ardent Philhellene can hardly now say that the generous sympathies which Byron helped to stir up were well placed, or that the high promises which the cause had justified the hopes that centred round the cause of Capodistrias and Latinists; but, however unworthy of their name the Greeks may have been, their sufferings and their resistance served to show the faults of their masters.
The Crimean War, under that treaty, Wallachia and Moldavia were to be governed by hospodars, chosen by 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 reduced form. The old consulship of Servia 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 return for the large sums of money which had been expended in the Black Sea. A good many treaties and firman and batta-sherif and other pompous documents, which we need not enumerate, were required to confirm these provisions, and to give evidence that the confirmations hardly went further than the paper on which they were written; but long-standing feud between Russia and Turkey was ostensibly suppressed by the treaty of defensive alliance into which they entered in 1853, and by which they engaged "to come to an 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." Thereafter 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 the two great powers in the internal affairs of Servia, 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 to do 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 Mehmet 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 suppressing the demeise 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 of Egypt, which had been 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 Russian aggression in the phrase of which—"Her Majesty felt called upon, by regard for all the integrity and independence of whose empire have been regarded as essential to the peace of Europe, and by the wishes of her people, not to rest quietly right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the propagation of a Power which has recently been the failure of treaties and the defeat of the civilized world, to take up arms, in the name of France, for the defence of her territories, and 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 the increased importance of its navy and naval resources. The Danubian principalities were, in fact, withdrawn from the protection of Russia, and told to regard the victorious powers as their guardians; fresh arrangements were made for the control of the Greek government, and fresh promises were exacted from the Porte, and set forth in eloquent firman, for improvements in the administration of the domestic affairs of Turkey; but the most sanguine enthusiast can hardly assert that the Empire is more easily to be settled than it was twenty or thirty 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 6,000,000, guaranteed by England and France in 1835, gave great encouragement to the subsequent loans, that are now beginning to be repudiated. And gravier responsibilities have been incurred. The following are the main provisions of the treaty entered upon by France and England 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 breach of faith. 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. Hertford, 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.

The Senegal merle (Lanugo splendidus), with its gorgeous metallic tones.
THE ATHENEUM

2604, Oct. 23, 75

...the author is a month in Senegal, and made some comic coin; the "gracious little Soumangala"
(Serinus multipinnatus, a Sun-bird of Africa) is very beautiful, and the impudent vulture (Gyps bengalensis, Rüpp.), as they are called Charognard by the Senegal French, while its congener is known "微商" in China, "svarvnak" in the palm-oil lambe, to describe one's host at a sale, "la ...plus aimable et d'honnêteté que sobres." We certainly do speak of overlaps and even... "de bonne cuisine, which, half a century ago, invented "inémissibles"; yet we read "on peut bien le dire, puisque nous ne sommes pas Anglais, sans panache." The fact is... "le chonking," as an English institution, has taken permanent possession of the French bra... really "c'est chouant" is a location by no means unknown to it.

We will cease to review "Désirée de Compiègne," and accompany him on his journey, noting... our passant's pronounced Gallicanism and Alphono... Asia and of the Gaboon region in particular, its carelessness in noting facts, his disregard... Paraphine Young, and of M. Gisfeild (Dr. Gisfeild). In pp. 28-9 we are... Nova Scotia, and how to depict it...; a few pages would doubtless have been added. The rest... "Boubies" (Bube) wear capuzes de paille d'une nouvelle ridicule, and yet the fourth illustration shows... to "Rough Corner." But what could the late Mr. Charles Livingston, who did not accompany his brother's first explorations, have meant by... and... a "long feathery snipe which... "les Chasseurs" (with the fag end of the bull and the Frog... is again illustrated by making a certain... "Quidah" (Whidah), we visit Fernando Po, and we sight the large mountain abruddly called Camarones after the Camarones, or Shrimp... Newfoundances on the Senegal in A.D. 1354... 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... to our own assertions, his truly French... The author was assured by the people that... magpie-black snake, and the terrible horned viper (Echidna nasicornis), which is said to be such good eating. Of course, we find the long-haired black ape, here called "Satanus Colubus," and the Olungulung... the great tournoc, the blue-faced monkey (Cercopithecus mitis, west Africa); the "singine... as the "foursors" (M'far-M'sandly). Of the antelope... we find only the Nkabi and the Noheri. The author was assured by the people that... "M'booco" (melopsittacus prophetorum); and even damages ivory, a legend which, when first related, was received with abundant credulity.

...the forest, the gorilla, an animal which made... in London, where it appeared, some fifteen years ago, under the auspices of Paul du Chaillou, or, as M. de Compiègne writes him, "M. Duchaille." In these pages we read nothing new except that two guns failed... a single specimen during a travel... of eighteen months, the greater part of which, it must be owned, was passed in the embraces of Tertians, Quartians, and their fellow... The author excuses his failure by quoting... in previous travels... Major Lionel (Mr. Levison), he... to relate that Major, now Colonel, De Ravigues shot a gorilla within a week after landing. Nothing whatever is added to the details so exactly collected by Sir... forward in Savag-Africa, the first work of the late W. Winwood Reade, a man who had... the "Black Continent," historically and... at his finger's ends; who, despite... and a delicate frame, supported the... and 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... dismally, "a cosa de la caza," as the villagers say.

...its importance, as it is... is "Mesdames," and "Mesdames de la Province," with the name of the "Employé... a harder lot than... the fact is that the "Kroumans" (Kro-men) are erroneous. These tribes were never held... "precarious," and their excessive cowardice is an affair of passion... Hands don't grow; they seem to live... does not return;... Thus the serpent python... is "Jujus" (Jujus or fetich) in the river of Brass, and the English Government, for a long time, has engaged... has engaged... one of the first French merchants... as "Les Sandra," has a full-grown colony of mercantile Gallics. So... if you find a man in the Bonny River... but who could the late Mr. Charles Livingston, who did not accompany his brother's first explorations, have meant by... the strangling line of "white" houses and the fettish mass of town, with swamp and bush coming up to the doors, are anything but pleasing to French vanity. The explanation, such as it is, begins with chapter... "le pays du Roi-solvet," a certain "N'ombe" (N'ombe), who proved himself not to be the... "laughing jackass" he simulated. All the discovery is concentrated in the next chapter. "On Lake Z'Omangouf and the sacred isles."
In Chapter VIII, "bad days begin," and end with consigning the travelers to the hospital. Excerpt from "The Spirit of the Age which has developed the Sacred Heart," the Pope is said to have said of it, "It if does you no good it can do you no harm," with "les Missions Catholiques à la Côte Occidentale." The two instant missionaries are characterized as pests, these "heroic soldiers of Christ," who have done nothing beyond the reach of the most ordinary traveler 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 (p. 123-3):

"During the three hours which I took to reach London, I was followed by the Chorus, and I saw that the effect was by no means complicated; so I turned the song concerning the good works of the whiteman.

Choruses. How many things does the white man know?
Chorus. He knows tobacco.
Chorus. He knows how many things does the white man know?
Chorus. He knows a faun (run).
Chorus. How many, &c.

And the choruses with loud declamations of voices the innumerable articles which compose the list. But as every medal has its reverse, so the Chorus has an antiphloete which immediately follows the chorus.

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 hyperbolical in a land possessing such very commercial opinions upon the subject of the sex.

Chorus. What fights are there for the young black girl?
Chorus. Ah! Yes! from the fine black youth!
Chorus. What fights are there for the young black girl?
Chorus. Ah! Yes! from the rich white man.
Chorus. 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. Schweinfieldt. Of the maps 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), Seatof, and Berlin." French reviews tell us that this first volume has met with a grand success, - 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 Waldgrave. By Countess Hahn-Hahn. 2 vols. (Bentley & Son.)

A Modern Parrhasius. By E. Owens Black-burns and A. A. Clambe. 3 vols. (Tinsley & Co.)

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

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

Night Cries, or, the Auct 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 without scandalizing. There is really nothing in it to take hold of. We have read scores of novels with ugly heroes, re-haired heroines, treacherous stepmothers, watering-places, runaway horses, disasters at sea; and this is little more than a rearrangement of the old elements. Nobody is particularly wicked, - nobody is particularly good, - nobody is, who is, really "in the story," for the two French Communards (or whatever the author means them to stand for) are to be looked on in the same light as the runaway horses, - 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 have made 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 coinages, 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 cannot call this "Queenie." The author still allows 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-kid, 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 author has, for a lady, considerable knowledge of things. We think 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 phrase 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 authors indicate the weather as the heroine does, every chapter by two or three letters, after the fashion of meteorological reports? We do not despair of seeing a weather-chart, after the balloon, and drunicus, and trombonius, and duce, to suit the heroine's frame of the hero's fortunes. We commend the author to lady novelists in general, and the author of "Queenie" in particular.

Countess Hahn-Hahn has written, and Howard B. Wright has translated, a weak little polemic against Protestantism. The story is somewhat confused, and utterly uninteresting; but socially we find it excellent company. The princess and cronies, who drive them, are not specially able combats against the idealist or "empyrean" (sic) side of the question; but the moral inculcated is, that there is no mean in religious matters. Atheism or Catholicism are the only alternatives to the logical mind. The dramatic portions are all rather limp and unprincipled, and relief in submitting their souls to the god under whose guidance they find a sufficient antidote to ill-regulated passions. In our opinion, the axioms of the book are such that Protestants would deny. Equally, we think the axiom, that we find the German Government attacks, - and feel quite at home, when we are treated to little precious stabs at Queen Elizabeth. The argument of the book contains none, but we agree with the author, that such criticisms, as she describes are probably best provided by the "directors" of the Roman Catholic Church.

The authors of "A Modern Parrhasius." were undoubtedly right in putting an attraction of the title of their book on its first page. The average novel reader might fairly run some loss to know what a modern Parrhasius could possibly be, and even if she did not trouble to look in a classical dictionary it is not likely that she would find the title any more interesting than upon which our present authors have pinned it. It is, perhaps, a little hard upon the painter, who held the place in his own mind which Phidias held in sculpture, that we should be introduced to this sensitive art in a more than usually heartless practical section. But we will not quarrel with a title which is inoffensive, and which, no doubt, answers its purpose. Although its lines are un Romancer, the author may well be pleased. We are not firm in a little doubt as to whether they might not possibly be in the men trying to practice a poor joke byimitating the style of the alliterates of women writers. The frequent talk about women's dress, not enough to absolutely decide the year, because many men now-a-days take as much interest in what women wear than in what they are but when we came to the statement that "Mrs. Milner had just told us that a Mrs. of Belgrade's night-dresses 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 a love story, and that it does not end with the marriage. The authors have chosen the only alternative, and have worked up to a series of deaths and the inscription on a tombstone for the last page. When we read the outset that the story was one in which framework was to furnish whatever tale the author chose to tell we felt to the authors for having contented themselves with two volumes.