it. Price \$1.00, all Druggists.

THE WRIGHT MEDICINE CO.,

St. Thomas, Ont.

J. A. MUSGROVE

WHOLESALE AGENT, OTTAWA.

Pritchard & Andrews,

GENERAL ENGRAVERS.

RUBBER STAMP MANUFACTURERS.

Brass and Steel Stamps in Every

Notary Companies' SOCIETIES' SEALS.

Estimates given for quantities.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE EYE?

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

One of the BEST and FREE

BRO. F. BEBBINGTON,

(REBBINGTON & HUGHES)

Conveyancer & Exchange Broker

701 SPARKS ST., OTTAWA.

Merchants accounts collected.

Money to loan on every class of approved security.

BILLS DISCOUNTED.

WAX SEALS.

NOTARIAL AND SOCIETY

EMBOSSING SEALS,

WOOD ENGRAVING

and Plate Printing.

1421 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA

Awarded Grand Dominion and Ontario

SILVER MEDALS.

E. ACKROYD,

Manufacturer of Corsets,

and to Measure.

134 Sparks Street,

OTTAWA.

Patronized by Mrs. Langtry and notable ladies of Canada.

THOS. CLAXTON,

Importer and dealer in

Music and Musical

INSTRUMENTS.

Agent for J. W. Pepper, Joan

White's, and J. S. Richard's (Pete's) and Southwell's Band and

Orchestral Publications. Catalogues Free.

Also, Collections of Howe's

Samuel's, Squire's, Ripley's, Fisher's, Dittson's and Young's

Band and Orchestra Music.

English Short Model, Large Bore

Band Instruments.

Price Lists with Cuts on Application.

No. 197 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Large Illustrated Catalogue of Musical Instruments sent to any address on receipt of 10c

FOR THOSE ADVERTISERS WHO HAVE

a credit so well established as to make them

safe customers, we secure the most important

advantages. We can devote our energies to

securing for them what is wanted and what

ought to be had; without constantly contending

with a possible loss liable to sweep away, no

only all commissions earned, but in addition

leave us responsible for heavy obligations to

publishers. We seek the patronage of responsible

advertisers who will pay when the work is

done! and of experienced advertisers who will

know when they are faithfully and intelligently

served! Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,

10 Spruce St., New York.

PRINTERS' INK.

A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS.

Is issued on the first and fifteenth days of each

month, and is the representative journal—the trade

journal of American advertisers. It indicates to the

interpermeated advertiser how, when, and where he

should advertise; how to write an advertisement; how

to display one; what newspapers to use; how much

money to expend—in fact, discourses on every point

that admits of profitable discussion. Advertising is

an art practised by many but understood by few. The

conductors of PRINTERS' INK understand it, and

their advice is based on an experience of more than

twenty-five years in placing advertising contracts for

many of the largest and most successful advertisers.

A year's subscription costs but One Dollar; sample

copies Free. Address:—

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,

10 Spruce St., New York.

OUR NEW

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE