

Andrews, no doubt some of our readers will be more than satisfied. Mr. Gardiner's brief paper on "The Political Element in Massinger" is exceedingly interesting. Some of the quotations illustrate, in a remarkable way, the absorbing question in the reign of James I. His desertion of the Elector Palatine was of a piece with all that the "British Solomon" did. The elder Disraeli tried to rescue his name and reputation from contempt; but he was essentially a mean man, grasping at pelf wherever he could get it, regardless of the dignity of the peerage or baronetage, and what was of more importance, the honour of England; perhaps, indeed, he was degraded by still baser vices. Lord Blachford (better known to us as Sir Frederick Rogers) contributes a very clever paper on "The Reality of Duty." It is a powerful criticism of the utilitarian theory of morals, as illustrated by the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Perhaps some of the reasoning and some of the illustrations are strained; still, the force of the paper cannot be denied. He is specially severe with the *petitio principii* lurking in the sensational system. Take as an example his setting of its metaphysical position: "Why are we to believe any abstract or general truth whatever? Because of experience. Why are we to believe experience? Because the course of nature is uniform. Why are we to believe that the course of nature is uniform? Because of experience. Why are we to believe experience? Because the course of nature is uniform. And so on, *ad infinitum*."

The *Fortnightly Review* contains more than one article of deep interest. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's paper on "The Territorial Expansion of Russia" is as instructive as it is interesting, especially at the present time. The prevailing idea in England seems to be that Russia is bent, of settled purpose, upon a career of territorial aggrandizement—southward to Stamboul, south-easterly to the confines of our Eastern empire. Mr. Wallace interprets in this way the common notion—"legend," he calls it—"about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian, which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey—so runs the legend—she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her western frontier." Against this notion, or legend as we may choose to call it, Mr. Wallace sets his face. In his view—and he appears to bring no small store of information to sustain him—Russia has extended her boundaries because she has been compelled to do so. The paper is especially valuable in two respects: first, in its description of the process of amalgamation on the North, resulting in a sort of Abyssinian or Coptic Christianity, with the difficulties which have beset colonization and consolidation on the steppes of the South; and secondly, in its graphic account of the dif-

ficulties in the way of stopping in the career of conquest. When you have robbers next door, you must prevent them from continuing their depredations, and erect an effectual barrier against the future recurrence of them. In Mr. Wallace's opinion, no such barrier can be of any avail until England and Russia meet. No sooner is one errant tribe conquered, than another meets the Muscovite on a new frontier, and the writer appears to think that as the Powers are destined to meet, there is no reason why they should not meet amicably and arrange the boundaries of empire to the satisfaction of both. So far as Turkey is concerned, Mr. Wallace imagines there can be no possible breach of European peace; he agrees with Mr. Arthur Arnold and Mr. Grant Duff in believing that, apart from her sympathy with the Slav populations, Russia has no ambitious designs in that quarter.

It is always pleasing to read a paper by Mr. John Morley, even when we cannot agree with his views. His style is so limpid and attractive that we cannot help admiring it. The first instalment of an essay on Robespierre is written in the best form, but whether it be from our own obtuseness or the writer's prejudices, we cannot follow it in spirit. The biography is skilfully put together, with the usual anecdote about the hero's horror of bloodshed, of course, included. But he is a very poor hero when all is said, as Mr. Morley candidly admits—a man with no "political intuition," no "social conception, and had nothing which can be described as a policy." The anecdote regarding the visit to Rousseau marks the character of both master and disciple, although it is not told of them:—"Robespierre may well have shared the discouragement of the enthusiastic father who informed Rousseau that he was about to bring up his son on the principles of Emilius (*L'Emile*). 'Then so much the worse for you and your son.'" The sketch of Robespierre's life is interesting, because it is human, and not monstrous, in delineation. Strange it seems, however, that Mr. Morley should be so far blinded by his prejudices, agnostic or radical, as to censure Barnave and the Rolands, and on the whole approve the Jacobins. His character of Marie Antoinette is drawn in the vein of the Extreme Left. Above all, Mr. Morley distinctly advocates centralization, a novel Radical doctrine which the revolutionists of all ages have found convenient when it served their purpose.

We should like to have touched upon the remaining articles in the *Fortnightly*, but have already transcended our limits. Mr. Louis Jennings' article on American affairs is especially good, and Mr. Sully's light on the dark "Philosophy of the Unconscious," if not so clear as it might be, owes its obscurity to Hartmann, the high-priest of darkness, and not to the writer.