

he was a Hebrew to the end, and of all his triumphs perhaps the most satisfying was the sense that a member of that despised race had made himself the master of the fleets and armies of the proudest of Christian nations." Appropriately, too, the last line reads, "He at least won the stake for which he played so bravely."

### LORD BEACONSFIELD.\*

ONE almost instinctively expects to read under the above heading the explanatory sub-title "a Novel," so much are we accustomed to "Froudacity" in reading the romantic literature which Mr. Froude calls history. In this life of his favorite hero, however, Mr. Froude is not so extravagant and full of his peculiarities as in certain other volumes from his pen which we might name. It is more of a calm, clear analysis of the power of a personality remarkable not alone in itself but in the environment which seemed to discipline it by irritation and strengthen it by failure. In this instance, subject and biographer are notably fitted; for Mr. Froude is a keen literary critic, and what would Disraeli be, to posterity at least, aside from his books? We have here a brilliant portrait not only of the man, the politician, and the artful statesman, but also of the novelist who has left us striking pictures of modern life, showing the tendency and drift of thought in the form of romance.

The Semitic, Carthaginian, Spanish, and Italian ancestry of Disraeli precedes a vivid representation of his early life and school days as photographed in *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*. Then come the story of Eastern travel, the first experiences in Parliament, and a series of dissolving views of political life. This main portion of the book is a valuable *résumé* of British history as reflected in Parliament and home politics. Glittering upon the pages, like crystals in their bed rocks, are the shining *bon-mots*, the caustic wit, and biting satire of the great cynic to whom everything was a joke. "A very remarkable people, the Zulus," he says, for example; "they defeat our generals, they convert our bishops, they have settled the fate of a great European dynasty." "The composition of such sentences was an intellectual pleasure to him." His biographer thinks *Lothair* a very remarkable literary work, and easily the greatest of the author's books.

Mr. Froude uses freely his great literary powers of vividness, condensation, point, dramatic grouping of events, antithesis and epigram; but he wisely refrains from over-praising his hero. In entire appropriateness to the subject, we are left in doubt—despite Mr. Froude's adjectives—whether Beaconsfield was a great man or not. He was, however, honest in all pecuniary matters; for money he did not care. "At heart

\*Lord Beaconsfield. By James Anthony Froude. Pp. 262. Harper & Brothers.