

Edward Augustus Freeman,

D.C.L., LL.D.

BY WILLIAM HUNT, M.A.

IN the course of this year our Society has lost its most distinguished member. A close friendship with the late Dr. Freeman of fully twenty-seven years duration, may, perhaps, be held to give me some claim to speak of the nature and extent of the loss that his death has brought on us, and on all students of history. Here, certainly, of all places his praise should be recorded in an ungrudging spirit; for to these volumes, and to our Society generally, he gave much that was in every respect of the highest value. First as an honorary, and then, when he had become a resident in our county, as a subscribing member, as President, and as Vice-President, of our Society, he manifested during some forty years the interest that he took in our prosperity, by his presence at our annual meetings whenever he was in England; by the explanations and comments which so greatly enhanced the success and pleasure of our excursions, and by his contributions to our volumes of *Proceedings*. The history of our Society, exhibiting as it does a rapid growth in efficiency, points, I think, most clearly to the fact that at the very beginning of its career it was under the influence of some peculiarly stimulating force; and though of course we have reason to look back with gratitude on the self-denying efforts of others, I believe that it was to Freeman, more than to any one else, that for many years it chiefly owed its vigour. Grasping as he did the full value to the historian of such societies as ours, he constantly impressed

on younger students the importance of studying minutely the history and antiquities of some one district, in order that they might in other districts be enabled to understand the significance of what was new to them by comparing it with what was already familiar. None of us who has been happy enough to hear him discourse, or to read what he has written, on architectural matters, will forget how largely, and with what excellent effect, he was wont to make use of comparison, nor how careful he was to point out such parts of a building as had a local character, and to cite examples of the way in which they were treated in the local style of other counties. It would not be easy to over-rate the benefit that our Society derived from the remarkable series of papers that he contributed to our earliest volumes on the Perpendicular Churches of our county; and during many years his comments on the churches that we visited formed the most prominent and attractive feature of our annual meetings. The first of those meetings that I had the privilege of attending, having then lately been incited by him to seek admission into our Society, is never likely to pass from my memory; for it was the Ilminster meeting of 1866, when, on the first day, Freeman read the story of the Battle of Senlac—here at least it is fitting so to call it—that he had written for his great work, then wholly unpublished, on the Norman Conquest. As he read, he was filled with the grandeur of his subject, and the deep tones of his voice gave full effect to the nervous sentences in which he described the ordering of the battle; the progress of the fight; the valour and death of the English king. It did not need the burst of applause that followed his last words to tell him that his story was instinct with power; the almost breathless silence in which his hearers listened to him, and the evident marks of excitement and interest on their faces, were the best proofs that his words had stirred their hearts. To one of them at least, then a beginner in historical study, though not wholly unacquainted with the sources from which the reader had

drawn his account of the battle, the lecture was a revelation ; to him it was a new thing, that a story so consistent and so thrilling could be put together from such materials. Another of Freeman's written contributions to our Society demands special notice. The two papers on King Ine, read, the first at Taunton in 1872, and the second at Sherborne in 1874, are admirable examples of his ability in dealing with original authorities, and render the volumes in which they appear necessary to every student of early English history. Unfortunately, the third paper, which was to have completed the treatment of the subject by exhibiting Ine's work as a law-giver, was never written. Apart from their intrinsic value, these two papers should be remembered as a proof of Freeman's interest in our Society's welfare ; for they were written for us when his reputation had been fully made, and, as I happen to know, at a time when highly remunerative work was being pressed upon him. Nevertheless, he cheerfully gave up much time to the preparation of these papers, from a desire to increase the usefulness of our annual meetings. In those meetings he always took the keenest interest, and, whenever it was possible for him to attend one, looked forward to it as a time of great enjoyment. He was never more pleased than when a meeting was held in his own neighbourhood and he could fill his house at Somerleaze with friends who would come to join our gathering, and could contribute to its success. He it was who taught many of us how to look at a building intelligently, and how to judge a restoration. In the past life of our Society, his figure stands conspicuous as we used to see it while he delivered his impromptu discourses, standing it may be on the steps of a churchyard cross, or in the pulpit of the church that we were visiting. If the figure lacked grace and dignity, his ample and lofty forehead bespoke his intellectual power, while his large tawny beard imparted an additional grandeur to his face. It was a face not easily forgotten, and very dear to some of us who knew how kind and good he was.

As in the lives of most men of letters, there is little in Freeman's life of public interest outside his published works. He was the son of John Freeman, esquire, of Pedmore hall, Worcestershire, and his wife Mary Ann, whose maiden name was Carless, and was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, on 2nd August, 1823. Both his parents dying soon after his birth, he was brought up by his paternal grandmother at Northampton, where he went to his first school, kept by Mr. Haddan. When quite a child he stayed for some time at Weston-super-Mare, then a village of, at most, some two hundred and fifty houses, and just beginning to aspire to the rank of a watering-place. Then it was, he used to say in after years, that he first acquired the love for the Mendip country that he kept through life. Then, too, it was that his grandmother used to take him to Barley Wood, to visit her old friend, Mrs. Hannah More, who was delighted with the little yellow-haired lad, full of questions and quaint remarks, and gave him her blessing, an event which was, perhaps, Freeman's favourite reminiscence of his childish days. From his Northampton school he was moved to another private school of good repute, kept by a Mr. Brown, at Cheam, in Surrey, and later became one of the pupils of the Rev. Robert Gutch, the Rector of Seagrave, Leicestershire, second son of the Rev. John Gutch, the well-known antiquary, sometime registrar of the University of Oxford. In boyhood his health was delicate; and a certain deficiency in tact and in the knowledge of what ought in controversy to be conceded to others, which in after-life made him some enemies and tended to obscure his real kindness of heart, was due to the fact that he was not in early life thrown among any large number of lads of his own age. He was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841, took his B.A. degree, being placed in the second class in the examination in *Literae Humaniores*, and was elected fellow of his college in 1845. In common with the larger part of the most thoughtful of the younger members of the University, he was strongly

affected by the "Oxford movement," as it is called, which had in his time reached the critical stage, marked by defections to Rome. After some searchings of heart he remained convinced of the apostolic character of the Church of England, while the fervency of his spirit, his deeply-seated feelings of reverence, and his early taste for historical and architectural study, made him a willing recipient of the teaching of the most eminent of the Oxford High Churchmen. Some effects of this teaching on his mind at this period of his life may, perhaps, be discerned in a little volume of poems that he wrote in conjunction with his friend and fellow-scholar, now the Rev. Sir George Cox. As his intellectual faculties ripened, he shook off everything that had no better foundation than sentiment, while he retained his loyal attachment to the Church of England, his admiration for its services, his liking for all such ceremonies in its worship as were warranted by antiquity, and his belief in the truth of some at least of the prominent doctrines of the High Church party. Here it may perhaps be said without impropriety that though he seldom spoke about his religious feelings, he never disguised them, and that those who knew him intimately knew that he was a sincere and simple-hearted christian. On 13th April, 1847, he married Miss Eleanor Gutch, a daughter of his former tutor. At this period the High Church influences of his Oxford life led him to devote much time to the study of ecclesiastical architecture, and the first fruits of this study appeared in his *History of Architecture*, published in 1849, and written somewhat earlier. Of this book he was wont to say that, though it was written when he had seen comparatively few great buildings, there was scarcely anything in it that was proved by the observation of later years to be erroneous. This book was soon followed by an *Essay on the Tracery of Gothic Windows*. He pursued the study of church architecture throughout his life; he could recall with marvellous accuracy and readiness the points that had struck him in a vast number

of churches in England, France, Italy, Germany, and the Austrian dominions, and delighted to compare their various characteristics. Of all churches and of many other buildings that interested him, both at home and abroad, he made sketches which he afterwards worked over in ink. Some hundreds of these sketches are in existence, and are extremely instructive; for though his perspective was not always perfect, he drew with accuracy and vigour, as a man would who had a naturally strong aptitude for drawing without any special training, while in his case his thorough comprehension of the details of a building enabled him to represent them far better than many more fully instructed draughtsmen. From 1848 to 1855 he resided at Dursley, Gloucestershire, where he rented a house, and later at Llanrhymney Hall, near Cardiff, which which he also rented. In 1860 he bought Somerleaze, in the out-parish of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, and close to the parish of Wookey. There he did the larger part of his life's work; never working so happily as in his own library, in the midst of his fine collection of historical books, and in front of the lofty window looking out on his well-timbered fields, and beyond, across the Axe and its valley, on the range of the Mendip hills. Wherever he might be, his heart was at Somerleaze, and on his return thither after a period of absence, his letters always expressed the pleasure that he felt at being at home and in his own library again. He had a violent dislike to working in a public library, and accordingly bought all the books that were necessary for his purposes. Although he did not buy mere book-fanciers' books, valuable only on account of their rarity, and simply bought books because he wanted either to read them or have them by him for reference, he gradually acquired a large and well-chosen collection which, besides modern authors, included a vast number of original historical authorities, many of them in stately folios and costly editions. All his books have, since his death, been purchased for the Owens College, at Manchester. Even

at Somerleaze he was not quite content without the society of his friends. He would willingly have had his house always full, and was never in so happy a mood as when some man of like tastes, however far his inferior in learning, was staying with him.

In 1867, he produced the first volume of his *Norman Conquest*, which was immediately recognized as a work of no common importance. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. *honoris causa*, at the Encœnia of 1870, after the publication of the third volume; and in 1874, he was made an Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge. Among the many distinctions that he received, none brought him more pleasure than his election in 1883, as an honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; for the college was dear to him, as indeed it is to all its sons. Some few colleges have in a special degree an abiding place in the affections of those who studied within their walls. Readers of Newman's *Apologia* will not refuse to believe that Trinity is one of them. Some men, too, are in a special degree open to the influence of *religio loci*. This was the case with Freeman, who unlike Newman in most things, was like him in his love for Trinity. He never willingly missed the college "gaudy" on Trinity Monday, thoroughly enjoyed making a speech at the dinner, and would sit afterwards far into the night with some other old Trinity man, telling stories of his Oxford days, talking of his college friends, and laughing over quips and merry scenes that belonged to the past. When his loyal friend, the learned historian Dr. Stubbs, now Bishop of Oxford, accepted the bishopric of Chester in 1884, Freeman was appointed to succeed him as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. The appointment pleased him, but the office added little, if anything, to his happiness. In the first place it took him away from Somerleaze; and as his health, which was not good during the last twelve years of his life, and the needs of his historical work, forced him to travel much abroad, he had far less time

to spend in his well-loved home in Somerset than he liked. Then the small interruptions incident to his position in the University worried him. Other matters connected with his office were not as he would have had them, and he took up and pursued a line that was contrary to the wishes of some of the teachers of history at the University. About this it is enough to say that he opposed by every means in his power, including openly expressed contempt, all arrangements that tended to degrade the teaching of history into a mere preparation for the examination schools, contending that the first aim of the teacher should be to make his pupils sound historical scholars. After a short time his lectures were almost deserted, partly perhaps, because, indignant at the system which he believed to exist, of cramming undergraduates for the class list, he went to the other extreme and lectured with too little reference to the "periods" prescribed for study, and partly also because he was not a good lecturer, save when his lectures were more or less written out and read. At the same time his influence on his "school" was by no means small. The best men among the teachers of history valued him, and were glad to walk in his light. Some of them became his warm friends, and he was more successful than he imagined in his efforts to spread a love of learning for its own sake. Had his health allowed him to reside at Oxford as much as he had hoped, he would have done even more. His travels abroad were always times of gaining knowledge, and were usually undertaken for some definite purpose immediately connected with his historical work; for he made it a rule never to describe a place that he had not visited, and as far as possible he visited every place where a scene occurred that he had to mention. For example, having undertaken last year to write a history of the reign of Henry I. which should fill up the gap between his own *William Rufus* and Miss Norgate's *Angevin Kings* he at once went to Normandy, though the larger part of the old duchy was familiar ground to him, in order to visit some places such as

Tinchebray, Exmes, and Breteuil, that he did not know, and that were the scenes of important events in Henry's reign. His last foreign tour was undertaken for a like cause. He was looking forward to describing in the course of his *History of Sicily*, the conquest and occupation of the island by the Saracens, and he was anxious to become acquainted with the other European land that had been colonized by Phœnicians, and in later years had been conquered by Mahometans from Africa, and a visit to Spain was specially tempting, because he had in 1890 seen something of Northern Africa. Accordingly, in February last (1892), he left England for Spain, intending, as he said, to see "Cordova as the natural finish-up of Kairwan." At Alicante he fell sick of small-pox, and there died on 16th March. His friends have the consolation of knowing that his wife and two of his daughters were with him, and that he was attended by a kind and skilful Spanish physician.

As an historian Freeman stands conspicuous for accuracy, fairness, critical ability in dealing with authorities, and breadth of view. His love of truth impelled him to spare no pains in making sure of his facts. To say that he was invariably successful would of course be absurd; he was always ready to allow that he might have made a mistake; was thankful for corrections and suggestions when offered in a friendly spirit, and never failed carefully to re-consider any statement of his that was called in question by a competent critic. At the same time no one accustomed to read historical works in a critical spirit can fairly deny that, considering the vast mass of details with which he deals in his *Norman Conquest*, the mistakes are extremely few, and generally of a very trifling character. Working always conscientiously, he was not content until he had acquired a thorough knowledge of each point on which he touched; he would ascertain how a fact was stated by every authority for the period; would note the slightest difference in words, and give to each statement the weight that it appeared

to him to deserve, after making allowance for the circumstances and prejudices of the various authors. No one, it may safely be asserted, has ever excelled him in the critical use of original authorities. He was well equipped for the study of them, and of the works of their commentators. In his younger days he was a good classical scholar, and though in later life he ceased to care for the niceties of classical scholarship, and was indeed inclined to despise them, he could read the Greek and Latin historians easily, and with an exact appreciation of their meaning. He had a fair knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, and could read French, German, Italian, and modern Greek. Moreover, his knowledge of the science of language, a subject in which he took much delight, enabled him to make out words and even sentences in languages which he had never studied, such as Norsk, Arabic, and Spanish. He could not, however, be said to speak any foreign language well, though he could converse in French. He was fair in his treatment of men and their actions. It is true that in some cases he wrote with a strong bias. No historian who has lived in the past, as Freeman lived, and as all really great historians must live, can escape partisanship; and an affectation of extreme moderation not only leads to a patent frigidity of treatment, but has the further drawback of concealing, under studied words, the writer's natural tendency to view one side in the most favourable light possible. In Freeman's work there is no such affectation. When he speaks of one of his heroes he does so in no grudging terms of praise, and was, perhaps, apt to give too little weight to their defects. Yet, if we sometimes differ from his conclusions, we must allow that he has given us the fullest opportunities for forming our own judgments; for he is never guilty of concealment or of misrepresentation, either by design or through carelessness. And, considering the number of men and of actions described in his books, the cases in which his opinion can be called in question are few indeed compared with those which exhibit him as a masterly delineator of character. If proof that

this praise is his due should be demanded, it will be sufficient to point out his treatment of William the Conqueror, of Rufus, of Lanfranc, of St. Anselm, of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of the Emperor Frederick II, and to come to his last great book, of Gylippus, and of Nicias. That he was equally successful in dealing with constitutional questions cannot, I think, be maintained. Observing that previous historians had generally failed to appreciate the light that formal descriptions often throw upon early institutions, he was inclined to go too far the other way, and insist too strongly on their importance, sometimes constructing doctrines on foundations that seem insufficient and even unsound, while his habit of dwelling on the formal aspects of things invests some of his arguments with an air of pedantry. He entered largely into details, more largely than would have been wise had he wished his books to be popular. In truth, an historical fact had in itself such an attraction for him that he could not leave it unrecorded. There is, he would plead, so little known about the men of whom I write, compared with the men of later times, that I must tell all that I find about them. It is easy to blame an historian who does this; but if a man is to do good work he must do it in his own way, and Freeman's work is so good that I, at least, am not inclined to grumble if what he has given us sometimes errs on the side of excess. For, be it noted, his attention to details did not detract from his breadth of view. To him the political history of the world was a single whole, and the events that he recorded were related to others far off from, as well as near to, them in point of time. No struggle and no life on which he wrote stood alone in his mind. He does not simply record events; he points out their place in national, or, as sometimes, in œcumenical history, noting the causes from which they sprung, their tendencies, and their ultimate developments. There are things that he has written, and among them may be classed some of his collected essays, and much in his last great work, unhappily a fragment, though one of noble size, that

exhibit a wealth of knowledge, a firmness of grasp, a breadth of view, and a power of arrangement, that may, without exaggeration, be described as amazing. He was a most industrious worker, and his labour was pleasant to him, for his heart was in it. Carelessness and false pretence were utterly foreign to his conscientious and truthful character, and he had no mercy on those who were guilty of them. Nothing could in his eyes atone for a perversion of truth or for slipshod work. His judgments as a reviewer were sometimes more severe than the occasion seemed to demand; but they were written in the interest of sound learning, as against imposture and slovenliness. He was, however, too full of his own theories as to the importance of certain sides of history, and too little able to look at things from the standpoint of another, to be so good as a reviewer as he was as an original writer.

Freeman had certain curious limitations, some of which more or less affected his historical work. He never concealed them, and was indeed rather proud of them. With manuscript authorities he would have nothing to do. Whatever was printed he would read, but he used to speak as though it was unreasonable to expect that he should read anything else. While his refusal to consult manuscripts is not to be held up as worthy of imitation, it is only fair to observe that it did not in any appreciable degree affect the value of his work, as sufficient authorities for almost everything that he wrote existed in print. The most serious charge that can be brought against him as an historian is that he confined himself almost exclusively to political history, to the neglect of the social, religious and literary sides of a nation's life. His pages are full of the deeds of kings, prelates, and nobles; while the life of the people, their worship, the conditions of their industry, and other such matters are left out. He was conscious that it was so, and he would not try to make it otherwise. The things which he studied and told were the things that he cared about and thought most worth recording. Apart from any question

as to the relative value of different kinds of history, he was so far justified in that he knew what he could do, and did it; he had as he would say a story to tell, and he told it with all the care and artistic power that he could bring to bear upon it. Let us praise him for what he was, and what he did. Nor, as there has of late years been a tendency to attach an exaggerated importance to social and economic, as compared with political, history, is it out of place to observe here that politics are the chief determining forces in a nation's life, in that they control and direct the production and application of wealth, the habits, aspirations, and to a large extent the religion of a people, and that they are, therefore, the foundation of all sound history. The work that Freeman did fully occupied his life. In mere bulk it was enormous, and in point of quality, remarkably uniform; for whatever he found to do, he did it with his might. His signed writings give a very inadequate idea of the mass of matter that he poured forth. Much of his unsigned work was, as is now generally known, done for the *Saturday Review*, and his trenchant criticisms on books, his delightful articles on historic places at home and abroad, and his discussions on points of historic importance, contributed to that Journal, have had no small effect in correcting popular errors, and in raising the standard of education among the upper classes. He contributed largely and uninterruptedly to the *Saturday Review*, from, I believe, its third number published in 1855, on to 1878, when he ceased to write for it, owing to a difference with the direction, connected with a demand that he made, that the paper should refrain from expressing its approval of Lord Beaconsfield's policy with reference to the war between Russia and the Porte. In his eyes the presence of the Turks in Europe was a disgrace to Christendom, and the pledge of endless massacres and abominations. Rather therefore than appear to act with the upholders of a ministry which effectually thwarted the designs of Russia against the Turks, he adopted a course, on which it

would be improper to enter here, that necessarily led to a severance of his connexion with the Review. It was no small sacrifice to make ; for the work that he did for the *Saturday Review* was very pleasant to him ; he was justly proud of being one of the chief contributors to its columns, and his rupture with the Review entailed on him a loss of fully £500 a year, which he could ill afford. His work for the *Saturday Review* was, however, only a part, though by far the largest part, of his contributions to the periodical press. He wrote easily and, considering the usual nature of his subjects, rather rapidly, never beginning without a clear idea of what he meant to say. All this work for periodicals was probably the cause of his habit of diffusiveness, which has to some extent injured his popularity as a writer. While his sentences are not wordy, and while he never rambles away from the subject in hand, he is diffuse in treatment, insisting on a point over and over again, in order to make sure that it will find a place in his readers' minds, like a carpenter who drives a nail into a board by a succession of raps. On the other hand, he is always lucid ; his repetitions never leave us in a state of mental confusion, and never extenuate his original propositions. While however it was, as I believe, actually out of his power to write concisely when he was engaged on a big book and had elbow-room, he could, when he had to write a short book, say what he had to say briefly enough, and at least as forcibly as though he had taken pages instead of lines to say it in. A strong reluctance to use any words of foreign origin when he could find purely English words that would express his meaning, led him to limit his vocabulary, and sometimes rendered his writing monotonous. But it always has a masculine character, and he was capable, when writing on a subject that moved him, of taking a high flight. Then, as in some passages in the *Norman Conquest*, and notably in his account of the fight in the Great Harbour of Syracuse in the third volume of his *History of Sicily*, his sentences are terse and well-turned, and his language pictur-

esque and glowing. That he thoroughly appreciated the literary merits of the Authorized Version of the Bible need hardly be said; his memory was stored with the text of the poetical and historical books of the Old Testament, and some of his best effects are produced by the appropriate use of Biblical language. For other literature, as such, he had little care. Neither graces of style, nor subtle humour, nor poetic fancy delighted him. Apart from the matter of a book, clearness of expression was the one thing that he demanded. Macaulay was, in his opinion, the best writer of modern English prose. So too, though he had a poetic vein, unknown probably to all save a few intimate friends, he only cared for poetry that was easy to understand, and preferred to all else sonorous heroic verse, such as Macaulay's "Lays." These and other of his favourite verses, English and Latin, he loved to chant to himself in deep tones, that were half muffled by his ample beard, enjoying the sounding words of the "Prophecy of Capys," or of the mediæval poet's lines beginning :

"Urbs Aquensis, urbs regalis,
Sedes regni principalis."

He read little fiction, though he would turn to it when he was unwell, the novels that he liked best, and that he would read over and over again with pleasure, being some few of Scott's; *Peter Simple*, of which he never tired; the *Warden*, and *Barchester Towers*, *Adam Bede* and *Romola*. In geology and palæontology, as two sciences that have a direct bearing on history, he took a lively interest. No other science interested him except zoology and, perhaps, astronomy, about which he would sometimes speak with admiration. Though he loved architecture, he had almost a contempt for the other arts, and specially disliked and despised painting. Throughout his whole life he never but once—so he told me—entered a theatre, and this not from any puritanical dislike of dramatic representation, but because, as he said, it annoyed him to see people pretend to be what they were not. In his later years he

specialized his reading more and more, reading at last comparatively little outside the subjects of the books that he had in hand. He knew, he more than once said, that his time would probably be short for the work he had undertaken to do—how far too short it was to prove neither he nor any of his friends could have foreseen—and he increasingly felt the necessity of concentrating all his energies upon the performance of it.

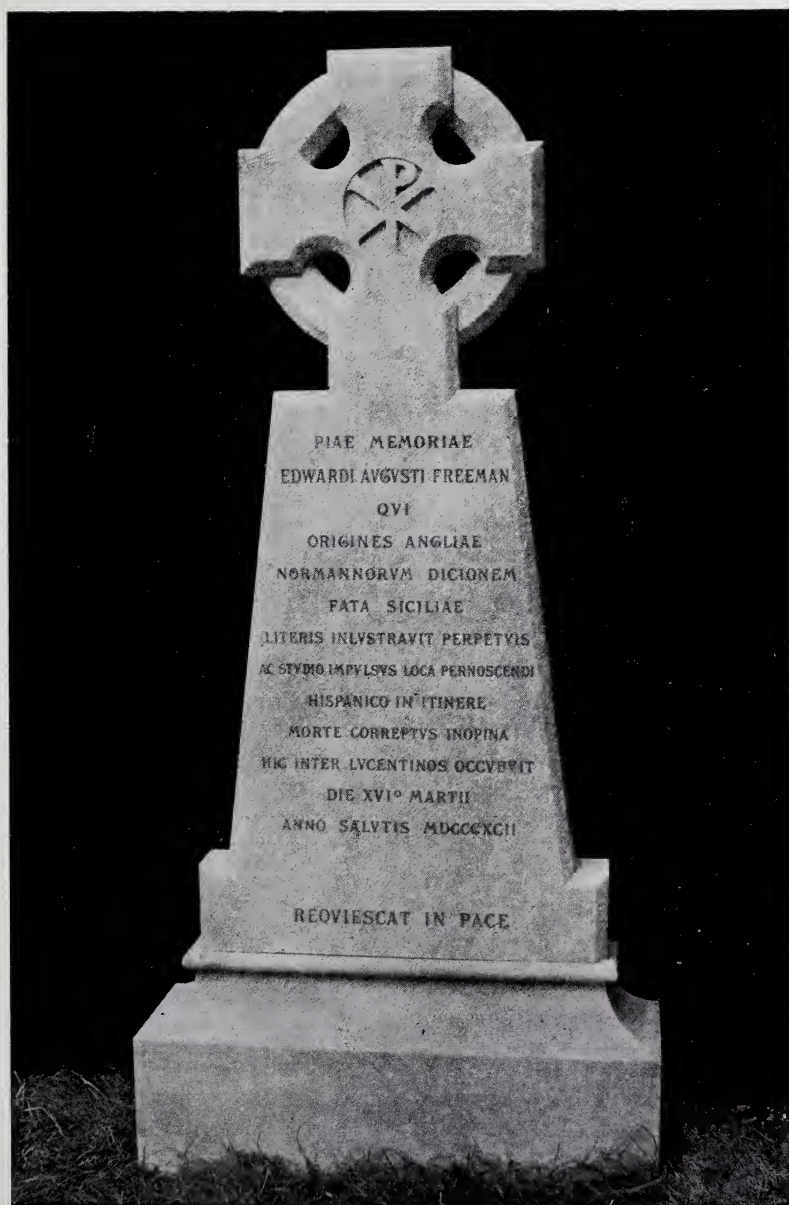
While Freeman was primarily a student and an author, his interests were by no means confined to the contents of his bookshelves. For some years, until literary engagements pressed so heavily upon him that he had little time for anything else, he was an active magistrate, and he always enjoyed discussing and taking part in county affairs. Politics, and especially foreign politics, took up much of his thoughts. He was a liberal, though his political creed would not probably find favour with any large number of the present supporters of Mr. Gladstone; it was to some extent affected by sentiment, and in a greater degree, by analogies in the past; for he looked at everything in an historical light. Small and "oppressed nationalities" always had his warm sympathy. In 1876 he wrote a number of eloquent and, it must be added, intemperate letters to various newspapers, attacking the conservative Government, and specially Lord Derby, then Foreign Secretary, with reference to their policy towards the Turks. On the publication in the *Daily News*, in August and September of that year, of reports of massacres and other excesses perpetrated in Bulgaria by Turkish troops employed in the suppression of a revolt, he eagerly threw himself into the movement for demanding from the Government some decisive measures on behalf of the Christian subjects of the Porte. He was the chief speaker at many public meetings held in different parts of the country during the agitation, and certainly deserved well of the liberal party, for his impassioned orations helped to excite a popular indignation against the Turks, that for

a time threatened seriously to hamper the action of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry. In the course of a fervid speech at the meeting held in St. James' Hall, on December 8th, he was said by his opponents to have uttered the words "Perish India." With these words he was, during the rest of his life, constantly twitted when he said or wrote anything on politics, and there can be no doubt that that speech of his did much to destroy such influence as he had as a political teacher, even among many of his own party. Of course, as he often explained, he never uttered the words attributed to him. He was insisting that in politics the law of righteousness was to be obeyed at any cost: "they were told," he said, "that the interests of England in India demanded that the treaty [of 1856] should be observed." He answered, "Let duty come first, and interest second. Perish the interests of England, and perish her dominion in India, rather than that she should strike one blow on behalf of Turkey, on behalf of the wrong against the right." This, it will be observed, was very different from what he was accused of saying. Yet even so his words were singularly unhappy. During his residence in Monmouthshire he had been on the point of offering himself for parliamentary election, and at the General Election of 1868 he contested, in conjunction with Mr. Taggart, the Mid-division of Somerset. He polled a respectable number of votes, but both he and his fellow-candidate were defeated. While his speeches during the progress of the contest were able, good humoured, and full of life, they exhibited his principal failing as a public speaker and lecturer, his inability to enter into the thoughts of his hearers, and to meet them on ground only slightly higher than their own intellectual level, so as to seem to them to interpret what was in their minds, while he was actually suggesting new thoughts and new aspects. He was, also, in the habit of beginning his speeches in too fervid a tone, when his audience, still cold and critical, needed to have their emotions awakened gradually. His speeches were instructive—sometimes amusing

—and often brightened by fine outbursts of passionate oratory ; but as a rule they were not sympathetic. This failing was connected with a delightful characteristic in private life. If in conversation, he was not quick to enter into the thoughts of others, when he talked he poured out his whole heart ; he used no arts ; you had the man as he really was, and could see the workings of his mind. Silent as he would sometimes be, as he always was when he was in uncongenial company, he was an admirable talker, full of fun, of wisdom, and of knowledge. He had no small share of humour, and a keen sense of the ridiculous, though his humour was not of a subtle kind, and was more calculated to provoke a laugh than a smile. Casual acquaintances, and people whom he did not like, accused him, not always unjustly, of roughness of manner, though in his later years he gave far less ground for such accusations than he did in middle life. The truth was that he never disguised his feelings, never seemed pleased to talk with anyone whose society bored him, and certainly made no effort to suffer fools gladly.

With his friends, and he had many, for he was of a most affectionate disposition, he was never rough or harsh. He would bear with their ignorance (I speak from experience), labour patiently to set them right, study their interests, talk of them with delight, and praise them in whatever society he happened to be. No trouble seemed too much to him that could bring them pleasure ; he loved to receive letters from them, and however hard he might be pressed by work, or however much he might be occupied in seeing new lands, he would always find time to write them long letters in return, as delightful as his talk. If things went well with them he rejoiced in their joy ; if ill, he showed a ready and touching sympathy. No kinder or more steadfast friend ever lived. He would listen to nothing that was to the disadvantage of those whom he loved, and trusted implicitly in their loyalty to him. To be admitted to his friendship was to be brought under

an ennobling influence ; for though he was by no means prudish or strait-laced he had a high standard of right, and did his best to act up to it. Throughout the many years that we were on terms of the closest intimacy, I never knew him do or say anything that was mean or small-minded. He was liberal with his money, giving not merely through the ordinary channels but secretly to many who, though in a good social position, were in need of help. In everything he was large-hearted ; he never grudged another's success if it was deservedly attained ; never tried to heighten his own reputation by be-littleing the work of a fellow-scholar, and was cordial and profuse in acknowledging any help that he received, however far below himself in attainments he might be from whom it came. Beneath a rugged manner he had a tender heart. Any act of cruelty would at once call forth a burst of indignation from him. He was kind to all dumb animals, and liked to have some of them always about him, enjoying his walks at Somerleaze most when he had his dogs with him, stopping in his talk to pet the large cats that inhabited his dining-room, and in his work to feed the peafowl and gallineys that used to gather outside his library window, expecting handfuls of grain from him. Very pleasant it is to me, though the pleasure is mixed with a sorrow that in this world will not wholly pass away, to look back on all his acts and words of kindness, to ponder on his nobleness of soul and his life of unstained honour, and to recall some of the many happy and profitable hours that I have spent in his company. Great indeed is the loss that this country has sustained in the death of an historian so distinguished as Freeman, whose name is justly honoured by all historical scholars throughout Great Britain and America, and great the loss that has befallen the cause of sound learning, and those who strive to uphold it ; but to those whom he enriched by his friendship his death has brought a loss that cannot adequately be expressed in words.



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF
E. A. FREEMAN
IN THE CEMETERY AT ALICANTE.