

good as his word." He was averse to speaking, nor was he flattered by the applause of the crowd. Had he evoked any loud applause, he would probably have felt like the Greek aristocrat who, hearing plaudits, turned to a friend near him and asked, "Have I said anything very foolish?" A far different statesman from the noisy rhetoricians who since his time have usurped the reins of power, and who have thought the Empire well lost if only the raucous voices of the mob echoed in their ears.

Such was the man who was appointed by providence to be a watch-dog upon the actions of Mr. Gladstone. How faithfully he performed his office is known to us all. It was particularly in Ireland that he dogged the footsteps of his great chief and opponent. His qualifications to speak of Ireland were many. He was an Irish landlord who liked and understood the people of the country. He had been Irish Secretary, and was familiar with all the tricks and deceits of the agitators. His clear sense of reality convinced him that you could not solve a difficult problem of government by such empty phrases as 'a nation struggling to be free.' He believed in reform, in land reform especially, and he believed in law. He was therefore at the opposite pole from Mr. Gladstone, whose sentimentality assured him that you could staunch the blood of dying men and relieve the persecuted from boycotting by murmuring such empty words as 'the union of hearts.' The divergency between the two showed itself early. In 1870,