1871

Judge Shaw-Lefevre

Loyola Law School Los Angeles

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VANITY FAIR.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1871.

MEN OF THE DAY.—No. XXVII.

SIR JOHN GEORGE SHAW-LEFEVRE, K.C.B.

The name of Shaw-Lefevre is peculiarly and above all others identified with the history of Queen Victoria's Parliament, and, like his brother, Lord Eversley, Sir John Lefevre has passed the greater portion of a long and laborious life in Parliamentary service. Elected as a member of the Lower House as long as forty years ago, he at once asserted himself as a man of great ability, and after a singularly short apprenticeship was appointed to an Under-Secretaryship. Fortunately, however, for the State, he has not followed the ordinary partisan career in which most of our best men seek distinction, but has elected to follow the more quiet and permanent institutions of the country. The settlement of the Australian Colonies, the new systems of Civil Service both at home and in India, and the Poor Law in its various aspects, have all been identified with the history of Queen Victoria's Parliaments, and, like his brother, Lord Eversley, Sir John Lefevre has not followed the ordinary partisan career in which most of our best men seek distinction, but has elected to follow the more quiet and permanent institutions of the country. Foreign greed might threaten us, but there is no man who is more consulted in matters of education, while the electoral system still bears the mark of antiquity and success must always be respectable.

ST. STEPHEN'S AND HURLINGHAM.

MY DEAR VANITY,—What is the use of correspondents writing stuff and nonsense about cruelty at Hurlingham, and finding fault with the ladies for enjoying sport? As for the pigeons, I am sure if they could speak, they enjoy the excitement as much as we do: it is much better for a blue rochet to be killed by charming young men with blue blood in their veins than to be committed to a vulgar cock, to be served as a pigeon pâté—but what is the use of that? It is bad to see the sport that has been invented called Ayrton-baiting. By the by, next to Hurlingham, I do not know where the better place for a quiet flirtation than the Lady's Gallery. No husbands or lovers or brothers are allowed to go there. But Ayrton-baiting is capital fun. It generally comes on twice a week—Tuesday and Friday. Monday was an extra day, because the House of Commons wanted money, or something of that kind, and could not get it without turning Ayrton. I know, dear VANY, that you have Mr. Beresford—Hope in your Gallery, but you ought to do him in again. I am sure he would look well if you could catch him at the moment of his first rush at Ayrton, who awaits the attack, his eyes fixed on the gaslight, his hands pressed on his knees, and his lips compressed—a study of composed exultation. We must try to catch him at the moment of his first rush at Ayrton, who awaits the attack, his eyes fixed on the gaslight, his hands pressed on his knees, and his lips compressed—a study of composed exultation. We cannot do better at the moment of his first rush at Ayrton, who awaits the attack, his eyes fixed on the gaslight, his hands pressed on his knees, and his lips compressed—a study of composed exultation.

1, 1871.

THE INSURRECTION IN LONDON.

PROBABLY the man who should have predicted eighteen months ago that England would be the best off of all the events which have happened would have been regarded as a lunatic; and possibly that appreciation of his prediction tends to explain how it was that eighteen months ago, no one was one which was much more than a skeleton mind, and that he remained in such complete and utter ignorance of the dangerous forces that had been so long accumulating under the surface of society. We were still talking placidly on at the moment of his first rush at Ayrton, who awaits the attack, his eyes fixed on the gaslight, his hands pressed on his knees, and his lips compressed—a study of composed exultation. We have been a united people, we thought, and said again and again, all rallied round the Throne and the institutions of the country. Indignation might have been expected, but we smiled at the idea of domestic troubles; yet it is these that have so ruined our dear country, and made it the terrible spectacle it now is.
Thoughtful men had often remarked that, although we had political, we had never had a social revolution, and had pretended to maintain almost unmodified through modern days, could last. They remarked that with the interest of wealth and the mass of the people, the lot of the people had remained unchanged for the better; that, indeed, it had rather changed for the worse, and they had never been a time when money was more powerfully capable of being the true ground of conflict, and when the English public would sternly demand the cause that was the good thing to which he held himself entitled. Reductions of this kind were accepted as amusing, but no serious importance was ever attached to them, where seemed to be no cause for alarm. The great mass of the people were practically dumb, and although there was, and had long been, no sign of the spirit that had grown up among them. The poor and the labouring class, however, felt them, and were, justly, as it were, the first to perceive that something terrible had happened. The Tower, the Mint, and all the docks had been seized by the Republicans, and the Bank, which had been closed, was surrounded by them, and the few guards and employees blocked. They occupied also St. Paul's, and had thrown up two barricades on Ludgate Hill, with others joining them on the one side to the river and extending round the other to the north. Some thirty policemen and the whole of the small body of guards that defended the Tower had been killed or wounded, and London was stricken with terror to find that a revolutionary army had been secretly organised in its midst, and that, actually in possession of a portion of the city. The Great Eastern Railway was in the hands of the insurgents; but all the other lines were besieged by terrified people who were unwilling to move. The insurgents attempted to march with Englishmen going to seek in Paris, under the reign of the re-established Emperor, that security which seemed long gone. London was indeed, in the opinion of many of the residents, the last stronghold of false "weights and measures." The costermongers attempted to throw a barricade at the north end of London, which was not recaptured until a day or two after it had been half reduced to ruins. Now came the war, the invasion, the Battle of Dorking, and therewith the final extinction of England as a nation. There are many who pretend that Bis-