

a collection of Old Masters for King Stanislaus of Poland, whose royal coffers, try as he might, were never full enough to buy the pictures. So they were offered to Paul of Russia who refused, and no Englishmen cared enough for them, and we had no national gallery, then. Therefore Desenfans kept his treasures, and after his death they were hung in Sir John Soane's ugly domed rooms, built for the purpose, in the gardens of the school-house, at Dulwich, and there by their side, within touch of his wonderful Cuyps and Doros, Watteaus, Vonvermens, Gainsboroughs, Murillos, is buried the great collector himself, and his wife, and his friend, Sir Francis Bourgeois.

Then the public, the untrained, stupid, idle public, were told the Gallery should be open to them if they knocked. And we went, but not many of us, and certainly not often, for Dulwich is ten miles at least from any habitable part of town, and leads nowhere. At first one could only see the pictures on a Tuesday, but now this regulation is altered, and if you care for it you can go any day you like. At first the visitors were few and far between, and their indiscriminating admiration was equally divided between the scattered quaint bits of Empire furniture from the Manglebone house where the Desenfans and Bourgeois lived so many years together. But now we are better educated and more of us visit the pictures, and oftener, and we can better appreciate, I think, what it is we are looking at.

It was on a Tuesday that the Desenfans allowed visitors to the London house, so that free day was ordered in the will; and the porter of the Gallery was to wear the family livery of yellow and white with huge basket buttons; both these regulations are altered now. The family crested silver was bequeathed to furnish forth the tables at a yearly luncheon, which still takes place in memory of the founders, and is given to the Royal Academicians, and on that festal day (so, I give you my word, I have been told), the rooms being narrow, and more space required, the iron door of the Mausoleum, which communicates with the Gallery, is unlocked and on the top of the three friends the extra dishes and plates are piled!

Once, long ago, I had spent an hour or two in these still, still saloons (it is impossible to exaggerate their Quaker air of peace) and was staying in front of a famous Gainsborough, caught by the Linleys' charming dark-eyes, when there appeared close to my side an odd little figure, whose portrait if I could sketch I should give you here. Do you remember Miss Thimbleby with whom Mr. Laurence Oliphant drank tea, English fashion, in her parlour of the dingy Italian palace? Well, here was Miss Thimbleby in the flesh, it seemed to me, so old, so white and small, of a personality as unconventional and queer as ever was that of the poor lady stranded far from the grey, green country, where she was born, forgetful even, you will recollect, of what century she was in. The contrast between the brilliant girls on the canvas, Gainsborough's sitters, full of vigour and youth and beauty, sisters, in their flowing white gala gowns, the wind ruffling their pretty hair, with the lonely little flesh and blood spectre looking up at them, was pitiable to see. I sat on one of the antique sofas Sir John Soane was fond of designing in the early part of the century, and artistic people like the Desenfans were fond of buying, and watched as she examined the pictures one by one with real interest and pleasure, the Dutch flowerpieces, and country scenes appealing more to her, I thought, than any other school. Her narrow cotton skirt was half a yard too short; her cloak must have been designed nearly half a century ago; her cottage bonnet, crossed with ribbon, shrouded a bloodless delicate face as white and shrunk as her poor clothes. Yet there was that unmistakable mark of a gentlewoman (*a real lady*, as the servants say) instinctively felt by us, the two or three Cockney strangers in that country gallery, a mark stamped on every action, every glance, every line and fold of that well-cared-for dress. She faded out as quietly and quickly as she came, and I passed her in the dusty lane, picking her slow careful way, lifting her skirts from the road, glancing neither to the right nor left. They told me her name. They said she was quite mad, but harmless. That she never speaks. That she lives alone with one old servant and spends most of her days among these wonderful canvases.

Mr. George Moore, unlike my little mad friend, has only last week paid his first visit to Dulwich Gallery. He would not have gone then, I think, though he so much loves Art, had not every one (except the editors of that delightfully ridiculous *Whirlwind*) left town, and there was nothing else to do. So he took his courage in both hands, and, leaving civilization behind him, drove from Park Lane over Westminster Bridge, through the Borough ("in the Borough—I believe I have heard it called the Borough—everyone lives over his shop," he says), explored the fastnesses of Camberwell, and reached Dulwich at last, where the natives gave him hard beef and cheese, in exchange, I suppose, for beads and brass rods, and then sent him to the Gallery. Something happens to Mr. Moore when he gets among pictures and forgets Bohemia and himself. He is altered, and becomes a pleasant companion with only just so much of his absurdities left that a moderately strong person can digest. He has genuine artistic feeling; he explains clearly what he means and he is talking of what he loves, and does his best to understand. Therefore the paper in Mr. Moore's particular organ this week on the Dulwich pictures deserves a word of recognition, for indeed our young gentlemen who write on art for the most part neither understand, or take the trouble to try to understand, that which they so glibly criticise.

I have wandered far afield from Mr. Collins' old brown volume, published the Trafalgar year, still occasionally read for the memoir on George Morland, and to be bought by you, I advise, if ever you come across a copy. In it you will read, writ large, of the painter's life a century ago, of the hard struggle of the English school to succeed against the machinations of Mr. Collins' enemies, the Rascally Dealers; and though it can't be that Wilkie Collins inherited his story-telling talent from his grandfather, whose literary method must have made the author of the *Moonstone* smile, yet you will find much to entertain, and perhaps, a little to instruct you in this waif from the fourpenny box.

WALTER POWELL.

### JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

OBIT. MDCCCXC.

THE shadows of the night are gathering fast;  
And the lone pilgrim for these ninety years  
O'er toilsome path, with courage, oft with fears,  
The end of his long wanderings sees at last.  
The rocky places, and the storm and blast,  
The faintness and the anguish and the tears,  
And prayers oft breathed into immortal ears,  
Belong to the irrevocable Past.  
But ever o'er his pathway shone afar  
In cloud and storm, and doubt and bitter pain,  
A beacon light before him—like the star  
That led the seeking shepherds o'er the plain—  
Till life's long day and dark and dreary night,  
Like shadows, vanished in morn's endless light.

M. E. HENDERSON.

### ENGLAND AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES, PAST AND FUTURE.—II.

ENGLAND was prepared for a war with Russia by numerous French and Russian writers who disseminated in England the coarse scandals and descriptions which they can always produce at a moment's notice against any rulers in temporary disfavour with the populace. The chief Russian scandal-mongers were a count and a prince of ancient family, now dead, who had been very deservedly exiled from Russia; for in England no one would have spoken to them who was acquainted with their coarseness and their antecedents, but while John Bull professes to despise foreigners, he is always too ready to take them at their own measure, and to believe all they say. The Emperor Nicolas has now been weighed and measured in the tribunal of time and is declared, as his own brother-in-law and page then said of him, to have been a most respectable man in private life. But in 1854 he had been suffering for some years from hereditary disease of the brain, which, his physicians had asserted to more than one outsider, must prove fatal in two years at the most. His successor was believed to be of a mild, peaceful character, resolved to devote his reign to domestic reforms, and who would give no ground for war. Added to this a contract had already been made with an English firm for a railway between Moscow and the Crimea, so if Russia were to be driven out of her southern provinces to push Austria into them, it must be done at once, while she had still a thousand miles of uncultivated district through which to march her troops. Hence the resistance which the Emperor Nicolas made to Napoleon's demand, that the keys of the Holy Sepulchre should be delivered to the Latins (who had not even subscribed to build the modern church in 1808), and that Jerusalem, like Rome, should be garrisoned by French troops, was followed up by counter demands on the part of England and France, to which a sovereign, said Count Nesselrode to Count Beust in a private conversation, could only be expected to submit after a long war. One of these demands was that Russia should give up all her separate treaties with Turkey, among which was the navigation of the Black Sea by foreign merchant vessels; and a right conceded to the Greeks to have a place of worship of their own, and not only the Russian Embassy chapel, in Constantinople. Russia, as was expected, refused this demand and Turkey declared war supported by England and France in 1853, and was followed by England and France in March, 1854.

Our press had so persistently underrated the Russian resources, and overrated the French, that we began the campaign, which was truly one for an idea, most inadequately prepared. The result was that we lost the enormous prestige we had enjoyed ever since the Waterloo campaign, and that the Russians discovered that their only way of counterbalancing the disadvantages of their inland position and our superior navy was to approach India, in case of another war—in their eyes as unprovoked—with Great Britain. All our difficulties as regards India, at present or to come, are mainly the outcome of the Crimean War; and where on that occasion were our allies? The French were as pleased at our disasters as the Russians themselves. Austria looked out for herself. "How are the mighty fallen," was the tone which pervaded the continent. Schamyl, our intended Circassian ally, made a truce with Russia, and neither Finns nor Poles stirred a finger. So it would be again, and Russia would have the passive if not active assistance of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece.

The military professor (Colonel Maurice) who strove to confute the views of Sir Charles Dilke must regard the independence of Roumania, and Servia, and the virtual

independence of Bulgaria, as calamities, and would prefer to see them still subject to Turkey with the Circassian colonies which have even contrived to alienate the Bedouins on the east side of the Jordan, still planted in the midst of Bulgaria. Such would have been the result of our opposing Russia in the war of 1877 more actively, as he thinks we ought to have done. The Crimean War riveted the chains of the people south of the Danube for another generation and a Turkish garrison was restored to Belgrade. Our ostensible participation as allies of Turkey against Russia in 1877 would have done the same. No one can doubt it who recollects the struggle over the delimitation of the newly emancipated provinces at Berlin, and how Austria, Italy, and sometimes France, joined with us in opposing every mile of ground conceded to Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro; and how it was hailed, as a gain on our side, when Russia could be induced to restore a village from those provinces to Turkey. Lord Salisbury wished to leave Varna and Vranja to Turkey and to allow Turkey to garrison the Balkans. As all the diplomatic correspondence shows, Austria was the bitter enemy of the new states, and yet this military writer expects them to forgive their injuries, and forget their benefits, and join Austria against Russia. Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck even wished to saddle Roumania with a portion of the Turkish debt. When Russia had given Roumania her independence, by the Treaty of San Stefano, it was essential to Austria's interests that she should be alienated from Russia. Therefore her ministers were invited to demand the portion of Bessarabia which had been ceded to Turkey by Russia in 1856 instead of the Dobrudscha which Russia had promised to give to her as an equivalent, and which was worth the more of the two.

Now every one who knew anything at all about Russia was perfectly aware that she would reclaim that territory still filled with her own subjects on the first opportunity. While it remained in other hands it was a proof of her humiliation, for she had never ceded territory to a victorious enemy since before the days of Peter the Great. In 1856 Sir Hamilton Seymour, who had been ambassador in Russia, warned our plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Paris, that a peace founded on such a clause would be nothing but a truce. The Emperor Napoleon would willingly have omitted it, and all foreign statesmen pronounced it to be a mistake, as its loss did not really weaken Russia. It simply made the Emperor, who had submitted to it, a contemptible person in the eyes of his subjects; and even, in those early days of his reign, Alexander II. was called upon to abdicate by some of the Russian pamphleteers, whose works were published in Leipzig and Paris. At his coronation, the old Metropolitan of Moscow showed the feeling of the nation by inserting among the portions of Scripture read during the ceremony, "A voice was heard of weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping, for her children, etc.," with the following verse, which, as it spoke of her children being redeemed out of the hand of the enemy, might be taken as rather significant.

This portion of Bessarabia had been wrested from Turkey by Alexander I. in 1812; and a young Roumanian maid of honour to the Empress, his wife, afterwards married to Count Edling and great aunt to Queen Natalie, established there a kind of refuge for fugitive Bulgarians, who by English diplomatists were then always called Greeks. The Pruth is a far more convenient boundary than the artificial one created by the Treaty of 1856, and as we went to war with Afghanistan to obtain "a scientific frontier," to quote Lord Beaconsfield, no sane person really imagined that Russia would put up with such an unscientific one a moment longer than she could help.

The public pay a great deal for the education of our young military, so we have a right to expect that they should be instructed in real history and geography and not romance. One book by a popular writer, much used in schools, infers that Russia first declared war against England and France in 1854. She did not even first declare war against Turkey; and the Prince Consort in a letter to the King of Prussia, written for Her Majesty, distinctly complains that she seeks advantages without going to war. Such an idea involves a confidence in her own strength and resources, and an aggressive disposition as regards Western Europe which she has certainly never yet shown. A young officer assured us that Cracow is part of Russia. Another declared that Russians were Asiatics of the same type as Syrians and Hindus. The military professor himself has apparently read no more of Napoleon's campaign in Russia than the bulletins intended exclusively for Parisian reading, else he would have remembered that one French army corps had eaten all its horses—and this, a thousand miles away from home before the first frost appeared, and that, on their march to Moscow, the army was disordered by "the more than Egyptian heat." In speaking of Russia as this "roadless country," he forgets that Napoleon was astonished at the good roads he found in Russia; and that before the end of the reign of Alexander I. the mud of Poland had been traversed by four good high roads, and Warsaw paved, and that the Pinsk marshes are now drained. Not so those of Galicia. He has clearly never even studied the great Duke of Wellington's essay on Napoleon's campaign in Russia.

But this is not surprising when we read the extraordinary error in his allusion to the war only thirteen years ago. He assumes that the Russians brought their soldiers and stores by sea through Varna. In analyzing the campaign of 1877, he therefore ignores the passage of the Danube which Count Moltke computed would cost them