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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

No. 113, New Series.

THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

LITERATURE.

The Letter Books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots. Edited by John Morris, Priest of the Society of Jesus. (London: Burns & Oates, 1874.)

In April 1585 Mary Queen of Scots was delivered into the custody of Sir Amias Poulet, and he continued to be her keeper until her execution in February 1587. His predecessor in that onerous post, Sir Ralph Sadler, had been censured, more than once, for his indulgent treatment of his prisoner, and Poulet was no doubt selected as a jailer who was not likely to err on the same side. Through the influence of the Earl of Leicester he had, in the year 1576, been appointed ambassador in France. He occupied that post for three years, and, like his powerful patron, he had during his embassy professed the strictest Puritan principles, and displayed the most rooted hostility to the princes of Lorraine, as well as to their kinswoman the Queen of Scots. She, well knowing the antecedents of her new keeper, naturally regarded him with suspicion and distrust, while it is obvious from his correspondence that from first to last he never ceased to look upon her as the mortal enemy both of his creed and his sovereign. A great portion of that correspondence is to be found in the Record Office, and has been freely referred to by recent historians; but in the volume before us are published for the first time a number of letters of Sir Amias which were preserved by his descendants, and are now deposited in the Bodleian Library. Many of these are highly interesting, and Mr. Morris has done good service to the cause of historical truth in placing them before the public.

Sir Amias Paulet became the keeper of the Queen of Scots at a very critical period in the life of that unhappy princess. The negotiations set on foot for restoring her to liberty had been finally broken off through the greatest of all the misfortunes that had yet befallen her—the base desertion of her son. She was in miserable health, and from the increased vigilance and severity of her keepers it was plain that Elizabeth's ministers had now determined that she should never leave her prison alive. They knew that, in spite of the desertion of her son, she still had numerous and powerful partisans in England. They knew, moreover, that although France, or to speak more accurately Catherine de Medici, was indifferent to her fate, Philip and the Prince of Parma were steadily preparing to strike their long-meditated blow for her deliverance. Burghley, Leicester, and Walsingham had now made up their mind that she should remain a prisoner for life, and the instructions which Poulet received before entering upon his duties very clearly indicate the spirit which at this time animated Elizabeth's chief advisers:—

"You shall order," say the instructions of Walsingham, "that she shall not in taking the air pass through any towns, nor suffer people to be in the way where she shall pass, appointing some always to go before to make them to withdraw themselves, for that heretofore, under colour of giving of alms and other extraordinary courses used by her, she hath won the hearts of the people, &c." (p. 6).

In consequence of these instructions Mary was, immediately on Poulet's arrival, prohibited from distributing her customary charities to the poor. She naturally complained to Elizabeth of this fresh piece of tyranny, but her remonstrances were vain. It was in vain, too, that she complained of the damp unwholesome state of Tutbury Castle, where she was at this time confined. It was not until the close of the year 1585 that, through the intervention of the French Ambassador, she was allowed to remove to Chartley, a residence of the Earl of Essex, in the same county. Shortly after her arrival at this place her keeper received a mysterious visit from a person named Thomas Philipps, who acted a very important part in the tragedy which was soon to follow.

This Philipps was a "decipherer" by profession, and we have abundant proof that he was also a most expert forger. He was at this time concerting measures with a miscreant named Gilbert Gifford, a Catholic and a pretended partisan of the Queen of Scots, for intercepting the whole of her correspondence. And they succeeded so well, that from about the middle of January till the middle of July every letter that passed to or from the Scottish Queen or her secretaries, fell into their hands. During this interval an extensive correspondence was carried on between her and her friends both in England and in France, and it is a very significant fact that of the numerous letters intercepted by Gifford and Philipps, and now preserved in the Record Office, only one contains matter implicating her in the plot against Elizabeth's life. This letter was obtained, after a second visit of Philipps to Chartley, in July 1586, and that it has been tampered with we have evidence as strong as the nature of the case will admit; that it contains a fabricated postscript, which is still extant in the Record Office, is also certain. Mr. Froude has attempted to explain why this damning document was not produced by Mary's accusers at Fotheringay, but the answer of Mr. Morris is simple and conclusive, pp. 239–242.

Poulet was the only one of Mary's keepers who regarded her from first to last with avowed hostility. With his various predecessors, Sir Francis Knollys, Lord Scrope, Lord Shrewsbury, and Sir Ralph Sadler, she lived on as amicable terms as under the circumstances were to be expected. But Poulet invariably treated his prisoner with severity, and even at times with unpardonable rudeness. He himself describes a characteristic conversation between them respecting a granddaughter of Lady Shrewsbury, who had been brought up and educated by Mary from her childhood. Poulet informed her one day, without any previous notice, that the father of the young lady, Sir Henry Pierpoint, had sent for her, and that she must return home forthwith.

"It had been reasonable," said Mary, "I should have been advertised in time convenient to have prepared all things necessary for the young gentlewoman."

She added that, in consequence of her tailor having been hurt, her wardrobe was incomplete:—

"I answered," said Poulet, "that it was well known that she was not unprovided with sufficient clothes, and that she went from hence to her father's house, where she was no stranger."

"I must tell you," said this Queen, "that she is unprovided of smocks, which are now in making, and she may not want them."

"Madam," quoth I, "one smock is sufficient to bring her home," &c. (p. 204).

To end the controversy, the young lady was sent for, and she declared that she would do nothing contrary to Mary's wishes. "Then I told her," said Poulet, "that I could not draw her out of her mistress's chamber by force." He, accordingly, retired to give vent to his chagrin in a long letter to Walsingham, in which he left "these women's causes" to his better consideration. We may observe that the influence which Mary, at every period of her life, possessed over her own sex was very remarkable; of this we have another curious example in the correspondence before us. It is well known that a certain brewer of Burton, whom they termed in derision "the honest man," and who brought a weekly supply of beer to Chartley Castle, was the instrument employed by Gifford and Poulet to intercept Mary's letters. But he durst not tell his wife that he was playing the part of traitor to the Scottish Queen. The good woman believed that, as he was most liberally rewarded by Mary for his services, he was acting honestly on her behalf, and she always spoke of her as "her husband's mistress," p. 190.

After sentence of death had been pronounced upon Mary in the Star Chamber, upon the evidence of a letter said to have been deciphered by Philipps, but of which the original never was produced, and the authenticity of which Philipps himself never attested, Sir Drue Drury was sent to assist Poulet in his task of watching the Scottish Queen. She had now been removed to Fotheringay, where it had been determined that the sentence should be executed. But four dreary months elapsed before Elizabeth could be induced to give the fatal order. Poulet, impatient of the delay, never ceased to urge upon Walsingham the necessity of taking his prisoner's life. From the correspondence now published we learn that he even took upon himself to keep back for many weeks Mary's last letter to Elizabeth, a composition of its kind unsurpassed in history. He dreaded its effect upon the fickle mind of Elizabeth, and justly so, for we learn from Leicester that it "wrough tears" when it finally reached his mistress. But Elizabeth was surrounded by men who had determined that the Scottish Queen should die. She made a last attempt to avoid the odium that she knew would attach to her for consenting to Mary's death by attempting to persuade Poulet to assassinate her. But he was too wary to fall into the

known, were divined by a sort of instinct. Every approach to a tolerance of Popery was watched with sleepless jealonsy. In March 1673, Charles had been obliged to cancel the Declaration of Indulgence which, in February, he had declared he would "stick to." The Lords, on whom he relied, had counselled settlement by way of bill, and the victory of the Commons was secured by the Test Act. When these letters begin, the town is mainly occupied with the Dutch war and with the question who will qualify for office by taking the Sacrament before August 1, the date fixed by the Act. There are some complaints here recorded against the cowardice of the Dutch in fighting as best suited themselves, from a distance, as amusing as the singular exhortation to courage which was circulated among the officers of the English fleet. This stimulating document gave three reasons against running away. (1) It robs the King of the service he has paid for. (2) It is not safe. (3) It impeaches Providence, that delights to exercise itself in times of the utmost hazard.

Lord Clifford, whose orthodoxy was doubtful, gave out that he would set apart a certain day for preparation for the Sacrament. That very day, "coming out of Somerset House, in a private coach, the back way, with only Father Patrick with him, at the entrance of the Broad Place in the Strand the coach was unfortunately overthrown, and his Lordship and the Father exposed to the view of the street; one bringing his hat, another his periwig, with compliments that they were very sorry for the mischance."

Clifford resigned, as did the Duke of York, against whom the measure was chiefly aimed, but both were still watched narrowly. "There is great waiting to see his Lordship after this great change." "It is not to be writ the horrid discourses that passes now upon his Royal Highness surrendering; they call him Squire James, and say that he was always a Romanist; that he is retiring into the country, &c." "The people will have it that [the Duke of York] is very melancholy."

A camp had been formed at Blackheath for the mustering and exercise of the troops that were to pass over to aid the French in Holland. Much difficulty was found in raising troops for this unpopular service. Buckingham, who hoped to command them, tried the novel affectation of decent piety, and took the Sacrament at York to allay "the jealousies of the growth of Popery," an expedient he repeated the next year with even worse success when in peril of Parliament. The command was, after all, given to Schomberg. As a foreigner, he was disliked by the officers, whose bad example had relaxed the discipline he hoped to restore. Glimpses are given of the dangerous spirit of the men. At one time a drunken drummer is rescued from flogging by his comrades, on the ground that the officers get drunk and are not flogged. Again, when Lockhart's regiment is in open mutiny, an ensign, "being somewhat brisk," and drawing his sword, is immediately "knocked on the head and left dead on the place."

The hatred of France and the hatred of Popery met in the aversion everywhere manifested at the marriage of the Duke of York with Mary of Modena. *A propos* of the match,

"the common people talk anything, for every carman and porter is now a statesman; and, indeed, the coffee-houses are good for nothing else. It was not thus when we drank nothing but sack and claret, or English beer and ale. These sober clubs produce nothing but scandalous and censorious discourses."

Parliament, having met on October 9, was prorogned for a week to give time for the marriage, which was, however, accidentally delayed. Twice again it met, and twice the Commons addressed the King against the consummation of the match. The new army was voted a grievance, and "evil counsellors" were being named, when a third prorogation put off the day of reckoning till January of the next year (1674).

Then the Commons "went round to work." While waiting the assembling of Parliament, the members in town "stormed at no rate," and declared that the business of the Dutch war should be fully examined in the next session. When the Houses met, Buckingham, accused of crimes public and private, tried to run before the breeze, and threw the blame on Arlington. He had his due reward in condemnation by the Commons and displeasure from the King. It was a bad time for the courtiers, and Coventry, "the cherub with the flaming sword," had a fatiguing duty as he kept turning every way. Addresses passed for the removal of Buckingham and Lauderdale. Arlington's business was referred to a committee, but further proceedings were stayed by a sudden prorogation.

"Common fame" had been busy with Williamson too. It was, perhaps, as well for him that his Cologne business, dragging a weary length, had to be hastened. The record of it may be seen still in the *Life of Sir Leoline Jenkins*, and he who reads will run, unless he be of sterner stuff than most. Sir William Temple and the Spanish ambassador swept away the diplomatic cobwebs and settled a peace in three days. The main current of events flowed as has been shown, but in the little eddies of this correspondence are some curious and interesting things. Not to speak of the tittle-tattle about the new duchess—a parallel to which may be found without looking far—there are glimpses of Rupert, hot to the last, the popular "hero" in the Dutch war; of Blood, with his mysterious "influence," his company endured with strange toleration by decent people; of the Duchess of Portsmouth, in an ill-spelt French letter in answer to Sir Joseph's congratulations on her dignity. The riot and bloodshed in Gray's Inn, begun by the gentlemen of the inn pumping upon some bailiffs; the case of Brown, hanged at St. Thomas Waterings for stealing a city heiress, and not reprieved according to custom when the King passed by, because the Common Council had petitioned against a pardon; the case of Pierce, tried for the same offence, but with this difference, that he was a citizen, and was allowed to get off with the country heiress owning him for her husband, his guilt thus "bringing its own punishment;" are some few samples of the matters to be found in these volumes.

His Cologne business ended, Sir Joseph returned to be, in due time, Secretary of State, President of the Royal Society, and manager of the "formal parts" of the negotiations of William III.'s reign. Those would seem to have been the parts best suited to him. The reflection of his character in these letters, written for the most part by his creatures, who strove to outbid each other in their great man's favour, is that of an industrious, subservient, solemn coxcomb, who was deeply interested in the fact that shops were duly shut on January 30, and would sedulonsly bestow "marks of his politeness" upon La Querouaille. He appears to have had in due proportion the happy combination of the Italian proverb quoted by Lord Bacon—"a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." Mr. Christie pays a doubtful compliment to public servants when he styles Sir Joseph Williamson "a model official." R. C. Browne.

The Ballads and Songs of Scotland, in view of their Influence on the Character of the People. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in McGill College, Montreal. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.)

This book with the tempting title is a prize essay reprinted for some occult reason. Probably there never was published anything with less result, anything that left the reader more entirely where he was. The tempting title, which we have already conceded to it, is its first merit and its last. It is only by the comparative method that such a subject could be treated with success; and yet Dr. Murray either knows nothing about any other ballad literature, or, if he does, adroitly conceals his learning from the reader. It is not by a few sporadic references to Tom Thumb or Thor's hammer, but by a systematic exhibition of identities and differences, that we should hope for any elucidation of this dark and attractive subject. And again, to write such a book even passably well, a man should have some notion of elementary aesthetics. It would require of him a way of thinking on such subjects a little more accurate, a use of language a little more definite, than Dr. Clark Murray's. For example, our author defines the object of the ballad as the "perfect *imitation of nature*." It certainly should not be possible for any one to emit such a definition who had ever thought for two consecutive minutes about the matter. Not even the name of Addison (from whom Dr. Clark Murray imitates his phrase, as from a great critical authority) can render tolerable so primitive a confusion of ideas. The ballad is a means of expression quite at the other end of the scale from any of the realistic arts; it is intensely abstract and subjective. This is to be learned in the infant school of art criticism. Whatever may be Dr. Murray's attainments in his own subject, it is obvious that his views of aesthetics are neither precise nor interesting. He is not the man to stand up and instruct his fellows. The root of the matter is not in him.

And accordingly, we turn over his leaves in a vain search for the solution, even for the treatment, of the most pressing ques-

tions. Making all allowance for his ignorance of other popular literatures, there is yet much that he could have illustrated and cleared up for us. One would have wished to know, for instance, whether the proud, self-reliant, democratic sentiment, so strong in Burns, is to be traced in any of the earlier songs of Scotland. One would have wished to hear something of the relations between the measure of the verses and the music to which they were sung. One would have hoped for some reference to a peculiar taking rhythm that recurs in all Scotch versifiers down to Scott or even Mr. Robert Buchanan. But of all this there is no word. Dr. Clark Murray goes on towards his own end, and passes these minor questions blandly and unconsciously by.

His own end, then, or rather that of the St. Andrews Society, of Glasgow, how is that accomplished? Well, this is the strangest part of the whole affair. We hear nothing whatever about the influence of this literature upon the people, save in passing and guarded allusions. Whether the Scotch are drunken because they have good drinking songs, or *vice versâ*, the Doctor professes himself unable to decide. Whether certain indecorous verses, to which he alludes with a modesty highly becoming in a Professor of Moral Philosophy, may not have something to do with the number of illegitimate births in country districts, he is not altogether sure. In short, Dr. Clark Murray refuses, with singular discretion, to commit himself to any definite opinion on the subject; he is restrained, by a pleasing diffidence, from deciding for us whether their ballads and songs have had a great influence, or no influence at all, upon the people of his native land; he had rather, it appears, leave the matter open for the better judgment of the reader. Now, modesty is a good thing in itself; but the same modesty which withholds a man from resolving a question, should certainly keep him back from publishing the fact of his indecision to the world in more than two hundred pages of type. Indeed, the psychological problem thus presented is not without interest. Having set before himself a certain task, and having failed to accomplish it—having striven, honestly and strenuously no doubt, to set a certain question at rest, and having utterly failed to bring forth the least figment of an answer—having, in a word, miscarried of the whole purport of his book—we ask ourselves in wonder, what possible reason could have induced this unsuccessful enquirer to record, at such great length, the story of his failure?

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Khiva and Turkestan. Translated by Captain Spalding, F.R.G.S. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.)

The Russians in Central Asia. By Frederick von Hellwald. Translated by Colonel Wirgman. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1873.)

Both these translations are very useful additions to our knowledge of Central Asian affairs. The first on our list is written by a Russian, and reveals the spirit in which Russia's advance towards our Indian frontiers is viewed by the writer, who stands, it would seem, in the light of an apologist before a section of his fellow-countrymen, and therefore the excuses and extenuation for her policy which he urges will be studied with interest by us. The other work will, we think, take rank as a compendium of reference on this question. It is by a neutral, and is itself erudite and impartial—such a work, in short, as might be expected from so painstaking, cautious, and conscientious a writer as Herr von Hellwald.

Captain Spalding, the translator of the Russian work, does not inform us who the author of *Khiva and Turkestan* is; but evidently the author or authors—for there appear to be traces of this book not being the work of one hand—are to a certain extent behind the scenes, and have access to authentic information.

The two books should be read and compared one with another, and here at the outset we are met by this difficulty—viz., the unsystematic way in which works referring to Central Asia are generally presented to the British public, in regard to the spelling of names and the use of foreign measures. Whether they are original works in the English language, or translations, such as the works before us, we insist that the orthography of the Eastern names should be correct, and that our weights and measures and the Fahrenheit scale should be invariably used. We notice in these volumes, for instance, that the name Perovski is used equally with Peroosky. The proper way of spelling the chief town of Central Asia in Russian possession, according to the system Colonel Wirgman professes to have adopted, is Tashkand, so also Samarkand—not Tashkend or Tashkent, or Samarcand. So also such frenchified orthography as Ak Mechet, Djazzuk, Tchemkent, should be avoided. Colonel Wirgman's transliteration of Eastern names is, however, much the most correct. Again, when reading of marches or heights of mountains, or degrees of heat, we prefer appreciating at once what is intended, without having to go through the computation of turning versts or German miles into English miles, or degrees Réaumur into degrees Fahrenheit, or Paris feet into English long measure. This defect the translators might with very little extra trouble have remedied, thereby considerably enhancing the pleasure with which these interesting volumes will be read. We must also add, that we could wish the names on the maps and those in the text agreed in the spelling better than they do.

Khiva and Turkestan is the first instalment of a series of essays or treatises on the various countries comprehended within the scope of the Central Asian Question; and we hope Captain Spalding will hereafter treat us to translations of the remaining portions of the Russian author's programme, viz., on the Khanates of Búkhára and Kokan, as also on Afghanistan and Bálúchistan. As it is evident that neither of the authors of the volumes before us have visited the countries they describe, their works can only be regarded as compilations from various sources of information. *Khiva and Turkestan* is avowedly written for and addressed to Russian opinion regarding the advances past and future of that empire towards the south, because it appears there is in Russia a strong national party who deprecate further annexation. With this object the habits and customs of the Turkomans and the vice and cruelty of the Khivan Court are minutely described, and it appears to us slightly overdrawn. The personal narratives of Vambéry and De Blocqueville form the groundwork for most of the descriptive portions.

Herr von Hellwald's industry is astonishing. The researches he has made on Central Asian matters have enabled him to present in his volume, *The Russians in Central Asia*, a mass of previously not *generally* known information concerning the campaigns against Khiva and Búkhára; but it is chiefly with regard to the advance of the Russian frontier towards China and Kokan and the nature of her relations with our new ally, the ruler of Káshgár, that we think the most important light has been afforded. His chapter on the military operations against Samarkand is highly instructive, and we are led to ask ourselves, if causes similar to those which led to that campaign should again present themselves, what guarantee is there that similar measures of policy may not be adopted by Russia? It is not, of course, our purpose here to do otherwise than to notice briefly the volumes before us, which we have done; but we cannot refrain from remarking how rapid Russian advance has been of late years. Commencing with 1839—the date of General Perovski's abortive but memorable expedition against Khiva, Herr von Hellwald shows how, nine years afterwards, by the erection of the forts of Karabutalski, Uralskoi, Orenburgskoi, and Aralski, the peace of the Kirghiz steppe was guarded, and the basis of operations in the valley of the Sir Daria secured. In another five years Russia by advancing another step planted her standards on the forts of Ak Musjid-Kasul, and Karmakchi, and the line of the Sir Daria fell into her hands. In 1859, six years afterwards, Chuláh Kurgan was taken; then followed in quick succession the seizure of Yani-Kurgan in 1861, Aulia Ata and Huzrut-i-Turkestan in 1864, as also that of Chemkand. Afterwards followed the fall of Tashkand, and, in 1868, a direct advance on Káshgár was contemplated, and a fort south of the Issutkul was built. Samarkand was taken in 1868, and Búkhára practically brought under Russian subjection. In 1869, further operations towards the south were interrupted by the revolt of the Kasaks, Kalmuks and Kirghis inhabiting the steppes from the Don to line of the Sir Daria. This revolt is said to have been stirred up by Khivan emissaries. In 1870 Kitat was taken, and then another point a long way off to the east, but still with the same object in view, was taken—viz., Kuljà, in 1871. The fall of Khiva in 1873 completes the list as far as is now known. But who is bold enough to suppose Russia can stay where she is, or that the fanciful line of delimitation imagined for Afghanistan will secure respect for that kingdom? We have no pretensions to vaticination, but is it very speculative to assign 1875 for the capture of Merve? Or would it be very rash to say that in 1880 or 1885 the capture of Andekui Balkh and Kunduz will not enable Russia to complete her mili-

be read in the light of the narrative which they resume; they are the record of the final impression of Tiberius's career; it is hardly a legitimate procedure to draw out and sometimes exaggerate (*egregius* means less than immaculate) the propositions they involve, and then apply these separately to the different stages of that career. It would have been better, instead of sacrificing everybody, historians and contemporaries, to Tiberius, to have tried to discover a theory of his character which would include not only the facts on which it is Herr Stahr's merit to have insisted adequately, but those factsou which contemporaries based their estimate. No doubt those contemporaries were corrupt and spiteful;* but it does not follow that their estimate always proceeded from corruption or spite, or that a historian is never to repeat and endorse the judgment of contemporaries unless he can reproduce all the evidence it rested on. The contemporaries of Tiberius were in a position to know if it was true that Livia's influence made his rule milder, and that he thought it a good thing that Germanicus died when he did; and a historian might fairly repeat both facts without proof, if they were believed at the time. Of course the facts might be false; and it is possible to make almost any theory good if a man will resolutely exhaust in its favour every hypothesis which is separately permissible, rather than try another theory which fits parts of the evidence more naturally.

Probably the character of Tiberius is one of the problems on which we may expect much light from the progress of physiology, which will reveal to us many definite possibilities of human nature, one or more of which will prove the key to his life. He seems to have been one of the men whose power of assimilation, both moral and intellectual, is greater than their power of initiation. In his nephew Claudius the same contrast was heightened to a grotesque extent; he could not speak coherently, but Augustus was struck by his declamation; when he had to establish connexions between words or between ideas for himself, he was positively shortwitted; when he had to use and combine connexions already established, he was rather clever than not. The defect in Tiberius's power of initiation did not amount to imbecility as it did in Claudius, but it was accompanied from the first by a certain perversity which contrasted with the sheepish good nature of his nephew. On the other hand, Tiberius's power of assimilation was so robust as to amount almost to genius, especially in military matters, where his combinations were so extensive and precise as to have a look of positive grandeur and originality; though even here the element of insight and invention is less, it may be, than in less meritorious commanders who acted on a smaller scale. It is to be noticed that he was a pre-eminently cautious and anxious commander. We have a letter from Augustus, showing that he accepted the demoralisation of his troops as an irremediable fact, and made his dispositions accordingly. Augustus found the dispositions admirable, and Augustus was doubtless right; only, without depreciating the extent of Tiberius's excellence, it is permissible to mark that it was of a special kind. Though he attached the troops to him, and they were glad to get him back, he was not one of the commanders who can inspire courage and superiority to danger. In this connexion it may be observed that the Claudii, whose representative he was, seem to have had little military aptitude. Contemporaries seem to have been struck by his inheriting the "ferocity" and arrogance of the Claudii: it has been questioned recently whether all anecdotes in support of this view of the family were not invented by Licinius Macer, because it can be shown that the Decemvir and Appius Claudius Caecus were not loyal to the patriciate or the nobility; and were proud, if they were proud, for themselves, not for their order. It is certain that Tiberius's manners, from the first, were marked by the kind of reserve that is considered haughty; and Augustus had to apologise for him to the senate, with the observation that his nature, not his will,* was to blame. This is probably to be understood not only of his *gaucherie*, but of his turn towards severity. We are told (apparently before his exile) of Augustus gently reproving him for treating libels (on Augustus) as intolerable, *i.e.*, matter for heavy punishment, because he could not see that, as Augustus told him, the essential thing was not that nobody should be able to speak ill of the new dynasty, but that no one should be able to injure it. All through his life Tiberius underrated the necessity and stability of the new order of things. Drusus, his brother, who was open-handed and popular, may very likely have underrated this necessity still more. There is no reason to doubt that contemporaries thought, and quite rightly, that Drusus had some notion of restoring "liberty," or even that Suetonius had seen a letter which he had written in this sense to Tiberius about the advantages of forcing Augustus to act on his repeated professions, and allow his extraordinary powers to expire. The sons of Livia could have commanded continued employment and authority from their fellow citizens more certainly than from the husband of their mother. It is quite in accordance with the scrupulous, jealous temper of Tiberius that if he received such a letter he should have thought it the safest course for himself to show it to Augustus; even the kindest course to his brother, as proving the matter was no worse. Suetonius finds in this the first instance of Tiberius's tendency to quarrel with his relations. As he certainly loved his brother, we are tempted to set aside Suetonius's story and his reflection as mere spiteful gossip. On the other hand there are people whose nature it is to fret under ties which they have no wish to break, and always to be complaining of relations whom they would miss; and it will be seen hereafter that Tiberius probably belonged to this unfortunate class.

Herr Stahr is undoubtedly right in insisting on the great injury done to Tiberius in his divorce and second marriage. His first wife suited him perfectly: she was a daughter of the bluff, good-humoured Agrippa, whose motto had been that concord makes small things great, and discord makes great things small. Tiberius doted upon her, perhaps because she was friendly and homely, and relieved him of himself as wine did in another way (for there is not the slightest reason to doubt Pliny's statement that he drank hard in a quiet way; and the story that he, when emperor, appointed two of his cronies, Piso and Pomponius, to high offices after a long drinking bout, with the remark that they were friends for work and playtime,* is not like an invention). He had caught the fancy of Julia during her husband's life, which was an additional reason why Augustus should be willing to gratify his wife's ambition by bestowing his widowed daughter upon his stepson, although to do so it was necessary to break up a happy home. Julia soon tired of her bargain. Tiberius was tall and handsome, but he was very short-sighted, and (to break himself most likely of a consequent tendency to poke and peer) he had contracted a habit of stalking about with his head thrown back. Julia, whose own manners were very good, was ashamed, for this reason or for others, of her shy, morose, undignified husband, and came to a conclusion, too natural to need much support from a comparison of the nobility of the Claudii with that of the Julii and Octavii, that her stepmother's son was not a match for her father's daughter. She abandoned herself to her passions, and she employed her paramours to help her libel her husband. Meanwhile her sons were growing up; her father doted upon them; and, though he conferred the tribunician power for five years upon Tiberius, he accompanied the gift with an Eastern mission that was not unlike a banishment. Tiberius had reason to feel himself ill-used—as if his home had been broken up in order that he might be qualified to act as a stopgap till the sons of his false wife should be old enough to step into their father's inheritance. He was probably right in believing what a more generous man would not have believed—what a wiser man would have ignored, though he believed it. His conduct was characteristic: he was not man enough, as Herr Stahr admits, to have his grievance out with Augustus; he was not man enough to do his duty in the East without *arrière pensée*, and come back to fight for his position, if need were, with another claim to public gratitude. He simply gave way to disgust at his situation, pretended that his health had broken down, and insisted upon going to Rhodes and studying philosophy. Under similar circumstances Agrippa had gone to Lesbos when it was desirable to have him out of the way of Marcellus; but Agrippa had not refused his commission, though he had committed its execution to lieutenants. Tiberius, no doubt, had more speculative curiosity than Agrippa; he had more of a perverse conscientiousness; he persuaded himself that he had had his turn, and that it was his

* Even this is in one sense a presumption against Tiberius. We are to expect great faults in the best representatives of a vicious class and period.

* Naturae vitia esse non animi.

* "Omnium horarum amicos."

duty to make room for the young men. Augustus had not by any means decided to discard him, and begged him to waive his request, which he saw better than Tiberius would be taken, and quite rightly, as an insult. But Tiberius was too weak to change his mind freely, and too headstrong to yield to pressure. After fasting for four days he was allowed to go to Rhodes; and, when he asked to return, he was forbidden to do so until his wife's son had given his consent. During the latter part of his exile he was in positive danger, and with his natural meanspiritedness wrote to Augustus asking to be placed under surveillance. We are told that he led the life of a sullen voluptuary; if the charge were true it was not of a kind to affect his real reputation, though it would lay him open to a good deal of insincere invective. Soon after his return the way to the throne cleared itself again by the death of the two elder of Augustus's grandsons, whose "will to live" might have been stronger, but for the knowledge that Livia wished them away, and who may well have fancied themselves poisoned when they were simply too *blasés* to throw off colds or fevers. Augustus had to adopt Tiberius "for the sake of the Commonwealth," and Tiberius, having no tact to guide him in his new relation, fell back upon punctilious propriety, and never allowed Augustus to forget for a moment that he was under *patria potestas*: otherwise the years in which he was associated with Augustus in the empire were the best and most prosperous of Tiberius's life; they are the time of his brilliant campaign against Marbod, who had established a formidable power in Bohemia, and of the reconquest of Pannonia and Illyricum from which Augustus repeatedly asked him to withdraw, and of the well-conducted military promenade in Germany, which did something to retrieve the honour of the eagles after the disaster of Varus.

G. A. Simcox.

Scottish Rivers. By the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Baronet, Author of the "Morayshire Floods," &c. With Illustrations by the Author and a Preface by John Brown, M.D., Author of "Rab and his Friends," &c. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1874.)

Dr. John Brown calls this, in his pleasant preface to it, a delightful book; and Dr. John Brown is a good judge. A delightful book it certainly is, and delightful in no ordinary way. Although it is not thirty years since the author left it unfinished at his death, it is already in some sense an antiquity. The style is farther away from us than many styles older in point of date. There is throughout a sort of ponderous editorial levity, that has now gone somewhat into disuse. We are saluted as "gentle reader" and "gentlest of all readers." Social gossip about men and things and perpetual compliments to the nobility and gentry, by whose estates the river may chance to go, speak to us of a time when Scotland was to some extent a separate country and an author could address himself to a Scottish public, almost small enough to deserve the name of a clique and with a clique's special knowledge and special readiness to be pleased. In speaking to us as he does, we feel that the author is treating us as one of the family. His garrulousness has all the character of personal intercourse. We begin to regard his "old and much valued friend, General Sir James Russel," as an old and much valued friend of our own; at least, we are sure the author would be glad to give us an introduction, not only to him, but to all the friends and acquaintances who come in his way, and so frank us, for a whole holiday, from one country house to another, all over Tweeddale and the valley of the Tyne.

This is just one of the qualities that make the book delightful. It is in no literary sense, it is merely from the pleasure of making a loveable acquaintance and going through interesting scenery, that we can accord it merit. We have called the style editorial; indeed, it is not unlike that of a provincial editor's description of the annual games, with just such little touches of personal compliment as the editor would deal out to his distinguished fellow-townsmen and the various successful competitors. Now, at first sight, one would have thought that a book like this would depend almost entirely upon style; that a book which merely promises to set forth to us, with appropriate gossip, the changeful character of the valley of one river after another, if it failed in the point of vivid descriptive writing, would be a failure altogether. But we have a proof to the contrary before us. *Scottish Rivers* is a delightful book, in virtue of the delightful character of the author and the delightful character of his subject. It is all about things that are in themselves agreeable. The natural heart of man is made happy by hearing that the wild cattle of Ettrick Forest were *three times the size of those kept at Chillingham*; and all the more, perhaps, if we do not know what that was—there is the more rein for picturesque imagination. We should be very sorry for anyone who did not care to hear about Thomas the Rhymer and the Black Dwarf, about border-reivers, fugitive Jacobites, and hunted Covenanters. The breath of Walter Scott has gone out over these dry bones of old Scotch history; the work of imagination is done to our hand; and as we turn over these leaves, just as when we follow the actual course of the rivers themselves, we are accompanied by the pageant world of the Waverley novels, and *Marmion*, and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Moreover, there is a great deal of quotation in the book; not only Scott, but all manner of old ballads and old songs take the tale, now and again, out of the month of the author; and the pages are pleasantly broken up and lightened with these snatches of verse. It is the fashion, now-a-days, to run down this good old custom of quotation; we write prose so admirably, it seems, that these scraps would give even pain to the cultured reader, as an interruption to the sustained measure of the sentences. It may be so; but there is something to be said on the other side; and we greet some familiar passage when we find it in another man's book, like a friend in strange company.

The great point, however, in this book upon Scottish Rivers, is the sincerity of the author's own delight in the stories he repeats, the verse he quotes, the scenery and the animals he seeks to describe to us. It is by this sense of enjoyment that the whole book is kept alive. Sometimes it crops out in one way, sometimes in another; sometimes it is his passion for fishing that adds gusto to what he has to say of a place—as, for example: "Below Kirkurd, the Tairth runs through a series of valuable water meadows, in a deep and uniform stream, resembling in character an English river; and," he adds, "we are much mistaken if it be not full of fine fat trouts." One can hear the smack of the lips, in these words. His whole past life has been so pleasant; he has such a host of sunny recollections, that the one jostles the other and they come tumbling forth together in a happy confusion: his basket is so full of those "fine fat trouts" of the memory, that it is a sight to see him empty it before us. Even fishing is passed by in superior ecstacies:—

"This is one of the most beautiful parts of the Tweed," he says, "and well do we remember the day when, wandering in our boyhood up hither from Melrose, we found ourselves for the first time in the midst of scenery so grand and beautiful. The rod was speedily put up, and the fly-hook was exchanged for the sketch-book. We wandered about from point to point, now and then reclining on the grass, and sometimes, from very wantonness, wading into the shallows of the dear stream; and so we passed away some hours of luxurious idleness, the pleasure of which we shall never cease to remember."

Is not that passage enough, of itself, to convince the reader? He will find the book full of the like. He will find that this man, not very wise perhaps, certainly not very cunning in words, had a great faculty of pleasureable attention and pleasureable recollection, that he had noticed things more closely than most of us, and liked them better, and that he could speak of what he thus observed and loved in a plain diffuse way that is full of gusto and most truly human.

And the last thing to be thought of, is that the book was written during the author's final illness. "What a place for linnets' nests and primroses in the lovely springtime of the year!" he exclaims, as the name of Blackford Hill comes from under his pen. Would one not fancy he was a schoolboy with forty springtimes before him? It is easy, after this, to believe what Lord Cockburn said of him, that "his dying deserves to be remembered, for it reconciles one to the act."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

History of the Modern Styles of Architecture. By James Fergusson, D.C.L. Second Edition. (London: John Murray, 1873.)
Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages. By G. E. Street, R.A. Second Edition. (London: John Murray, 1874.)

The reappearance of these two sumptuous works carries us back in thought a period of nearly twenty years, to a time when architecture was much less studied, and excited much less general interest, than it does at the present day. Those who remember the first publication of Mr. Fergusson's *Handbook of Architecture*, in 1855, will

Mr. Bauerman, the gentleman deputed by the Duke of Argyle to examine the iron and coal deposits of India, has issued his report, but it is not very encouraging as regards the prospect of future mineral wealth for India. The best iron ore he has seen is the brown hematite of the Nerbudda valley, which is found in limestone about twenty-five miles north of Gurrawara; and if good coal be discovered in the borings now going on there, that station would form a good site for iron works producing small bar and sheet iron and similar high classed products. There is no locality which answers perfectly all the requirements for iron working, but on the whole Raniganj seems to offer the best site. It is only fair, however, to that distinguished body, the Geological Survey of India, to remark that this conclusion entirely confirms their previously expressed opinions. At the time that they surveyed Raniganj, it was considered unadvisable to recommend the establishment of large ironworks, but since then increased facilities of communication, discoveries of better coals, the possibility of making coke, and the steady rise in the price of imported iron, have made the successful manufacture of iron a less doubtful speculation than before. It is much to be wished in the interests of India that these expectations may be realised.

The Nile appears from all accounts to have occasioned great anxiety to the Egyptian people during the last fortnight. About the beginning of September news came from the Soudan that the summer rains had abnormally swollen the stream; shortly afterwards, it appeared that at four places in Upper Egypt the river had burst its bounds, and had laid a large extent of country under water, the loss of life and property being very great. In this crisis great energy was displayed by the Government and people. Not less than 200,000 men have been distributed along the course of the river and the great canals in Lower Egypt, and at the weakest points watchmen are posted every fifty or sixty yards. At Damietta, a dyke gave way, but it was promptly repaired, and beyond that caused by infiltration, there now appears to be no prospect of any serious damage. The most recent telegrams state that the subsidence of the waters has actually commenced.

The *Chicago Tribune* states that General Sheridan, in his recent expedition to the Black Hills (already noticed in our columns), took the precaution to take two experienced gold-seekers with him, and that they were fairly surprised at the abundance of gold in the district. The deposits extend for about 150 miles north and south and 200 miles from east to west. The region is at present occupied by the Sioux Red Skins, and they form such a mixture of hostile and friendly tribes, that some difficulty is anticipated in getting them to "move on" westward without having to resort to force.

COLLEGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

An inaugural meeting of this institution will be held at eight o'clock next Monday evening, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Hughes. For ten years past it has been known to many good friends as the College for Working Women, 29 Queen's Square, and under this designation it performed a small, but not unimportant, educational function. Here came mothers, that they might be able to teach their children in the course of time. Here came certain brave girls, out of a love of knowledge that was stronger than the love of pleasure or the natural weariness that follows a laborious day. And how constant and unflagging this love of knowledge was! Year after year found the same students following up one course of study after another. It would have been a pity, certainly, had there been a want of opportunity for this fine devotion. For a long time, however, it has been the desire of the managers to realise the idea of the late Professor Maurice, and so to enlarge the scope of their institution as to throw open classes, library and conversation room, to men as well as to women; and this after long deliberation, and after having assured themselves of the sympathy and co-operation of their old students, they have at last resolved to do.

We are all familiar with the current arguments against mixed classes. Similar classes, however, are already successfully carried on in many institutions alike in London and the country; and there are many special reasons why they should be employed under the circumstances. The council remind their friends generally "of the many evils which arise from the separation of men and women in the worlds of learning and thought, and of the ennobling influence which each sex has upon the other, when both are united in a common work with serious purpose and endeavour." But out of the special circumstances, as I say, there arise special reasons in favour of the scheme now adopted. The number of students with the old system was necessarily so limited that there was a certain waste of power, especially in the higher subjects, which will, it is hoped, be now no longer the case. Again, wives and sisters will be free to come to the College under the new conditions, bringing husband or brother along with them: and the prosecution of some worthy study will no longer entail upon them the discomfort and actual danger of another daily separation, besides that already entailed upon them by their necessary work. Men and women, besides, will thus be brought together by common devotion to culture instead of the usual haphazard juxtaposition and perpetual "handy-dandy" of the world. And once brought together, they will associate in an atmosphere not otherwise attainable for them; their intercourse will take on something of refinement from the example of those among whom they move; and so culture will be begun in them, not only of a deeper kind, but in a manner more intimate and effectual.

Besides increased supervision, and the care which the Council has taken to leaven the life of the college by the presence of those well qualified to do so, the programme will remain as before. The classes will include, as before, those on Mathematics, Literature, Languages, Physical Science, History, Law, and Art. The Saturday evening lectures will be given, for the present session, by Professor Morley, Mr. Furnivall, and Mr. Newton, of the British Museum. To all who have the higher culture of the working-classes truly at heart, this announcement cannot fail to be of interest; and the interest will become more serious and hopeful, I believe, as the facts are more carefully weighed.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

HENRIK IBSEN'S RETURN.

Christiania: September 24.

This somewhat sedate—not to say dull—capital has during the past few days been the scene of unwonted excitement. This break in our habits is not due, however, as generally is the case at this season to the meeting of any learned congress, or to the more trivial festivities of an international exhibition, but simply to the visit of the national poet—Henrik Ibsen. For many years he has lived in Dresden—turning his back upon his native land because he imagined his countrymen too dull or too careless to give his works the attention they deserved. And it must be allowed that had it not been for the high praise accorded to Ibsen in Germany, and more recently in England, it is probable that many Norwegians would have been even now ignorant of the genius, whom their want of sympathy had banished from the country. Of late years however, and more especially since the revival of the national theatre at Christiania, the works of Ibsen have become better known to his compatriots, and the more they were known the more were their beauties acknowledged and appreciated.

From Dresden, where Ibsen had been living during the last ten years, he has written one after another in rapid succession five or six pieces, besides a considerable quantity of minor poems, which have obtained for him the undisputed rank of the greatest of living Scandinavian poets. His principal works are *Brand*, *Per Gynt*, *De Unges Forbund*, *Kongsemnerne*, *Kejser og Galilæer*, most of which are accessible to those unacquainted with Norsk through the medium of excellent German translations. In spite, however, of their admiration for his great talents, the Norwegians were too good patriots to be able to pardon their master-singer for having abandoned his native land. It seemed to them as though his works lost some of their value for them by being written in a foreign country. On the other hand, they explained in some degree the satire and irony of his writings to the bitterness with which they thought he regarded his country, and took as pointed against themselves and their former blindness his sharpest and most cutting epigrams.

During the ten years of his self-imposed exile, Ibsen paid frequent visits to both Denmark and Sweden, and in both countries was received with all the honour due to his genius and renown. By degrees a feeling grew up in Norway that he would never put his foot again on his native land, and that he continued to look upon his compatriots as his enemies. That this feeling was wholly without foundation is evident from the events of the last few weeks. Ibsen after passing a short time in some of the remote districts of the country, and revisiting the scenes with which he was once so familiar, arrived in Christiania a few days ago. The auger of his countrymen vanished as if by magic, and Ibsen has been the object of more enthusiasm than it was possible to imagine the lymphatic Norwegian capable of feeling or displaying.

The great fête, however, was that given by the students of the Christiania University. They formed themselves into a vast procession and went to Ibsen's lodgings to offer their homage to the poet. On reaching his lodgings in the Pilestraeda a deputation was sent up to him, and on hearing of their arrival, Ibsen came down into the street. After singing the first two verses of a hymn composed for the occasion, the students saluted the Skald with loud cries of "Long life to Henrik Ibsen!" accompanied by loud hurrahs, in which the vast crowds of bystanders joined. Ibsen then addressed them in the following terms, explaining through them to the country his real feelings and the cause of his long estrangement:—

"Gentlemen,—During the past few years, whilst living in a foreign country, the feeling has arisen from time to time more strongly in my mind that I must see my native land again. I will not disguise from you that it was with much doubt and uneasiness that I finally decided upon this journey home. My stay would, it is true, be but short; but I felt however short it might be, it would always prove long enough to dispel an illusion in which I would fain have continued to live. I asked myself, In what spirit will my countrymen receive me? The flattering reception accorded to my works could not fully reassure me, for the question still remained how do I *personally* stand with my fellow countrymen? For it is not to be denied that on more points than one there has been dissension between us. As far as I have been able to understand, the complaints urged against me were of a twofold nature. People took it for granted that I looked with unwarrantable bitterness on my personal and private relations with my countrymen—nay, further I was even accused of directing attacks against peculiarities and incidents of our national life, which in the opinion of many had a claim to be treated with anything but irony.

"I do not think I can make a better use of the present moment, so full of gratification and honour to me, than to devote it to an explanation and a confession.

"I have never made my private circumstances the immediate subject of any poem. In former sorrowful days I attached less importance to these circumstances

than I have since been able to justify. When the eider's nest was plundered for the first, second, and third times it was robbed of its illusions and of great life-inspiring hopes. At times, too, I felt that I with others stood responsible for a period when high thoughts and noble aspirations were buried under songs and feasting.* But let me leave this subject, and ask what is the poet's work? I understood it late in life. It consists mainly in seeing, but also in making. others see, objects as they appear to the poet's eye. But one's own life-experience can thus alone be seen and shown. This need of life-experience is precisely the secret spring of all modern poetry. Every poem I have composed during the past ten years I have lived through in spirit. But no poet's experience can be his own alone. That which he sees and feels, his contemporaries see and feel also, for if they did not how could the giver render himself intelligible to the receiver?

"And what have been the life-experiences whence my poetry was inspired? The field was wide. I wrote partly of those things which, but as glimpses and in my best hours, have moved me with the living force of all that is great and beautiful. I wrote of that which stood above my daily self, and wrote of it in order to hold it fast before my eyes and in my soul. But I wrote also of things of an opposite nature—of things that inward contemplation shows us as the dregs and refuse of our own being. In this case the poet's work has been to me as a bath, whence I felt that I arose purer, healthier, freer. Yes, Gentlemen, no one can represent as a poet that of which he has not to a certain degree, and at all events at certain moments, had the model in himself. Where is the man amongst us who has not, now and again, felt and acknowledged in himself a contradiction between word and act, between wish and duty, between life and doctrine? Or where is the man who has not on some occasions revelled in a feeling of egotistical self-sufficiency, and half as a foreboding, half in downright earnest, painted his state in fair words both to himself and others?

"In speaking thus to you as students, my words will be understood as they should be. The student's mission is in many points identical with the poet's; the one as well as the other has to render first to himself, and then through himself to others, a clear account of the questions both temporal and eternal that agitate the times and the world to which he belongs.

"In this sense I may truly say that during the years I have spent on foreign soil, I have tried to be a good student. A poet belongs by nature to the far-seeing. Never have I seen my native land and the life there so fully, so clearly, so closely, as I did from my far-off home beyond the sea.

"And now, my dear countrymen, let me end with a few words that also have reference to an experience in real life. When the Emperor Julian towards the close of his career saw himself surrounded by crumbling ruins, nothing struck so deep into his mind as the thought that all he had achieved was to be remembered with honour and esteem by a few cold clear heads, whilst his adversary was cushrined with love in warm living human hearts. And pondering on this ancient story a question has often arisen in my own mind during my solitude in a distant country. To that question the youth of Norway has replied to-night, and by an answer fuller and warmer than I expected to receive. I shall carry back that answer as the richest memory of my visit to my countrymen, and I trust that the events of this day are an experience which will some day be reflected in a future work. If this should happen, and if I do some day send home such a work, I beg the students to accept it as a clasp of the hand, and as thanks for this our meeting I beg them to receive it as a work in which they have a part."

After the speech, which was received with loud cheers, the students sang the third verse of their song and then quietly dispersed.

The evening closed with the performance of Ibsen's comedy of *De Unges Forbund* at the National Theatre. EDITH PRADEZ.

* The poet here alludes to the "Scandinavism" which the youth of his generation imagined they could found by means of speeches, patriotic songs, and festive gatherings of the students of three Scandinavian kingdoms. Nothing came of this powerless effervescence of enthusiasm, and Scandinavia still awaits her Bismarck.

BARRY CORNWALL.

MR. BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, better known as Barry Cornwall, who died last Monday, was a pathetic example of the wastefulness of destiny. He was born thirty years too soon, or two hundred years too late, and so his rare and high powers ran to seed. He had great quickness and delicacy of literary feeling, and a combination not very common, of force and vividness of expression, with a suggestive artistic reserve. He had not the kind of imagination which is capable of organising and peopling a coherent ideal world, and the real world did not supply him with the materials which would have fertilised his talent. He never revolted against the complicated decorums of modern civilisation and respectability, but his works show an inexpressible pining after a freer and simpler life, where primitive passions could have fair play, and attain to an ideal elevation. Instead of finding characters and scenery among his contemporaries to inspire him, he had to inspire himself with the literature of the Renaissance, especially that of the Elizabethan age. His literary activity was concentrated into a very small space—the years between 1819 and 1823; after that he wrote nothing except songs and editions and criticisms and biography. It is curious at first sight that he should have written nothing till he was over thirty, if the accepted date of his birth be right; but after he had escaped from the solicitor's office at Calne to the intellectual atmosphere of London, and the comparative freedom of the bar, he had to educate himself in company with those who, like Lamb and Leigh Hunt, were rediscovering the age of Shakspere and Boccacio. To judge from Mr. Jerdan's autobiography, he had scarcely begun to write before he began to publish, and, when he began, he poured out a singularly full and rapid stream of all kinds of verse, that was never hasty or unfinished in form, though often crude and incomplete in substance. His writings were well received, but he found he had to work at his profession, and the muse is a jealous mistress, who only pays flying visits to those who cannot spend their lives in waiting upon her. It shows the essential healthiness of his nature that, under these uncongenial conditions, he should have made so few excursions into the poetry of revolt. "Tartarus," a scene in which a Mooorish magician sees the famous souls lost long ago, and then loses his own, is the most conspicuous instance, and proves that he could imagine, if he could not produce, most of the effects of the Satanic school. Magic had rather a fascination for him always, but his fancy was hampered by his judgment: his perception of the dreariness of commonplace found better expression in the "Fall of Saturn," the "Letter of Boccacio," and even in the lyrics dedicated to convicts and beggars and outlandish patriots. But the deepest expression of all the passion which could find no outlet for itself in life is the ever-recurring idealisation of Death, now as the jovial king who welcomes all to his court, now as the grim stranger who takes the fairest from the feast, now as the gentle comrade with whom the weary are at rest, now as the bride of the spirit "amorons-eyed."

The worship of Death is for the most part confined to the lyrics, and it is probably true that Barry Cornwall will be best remembered as a lyric poet: his talent was of the kind which is apt to be fragmentary except when it is sustained by a tradition, and it is only in the lyrical form that such a talent can reach completeness, the completeness of a snatch of a bird's song. Perhaps Barry Cornwall felt this himself, for he persevered in writing lyrics after he had given up most other forms of verse, and set before himself the systematic object of giving an expression to the varied and subtle moods of modern life, which should be as fresh and spontaneous as the lays of the minstrels of a simpler and, he owned, a coarser time. Perhaps the archaism detracts a little from the spontaneity; at least it could hardly be said that the greatest excellence of his lyrics is to flow easily. His dramatic works show another side of his talent quite as exquisite as his lyrics, though circumstances hindered their attaining even the same degree of perfection. He understood thoroughly how to conduct a poetical conversation, which should be graceful and moving, with enough imagery and not too much; he could even, as his tragedy of *Mirandola* proves, arrange five acts with intelligent regard to stage effect; but he had little or no invention, he is always repeating the device of lovers parted by being led to believe each other false, and most of his dramatic scenes could hardly form part of complete plays. The situation is explained and not advanced. The fact is, that he showed his complete appreciation of the poetical language of the Elizabethan age by reproducing it instead of by describing it. And this applies to the least interesting section of his work, the metrical tales, which are a medley of bright and clear descriptions strung together by a thin thread of sentimental or humorous narrative, and only remarkable as showing how freshly he had felt classic and Italian literature. His directly critical writings have little value, with the exception of the very dignified and graceful tribute to Lamb. His preface to Kenny Meadows's illustrated Shakspere is curiously naïve and almost boyish: he was too old at seventy to learn the temper of a critical age, and he came too late to find the place for which he was really fit—at the feet of Ford and Fletcher.

G. A. SIMCOX.

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Lancaster, and silently regarded the whole period which we are about to traverse as a blank, they expressed not merely a legal truth but an historical one. What the Great Rebellion in its final result actually did was to wipe away every trace of the New Monarchy, and to take up again the thread of our political development just where it had been snapt by the Wars of the Roses."

The truth thus stated is of even greater value for the historian of the seventeenth than for the historian of the fifteenth century. But it may be asked whether Mr. Green has dealt quite fairly by this New Monarchy. He speaks of it as owing its rise partly to the destruction of the Baronage in the Wars of the Roses, partly to the selfish desire of the propertied classes to keep in awe those who were beneath them. If so, it is a unique instance of the rise of a new power out of causes purely evil, and the tales of oppression and wrong doing with which the Paston Letters abound would seem to point to a desire for justice on the part of the weak as one of the elements of the change. At all events, the view taken of the Star Chamber in the reign of Henry VII., as instituted specially for the support of the royal authority, without any regard for the suppression of abuses, is one which the prudent reader will be cautious in accepting, and will probably prefer to wait till the completion of Mr. Campbell's *Materials for a History of Henry VII.* enables him to form a more complete estimate of the reign.

Mr. Green's Henry VIII., it need hardly be said, is not the Henry VIII. of Mr. Froude. His tyranny is unrelieved by any brighter gleam, save by his love of learning, and his minister Cromwell is described as alike able and unscrupulous, carrying out the doctrines of the men of the New learning by a reign of terror. Mr. Green's weakness in this epoch is perhaps his want of sympathy with religious thought, as distinguished from religious morality, and the great work of Luther in the individualisation of the conscience receives very little appreciation by the side of the mingled comprehensiveness and tolerance of Sir Thomas More, the Falkland of the sixteenth century. Passing on to a happier time, it is impossible not to be struck with admiration at Mr. Green's masterly analysis of the character of Elizabeth. His sketch of the politics and literature of her reign ranks among the best parts of the book. His account of James is less satisfactory. The claim to divine right which Mr. Green puts in the foreground had really much less prominence in James's mind than his belief in his own sagacity. In the next reign, too, Mr. Green misses the connexion of thought between Laud and the Latitudinarians, thus omitting the link which bound the men of the New learning in the sixteenth century to the Tillotsons and Lockes of a later day. Nor does he remember that the Parliamentarism which Charles I. and Cromwell combated was not the Parliamentary system of our day, or that the union of a predominant representative assembly with the organisation of Cabinet government is not the triumph of the principles of the Long Parliament, but the embodiment of that which was best in the ideas of both parties in the civil war. In a later chapter Mr. Green well points out that the change made at the Restoration was greater in appearance than in reality; that, on the one hand, Bacon was the precursor of the founders of the Royal Society; that, on the other hand, the better influences of Puritanism survived in *Paradise Lost* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and leavened the religion and the morality of England when Puritanism appeared to have been struck down for ever.

Why is it that Mr. Green has so little to tell us about post-Miltonic literature? Has he nothing to say, except incidentally, about Dryden; nothing at all about Addison and Pope? When he writes of the social disorganisation of the days of the first Georges, did not his fingers tingle to write of the painter on whose canvas that disorganisation is reflected? Hume and Gibbon are alike unmentioned. It can hardly be that Mr. Green was weary of his task; and it looks as if he had been tied down by some *force majeure* upon the Procrustean bed of 820 pages. Anyhow, the loss is his readers'. They get a vivid and able narrative of the political and social progress of the nation; but the special charm of the earlier part of the volume is gone.

Even in the political part of the narrative some improvement is to be desired in the way of arrangement. The index tells us that the good side of Warren Hastings' policy will be found at pp. 759 and 760, while for the severe side we must look to pp. 760 and 761. What we find from p. 759 to p. 761 is an unmitigated panegyric, while the evil deeds of the Governor-General are relegated to p. 766, as if it were possible to understand a man's character by halves. Burke too is strangely treated. Whether Mr. Green's depreciatory view of the Whig oracle is a just one is a matter of opinion. But common justice requires that he should be introduced upon the stage in the best period of his activity, and that the sketch of his character should not be reserved for his connexion with the French Revolution.

No nation upon earth has a nobler history than England, and, as Mr. Green well says (p. 762), England has become a mother of nations.

> "And to these nations she was to give not only her blood and her speech, but the freedom which she has won. It is the thought of this which flings its grandeur round the pettiest details of our story in the past. The history of France has little result beyond France itself. German or Italian history has no direct issue outside the bounds of Germany or Italy. But England is only a small part of the outcome of English history. Its greater issues lie not within the limits of the mother island, but in the destinies of nations yet to be. The struggles of her patriots, the wisdom of her statesmen, the steady love of liberty and law in her people at large, were shaping in the past of our little island the future of mankind."

Such is the story, fraught with such mighty issues, which Mr. Green has undertaken to tell. He would be himself the last to deny that his work is not without deficiencies. But no candid reader can finish its perusal without discovering that the theme has at last found an exponent worthy of its grandeur.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

A Quiet Corner of England: Studies of Landscape and Architecture in Winchelsea, Rye, and the Romney Marsh. By Basil Champneys, B.A., Architect. With numerous Illustrations by Alfred Dawson. (London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 1874.)

"A BUILDING," says Mr. Champneys, "can never be like a picture, complete within the limits of its frame and independent of influences beyond. It must be studied upon its own site, and under all the conditions of history, landscape and neighbourhood." We may amplify this idea a little, or rather put it in terms a little more general: The author wishes people to look at what they see with their eyes open, and not isolate special things artificially, and look at these only to the exclusion of the others. He is not one of those who say they are looking at a church when they are looking, in truth, at a church complicated with a confusion of roofs and chimneys, connecting itself naturally with the sweep of the street that leads up to it, and relieved against the blue distance and the bright sky on the horizon. A building is a building, indeed, but it is much more. It makes or mars the landscape, it completes or nullifies the profile of a town upon a hill top. I have in my eye two notable instances. In one, a block of high barracks, built in late days upon the battlements of an old citadel, falls admirably into harmony with the situation, and carries up into the sky-line the sentiment of the steep rock on which the place is founded; so that, although a common-place structure in itself, it has become the most impressive, and I had almost said the most romantic, feature in the pile. In the other, a monumental tower of some architectural pretensions has been put upon a poor little hill, the last buttress of a grand wall of mountains: and those who remember the hill before it was thus burthened, the whole scene before it was thus burlesqued and stultified, can alone appreciate the evil that has been effected.

The most delicate shades of relation may be traced between the sentiment of a building and the sentiment of its surroundings. And in no place is this relation so delicate and amiable, at least for Englishmen, as in quiet corners of England, such as the one Mr. Champneys has set himself to realise for us. He was moved, he tells us, by "a jealous desire that the modest and homely landscape and architecture of our own country should receive more general appreciation." He has been justly irritated at that very pinchbeck and undiscriminating enthusiasm which inspires so many of the readers of the Continental Bradshaw, and the followers after Mr. Cook.

> "Those," he says, "whose association with either landscape or art is more or less occasional naturally find grandeur more effective than modesty, scale more easy to appreciate than sentiment. But such emotions as are engendered exclusively by gorgeous effects are apt to be sensational, and are neither so wholesome nor so enduring as those which arise in a quiet and homely atmosphere. Moreover, familiarity with the more specious is apt to render the more modest permanently insipid."

There is a great deal of truth in this, and yet I should be inclined to regard this e

clusive preference for Alps and Pyramids as entirely exotic to the heart of Englishmen. If this tare has grown up among us, it is because an enemy came by night and sowed it—many enemies rather: the whole generation of small poets and small romantic travellers—and because better husbandmen have been remiss and let the good seed lie idle. And so we may have all hope of the ultimate success of books such as this, and the better spirit of which they are the sign. The English are a docile people in such matters: they will gladly learn from Mr. Champneys that there is a sentiment in Romney Marsh as well as in the Pyrenees; this acquisition will make it an easier task for someone else to prove to them the beauty of some other out-of-the-way corner or beaten track; and so, line upon line, precept upon precept, they will become intelligently reconciled to the fashion of their own country, and learn, perhaps, some more refined conception of natural loveliness than a very big hill of no particular shape with some white snow upon the top of it.

The district chosen by Mr. Champneys is one of somewhat romantic geographical conditions. Out of a bay on the old coast line, still strongly marked and easily recognisable for a coast line, the sea has gone back step by step, leaving behind it a great flat. This flat is the Romney Marsh. The chief note of the district is its amphibiousness; and this is capitally realised for us in the book. Traces of the retiring waters are nowhere wanting. You can recognise what was once an island by the constrained grouping together of trees and houses; and what was once an estuary or lagoon, by bridges and stepping-stones now left high and dry for ever. On the horizon, ships in full sail seem mixed together with stationary trees and haystacks.

"The more subtile effects," says Mr. Champneys, "are as those upon the sea. You see the storm gathering in the distance, and it sweeps over the equal ground self-contained, solid and detached, neither distorted nor delayed by any prominence; the wind blows steady and undiverted; and the countryman, who shows you a circuitous path to some distant object on the open plain, has some story to tell of former perils by sea. The farmers keep a few boats, and the retired sailors become farmers or farm labourers, and the old houses far inland are specially and elaborately planned for hiding smugglers and smuggled goods. Moreover, the sea, though from the dead level it is actually unseen, is constantly present to the imagination as a haunting influence, and to the senses as a bright horizon of reflected light; and the sea-shore is marked here and there by a few whitewashed cottages and a flagstaff."

This is very good, and there is more of a like quality. Altogether, what with Mr. Champneys's description and some of Mr. Dawson's illustrations,—that, for instance, opposite page 12, and that at the foot of page 61—Romney Marsh becomes very distinct and familiar to our minds before we have finished the little volume.

Of the various buildings that are brought out for us against this background, the various bits of architectural detail criticised—architectural detail of all sorts and descriptions, down to the carpentry of certain prison doors at Rye, and a glazed cupboard from the inn at New Romney—I propose to say nothing. There is much to interest the reader: and here again some of Mr. Dawson's etchings are worthy of all praise. But one must avoid falling into the manner of those *critiques de critiques* that have stirred the scorn of Baudelaire, and many others who had a better right, perhaps, to be scornful in such a case. So, without entering into any of the more particular points here dealt with, it will be enough to say that all the criticism bears the stamp of strong personality. Mr. Champneys is no more open to all the pleasurable details of art than angry against those whom he considers as Art's banded enemies, and he is a very plain dealer when angry. Indeed, some of the most entertaining passages of the volume are those in which he has suffered his righteous indignation to carry him away, and refers, with truculent irony, to "the refined and interesting zeal of Protestantism," or regrets the rashness which led him to "anticipate that a Conservative Government would extend to our most valuable monuments some portion of that tenderness which it is supposed to show for abuses."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Revue de Droit International et de Législation Comparée: Organe de l'Institut de Droit International. (Londres: Williams et Norgate, 1869–74.)

This widely-circulated Review has nearly completed its sixth year, and it is not too much to say of it that in each successive year of its publication it has established fresh claims to the gratitude of the jurist and to the thoughtful attention of statesmen. It was commenced in 1869 with the twofold object of encouraging, on the one hand, the study of comparative legislation as the best preparation for the study of international law, and of assisting, on the other hand, to form a sound public opinion on matters of international law by a calm and serious discussion of various topics within the province of that law, with a view to make known its anomalies and defects, and to bring about a *consensus gentium* as to the proper mode of remedying them:—

"By public opinion," we translate the words of M. G. Rolin-Jaequemyns, one of the founders of the Review, "we do not mean those undulating and ephemeral phases of thought, which express for the moment the passion, the interest, the prejudices of the day, coupled with an imperfect knowledge of facts; but a serious and calm tone of public thought, founded on the application of certain principles of universal justice to constant events. . . . . Such a public opinion," he adds afterwards, "as becomes the judgment of history, and in matters of international law is the progressive expression of that natural right, which Grotius has so well described as 'the dictate of right reason, assigning to each act a character of moral necessity or moral turpitude, according as it is conformable or not to the reasonable nature of man, and consequently is enjoined or forbidden by the Author of Nature.'"

The founders of the Review were M. G. Rolin-Jaequemyns, of Ghent, whose name has been already mentioned; Professor T. M. C. Asser, of Amsterdam, and Mr. John Westlake, Q.C., of Lincoln's Inn, whose writings on private international law are well known to English lawyers. The opportunity of its appearance was confirmed by the fact that the third number of the Review presented a list of 120 jurists and publicists, among whom are to be found some of the most distinguished names in Europe and in America, who promised their co-operation in the enterprise, and whose promises have been well maintained. Each number of the Review contains from six to eight original treatises, which fulfil one or other of the objects specified in the introductory notice above alluded to. In addition to these original treatises there is to be found in each volume an Annual Chronicle of Comparative Legislation, in other words, an annual notice of the principal statutes and ordinances promulgated in each year in the various States of Europe and America which are of interest to other countries. This chronicle has been undertaken by Professor Asser, while M. G. Rolin-Jaequemyns supplies a corresponding Chronicle of International Law. Each number further contains a careful notice of the more important publications on legal subjects, which have appeared from time to time in Europe and in America; and although Asia has not as yet put forth any claim to be noticed under this list, it is a fact worthy of remark, and it has not escaped observation in the Review, that Wheaton's *Elements of International Law* have been translated into the Japanese and the Chinese languages, and that the Chinese Government has officially adopted the work of Mr. Wheaton as an authority on all doubtful cases of international law. Further, the Review in its first number for 1873 contains a communication from Dr. W. A. P. Martin, Professor at the Imperial College at Peking, from which it appears probable that the treatise of Dr. Woolsey, of Boston, U.S., on the Study of International Law, has been approved as a text-book by the University of Peking. There can be no doubt that European ideas on public law are rapidly gaining hold of the Asiatic mind, and that the European nations must be prepared soon to welcome the Asiatic nations to a place within the same international circle, into which the Ottoman Porte was formally admitted by the Treaty of Paris of 1856. Dr. Martin states that the chief statesmen in China are well aware of the fact, that it is to the principles of public law, which are recognised amongst the nations of Europe, that their country owes its comparative security from foreign aggression.

In addition to the above-mentioned subjects, the Review supplies an Annual Bulletin of the more important decisions of the Belgian and French Courts on questions of international law. These bulletins were commenced in 1872, and have been continued to the present time. Digests also of German, English, and Italian judgments on a like class of questions have been commenced; and it may be expected, when the circle of these bulletins and digests is complete, that they will materially help to stimulate the growth of a branch of legal science which is still in its infancy—that of Comparative Jurisprudence. Mr. Justice Story may justly be considered to have laid the foundation of such a science by his well-known work on the Conflict of Laws, but there is a large field of juridical conflict