

fessors like Mommsen, but by the work of the French journalist and pamphleteer, Paul Louis Courier, whom afterwards Bulwer Lytton, in his spirited and instructive essay, introduced to the English public. From the French master of his craft Hutton no doubt derived some of the skill in the analysis of a political situation, or of a statesman's policy that made the reputation of his own newspaper. As a writer on current events, he first made, so far as his countrymen were concerned, his mark by the articles supporting the Federal statesmen during the American Civil War. The influence exercised by these writings on the most educated portion of the public was immediate and enduring. They gave the *Spectator* its position with the most thoughtful readers of London clubs, in Oxford and Cambridge common rooms, and among representative circles throughout the country. No disquisitions of the sort on topics of the moment combining so much subtlety and good sense, so much of honesty and thoughtfulness in dissecting a policy, of enlightenment in forecasting its results, had yet appeared. "All can grow the flower now," because, in Tennyson's words, "all have got the seed." But in the English press the seed was sown by the *Spectator*.

That this newspaper has thus become a real organ of English education on the weekly progress of the world is due to the earnestness and acumen, the industry and ability, and other equipments for his work that were united in the man who has just gone. Socially, the position of Mr. Hutton was as typical and representative as his work with his pen. The great feature of our times seems to be the formation of a little society bounded by no distinctions of race, of political or religious creed, which has as its object the promotion of the higher and deeper interests of life. While the world of fashion has been, during Victorian days, organising itself into a glittering and rather noisy company of pleasure-hunters or seekers after gay effects, a little body which really deserves to be called an aristocracy has been cultivating existence as a serious question, and collecting from every quarter fresh lights to throw upon it. Several little coteries have been formed during recent years for this purpose. The Metaphysical Society may no longer survive under that name; but its spirit lives. Its labours are perpetuated by different associations under changed titles. Mr. Gladstone is only one of several statesmen who have taken an active part in this enterprise. More than one bishop in the Anglican, Cardinal Manning in the Roman Church are only a few of the more famous divines who, harmoniously agreeing to differ, have co-operated with their secular colleagues. Lord Acton, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, and the late Lord Arthur Russell are but a few specimens of earnest and cultivated men of the world who have done much to redeem their generation from the charge of hopeless immersion in frivolity. Apart from his newspaper work, Mr. Hutton was actively associated with these men. A profitable little volume might be filled with his table talk on the occasions of his meeting with his associates, as well as with essays which he prepared for reading in the little society, and speeches that he contributed to the informal debates. Other features of his specific work in periodical letters may easily be defined. No editor was

ever a better judge of the possibilities of his contributors. None ever imbued them with so much of his own spirit, or trained them more successfully to the production of what he wanted. The single paragraph "review," pithy but not ponderous, condensing a page into a few lines, was comparatively unknown to the English press until he showed his contributors how it should be done. The influences of the French journalist Courier, and others of that school, might always be traced in Hutton's newspaper work. They were seen, indeed, not in any epigrammatic condensation, but in a certain impression of strength in reserve which Hutton's writings always convey. Few men who wrote so much, wrote so perfectly "within themselves." All his articles, literary or political, are noticeable quite as much for their power suppressed as for the power put forth. This quality perhaps explains other characteristics of the man. It may even be connected with his departure from the religious communion of his birth and his settlement in the Established Church. Arnold, Coleridge, and F. D. Maurice were no doubt influences in that direction. Their weight, however, collective or individual, may very easily be exaggerated. Those who knew the man best, and with whom he conversed with the most confidence on such subjects, attributed Hutton's final preference for the State Church of his country to the attraction possessed for him by its liturgy. Its prayers and collects, in their dignified simplicity, restrained eloquence, and soothing power, were the sort of thing irresistibly to appeal to his heart and imagination, as they have appealed to so many others of a temperament very unlike his.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

MR. HAY FLEMING'S "Mary, Queen of Scots" took three years in the writing, and who shall review it in three days, far from libraries? I must be content to give the general impression; if there be errors in fact in such an array of facts and citations, it is not for me to detect them by aid of memory. Mr. Hay Fleming gives facts without theory, his volume tracing the Queen's life till her flight into England. In sympathy we differ, not that I am a "Mariolater," but that I am no friend of John Knox and the Regent Moray, who are dear to the learned author. If there is a fault in taste, it may be detected in the polemics. Sir John Skelton is not here to answer for himself, and the severe censures on a picturesque writer were penned, of course, while he was here to fight his own battles. Father Stevenson, again, was never guilty, one may be sure, of intentional "perversion"; it is unconsciously that we do all err. So far I would venture to differ from Mr. Hay Fleming. For the rest, his narrative (to p. 176) is succinct, lucid, and confined to the essential, while his notes (pp. 177-543) are copious, minute, and controversial, including an Itinerary, or Diurnal, of patient research, and several new documents.

From this distribution of his space, it will be seen that Mr. Hay Fleming is no picturesque historian; he writes for severe students, and by them, I am confident, his work will

* "Mary, Queen of Scots." By D. Hay Fleming. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

be welcomed. To myself it appears that many of the rumours of the period might be neglected, especially the endless charges of poisoning. That James V. was poisoned, that Mary poisoned the King of France, that Darnley's illness was due to poison, was certain to be said in an unscientific age, but is certainly false. If Bishop Lesley really told the story against Mary, why, the Bishop, says Mr. Hay Fleming, lied boldly on other occasions. Other scandals, as about Mary's birth (a daughter of Cardinal Beaton!), about her unholy relations with one of her uncles, about an amour with Riccio, seem to me worthy of neglect. The "fraudulent will" of James V. is also, on the evidence, a rather vague hypothesis, while a scandal about Mary in Loch Leven castle is mere tattle. Probably such gossip had to be recorded, and, in giving the sources, Mr. Hay Fleming sufficiently discredits it, in my opinion at least.

For the general impression: Mary never had a chance. As an infant she was to be entrusted to "the four lords least suspected," where all deserved suspicion. She was a woman, young, fair, a Catholic by education, sentiment, and conviction; a queen to be married, in a maze of political and religious jealousies; conspired against and thwarted, and entrapped, by her cousin of England, and by every Scot who took English gold, or saw his own advantage in treason. Had any one of the many Scottish kings who came as a minor to the crown, been a woman, that woman's life would inevitably have been a tragedy, even before the war of Religion. Except in abdicating or turning Protestant, Mary had never a chance. She was brave, high-spirited, indomitable, eager, and, to her friends, loyal, as her women were loyal to her. No doubt, as Mr. Hay Fleming shows, she did not escape the taint of the Valois Court in her education. That she was a Messalina, a woman of gallantry, I see no proof whatever. But that she had a fatal fever of passion for Bothwell, which, combined with revenge for the unpardonable sin of Darnley, led to crime and ruin, I cannot doubt. Looking the whole narrative of her abduction and third marriage in the face, as Mr. Hay Fleming gives it, and leaving (as he does for the present) the Casket Letters out of the case, Mary loved Bothwell, and was guilty of Darnley's death. A jury, perhaps, could not condemn her, but we dare not absolve her. This was Sir Walter Scott's opinion; his reason and his sentiment, he says, were at odds. Again, she was old enough, and acute enough, to understand her own duplicity, in the secret documents which she signed when she married the Dauphin. It was an age of duplicity, nor was she a miracle of sincerity, as a Queen of sixteen. She is accused of "suspiciousness"; she would have been an idiot had she been confiding. She was a Catholic; the fanatics of Scotland required her to persecute her own religion, and would fain have denied to their Queen the rites of her faith. This was unendurable. Like James V., she offered the premature boon of tolerance, which, doubtless, she would have refused at the first safe opportunity. In that age somebody had to be persecuted; but, as matters fell out, she, not her subjects, were insulted, were sufferers. If we blame her for her intentions, we cannot absolve Knox and the rest for their practice. She first puzzles one by her treatment of Huntly and the Gordons, wherein her conduct remains inexplic-

able. If chance she ever had, it was to join the Catholic North, raise her standard, and fight it out in fair field. But she ruined the Gordons, and why? Nobody can tell us; if Huntly was a traitor, a Catholic traitor might have been made more serviceable than a perjured Protestant. As to Riccio, he fell as Cochrane fell, and would have fallen without the scandals which were circulated. He was a favourite, a foreigner, and not a gentleman. Murray, in these troubles, got his deserts from Elizabeth. Mary did not forgive, what was beyond forgiveness, the conduct of Darnley, but her courage and skill extort applause. The intrigues working towards Darnley's death are unfathomable, and here it is the adroitness of Murray that commands our esteem. We cannot say he did it, whatever we may surmise. The clumsy method must have been suggested by one who desired Darnley's death, and also desired to profit by the stupidity of the execution. As to Mary's part, her French allies, her very ambassador to France, had obviously no doubts. About all this reluctant and infatuated treachery, we must give up the defence of Mary. She was no better than the men about her, the men who later were her accusers, and who spoiled their own case against her by the inevitable dishonesty with which they conducted it.

That is the general impression: a brave, loyal, affectionate, and eager woman was ruined, morally and materially, in the toils of religious revolution, and among the snares which beset her from false friends, cruel kindred, and roaring Presbyterian persecutors. More than a general impression I cannot offer, for reasons already given. Mr. Hay Fleming's learned and laborious work only confirms (as usual) what has long been my opinion. But Mary died a better death than the horror-haunted Elizabeth, and I think I would rather risk my future fortunes with the Queen of Scots. One absurdity I may notice, that the swarthyness of some of Mary's successors was derived from—Riccio! James VI. was a fair man. His sons were not swarthy. But James III. (of Scotland) was of a southern complexion, as was "The Black Bird," James VIII., who strangely resembled the Morton portrait of Queen Mary. The afore-said absurdity is tattle from "The Hind Let Loose."

ANDREW LANG.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

IT would be difficult to imagine a quieter and more lovely retreat for a literary worker than the village of Aldbury, close to which Mrs. Humphry Ward has made her country home for the last five years, and which has furnished her with scenery, and not a few incidents, for the novels written during this period. Aldbury is three miles from the market town of Tring and is a typical English village, unspoiled by modern improvements. It nestles amongst green wooded hills, and its low houses and thatched cottages surround a wide open space, in the centre of which is a large duck pond. Doubtless, in days gone by, the scolding wives received their dipping in this water, just as village miscreants were placed in the stocks which still stand by the side of the pond, opposite to the church. Mrs. Humphry Ward's