

ardent Philhellene can hardly now say that the generous sympathies which Byron helped to stir up were well placed, or that the hybrid race of modern Greeks has justified the hopes that centred round the cause of Capodistrias and Hypsilantes; but, however unworthy of their name the Greeks may have been, their sufferings and their resistance served to show the faults of their masters.

There were then no prejudices excited among the western nations through fear of Russian aggrandisement; and general satisfaction was caused in 1829 by the complete severance of Greece from Turkey on the south, and, on the north, by the renewed engagements for the comparative independence of Serbia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the latter being specified in the Treaty of Adrianople, and not materially altered by the Peace of Paris which followed the Crimean War. Under that treaty, Wallachia and Moldavia were to be governed by hospodars, chosen for life by their respective divans, and without interference in internal affairs from the Porte, though under its suzerainty, and paying the old tribute to it in a modified form; and the old constitution of Serbia was restored, "so as to secure for ever the tranquillity and welfare of that faithful and devoted nation." These tributaries as well as Russia were to have freedom of trade in Turkey, in the Bosphorus, and in the Black Sea. A good many treaties and firmans and hattî-sheriffs, and other pompous documents, which we need not enumerate, were required to confirm these provisions, and to give evidence that the confirmations hardly went farther than the paper on which they were written; but the long-standing feud between Russia and Turkey was ostensibly suppressed by the treaty of defensive alliance into which they entered in 1833, and by which they engaged "to come to an unreserved understanding with each other upon all the matters which concern their respective tranquillity and safety, and to afford to each other mutually for this purpose substantial aid, and the most efficacious assistance." Thereat England and France were much concerned, and Lord Ponsonby wrote to announce that "if the stipulations of that treaty should hereafter lead to the armed interference of Russia in the internal affairs of Turkey, the British Government would hold itself at liberty to act upon such an occasion in any manner which the circumstances of the moment might appear to require, equally as if the treaty were not in existence." England, however, was never called upon thus to interfere, and it made neither war nor treaty with Turkey until 1840, when it entered into an alliance with the Sultan to aid him in preventing Mehemet Ali from establishing the complete independence of Egypt. The game went on, complicated by Turkish difficulties in Egypt as well as in the northern principalities, and by Austrian as well as Russian intervention in the affairs of those principalities, for twelve years more, until Russia found it expedient to break the hollow truce, and to do what it could towards hurrying on the demise of "the sick man." We need not recapitulate the events that followed, starting from the treaty of the English and French sovereigns for alliance with the Sultan, "their said Majesties being fully persuaded that the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present

limits is essential to the maintenance of the balance of power among the States of Europe," and the English declaration of war against Russia, according to the phrase of which—

"Her Majesty felt called upon, by regard for an ally the integrity and independence of whose empire have been regarded as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of her people with right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which has violated the faith of treaties and defies the opinion of the civilized world, to take up arms, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, for the defence of the Sultan."

The Crimean War certainly served, on the one hand, to do some damage to one of the powers that sees no wrong in "violating the faith of the treaties" when it appears convenient to do so; and, on the other hand, to maintain for a few years longer "the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present limits"; but what else it did in the achievement of its avowed objects it would be hard to say. In spite of all its waste of life and treasure, it only encouraged Russia to guard against future defeat by largely developing its military and naval resources. The Danubian principalities were, it is true, withdrawn from the protection of Russia, and told to regard the victorious powers as their guardians; fresh arrangements were made for their greater independence and better government, and fresh promises were exacted from the Porte, and set forth in eloquent firmans, for improvements in the administration of the domestic affairs of Turkey; but the most sanguine enthusiast can hardly assert that the Eastern Question is now more easily to be settled than it was twenty or fifty years ago. On the other hand, England has taken a prominent part, by its treaty obligations, in supporting Turkey. Our nation for the first time stood boldly forward as a protector of the Ottoman Empire when we prevented Egypt from becoming an independent State in 1840. The Crimean War and its issues immensely strengthened our responsibility. The loan of 5,000,000*l.*, guaranteed by England and France in 1855, gave great encouragement to the subsequent loans, that are now beginning to be repudiated. And graver responsibilities have been incurred. The following are the main provisions of the treaty entered upon by Great Britain, Austria, and France in April, 1856:—

"The high contracting parties guarantee, jointly and severally, the independence and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, recorded in the Treaty concluded at Paris on the 30th of March, 1856. Any infraction of the stipulations of the said Treaty will be considered by the powers signing the present Treaty as a *casus belli*. They will come to an understanding with the Sublime Porte as to measures which have become necessary, and will without delay determine among themselves as to the employment of their military and naval forces."

England can, of course, repudiate its treaty obligations, as other nations are apt to do; but, if treaties are only made to be broken at pleasure or convenience, it is, on every ground, better that they should not be made at all; and the moral of a vast number of other treaties cited by Mr. Hertslet, besides the few to which we have referred, is that the world may congratulate itself if they prove to be only valueless, instead of being mischievous.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

L'Afrique Équatoriale: Gabonais Pahouins Gallois. Par le Marquis de Compiègne. (Paris, Plon et C^{ie}.)

M. DE COMPIÈGNE'S octavo will be read by many with a feeling of wonder. Is it, they will ask, a first volume, as it is meant to be if utter silence concerning its precursor be a test? Is it a second, as would appear from the cover, where another 'Afrique Équatoriale' by the same author is mentioned. On this cover is 'Afrique Équatoriale: Okanda, Bantougous, Oyéba.' Par le Marquis de Compiègne. The latter volume is of the same price as the former; it is, of course, a continuation, but nothing of the kind appears in the announcement, a book unknown ten days ago to the Société Géographique de Paris. And must it not be followed by a third to fulfil the promise in the Preface touching the cannibal attack which broke up the party?

It would be well if this were the only flaw in a book from which the public had reason to expect so much. Two distinguished naturalists, who had seen the world, M. de Compiègne, a traveller in the Floridan marahe, the Antilles, Venezuela, the Mosquito Coast, and the Isthmus of Panama; and M. Alphonse Marche, well known for his wanderings in Malacca, Cochin China, Gambia, and Senegambia, besides his experiences as a *médecin malgré lui* (p. 287), attack the Gaboon Region apparently with the normal Teutonic idea of "crossing Africa." They are obliged to shoot and to stuff specimens for the sinews of travel, but they have a rich patron, M. A. Bouvier, who intended at one time to explore Africa; and the Colonial Governments, the hospitable merchants and the missionaries lend them every possible aid. They embark at Bixé deaux on November 5th, 1872, and they pass nearly two years in a country where travelling, since the days of its explorer, Paul du Chaillu, has become comparatively easy in consequence of the Gaboon dialect having been adopted, like the Kisawahili, by the Maduma, the Oshobo, and other negroes of the far interior, 600 miles from the coast, where the white man has never planted foot.

And what is the result? We have a substantial volume of 359 pages, eight illustrations of poor art, and a well-drawn map, whose broad white spaces might have been far better filled up. The book has been carefully purged of every thing valuable. The topographical details have been sent to the Geographical Society of Paris, which, after the report of M. Malte-Brun, has rewarded them with its highest honours. The exploratory results are almost nil; the new ground about the lakes or lakelets, called Izanga, Onangué, and Oguénouen; the Remb' Ogobé on River Ogobé, which our traveller calls Ogôoué, and its forklets, the "N'goumé" (Ngúyé) and the Okoio, were perfectly well known to the traders, white as well as black. The total direct distance from the nearest coast is but a hundred and twenty geographical miles, and the linear length of the new ground may be twenty. The *catalogue raisonné* and descriptions of the various *pièces collectées*, probably found their way to M. Bouvier. The specimens most alluded to are the following:—The Senegal merle (*Lamprolaima splendidus*), with its gorgeous metallic tints,

cost the author a month in Senegal, and made him some coin; the "gracious little Souimanga" (*Magnificus*, &c., the Sun-bird) is the colibri of Africa; the *Chrysococcyx smaragdineus* is very splendid, and the impudent vulture (*Gypohierax Angolensis*, Rüpp.), a sacred bird in Olden Egypt, is coarsely called *Charognard* by the Senegal French, while its congener is known by a worse name amongst the English in India; the palm-rat (*Rat palmiste*, *Sciurus palmarum*, Gmel.) is an old friend; and the African roller (*Rollus Abyssinicus*), winged with two shades of blue, was sacrificed to *la mode*. We would willingly have heard something more about the black snake, and the terrible horned viper (*Echydnon nasicornis*), which is said to be such good eating. Of course, we find the long-haired black ape, here called "Satanus Colubus," and the Oigulungu or giant touraco; the blue-face monkey (*Cercopithecus mystacinus*), the "singe pain à cacheter," and their friend the Ogumbu, or hornbill (*Calao huppé*, *Buceros Albo-cristatus*), allied to *B. giganteus*.

We read (p. 166) of the *tigre*, which must not be translated "tiger"; apparently they are not so dangerous as the "fourons" (*Mfîrû*=Sandfly). Of the antelopes, we find only the Nkabi and the Ncheri. The author was assured by the people that their "M'bocco" (*mboko*=*Sciurus eborivorus*) gnaws and even damages ivory, a legend which, when first related, was received with abundant incredulity.

Lastly comes the king of the forest, the gorilla, an animal which made such a noise in London when it appeared, some fifteen years ago, under the auspices of Paul du Chaillu, or, as M. de Compiègne writes, him, "M. Duchailu." In these pages we read nothing new except that two guns failed to slay a single specimen during a travel of eighteen months, the greater part of which, it must be owned, was passed in the embraces of Tertiana, Quartana, and their fell sisterhood. The author excuses his failure by quoting that of previous travellers, including "Le Major Levinson" (Mr. Levison), but he forgets to relate that Major, now Colonel, De Ruvignes shot a gorilla within a week after landing. Nothing whatever is added to the details so exactly collected and ably set forward in 'Savage Africa,' the first work of the late W. Winwood Reade, a man who had the "Black Continent," historically and geographically, at his fingers' ends; who, despite weak health and a delicate frame, supported the severest privations and fatigues in the Ashanti Campaign, and who, after setting the brightest example of industry and honesty, — he was one of those rare beings who tell not only the truth, but the whole truth, — not to speak of bravery and perseverance, returned to die at home in the earlier part of the present year. It is creditable to M. le Marquis that he has spoken well of this gallant English gentleman.

We are not aware, despite what some have written concerning the "Cognac disease," that Englishmen on the coast of Africa drink more heavily than Frenchmen; yet we read "on y boit beaucoup" (at Sierra Leone) "mais à l'Anglaise, en tête-à-tête avec sa bouteille." Perhaps the author kindly alludes generally to the English in England. It is hardly fair, however, after enjoying the hospitality of the

"palm-oil lams," to describe one's hosts as "ces messieurs étaient Anglais, et je dois le dire plus aimables et hospitaliers que sobres." We certainly do speak of overalls and even of breeches, despite of a *bourgeoisie* which, half a century ago, invented "inexpressibles"; yet we read "on peut bien le dire, puisque nous ne sommes pas Anglais, sans pantalon." The fact is "le shoking," as an English institution, has taken permanent possession of the French brain, and yet "c'est choquant" is a locution by no means unknown to it.

We will cease to review M. de Compiègne, and accompany him on his journey, noting *en passant* his pronounced Gallicanism and Anglo-phobia, his prodigious ignorance of Africa in general, and of the Gaboon region in particular, his carelessness in noting facts, his disregard even to his own assertions, his truly French blundering about names, and, finally, the ultra-Catholicism developed in his ninth and last chapter, 'Des Missions Catholiques à la Côte Occidentale.' The first, entitled 'From Bordeaux to Sierra Leone,' tells us little of novelty except about the "great lakes discovered by Livingstone, Baker" (we are not aware of Sir Samuel's *discovering* a lake), "Speeke (*sic*), &c.," and assures us that Livingstone's "great river," the Chambeze, throws itself into the Ogobe, which readers of the *Geographical Review* know that it does not. We have some trivial notices of Lieut. Camérons, of M. Paraphin Young, and of M. Güssfeld (Dr. Güssfeldt). In pp. 28-9 we are told that the navigators of Dieppe established their comptoirs on the Senegal in A.D. 1364. In the whole history of the coast there is no "fact" that has been more disputed: it relies solely upon French assertion, and, after filling many a volume, the controversy has finally been decided by Portuguese and English authors.

Chapter II. takes us from Sierra Leone to the Gaboon, and tells us all about *La Montagne Heidel* (in p. 53, Heider), so mis-called after Mr. Heddle of Hoy; "M. Hope Hennessy," "ancient Member of Parliament and fervent Catholic"; and "l'évêque Craner" — old Bishop Crowther. We are thankful, however, to the author for the remarks concerning that wretched abuse, Trial by Jury at Sierra Leone, where a majority of blacks always acquitted a black and *vice versa*. But we were not aware till now that its abolition is one of the glories of France, being the work of a M. Seignac; he elsewhere figures as a somewhat ferocious snob who fires into an unarmed craft. In p. 54 all the details concerning the murder of "our compatriot," the self-styled "slayer of lions," are utterly wrong. M. Jules Gérard was not drowned in the Senegal river, and his terrible fate was suppressed to save his relations pain. All the details about the "Kroumans" (Krú-men) are erroneous. These tribes were never held "precious to explorers," and their excessive cowardice is an affair of reason. "Heads don't grow," they say, "and lives don't return; I engage myself to work palm-oil, not to fight." And so they run away like the English Embassy at Paris during the siege, but they freely risk their lives in battle at home. "Les Kavali" (p. 59), we suppose, alludes to the people about "Cavalla" and "half-Cavalla," places so called after the Portuguese fashion of denoting a day's or a half-day's ride. We

have not yet learned that the English "have a fort and some soldiers" at Cape Palmas, where the Mulatto Monroviaans are fighting the black Grebos: war in Liberia serves at this moment to supply the dailies. Reaching the Gold Coast, we are told all about "Sir Charles Mac Arthen" (Macarthy), who in 1824 "burned his brains" to escape the Ashanti enemy that beheaded him at the battle of Dodowah, here re-baptized Doodah. We confess to have stopped in puzzlement for a moment before the "suicide déjà ancien de lady Mac Lelan" (p. 71). Firstly, it is not proved that Mrs. Maclean poisoned herself; and, secondly, the causes of difference between the unfortunate L. E. L. and her still more unfortunate husband are perfectly well known.

We halt at "Ouidah" (Whydah), we visit Fernando Po, and we sight the great mountain absurdly called Camarooms after the Camarones, or Shrimp river. But we hear of no missions to blood-stained Dahome; no ascents of Santa-Isabel Peak; no exploration of the Mongo ma Loba; nor is it hard to divine the cause. These things were done by Englishmen, by Germans, and by Spaniards: had they been the work of MM. Aymès, Génoyer, Serval, Bonnat, Canard, Griffon de Bellay, or Admiral Fleuriot de Langle, who "best knows the West Coast, and how to depict it," a few pages would doubtless have been added. And the good old fable of the Bull and the Frog is again illustrated by making a certain M. M., one of "the first French merchants in the town," as if Sierra Leone had a full-grown colony of mercantile Gauls. *En revanche*, our friends in the Bonny River will be no less surprised than pleased to hear that they can shoot elephants at "Rough Corner." But what could the late Mr. Charles Livingstone, who did not accompany his brother's first explorations, have meant by playing upon the stranger's credulity, and by causing him to write such stuff as the following:—"Thus the serpent python is djudju (Juju or fetish) in the river of Brass, and the English Government, by its treaty with the king of the country, . . . has engaged to make every white man who slays a boa pay a fine of 20 pounds sterling (500 francs)?" At Fernando Po we learn that the "Boubies" (Bube) wear *chapeaux de paille d'une petitesse ridicule*, and yet the fourth illustration shows hats as big as umbrellas.

At last, chapter III. begins work in the Gaboon, and this is carried on till chapter IX. Here, where the book should be most interesting, it is perhaps least so. The first excursion into the interior offers absolutely no novelty, physical or moral. The details concerning "les Pahouins Cannibales," the anthropophagous *Fans*, have all been printed years ago. "Our Colony of the Gaboon," whose capital is Libreville, is described with some pomp, although the straggling line of "white" houses and the fetid mass of black town, with swamp and bush coming up to the doors, are anything but pleasing to French vanity. The exploration, such as it is, begins with chapter VI., "le pays du Roi-soleil," a certain "N'combe" (Nkombe), who proved himself not to be the "laughing jackass" he simulated. All the discovery is concentrated in the next chapter, "On Lake Z'Onangué and the sacred isles."

In chapter VIII. "bad days begin," and end with consigning the travellers to the hospital. Finally, the book, true to the Spirit of the Age which has developed the Sacred Heart,—the Pope is said to have said of it, "If it does you no good it can do you no harm,"—ends with "les Missions Catholiques à la Côte Occidentale." Whilst the Protestant missionaries are characterized as pests, these "heroic soldiers of Christ," who have done nothing beyond the reach of the most ordinary traveller are lauded to the skies.

We had marked some passages for quotation, but the length of our notice forbids. The following may be new to English readers, although it is a very old story on the coast (pp. 122-3):—

"During the three hours which I took to reach London Factory, the Chorus chanted solo, 'Come quick, my love,' whilst the Chorus replied 'Come quick.' It is only fair to own that the ballad is sometimes more complicated: so listen to the song concerning the good works of the white man.

Chorus. How many things gives the white man?

Chorus. He gives tobacco.

Chorus. How many things gives the white man?

Chorus. He gives alugu (rum).

Chorus. How many, &c.

And the chorus salutes with loud detonations of voice the innumerable articles which compose the list. But as every medal has its reverse, so the Chorus has an antistrophe which immediately follows the strophe.

Chorus. Black man, how must he work for the white?

Chorus. He must cut redwood.

Chorus. Black man, &c.

Chorus. He must carry the heavy load, &c.

Amongst these songs I have found one whose gallantry is somewhat hyperbolic in a land possessing such very commercial opinions upon the subject of the sex.

Chorus. What risks are there for the young black girl?

Chorus. Ah! Yes! from the fine black youth!

Chorus. What risks are there for the young black girl?

Chorus. Ah! Yes! from the rich white man. and so forth."

The illustrations in this volume profess to be "drawn by L. Breton" after the photographs and sketches of the author, who was probably in this matter more like Dr. Livingstone than Dr. Schweinfürth. Of the map suffice it to say that we do not find in it even the names of the "five factories decorated with the pompous names of London, Paris, Brooklin (*sic*), Seaforth, and Berlin." French reviews tell us that this first volume has met with a *grand succès*,—we are certain that no London publisher would think of undertaking such a mass of matter combined with a minimum of spirit and originality.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

My Love She's but a Lassie. By the Author of 'Queenie.' 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Dorothea Waldegrave. By Countess Hahn-Hahn. 2 vols. (Bentley & Son.)

A Modern Parrhasius. By E. Owens Blackburne and A. A. Clemès. 2 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

The Squire's Legacy. By Mary Cecil Hay. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

His Little Cousin. By Emma Maria Pearson. (Samuel Tinsley.)

Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt Hill. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Sampson Low & Co.)

'MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE' is one of those provokingly commonplace novels, about

which it seems almost impossible to say three words, good or bad. There is really nothing in it to take hold of. We have read scores of novels with ugly heroes, red-haired heroines, treacherous stepmothers, watering-places, runaway horses, disasters at sea; and this is little more than a re-arrangement of the old elements. Nobody does anything particularly wicked—nobody, that is, who is really "in the story," for the two French Communards (or whatever the authoress means them to stand for) are to be looked on in the same light as the runaway horse elsewhere in the story, that is, as part of the machinery employed to bring about the necessary catastrophes. The only "villain" among the real characters is the stepmother, and she is, we should say, not so bad as the author would make her out to be. Beyond the facts that her father was a swindler, and that she herself speaks sneeringly, and has chilblains in August, we really do not see much harm in her. She gets murdered, and makes rather a good end. There is a certain Col. Cust, in whom we are much disappointed. He has a small head, and a powerful sinuous (*sic*) frame; moreover, he has been wild in former days, and is suspected of having a wife, so that we quite expected him to pair off with the heroine. But it appears that he was once in love with her half-sister; and when this lady re-appears as a widow, and he has discovered that his own wife (for the suspicion that he was married is correct) has been dead for some years, he is, of course, satisfactorily provided for. However, something must be done to keep the hero and heroine apart till the end of the third volume, and accordingly, the former, though in a hurry to return from India and claim his bride, has yet time to come home by way of Hong-Kong and San Francisco. The American vessel in which he takes his passage carries also a number of coolies, and also the two Communards before mentioned, and so there is an outbreak, in which the officers and most of the crew get killed. Walter Huntley escapes, though badly wounded, mainly through the good offices of a worthy Chinese merchant, and gets to San Francisco, where he dies. But, as might be expected, he duly comes to life again, and all ends well. On the whole, we call this book an improvement on 'Queenie.' The authoress still shows the merits which we pointed out in reviewing that story, and has got rid of several faults—especially the tendency which she then seemed to have towards the Broughtonian, or kiss-and-hug, school of fiction. On the contrary, there is very little kissing, and we doubt if the words "My darling" occur throughout the book. The conflict on board the vessel is told with spirit, and the authoress has, for a lady, a considerable knowledge of the parts of a ship. Can we have mistaken the writer's sex after all? Hardly, we think. No man could have written 'Queenie'; nor would any man begin every other chapter, as in the present book, with a description of the weather, until almost every phase of the English climate has been exhausted. No doubt in a country which takes so great an interest in simple meteorology, it is not surprising that this practice should be common in fiction; but we are getting a little tired of it. Could not authoresses indicate the weather at the head of every chapter by two or three letters, after the fashion of meteorological reports? We do not despair

of seeing a weather-chart, after the fashion of the *Times*, with "isobars" complete, introduced to suit the heroine's frame of mind, or the hero's fortunes. We commend the idea to lady novelists in general, and the author of 'Queenie' in particular.

Countess Hahn-Hahn has written, and Lady Herbert thought it worth while to translate, a weak little polemic against Protestantism. The story is somewhat confused, and wholly uninteresting; but socially we find ourselves in excellent company. The princes and princesses, who divide themselves into hostile camps, are not specially able combatants, either on the idealist or "empyrean" (*sic*) side of the question; but the moral inculcated is that there is no mean in religious matters, Athenian or Catholicism are the only alternatives to the logical mind. The *dramatis personæ* are all rather limp and unprincipled, and give relief in submitting their souls to the gods, under whose guidance they find devotion a sufficient antidote to ill-regulated passion. Of course, the axioms of the book are such as Protestants would deny. Equally, of course, we find the German Government attacked, and feel quite at home when we are treated to a little prurient stab at Queen Elizabeth. Of argument the book contains none, but we agree with the author, that such characters as she describes are probably best provided for by the "directors" of the Roman-Catholic Church.

The authors of 'A Modern Parrhasius' were undoubtedly right in putting an explanation of the title of their book on its first page. The average novel reader might fairly be at some loss to know what a modern Parrhasius could possibly be, and even if she did take the trouble to look in a classical dictionary, it is not likely that she would find the story upon which our present authors have pitched. It is, perhaps, a little hard upon the great painter, who held the place in his own art which Phidias held in sculpture, that he should be introduced to this sensitive age as a more than usually heartless practisef of wit-section. But we will not quarrel with a title which is inoffensive, and which, no doubt, will answer its purpose. Although their names tell us nothing, the authors are obviously women. We were at first in a little doubt as to whether they might not possibly be both men trying to practise a poor joke by imitating the style of the silliest of women writers. The frequent talk about women's dress was not enough to absolutely decide the point, because many men now-a-days take more interest in what women wear than in what they are; but when we came to the statement that "Mrs. Milner had just told me that Clara's dozen of 'Belgravia' night-dresses had cost fourteen pounds," we think we are right in saying that there could be no further room for doubt. As for the plot of the book, it is unlike most novels in this, that it is not a love story, and that it does not end with a marriage. The authors have chosen the other alternative, and have worked up to a couple of deaths and the inscription on a tombstone for the last page. When we found at the outset that the story was one in which animal magnetism was to furnish whatever interest it might have, it is difficult to say how grateful we felt to the authors for having contented themselves with two volumes. In such a