



LORD ROSEBERY.

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*“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”*

A YULE LILT.

Sin' we hae met to spend the nicht
In harmless glee an' sweet delicht,
Let ilk ane strive wi' a' his micht
 To mak' his neebour cheerie.
Sair Sorrow, wi' a deidly drug,
Gie Care a skelp ahint the lug ;
Set Mirth aside the reamin' jug,
 An' tak' her for oor dearie.

 Then let us lauch as lang's we may,
 Whate'er the warld think or say,
 An' let oor aim be, nicht an' day,
 To mak' ilk ither cheerie.

Let lawyers scheme an' draw up deeds,
An' rival bigots rive their creeds
Until the truth, their hearts an' heids
 Are a' turned tapsalteerie.
Let wad-be saunts extend their face,
To pass it as an act o' grace,
But in it we can easy trace
 That Mammon is their dearie.

 Then let, &c.

Leave hypocrites to roose themsel',
They need it a' to keep them well ;
Honest hearts require nae spell
 To lauch an' never wearie.
Let ilk ane truly play his part,
Awa' wi' selfish hollow art,
An' ilka face reveal the heart,
 Then we will a' be cheerie.
 Then let, &c.



BY THE EDITOR.

No. II.

LORD ROSEBERY,
STATESMAN.

“The supple statesman and the patriot stern.”—*Blair*.



PART altogether from party politics, Archibald Philip Primrose Rosebery, the 5th Earl of Rosebery, is a Scotsman of whom, as a nation, we have just cause to be proud. The great interest he takes in the improvement of the social condition of the masses, his readiness and sometimes brilliance as a public speaker, his noble generosity with his purse to forward the measures in which he believes—all tend to make him beloved and popular with all sorts and conditions of men.

The founder of the Rosebery family was a hammerman named “Duncane Prymrois,” described as a “burgess of Colrois.” Mr. David Beveridge, in his history of the little town of Culross, tells us many curious things about Duncan Primrose; among the rest, that he was father to a Gilbert Primrose, who was surgeon to James VI. The little town of Culross, as all my readers know, is perched on the side of a hill that rises from the Forth, and that the date of its erection to the dignity of a Royal Burgh was as far back as the year 1588.

We have an instance of the trade-protecting proclivities of our forefathers in a notarial instrument, in which the name of "Duncane Prymrois" appears. This document is still in existence, and purports to have been executed at the Monastery of Culross, on the 12th May, 1549, in the fourteenth year of the Pontificate of Pope Paul III. It ratifies an agreement among the "craftes mene of smythes of the toune of Culrois, conuenit altogether, with ane consent and assent, for the utilitie, weil, and profeit of us and our craft, and the common weil of us all." The leading article of the contract is to the effect that no forge shall be erected by the servant or apprentice of any craftsman till he be judged qualified by the corporation to carry on the trade, and that he shall have sufficient means of his own without being necessitated to borrow on credit. A still more significant provision in the agreement is, "that naine of us sall use this craft of ours in na toune nor place of Scotland, but allenarlie in the toune of Culrois quhair it has been of use before." The penalty to be incurred by any contravener of the articles of agreement is, for the first offence, to be reduced from the rank of a master to that of a servant for one year, or to pay a fine of twenty merks Scots; for a second offence, the delinquent is to be debarred from exercising his craft for three years; and for a third, he is to be expelled from the corporation.

The "Duncane Prymrois" who subscribed to this compact was not the only Primrose whom Mr. Beveridge has discovered to be connected with Culross. He finds Archibald Primrose, laird of Burnbrae, near Kincardine, marrying Margaret, daughter of Blaw, laird of Castlehill (now Dunisnade), Culross. Again, "The great Sir George Bruce of Carnock married the daughter of Archibald Primrose and Margaret Blaw, and the blue blood of the Blaws thus flows in the veins of two distinguished families of the Scottish Peerage—those of the Earl of Elgin and the Earl of Rosebery. Lord Elgin is lineally descended from Sir George Bruce and Margaret Primrose; Lord Rosebery from Archibald Primrose and Margaret Blaw."

Lord Rosebery—otherwise Baron Rosebery, by which title he sits in the House of Lords—was born in London in the year 1847, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He has always been a favourite child of fortune. He is said, when a young man, to have made three predictions about himself that he

would do three things, viz. : (1) Marry the richest heiress of her year, (2) become Prime Minister, and (3) win the Derby. Whether these prophesies were made after the events had taken place, as is the case with so many wonderful prophesies, I have no means of knowing: still the fact remains, that this young man, still under fifty years of age, has achieved all three. The question has been asked by a recent writer on his Lordship, "Was there ever a lad of whom some one did not prognosticate big things?" and he continues, "Lord Dalmeny, as the Earl of Rosebery then was, at fourteen made a speech at a Volunteer Review luncheon in Linlithgowshire, which, for so young a lad, was remarkable; and Mr. Dundas of Dundas, it is said, declared they had just listened to one of Britain's future Prime Ministers."

What Mr. Dundas said in 1861, many people said twenty years later. Mr. Gladstone was himself among the prophets. In 1886 he pointed to Lord Rosebery as the future leader of the Liberal party. A few facts culled from his life will prove that he has always been looked up to as a man of exceptional gifts—a man whom his country was always proud to honour. He was selected, when only twenty-four, to open the Queen's Speech Debate in the House of Lords in 1871. He was chosen Chairman of the Social Science Congress in 1874. He was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University in 1875, and a similar honour was conferred on him by the students of Edinburgh in 1880. In 1881 he was made under-Secretary for the Home Office; in 1885 appointed First Commissioner of Works; and in 1886 Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1889 he was chosen Chairman of the first County Council for London; in 1892 he again got the Foreign portfolio; but perhaps the greatest honour of all was when, in 1893, he was called on to settle one of the most terrible industrial struggles that ever paralysed our trade as a nation. Such a record is almost unprecedented in any man, and wholly so in so young a man.

We mean to eschew treading the thorny path of politics in our magazine, but I may say that Lord Rosebery as an Irish Home Ruler, House of Lords reformer, and Church of Scotland demolisher, is in the main repugnant to me. Yet I believe him to be honest and sincere—as much cannot be said for some of the leading members of the same school.

The success of Lord Rosebery's colt Ladas as winner of the Derby caused a flutter of consternation in the camp of the good

people who think themselves better than their neighbours. They compared him to Belshazzar, and said that the patron of the race-course ought to know that the same germs of evil might be found there which of old caused the handwriting on the wall. Many of our Scotch ministers preached at him, and one of them said "that it would be better that the beautiful creature Ladas should be destroyed, and all racing stopped, than that our sons and daughters should be dragged down from the path of virtue and righteousness." Among his many assailants over the winning of the Derby were Dr. Clifford, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and also the Head Master of Rugby School. The latter, in a speech on the sad backsliding of our Premier, from the platform of Exeter Hall, said that, admiring Lord Rosebery as he did—believing in the great public services he had rendered to the country as Foreign Minister, as a member of the London County Council, as the man who settled the great coal strike, and in many other ways—and believing, above all, in his straightforward, honest, independent character as a gentleman—he had great hopes that the stir which had been caused would have the effect of making him give a new and serious attention to that question. When persons patronized such an institution as the turf, knowing that it was framed in vice and misery, they lived with a conventional conscience. Alas! alas! Butler's couplet on the principle which actuated Sir Hudibras in the time of Charles I. appears still to move the religious bigot of our own day:—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

There is a story in connection with the victory of Ladas that should be interesting to students of omens. The day before he ran the first Ladas, he, at the time an undergraduate at Oxford, was leaving a house in Park Lane, when he noticed on the grass-plot a dead hedgehog. On the morning of the last Derby, going out to see Ladas take his morning gallop, the Premier's path was crossed by a hedgehog, this time particularly alive. Between the two Derby days, separated by twenty-five years, Lord Rosebery had not set eyes on a hedgehog.

James Anthony Froude remarks somewhere that all orators are wrong. This statement of the great historian may be too sweeping, still there is more than a grain of truth in it. I suppose he meant that the wild luxuriance of their imagination often led them wrong.

Lord Rosebery has the fortune, or misfortune, of being an orator, and such is his command over his countenance, that you cannot gather from the expression of his face his feelings on questions that come up for discussion. He has the virtue of never laughing, as some orators do, at his own jokes, for his face is serious-looking even when his audience is convulsed with laughter. I would have liked to have given a few samples of his oratory, but must confine myself to one, and only a few sentences from his speech at the banquet at the Royal Academy on the 29th April, 1893, in which he describes himself as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His beautiful word-painting in this famous oration reminds one of Sir Edwin Arnold at his best, which is no slight praise. He said:—

“My noble friend, the Secretary for the Colonies, rules over an Empire on which the sun never sets, and it is impossible to say at any given moment on what particular part of the globe his mind may be reposing. My noble friend Lord Kimberley’s mind reposes on “India’s coral strand.” His talk is of Oriental splendour, his dream is of Oriental luxury, only marred by the awful spectre of the constantly depreciating rupee. . . . But when I come to my own office, I transcend them all. I have only to open a red box to be possessed of that magic carpet which took its possessor wherever he would go. Perhaps sometimes it carries me a little farther than that. I open it and find myself at once in those regions where a travelled monarch and an intellectual minister are endeavouring to reconcile the realms of Xerxes and Darius with the needs of nineteenth century civilisation—I smell the scent of the roses and hear the song of the bulbul. I open another box, which enables me to share the sports of the fur-seal, his island loves, his boundless swims in the Pacific: I can even follow him to Paris, and see him—the *corpus delicti*—laid on the table of the Court of Arbitration. I can go still farther. I can transfer myself to the Southern Pacific, where three of the greatest states in the world are endeavouring, not always with apparent success, to administer one of the smallest of islands—the island of Samoa—in close conjunction and alliance with one of our most brilliant men of letters. I will say this in virtue of my office—I follow every court. Not a monarch leaves his capital on a journey but I am on the platform, in spirit if not in body. I am in spirit in the gallery of every Parliament. I am ready and anxious—but not always successful—to be present at the signing of every treaty. I think I have laid a sufficient claim before you to insist that, in future, when you consider Her Majesty’s ministers, you may not consider them merely as political creatures, but as persons who have also their imaginative side—as

official Ariels roaming through time and space, not on broomsticks, but on boxes."

I cannot conclude this slight sketch of Lord Rosebery better than in the closing words of an able pamphlet recently issued on our Statesman by Arthur Wallace. "That Lord Rosebery is an earnest patriot, an honest reformer, and an able man I emphatically believe. Is he, however, a strong and a resourceful man? His past does not altogether suggest that he is. The day cannot be far off when he shall have proved to demonstration whether strength or weakness, decision or hesitancy, is the keynote of a character from which a good deal has been expected, and comparatively little has been forthcoming."

