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loving and self-denying spirit which gave it birth. Its supporters look onward with unabated courage and hope, believing that, if they continue their work in humility and faith, the great Head of the Church will not fail to own and prosper their labours.

HENRY MORRIS.

ART. III.—THE LIFE OF LORD CAMPBELL.

Life of John, Lord Campbell. By his Daughter, the Hon. Mrs. HARDCASTLE. 2 vols. John Murray. 1880.

THE biographies of successful lawyers generally follow on the same lines, and seldom drop out of the ordinary high road which leads to forensic triumphs. From start to finish the details of the race rarely vary. Early years of study and obscurity, more or less long according to the talents and opportunities of the young candidate for the woolsack; some important case well conducted, which causes briefs to pour in; a rapidly rising name at the bar; a seat in the House of Commons, to be followed by the posts of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General; and then, in the natural order of things, the prizes of the Bench. Yet, monotonous as is the history of their pursuit after fame, the lives of great lawyers are among the most interesting of all the subjects that engage the attention of biography. A famous barrister has necessarily to see much of the world, he is the leader in many a *cause célèbre*, he combines politics with a study of the law, he is a statesman before he is a judge, and his letters and comments often throw much light upon the secret history of the times; whilst as a judge the revelations disclosed as to the life behind the scenes of the judicial career are always full of novel interest. Take the biographies of the Bench from the days of Sir Thomas More to our own time, and there is not one which is not eminently readable; whilst amongst their number they include the chattiest and in its own way the best biography ever written—the "Life of Lord Eldon," by Twiss. The work before us is no exception to the rule. Mrs. Hardcastle has performed her editorial duties in excellent taste and with a touch loving yet critical; she writes in graceful English, and she has exercised no little skill in manipulating the mass of matter with which she was entrusted so as to render it compressed and coherent. Still, in spite of this full and careful biography, we doubt whether it will cause posterity to alter its verdict as to the character of the quondam Lord Chancellor. Lord Campbell was one of the best exponents of the gospel of "getting on;"

to arrive at the goal he set before him was the one aim of his life; he was indifferent to what course he pursued, provided it led him on to success; he worked, he flattered, he humoured the useful, and dropped them when no longer necessary; he was eminently good-tempered and genial, though even in his merry moments he was keenly alive to his own interests. In his character there was nothing great and noble beyond his industry; his life is the record of success won by toil, by tact that never loses an opportunity, and by that ken which harshly limits its vision to the main chance. If the one end of life is to get on and prosper, no better example can be followed than that set by John, first Lord Campbell.

Like so many men who have climbed to the woolsack—Eldon, Thurlow, St. Leonards, Westbury, and their predecessors—"Jock" Campbell was of humble origin. The son of a poor Scottish minister, he saw that his future entirely depended upon himself, and that he owed little to the favours of fortune. He read hard as a boy, and took to his books kindly. His father hoped that the lad would enter the ministry and develop into one of the celebrities of the Established Church north of the Tweed. But as young Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, dreamt of higher things than going into the coal trade, so the boy Jock declined to content himself with a future limited to a greystone manse and a church in some Highland village. Dr. Johnson has said that the finest view in Scotland is the high road to England, and young Campbell was somewhat of the same opinion. In his own poor land, with its few prizes and crowds of competitors, he saw that he had no career. He wanted a wider arena for his abilities; so he turned his eyes south, and saw in the wealth and intellectual activity of London the promise for reward to cheer his hours of industry. After a journey of six-and-thirty hours by coach, he reached the metropolis half dead with fatigue and hunger. For the first few months he eked out a scanty livelihood by teaching a little boy the rudiments of Latin, and by scribbling paragraphs for the *Oracle* newspaper, and hack work on the *Annual Register*. From his humble garret he gazed upon the gardens of the Temple, and longed, with the ambition that refuses to be thwarted, to be enrolled as a law student. But unfortunately there were fees to pay and dinners to be eaten, and the penniless youth had enough to do with the few coins that found their way into his pocket, without parting with any of them to pay the demands of one of the Inns of Court. He had, however, a ready pen, and the year after his arrival in London he was fortunate enough in obtaining an engagement upon the *Morning Chronicle* as one of its permanent staff. Newspaper work is now-a-days a lucrative profession, and many a struggling barrister has found himself

indebted to "copy" during that dreary interval when attorneys' clerks refused to run up his staircase with the welcome briefs. But in the time of Campbell's youth journalism was a poorly-paid calling, fit mainly for Grub Street hacks and miserable wretches who had no alternative between the press and the debtor's prison. The future Chancellor saw, however, that it was a means to an end, and wrote his articles, paid his student's fees, and kept his terms, but preserved his connection with the *Morning Chronicle* a rigid secret. The young men he met in hall and in chambers would have shunned him, and treated him as a pariah had they known that one of their order had sunk so low as to write newspaper articles for money. They, however, unconsciously often criticized his articles, and made him start "like a guilty thing." "I am terribly alarmed," he writes, "when there is any talk about newspapers or reporters, and on one or two occasions my confusion might easily have been discovered."

Thanks, however, to his pen, he managed to scrape enough to pay his way, and to live without absolute privation. It is said that men in whom the workings of genius are strong, predict the future they are one day to command. The child we know is father of the man, and the subjects which gravely interest his youth often lead him on to that after study which secures fame for his ripening years. We are told that Petrarch, when a boy, was ever beating a retreat to silent haunts in order to scribble sonnets to certain of his gentler playmates. The early days of Sir Joshua Reynolds were spent, much to his father's disapproval, in sketching the faces of the different visitors who called at the house. Bacon, when scarcely out of the nursery, was so noted for thoughtful observation, that Queen Elizabeth nicknamed him "the young Lord Keeper." Some of the finest passages of Racine were composed when the future poet was but a pupil at Port Royal. Milton has sung to us in memorable verse what were his aspirations as a lad:—

> When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing: all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
> What might be public good; myself I thought
> Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
> All righteous things.

Some such indications of the bent of his genius young Campbell now displayed. He felt that his calling was for the profession of the law. He was a glutton at work, he had that peculiar gift which out of a mass of irrelevant matter picks out the salient points, with him the grasp of the subtleties of a question was almost an instinct, he wrote and expressed himself

well, and he had a natural liking for legal studies. He was sure that he had within him the making of a lawyer. Writing to his sister when only nineteen, young Campbell says: "I do not think that Lord Thurlow, Lord Loughborough, Lord Kenyon, or Lord Eldon, had a better chance at my age of filling their high offices than I now have of succeeding them. There is nothing like aiming at something great." His father, however, still wanted him to come north and forsake the Bar for the Scottish Communion; but the son, true to his genius, declined to swerve from the path that lay before him. "When I am in low spirits," he writes to his parents, "and sitting alone in my gloomy garret, I contemplate with pleasure the idea of being licensed and procuring a settlement in the Church. I spurn it when I hear the eloquent addresses of Law, of Gibbs, of Erskine; and while my whole heart burns within me, a secret voice assures me that if I make the attempt I shall be as great as they. Whether this impulse is the admonition of God or the instigation of the devil, we shall discuss at length when we meet."

He was called to the Bar in 1806. He took chambers in the Temple, and became the proud possessor of a clerk, "a scrubby boy, nine years old, the son of my washerwoman." Like his master, the clerk might have or might have not a future before him. "He can scarcely read," says the young counsel, "and far less write; but he blacks my shoes in the morning, brushes my coat, carries down my wig to Westminster, and goes errands for me to all parts of the town. The only use I have for a clerk is to keep the chambers open, and this he can do as well as if he had taken his degree at Oxford. When I am Attorney-General he may perhaps, like Erskine's clerk, be worth £20,000, receiving £5 per cent. on all his master's fees; but at present he is satisfied with being clothed from my old wardrobe and receiving five shillings a week." At first the future of this mixture of clerk, valet, and porter did not seem promising. Briefs were painfully conspicuous by their absence, and Campbell was forced, to maintain himself, to continue his connection with the press, and to make out by leading articles, dramatic criticisms, and reports of Parliamentary speeches, for his temporary repudiation by the attorneys. His life was not extravagant, and reminds us somewhat of the days when the afterwards Lord Eldon, then an almost briefless barrister, used to visit Fleet Market and buy a pennyworth of sprats for his supper. "I dine at home for a shilling," writes young Campbell to his brother, "go to the coffee-house once a day, fourpence; to the theatre once a week, three-and-sixpence." His progress was slow, and nothing but his economy, his perseverance, and above all his sincere belief in himself, could have supported him during this period of struggle. Now and then briefs came to his lonely chambers, but, they

were few and far between. He was a Whig, and the Tories were then in power, and he could therefore hope for nothing from the Government. "Third circuit without a brief," he mournfully enters in his diary. To make matters worse, he was now deeply in love with Miss Scarlett, a daughter of Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger; he proposed, but was not accepted. "What is to become of me?" he cries. "I know not. I am at this moment wholly unfit to perform the duties of life. I most sincerely believe that it would be the best thing for myself and my friends if I were at once released from them." Fortunately, however, the young lady was not very cruel, and, true to the responses of her sex, her No turned out afterwards to mean Yes; she encouraged him still to hope; she named the happy day, and they were made man and wife at the parish church of the pleasant little village of Abinger in Surrey.

Professional success now followed in the wake of his marriage, which was in every respect a happy one. Attorneys at first slow to recognize his abilities, now began fully to appreciate the judgment and care he bestowed upon a case. Briefs crowded the tables in his chambers, and the quondam idle clerk was pressed on all sides by anxious queries and frequent visitors. The reign of the Tories was on the wane, and the burning question of Reform was propitious to the Whigs. In 1830 Campbell was returned to Parliament as member for Stafford, and once in the House his rise was rapid. Two years later he became Solicitor-General, and in 1834 Attorney-General to Lord Grey's Ministry. He was now elected member for Edinburgh, which city he continued to represent till 1841. On the dissolution of the Melbourne Cabinet he was raised to the Bench. "Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne," he writes, "spontaneously intimated to me that they wished me to hold the Great Seal of Ireland as successor to Lord Plunket, and to take my place in the Upper House, which would create no permanent addition to the peerage: I accepted the offer." He took the title of Baron Campbell, his wife having previously been created a peeress in her own right with the title of Baroness Stratheden. On taking his seat in the Upper House he was greeted by his old rival Brougham, who came forward and said, "How do you do, *My Lord*—Jack no longer?" The new Baron begged the questioner not to remind him of his misfortunes. "Well, there is one consolation for you here," said Brougham, "that you may speak when you please, and as often as you please, and on what subject you please, and you may say what you please." "I suppose," replied Campbell, "you lay down the rule of the House from your own practice, but it will only suit *you*. None but yourself can be your parallel." In 1850, on the resignation of Lord Denman, Campbell was

appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. We know how he passed his days as a briefless barrister; this is how he spent them when transferred to the serene heights of the Bench.

I never rise in the morning to study (he writes) but get up to read the newspaper. By half-past eight we have prayers, and all breakfast together. Next I mount my horse to ride down to Westminster through Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, Constitution Hill, the Mall or Birdcage Walk, my dear daughter Mary generally accompanying me. I am the first in the judges' robing room. In drop my lagging puisnes, and, after a little friendly gossip, we take our places on the bench. Here we sit from a few minutes past ten till about half-past four. I go to the House of Lords when it sits, continuing there till between six and seven, when their lordships generally adjourn. I walk or ride home, and have a mutton-chop or some such repast ready for me, never taking above two glasses of wine. About eight the whole family meet at tea, a most delightful meal. I hate great dinners, although I am obliged to submit to them sometimes, both at home and abroad. In the evening I write judgments or look into the Crown or Special papers for the following day, and go to bed about one."

Nine years after his appointment to the Queen's Bench, he held the seals as Lord Chancellor in the Palmerston Administration. He died suddenly, June 23, 1861.

Lord Campbell will chiefly be remembered as the author of those two chatty, gossiping books, "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors," and the "Lives of the Chief Justices." He makes no pretence to originality of research, his authorities are those that are readiest to hand, nor does he bore us with grave reflections and dissertations; but he is eminently readable, and his pages, if deemed superficial and incorrect by the antiquary and historian, will always be a welcome addition to the circulating library. To those who wish to know both the man and his work, these volumes of Mrs. Hardcastle will well repay perusal. They are full of anecdote and of interesting accounts of Lord Campbell's more distinguished contemporaries.

Art. IV.—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

A Retrospect.

IT must be patent to everybody that though the crisis through which the English Church is passing is not nearly over, it has at all events entered upon a different phase. The object of our hopes and fears is no longer the ascertaining of