

July 25, 1868.]

THE LONDON REVIEW.

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suiwant les commentateurs. Servius et Quintilien donnent *addunt in spatia*; le *Romanus*: *addunt spatia*; le *Mediceus*: *addunt spatia*, comme première leçon; une très-ancienne correction à l'encre rouge rétablit *addunt in spatia*; plusieurs manuscrits de seconde ordre: *addunt in spatia*; d'autres: *addunt se in spatia*. Les manuscrits de Silius Italicus qui a imité ce passage xvi. 374: *in spatia addebant*. Enfin Wagner conjecture *addunt se spatia*. L'imitation de Silius permet d'abord de rétablir d'une manière certaine la préposition entre le verbe et le substantif. Les témoignages les plus importants, le *Romanus*, le *Mediceus*, Servius, sont en faveur de la forme *spatia*. Ainsi donc, loin de corriger sur ce point Virgile par Silius, c'est Silius qu'il faut émender à l'aide de Virgile. Reste à expliquer *in spatia*. Il faut se rappeler que les chars qui couraient dans le cirque devenaient au certain nombre de fois parcourir l'étendue de l'hippodrome, en doublant les bornes (*metae*) placées à chaque extrémité, et revenir au point de départ, pour être vainqueurs. C'est ainsi que sur nos champs de course on oblige souvent les chevaux à parcourir un certain nombre de fois l'étendue de la piste pour obtenir le prix. Chez les anciens, ordinairement l'hippodrome devait être parcouru sept fois, et chacun des tours accomplis en doublant les deux bornes, s'appelait *spatium*. On conçoit bien que plus on approchait du terme, plus les chevaux s'animaient et dans les derniers tours, quelques-uns finissaient par s'emporter; le cocher penché en arrière n'en était plus le maître; l'attelage (*currus*) n'obéissait plus au frein. C'est là ce qu'a voulu dire Virgile." Then follows a list of authorities establishing this meaning of *spatia*; illustrations of *addere* or *addere se*, in the sense of "quicken pace"; a similar usage of the preposition *in*, and finally a quotation from Servius on the sense of the whole passage. Where we least agree with M. Benoist is in his interpretations of grammatical difficulties, and sometimes with his omission of any reference to them. But in an author so overrun with commentaries as Virgil is, there is always to be found a supporter of any way of taking a sentence. And doctors will disagree on them till the end of time. For example, we should have protested against taking *vento* as a dative case in *Geor. iv. 484*:—"Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis." But we find M. Benoist has Ladewig on his side for so construing it in government with *constitit*, though in a parallel passage, "*quum placidum ventis staret mare*," he takes it rightly enough as the ablative. But, as a whole, this commentary is very meritorious, and ought to be a most satisfactory work to M. Benoist and his enterprising publishers.

THE MOONSTONE.*

ALTHOUGH the style of the book before us alone is undoubtedly such as would secure for it a prominent place among modern works of fiction, its merits, in this respect, are likely to be lost sight of in the very remarkable plot, to the construction of which Mr. Wilkie Collins has brought endless ingenuity and labour. Most of those who read "The Moonstone" are likely to regard it less as a work of literature than as an elaborate puzzle, at the explanation of which they will endeavour to arrive with all possible haste. The arrangement of the materials of which the author has availed himself is admirable; but we doubt whether, as the reader follows the course of the plot, he will not become painfully sensible of the unsatisfactory foundation upon which the whole superstructure is based. At the commencement of the novel we find ourselves in a mystery, and we can scarcely be said to emerge from it even at that portion of the third volume where marriage and happiness is brought home to everybody. The story of "The Moonstone" is, in some particulars, founded upon the traditions which are said to be associated with two of the Royal diamonds of Europe—one of the stones in the Russian imperial sceptre and the Koh-i-noor—and this tradition underlies the whole of the novel. Indian stories described the Moonstone as having been set in the forehead of an Indian four-handed god who, on the temple where it stood at Somnauth being destroyed in the eleventh century, was removed by three Brahmins to Benares. Here Vishnu appeared to the three Brahmins in a dream, commanded that the diamond should be watched by three priests in turn night and day for ever, and predicted disaster to any one who laid hold of the gem, and to all of his house and name who removed it. The descendants of the three Brahmins continue the watch until, on the destruction of the shrine by Arungzebe in the eighteenth century, it passes into the hands of an officer of

rank, and ultimately into the possession of Tippoo, who placed it as an ornament in the handle of his dagger, the gem being all the time watched by three Brahmin priests in disguise. At the taking of Seringapatam, John Hernecastle, an English officer, is met by one of his relations at the treasury of the palace, and under rather suspicious circumstances. Two Indians are found lying across the entrance dead, and a third is sinking down from the stab which he had just received from a dagger having a stone in its handle, which Hernecastle grasps dripping with blood. The dying man cries, "The Moonstone will have its vengeance yet on you and yours." John Hernecastle in time acquires rank in the army, and returns to England to be shunned by his relations, and known as the wicked colonel. He is continually in danger of his life at the hands of three Indians, who are continually dogging his footsteps, but by depositing the Moonstone in a bank, and leaving directions with a solicitor that in the event of anything happening to him the diamond is to be sent to Amsterdam and there broken up, a course that would utterly defeat the plans of the Brahmin, he manages to continue his worthless existence until he dies of extreme old age. Before his death the Colonel suffers a rebuff at the house of his sister, Lady Verinder, for which he exacts a remarkable vengeance. He leaves to his niece Rachel Verinder, Lady Verinder's only daughter, the diamond, and it is taken out of the bank in London, where it was deposited for safe custody, that it may be presented to Rachel on her birthday by her cousin Franklin Blake. Franklin arrives at the house in the absence of his aunt and cousin, and hearing that three Indian jugglers have been seen about the place, he starts for the neighbouring town a few miles off, and deposits the Moonstone with a banker there. By the time the birthday arrives Rachel has refused another cousin, Godfrey Ablewhite, a gentleman who devotes himself to philanthropy and to taking the chair at ladies' meetings, in favour of Franklin, to whom she becomes engaged. Among the other amusements in which the lovers indulge is a singular taste for door painting by a new process which Franklin has brought from abroad with him. The diamond is handed over to Rachel, and at the birthday dinner-party there happens to be present a distinguished Eastern traveller to whom the story of the Moonstone is not unknown, and who discovers in the three Indian jugglers, who again appear upon the scene, Brahmins of high caste, and the descendants of the three custodians of the diamond. Rachel wears the Moonstone, and evincing that obstinacy which is a main feature in her character, she will allow no one to take charge of it, places it at night in a cabinet in her sitting-room, and in the morning finds it stolen. There is no trace to be found of the thief. The Indians are thrown into prison as vagrants, but nothing is found upon them. Sergeant Cuff, an eminent detective, is brought down from London, but Rachel refuses to give him any information, and is strange to say she completely outs her old lover, and will hold no communication with him. Sergeant Cuff's suspicions point to Rachel herself. He thinks that she has used the diamond for the purpose of raising money to pay her debts, and that she has been aided by Rosanna Spearman, one of the servants, a deformed girl who had been brought up as a thief, and whom Lady Verinder had received from a reformatory. Many circumstances point to Rosanna as the guilty person. The newly-painted door leading to Rachel's sitting-room has been smeared, and the smear must have been made by the thief. The night clothing of all the servants is found correct, but Rosanna is known to have purchased some cloth at the village, and to have been engaged in her own room making something. In addition, the detective discovers that she has bought a tin box and chain, and sinks them in the "shivering sands" on the coast, and not far from the house. This box the sergeant is assured contains the nightgown of the guilty person. Rosanna Spearman, however, commits suicide, and the detective is at length dismissed by Lady Verinder, leaving the mystery unexplained. In time, however, all is cleared up; a communicative assistant to a country doctor had, whilst his master was delirious, taken down his ravings and got at the fact that one of the gentlemen at the birthday dinner-party—we will not disclose the author's secret by saying who—was drugged with opium. The assistant is of opinion, and finds his view fortified by a passage from Carpenter's Physiology, that the diamond was stolen under the influence of the drug, and that it is not impossible that another dose may result in the sleeper repeating all that he did on the previous occasion. The experiment is tried in the presence of witnesses, and a sham diamond is taken in the same way that the real one had been; but beyond affording some proof, not very strong, that the suspected individual was not a thief, the means adopted are resultless, as the sleeper drops the piece of glass upon the floor and sinks off to sleep.

* The Moonstone: a Romance. By Wilkie Collins, Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armada," &c. Three vols. London: Tinsley

Rachel's solicitor and friend, Mr. Bruff, however, has good reason for suspecting that the diamond has been pawned with a money-lender of questionable character, Mr. Luker, of Lambeth, and lodged by that gentleman with his bankers. If Mr. Bruff's object was to recover for his client a gem worth £30,000, and if he was a sensible man, it is probable that he would have availed himself of the control which he afterwards shows he possessed over Mr. Luker or of the assistance of the police, and by means of a search-warrant got hold of the Moonstone. Mr. Bruff, however, did not act as most sensible mortals and any attorney would have done, but he conducts himself as if the great object of his existence had been, as it no doubt was, to protract the interest of the story. He seems to have confused himself between the law appertaining to pawnbrokers and those principles of equity jurisprudence relating to the payment of mortgage moneys, and, under the impression that the Moonstone could not be redeemed until a year has elapsed from its deposit, he arranges that at the end of a year a watch shall be placed at the bankers to find out who redeems the diamond, and ultimately does discover the thief.

Although we may leave ourselves open to the charge which those who are wise after the fact are always met with, we doubt whether any number of people would proceed as Mr. Wilkie Collins makes his characters act. Serg. Cuff plays the detective of romance admirably; but it is questionable whether his brethren of Scotland-yard do not generally set about their duty with more dash, and infinitely less science, than he displays. "The Moonstone" is made up, like Mr. Wilkie Collins's other novels, of distinct narratives by the more prominent characters. That of Betteredge, Lady Verinder's old servant, is the most important of the contributions, and it is on the whole very pleasing. We could have wished, however, that the old steward had less to say about Robinson Crusoe. Miss Clack's narrative is intended to convey the idea of a meddlesome fanatic, but it is merely a broad burlesque of the character.

AN IRISH REFORMER.*

IRELAND is the standing reproach and the standing danger of England. She is also the standing trouble and vexation of English newspaper writers: not so much on account of the problems really presented for discussion in the condition of the sister island (for these have a serious interest which perpetually enforces attention) as by reason of the wild writing and ill-considered schemes to which the Irish question so frequently gives birth. Here is a little book which comes to us from Dundalk, and which professes to point out the way to a renovated Ireland, and to the removal of all the old sources of discontent. Our reliance on Mr. O'Neill's ability to handle the grave affairs he undertakes to elucidate would have been the greater if he had consented to adopt a more modest style. As it is, his book, as far as its literary execution is concerned, is one of the most wretched specimens of clap-trap we have ever seen. The writing is a series of melodramatic starts and exclamations. The very printer is called in to aid the effect by a liberal introduction of small capitals, large capitals, and fancy letters; and Mr. O'Neill appears to consider that he is helping to clear up the difficulties of the landlord and tenant question by reproducing some of the most hackneyed quotations from Irish poets—such as "The emerald gem of the western world," "First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea" (twice over), "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," &c. The original flights of rhetoric are quite of a piece with these quotations. Mr. O'Neill is grandiose, or nothing. He is for ever beating the air with ungainly arms, and seeking to win a march on us by an appeal to sentiment, after the manner of a fifth-rate debating-club orator. His style is emphatically the "first flower of the earth" style, with a dash of O'Connell vituperation, as when he spoke of "the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs." Indeed, "bloody" and "brutal" are favourite epithets with Mr. O'Neill, and his mind seems at the mercy of any gust of passion or hysterical gasp of emotion by which it may be visited. In his pages, Erin is for ever singing disconsolate songs to the harp, with dishevelled hair about her shoulders, and we hear of Brian Boru as a help to the removal of existing troubles. We regret that we should be forced to write in this strain of any work honestly attempting to discover the causes of Irish misery, and to suggest a remedy; but Mr. O'Neill's absurdities provoke retort. We are of those who frankly admit that Ireland has many just grounds of bitter complaint against England; that our government of the western island was for many ages a stand-

ing outrage on justice and humanity; and that even now we have a good deal to amend that has been left us as the dark and miserable legacy of more selfish times. The inconsiderate way in which some writers in the English press speak of the sufferings and the aspirations of Ireland is as offensive to us as it can be to Mr. O'Neill; but as little can we approve of the balderdash and violence on the other side, which we find so abundantly in the pages before us. Is it worth while at the present day to go back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, merely for the sake of flinging a few choice epithets, such as "bloody," "brutal," and the like, at Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, and William of Orange, and repeating questionable stories about Irishmen having been transported as "slaves" to the West Indies, and Irishwomen having been sent out to the same islands to gratify the passions of English planters? Or is any good likely to ensue from writing such as this?—

"Since the victory of William of Orange, at the end of the seventeenth century, England has ruled supreme in Ireland. For one hundred and seventy-eight years England has had Ireland at her feet. England placed landlords over us; it sent its own English and Scotch land-tillers into our country; it made the land-laws for this island. During that very long period England has been complete master in this country. The lion growling over its writhing victim is not more triumphantly dominant. England has had full power over Ireland."

We are the more inclined to protest against all this fire and fury because Mr. O'Neill's book contains several facts quite strong enough in themselves not to need such tawdry brocade to set them off. To any fair statement of existing grievances, having an actual bearing on the condition of Ireland, we should be the last to object, however much they might tell against English rule. But to arouse sectarian animosities which already sufficiently divide the Irish people themselves, is a task only worthy of Mr. Murphy; indeed, Mr. O'Neill might almost be suspected of a desire to shine as the Murphy of the other side.

We gladly pass from these irritating and barren topics to the more practical affairs of the present moment. "At the end of nearly two centuries of English supreme rule," says Mr. O'Neill, "one-fourth of Ireland is lying waste; scarcely any part of it is properly cultivated, and the people are so disgusted with English government that they are ready to burst out into open rebellion whenever there is a chance of success. England's landlords and England's land-laws have not succeeded in Ireland. Our farmers are little better than serfs; the tillers of the soil are in an abject state of poverty and of subjugation; they are also in a dangerous state of discontent. . . . Emigration is going on at a fearful rate. Two hundred thousand persons leave Ireland annually." The population of the country is not much more than five millions, though it might sustain, and indeed *has* sustained, a much larger number. All these statements are, unfortunately, but too true, and it cannot be wondered at that any Irishman should speak of them with grief and indignation. The evils of absenteeism—the cruelty of evictions (these, says Mr. O'Neill, give an average of 6,194 every year, and in the year 1840 there were no less than 50,000), the injustice of maintaining a Protestant Church in the midst of a people who are Catholic in the main, and such disgraceful facts as that the cottiers about Youghal have to pay to the Duke of Devonshire—the owner of large districts in that part of Ireland—a halfpenny for every ass-load of sea-sand they bring up from the beach to mix with sea-weed for manure;—things such as these are the perpetual sources of discontent and disloyalty in Irishmen, and will be so until they are amended. Mr. O'Neill's mode of amending them we will give in his own words:—

"Appoint persons, under an Act of Parliament, by an elective system, similar to that by which Poor-law guardians are now appointed, and according to the Poor-law union divisions, thus forming a local acting body, whose business shall be to attend to the buying, letting, and management of land, as land agents do now. These to be called Poor-law guardians. Their territorial power to be the same as that of the same unions as the Poor-law guardians do. The land guardians to act on behalf of the people. Land commissioners should be appointed by Government to serve as checks on the land guardians, just as the Poor-law commissioners do with respect to the Poor-law guardians. These would act on behalf of the Crown. Thus the agency I recommend is exactly similar to that by which the Poor-law system is now worked. The duties of the land guardians would be—To purchase land offered for sale, either in town or country. To purchase lands, either in cultivation or lying now uncultivated, but which are susceptible of planting or being otherwise rendered useful. To let such lands as farms, or otherwise to have them cultivated. And to account for the expenditures and receipts to the land commissioners. The purchase-money to be advanced by the Bank of Ireland, for which the Government shall be security. The lands purchased, and the profits resulting from them, to be Government property till the debt of the purchasing be paid. No act of purchase, of letting, of payment, or other land agency on the part of the land guardians to be

* Ireland for the Irish: a Practical, Peaceable, and Just Solution of the Irish Land Question. Dedicated to Lord Viscount Stanley. By Henry O'Neill, Artist. London: Tribner & Co. Dundalk: H. O'Neill.