

Hasskői (134,268), Eski-Zagra (158,905) Kazanlik, Slivno or Sliven (130,136), and Burgas (88,046). On the N. and N.W. East Roumelia was bounded by Bulgaria, the frontier running along the line of the Balkans though not keeping to the watershed; on the S.W. and S. lay the vilayets of Salonika and Adrianople, the borderlands forming part of the Rhodope or Despoto mountain system. The direct distance between the northmost and southmost point on the Black Sea is only 40 miles, but the actual coast-line is lengthened by the ramifications of the Bay of Burgas, which is the only part of the Black Sea affording several good anchorages. The great bulk of the country belongs to the basin of the Maritza and its tributary the Tunja (confluence at Adrianople, to the south of Roumelia), though a certain part drains north-eastwards by several small streams. The whole area is estimated at 14,858 square miles, and the population in 1880 was 815,513, of whom 573,231 were Bulgarians, 176,759 Turks, 42,526 Greeks, 19,524 Gipsies, 4177 Jews, and 1306 Armenians. This preponderance of Bulgarians led in September 1885 to the Philippopolis revolution, which resulted in the principality of Bulgaria declaring East Roumelia part and parcel of United Bulgaria; and the United Bulgarians have since been successful in a war with the Servians, who invaded their territory.

ROUND TOWERS. A peculiar class of round tower exists scattered throughout Ireland; about one hundred and twenty examples still remain, mostly in a ruined state, but eighteen or twenty are almost perfect. These towers were built either near or adjoining a church; they are of various dates from perhaps the 8th to the 13th century; though varying in size and detail, they have many characteristics which are common to all. They are built with walls slightly battering inwards, so that the tower tapers towards the top. The lower part is formed of solid masonry, the one doorway being raised from 6 to 20 feet above the ground, and so only accessible by means of a ladder. The towers within are divided into several stories by two or more floors, usually of wood, but in some cases, as at Keneith, of stone slightly arched. The access from floor to floor was by ladders, no stone staircase being provided. The windows, which are always high up, are single lights, mostly arched or with a flat stone lintel. In some of the oldest towers they have triangular tops, formed by two stones leaning together, like the windows at Deerhurst and other pre-Norman buildings in England. One peculiarity of the door and window openings in the Irish round towers is that the jambs are frequently set sloping, so that the opening grows narrower towards the top, as in the temples of ancient Egypt. The later examples of these towers, dating from the 12th and 13th centuries are often decorated with chevron, billet, and other Norman enrichments round the jambs and arches. The roof is of stone, usually conical in shape, and some of the later towers are crowned by a circle of battlements. The height of the round towers varies from about 60 feet to 132; that at Kilcullen is the highest. The masonry differs according to its date,—the oldest examples being built of almost uncut rubble work, and the later ones of neatly-jointed ashlar.

Much has been written as to the use of these towers, and the most conflicting theories as to their origin have been propounded. It is, however, fairly certain that they were constructed by Christian builders, both from the fact that they always are or once were near to a church, and also because crosses and other Christian emblems frequently occur among the sculptured decorations of their doors and windows. The original purpose of these towers was probably for places of refuge, for which the solid base and the door high above the ground seem specially adapted. They

may also have been watch-towers, and in later times often contained bells. Their circular form was probably for the sake of strength, angles which could be attacked by a battering ram being thus avoided, and also because no quoins or dressed stones were needed, except for the openings—an important point at a time when tools for working stone were scarce and imperfect. Both these reasons may also account for the Norman round towers which are so common at the west end of churches in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, though these have little resemblance to those of Ireland except in the use of a circular plan. One example exactly like those of Ireland still exists in the Isle of Man, within the precincts of Peel Castle adjacent to the cathedral of St German; it was probably the work of Irish builders. There are also three in Scotland, viz. at Egilshay in Orkney, and at Abernethy and Brechin.

Round towers wider and lower in proportion than those of Ireland appear to have been built by many prehistoric races at different parts of Europe. Many examples exist in Scotland, and in the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. The towers of this class in Scotland are called "brochs"; they average about 50 feet high and 30 feet in internal diameter. Their walls, which are usually about 15 feet thick at the bottom, are built hollow, of rubble masonry, with series of passages one over the other running all round the tower. As in the Irish towers, the entrance is placed at some distance from the ground; and the whole structure is designed as a stronghold. The brochs appear to have been the work of a pre-Christian Celtic race. Many objects in bronze and iron and fragments of hand-made pottery have been found in and near these towers, all bearing witness of a very early date. See Anderson, *Scotland in Pagan Times*, 1883, and *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, 1881. During the 6th century church towers at and near Ravenna were usually built round in plan, and not unlike those of Ireland in their proportions. The finest existing example is that which stands by the church of S. Apollinare in Classe, the old port of the city of Ravenna (see *BASILICA*, vol. iii. p. 415, fig. 5). It is of brick, divided into nine stories, with single-light windows below, three-light windows in the upper stories, and two-lights in the intermediate ones. The most magnificent example of a round tower is the well-known leaning tower of Pisa, begun in the year 1174. It is richly decorated with tiers of open marble arcades, supported on free columns. The circular plan was much used by Moslem races for their minarets. The finest of these is the 13th-century minar of Kootub at Old Delhi, built of limestone with bands of marble. It is richly fluted on plan, and when complete was at least 250 feet high.

The best account of the Irish round towers is that given by Petrie, in his *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland* (Dublin, 1845). See also Keane, *Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland* (Dublin, 1850); Brash, *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland* (Dublin, 1875); and Stokes, *Early Architecture in Ireland* (Dublin, 1878).

ROUNDEL. See **RONDEAU**.

ROUS, or ROUSE, FRANCIS (1579–1659), known by his translation of the Psalms; see vol. xii. p. 590. His works appeared at London in 1657.

ROUSSEAU, JACQUES (1630–1693), painter, a member of a Huguenot family, was born at Paris in 1630. He was remarkable as a painter of decorative landscapes and classic ruins, somewhat in the style of Canaletto, but without his delicacy of touch; he appears also to have been influenced by Nicolas Poussin. While quite young Rousseau went to Rome, where he was fascinated by the noble picturesqueness of the ancient ruins, and spent some years in painting them, together with the surrounding landscapes. He thus formed his style, which was highly artificial and conventionally decorative. His colouring for the most part is unpleasing, partly owing to his violent

treatment of skies with crude blues and orange, and his chiaroscuro usually is much exaggerated. On his return to Paris he soon became distinguished as a painter, and was employed by Louis XIV. to decorate the walls of his palaces at St Germain and Marly. He was soon admitted a member of the French Academy of the Fine Arts, but on the revocation of the edict of Nantes he was obliged to take refuge in Holland, and his name was struck off the Academy roll. From Holland he was invited to England by the duke of Montague, who employed him, together with other French painters, to paint the walls of his palace, Montague House.¹ Rousseau was also employed to paint architectural subjects and landscapes in the palace of Hampton Court, where many of his decorative panels still exist. He spent the latter part of his life in London, where he died in 1693.

Besides being a painter in oil and fresco Rousseau was an etcher of some ability; many etchings by his hand from the works of the Caracci and from his own designs still exist; they are vigorous, though too coarse in execution.

ROUSSEAU, JEAN BAPTISTE (1670–1741), a poet of some merit and a wit of considerable dexterity, was born at Paris on the 10th April 1670; he died at Brussels on the 17th March 1741. The son of a shoemaker, he is said to have been ashamed of his parentage and relations when he acquired a certain popularity, but the abundance of literary quarrels in which he spent his life, and the malicious inventiveness of his chief enemy, Voltaire, make any such stories of small account. He was certainly well educated and early gained favour with Boileau, who did not regard many people favourably; but authentic intelligence as to his youth is very scarce. He does not seem to have attempted literature very young, and when he began he began with the theatre, for which at no part of his life does he seem to have had any aptitude. A one-act comedy, *Le Café*, failed in 1694, and he was not much happier with a more ambitious play, *Les Flatteurs*, or with the opera of *Venus and Adonis*. He would not take these warnings, and tried in 1700 another comedy, *Le Capricieux*, which had the same fate. By this time he had already (it is not quite clear how) obtained influential patrons, such as Breteuil and Tallard, had gone with Tallard as an attaché to London, and, in days when literature still led to high position, seemed likely to achieve success. To tell the whole story of his misfortunes would take far more space than can be spared him here. They began with what may be called a club squabble at a certain Café Laurent, which was much frequented by literary men, and where Rousseau indulged in lampoons on his companions. A shower of libellous and sometimes obscene verses was written by or attributed to him, and at last he was practically turned out of the café. At the same time his poems, as yet only singly printed or in manuscript, acquired him a great reputation, and not unjustly, for Rousseau is certainly the best French writer of serious lyrics between Racine and Chénier. He had in 1701 been made a member of the Académie des Inscriptions; he had been offered, though he had not accepted, profitable places in the revenue department; he had become a favourite of the libertine but not unimportant coterie of the Temple; and in 1710 he presented himself as a candidate for the Académie Française. Then began the second chapter (the first had lasted ten years) of a history of the animosities of authors which is almost the strangest though not the most important on record. A copy of verses, more offensive than ever, was handed to the original object of Rousseau's jealousy, and, getting wind, occasioned the bastinadoing of the reputed author by a certain La Faye or La Faille, a soldier who was reflected

¹ Montague House stood on the site of the British Museum.

on. Legal proceedings of various kinds followed, and Rousseau either had or thought he had ground for ascribing the lampoon to Joseph Saurin. More law ensued, and the end of it was that in 1712 Rousseau, not appearing, was condemned *par contumace* to perpetual exile. He actually suffered it, remaining for the rest of his life in foreign countries except for a short time in 1738, when he returned clandestinely to Paris to try for a recall. It should be said that he might have had this if he had not steadfastly protested his innocence and refused to accept a mere pardon. No one has ever completely cleared up the story, and it must be admitted that, except as exhibiting very strikingly the strange idiosyncrasies of the 18th century in France, and as having affected the fortunes of a man of letters of some eminence, it is not worth much attention.

Rousseau's good and ill luck did not cease with his exile. First Prince Eugene and then other persons of distinction took him under their protection, and he printed at Soleure the first edition of his poetical works. But by fault or misfortune he still continued to quarrel. Voltaire and he met at Brussels in 1722, and, though Voltaire had hitherto pretended or felt a great admiration for him, something happened which turned this admiration into hatred. Voltaire's *Le Pour et Le Contre* is said to have shocked Rousseau, who expressed his sentiments freely. At any rate the latter had thenceforward no fiercer enemy than Voltaire. Rousseau, however, was not much affected by Voltaire's enmity, and pursued for nearly twenty years a life of literary work, of courtiership, and of rather obscure speculation and business. Although he never made his fortune, it does not seem that he was ever in want. When he died his death had the singular result of eliciting from a poetaster, Lefranc de Pompignan, an ode of real excellence and perhaps better than anything of Rousseau's own work. That work, however, has high merits, and is divided, roughly speaking, into two strangely contrasted divisions. One consists of formal and partly sacred odes and cantatas of the stiffest character, the other of brief epigrams, sometimes licentious and always or almost always ill-natured. In the latter class of work Rousseau is only inferior to his friend Piron. In the former he stands almost alone. The frigidity of conventional diction and the disuse of all really lyrical rhythm which characterize his period do not prevent his odes and cantatas from showing true poetical faculty, grievously cramped no doubt, but still existing.

Besides the Soleure edition mentioned above, Rousseau published (visiting England for the purpose) another issue of his work at London in 1723. The chief edition since is that of Amar in 1820. M. A. de Latour has published (Paris, Garnier, 1869) a useful though not complete edition, with notes of merit and a biographical introduction which would have been better if the facts had been more punctually and precisely stated.

ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES (1712–1778), was born at Geneva on the 28th June 1712. His family had established themselves in that city at the time of the religious wars, but they were of pure French origin. Rousseau's father Isaac was a watchmaker; his mother, Suzanne Bernard, was the daughter of a minister, she died in childbirth, and Rousseau, who was the second son, was brought up in a very haphazard fashion, his father being a dissipated, violent-tempered, and foolish person. He, however, taught him to read early, and seems to have laid the foundation of the flighty sentimentalism in morals and politics which Rousseau afterwards illustrated with his genius. When the boy was ten years old his father got entangled in a disgraceful brawl and fled from Geneva, apparently without troubling himself about Jean Jacques. The father and son had little more to do with each other and rarely met. Rousseau was, however, taken charge of

by his mother's relations and was in the first place committed by them to the tutorship of a M. Lambercier, pastor at Bossey. Of these times as of the greater part of his life there are ample details in the *Confessions*, but it may be as well to remark at once that this famous book, however charming as literature, is to be used as documentary evidence only with great reserve. In 1724 he was removed from this school and taken into the house of his uncle Bernard, by whom he was shortly afterwards apprenticed to a notary. His master, however, found or thought him quite incapable and sent him back. After a short time (April 25, 1725) he was apprenticed afresh, this time to an engraver. He did not dislike the work, but was or thought himself cruelly treated by his master. At last in 1728, when he was sixteen, he ran away, the truancy being by his own account unintentional in the first instance, and due to the fact of the city gates being shut earlier than usual. Then began a very extraordinary series of wanderings and adventures, for much of which there is no authority but his own. He first fell in with some proselytizers of the Roman faith at Confignon in Savoy, and by them he was sent to Madame de Warens at Annecy, a young and pretty widow who was herself a convert. Her influence, however, which was to be so great, was not immediately exercised, and he was, so to speak, passed on to Turin, where there was an institution specially devoted to the reception of neophytes. His experiences here were (according to his own account, it must always be understood) sufficiently unsatisfactory, but he abjured duly and was rewarded by being presented with twenty francs and sent about his business. He wandered about in Turin for some time, and at last established himself as footman to a Madame de Vercellis. Here occurred the famous incident of the theft of a ribbon, of which he accused a fellow servant—a girl too. But, though he kept his place by this piece of cowardice, Madame de Vercellis died not long afterwards and he was turned off. He found, however, another place with the Comte de Gouvon, but lost this also through coxcombry. Then he resolved to return to Madame de Warens at Annecy. The chronology of all these events is somewhat obscure, but they seem to have occupied about three years.

Even then Rousseau did not settle at once in the anomalous but to him charming position of domestic lover to this lady, who, nominally a converted Protestant, was in reality, as many women of her time were, a kind of deist, with a theory of noble sentiment and a practice of libertinism tempered by good nature. It used to be held that in her conjugal relations she was even more sinned against than sinning. But recent investigations seem to show that M. de Vuarrens (which is said to be the correct spelling of the name) was a very unfortunate husband, and was deserted and robbed by his wife. However, she welcomed Rousseau kindly, thought it necessary to complete his education, and he was sent to the seminarians of St Lazare to be improved in classics, and also to a music master. In one of his incomprehensible freaks he set off for Lyons, and, after abandoning his companion in an epileptic fit, returned to Annecy to find Madame de Warens gone no one knew whither. Then for some months he relapsed into the life of vagabondage, varied by improbable adventures, which (according to his own statement) he so often pursued. Hardly knowing anything of music, he attempted to give lessons and a concert at Lausanne; and he actually taught at Neuchâtel. Then he became or says he became secretary to a Greek archimandrite who was travelling in Switzerland to collect subscriptions for the rebuilding of the Holy Sepulchre; then he went to Paris, and, with recommendations from the French ambas-

sador at Soleure, saw something of good society; then he returned on foot through Lyons to Savoy, hearing that Madame de Warens was at Chambéry. This was in 1732, and Rousseau, who for a time had unimportant employments in the service of the Sardinian crown, was shortly installed by Madame de Warens, whom he still called Manian, as *amant en titre* in her singular household, wherein she diverted herself with him, with music, and with chemistry. In 1736 Madame de Warens, partly for Rousseau's health, took a country house, Les Charmettes, a short distance from Chambéry. Here in summer, and in the town during winter, Rousseau led a delightful life, which he has delightfully described. In a desultory way he did a good deal of reading, but in 1738 his health again became bad, and he was recommended to go to Montpellier. By his own account this journey to Montpellier was in reality a *voyage à Cythère* in company with a certain Madame de Larnage. This being so, he could hardly complain when on returning he found that his official position in Madame de Warens's household had been taken by a person named Vintzenried. He was, however, less likely than most men to endure the position of second in command, and in 1740 he became tutor at Lyons to the children of M. de Mably, not the well-known writer of that name, but his and Condillac's elder brother. But Rousseau did not like teaching and was a bad teacher, and after a visit to Les Charmettes, finding that his place there was finally occupied, he once more went to Paris in 1741. He was not without recommendations. But a new system of musical notation which he thought he had discovered was unfavourably received by the Académie des Sciences, where it was read in August 1742, and he was unable to obtain pupils. Madame Dupin, however, to whose house he had obtained the entry, procured him the honourable if not very lucrative post of secretary to M. de Montaignu, ambassador at Venice. With him he stayed for about eighteen months, and has as usual infinite complaints to make of his employer and some strange stories to tell. At length he threw up his situation and returned to Paris (1745).

Up to this time—that is to say, till his thirty-third year—Rousseau's life, though continuously described by himself, was of the kind called subterranean, and the account of it must be taken with considerable allowances. There are, to say the least, grave improbabilities in it; there are some chronological difficulties; and in one or two instances his accounts have been flatly denied by persons more or less entitled to be heard. He had written nothing, and if he was known at all it was as an eccentric vagabond. From this time, however, he is more or less in view; and, though at least two events of his life—his quarrel with Diderot and his death—are and are likely long to be subjects of dispute, its general history can be checked and followed with reasonable confidence. On his return to Paris he renewed his relations with the Dupin family and with the literary group of Diderot, to which he had already been introduced by M. de Mably's letters. He had an opera, *Les Muses Galantes*, privately represented; he copied music for money, and received from Madame Dupin and her son-in-law M. de Francueil a small but regular salary as secretary. He lived at the Hotel St Quentin for a time, and once more arranged for himself an equivocal domestic establishment. His mistress, whom towards the close of his life he married after a fashion, was Thérèse le Vasseur, a servant at the inn. She had little beauty, no education or understanding, and few charms of any kind that his friends could discover, besides which she had a detestable mother, who was the bane of Rousseau's life. But he made himself at any rate for a time quite happy with her, and (according to Rousseau's account, the accuracy of

which has been questioned) five children were born to them, who were all consigned to the foundling hospital. This disregard of responsibility was partly punished by the use his critics made of it when he became celebrated as a writer on education and a preacher of the domestic affections. Diderot, with whom he became more and more familiar, admitted him as a contributor to the *Encyclopédie*. He formed new musical projects, and he was introduced by degrees to many people of rank and influence, among whom his warmest patron for a time was Madame d'Épinay. It was not, however, till 1749 that Rousseau made his mark. The academy of Dijon offered a prize for an essay on the effect of the progress of civilization on morals. Rousseau took up the subject, developed his famous paradox of the superiority of the savage state, won the prize, and, publishing his essay next year, became famous. The anecdote as to the origin of this famous essay is voluminous. It is agreed that the idea was suggested when Rousseau went to pay a visit to Diderot, who was in prison at Vincennes for his *Lettre sur les Aveugles*. Rousseau says he thought of the paradox on his way down; Morellet and others say that he thought of treating the subject in the ordinary fashion and was laughed at by Diderot, who showed him the advantages of the less obvious treatment. Diderot himself, who in such matters is almost absolutely trustworthy, does not claim the suggestion, but uses words which imply that it was at least partly his. It is very like him. The essay, however, took the artificial and crotchety society of the day by storm. Francueil gave Rousseau a valuable post as cashier in the receiver general's office. But he resigned it either from conscientiousness, or crotchety, or nervousness at responsibility, or indolence, or more probably from a mixture of all four. He went back to his music copying, but the salons of the day were determined to have his society, and for a time they had it. In 1752 he brought out at Fontainebleau an operetta, the *Devin du Village*, which was very successful. He received a hundred louis for it, and he was ordered to come to court next day. This meant the certainty of a pension. But Rousseau's shyness or his perversity (as before, probably both) made him disobey the command. His comedy *Narcisse*, written long before, was also acted, but unsuccessfully. In the same year, however, a letter *Sur la Musique Française* again had a great vogue.¹ Finally, for this was an important

¹ Rousseau's influence on French music was greater than might have been expected from his very imperfect education; in truth, he was a musician by natural instinct only, but his feeling for art was very strong, and, though capricious, based upon true perceptions of the good and beautiful. The system of notation (by figures) concerning which he read a paper before the Académie des Sciences, August 22, 1742, was ingenious, but practically worse than useless, and failed to attract attention, though the paper was published in 1743 under the title of *Dissertation sur la musique moderne*. In the famous "guerre des buffons," he took the part of the "buffonists," so named in consequence of their attachment to the Italian "opera buffa," as opposed to the true French opera; and, in his *Lettre sur la musique Française*, published in 1753, he indulged in a violent tirade against French music, which he declared to be so contemptible as to lead to the conclusion "that the French neither have, nor ever will have, any music of their own, or at least that, if they ever do have any, it will be so much the worse for them." This silly libel so enraged the performers at the Opera that they hanged and burned its author in effigy. Rousseau avenged himself by printing his clever satire entitled *Lettre d'un symphoniste de l'Académie Royale de Musique à ses camarades de l'orchestre*. His *Lettre à M. Burney* is of a very different type, and does full justice to the genius of Gluck. His articles on music in the *Encyclopédie* deal very superficially with the subject; and his *Dictionnaire de Musique* (Geneva, 1767), though admirably written, is not trustworthy, either as a record of facts or as a collection of critical essays. In all these works the imperfection of his musical education is painfully apparent, and his compositions betray an equal lack of knowledge, though his refined taste is as clearly displayed there as is his literary power in the *Letters and Dictionary*. His first opera, *Les Muses Galantes*, privately prepared at

year with him, the Dijon academy, which had founded his fame, announced the subject of "The Origin of Inequality," on which he wrote a discourse which was unsuccessful, but at least equal to the former in merit. During a visit to Geneva in 1754 Rousseau saw his old friend and love Madame de Warens (now reduced in circumstances and having lost all her charms), while after abjuring his abjuration of Protestantism he was enabled to take up his freedom as citizen of Geneva, to which his birth entitled him and of which he was proud. Some time afterwards, returning to Paris, he accepted a cottage near Montmorency (the celebrated Hermitage) which Madame d'Épinay had fitted up for him, and established himself there in April 1756. He spent little more than a year there, but it was a very important year. Here he wrote *La Nouvelle Héloïse*; here he indulged in the passion which that novel partly represents, his love for Madame d'Houdetot, sister-in-law of Madame d'Épinay, a lady still young and extremely amiable but very plain, who had a husband and a lover (St Lambert), and whom Rousseau's burning devotion seems to have partly pleased and partly annoyed. Here too arose the incomprehensible triangular quarrel between Diderot, Rousseau, and Grimm which ended Rousseau's sojourn at the Hermitage. It is impossible to discuss this at length here. The supposition least favourable to Rousseau is that it was due to one of his numerous fits of half-insane petulance and indignation at the obligations which he was nevertheless always ready to incur. That most favourable to him is that he was expected to lend himself in a more or less complaisant manner to assist and cover Madame d'Épinay's adulterous affection for Grimm. It need only be said that Madame d'Épinay's morals and Rousseau's temper are equally indefensible by anyone who knows anything about either, but that the evidence as to the exact influence of both on this particular transaction is hopelessly inconclusive. Diderot seems to have been guilty of nothing but thoughtlessness (if of that) in lending himself to a scheme of the Le Vasseurs, mother and daughter, for getting Rousseau out of the solitude of the Hermitage. At any rate Rousseau quitted the Hermitage in the winter, and established himself at Montlouis in the neighbourhood.

Hitherto Rousseau's behaviour had frequently made him enemies, but his writings had for the most part made him friends. The quarrel with Madame d'Épinay, with Diderot, and through them with the philosophe party reversed this. In 1758 appeared his *Lettre à d'Alembert contre les Spectacles*, written in the winter of the previous year at Montlouis. This was at once an attack on Voltaire, who was giving theatrical representations at Les Délices, on D'Alembert, who had condemned the prejudice against the stage in the *Encyclopédie*, and on one of the favourite amusements of the society of the day. Diderot personally would have been forgiving enough. But Voltaire's strong point was not forgiveness, and, though Rousseau no doubt exaggerated the efforts of his "enemies," he was certainly henceforward as obnoxious to the philo-

the house of La Popelière, attracted very little attention; but *Le Devin du Village*, given at Fontainebleau in 1752, and at the Académie in 1753, achieved a great and well-deserved success. Though very unequal, and exceedingly simple both in style and construction, it contains some charming melodies, and is written throughout in the most refined taste. His *Pygmalion* (1775) is a melodrama without singing. Some posthumous fragments of another opera, *Daphnis et Chloé*, were printed in 1780; and in 1781 appeared *Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie*, a collection of about one hundred songs and other fugitive pieces of very unequal merit. The popular air known as *Rousseau's Dream* is not contained in this collection, and cannot be traced back farther than J. B. Cramer's celebrated "Variations." M. Castil-Blaze has accused Rousseau of extensive plagiarisms (or worse) in *Le Devin du Village* and *Pygmalion*, but apparently without sufficient cause.

sophe coterie as to the orthodox party. He still, however, had no lack of patrons—he never had—though his unsurpassable perversity made him quarrel with all in turn. The amiable duke and duchess of Luxembourg, who were his neighbours at Montlouis, made his acquaintance, or rather forced theirs upon him, and he was eagerly industrious in his literary work—indeed most of his best books were produced during his stay in the neighbourhood of Montmorency. A letter to Voltaire on his poem about the Lisbon earthquake embittered the dislike between the two, being surreptitiously published. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared in the same year (1760), and it was immensely popular. In 1662 appeared the *Contrat Social* at Amsterdam, and *Emile*, which was published both in the Low Countries and at Paris. For the latter the author received 6000 livres, for the *Contrat* 1000.

Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse, is a novel written in letters describing the loves of a man of low position and a girl of rank, her subsequent marriage to a respectable freethinker of her own station, the mental agonies of her lover, and the partial appeasing of the distresses of the lovers by the influence of noble sentiment and the good offices of a philanthropic Englishman. It is too long, the sentiment is overstrained, and severe moralists have accused it of a certain complaisance in dealing with amatory errors; but it is full of pathos and knowledge of the human heart. The *Contrat Social*, as its title implies, endeavours to base all government on the consent, direct or implied, of the governed, and indulges in much ingenious argument to get rid of the practical inconveniences of such a suggestion. *Emile*, the second title of which is *De l'Éducation*, is much more of a treatise than of a novel, though a certain amount of narrative interest is kept up throughout.

Rousseau's reputation was now higher than ever, but the term of the comparative prosperity which he had enjoyed for nearly ten years was at hand. The *Contrat Social* was obviously anti-monarchic; the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was said to be immoral; the sentimental deism of the "Profession du vicaire Savoyard" in *Emile* irritated equally the philosophe party and the church. On June 11, 1662, *Emile* was condemned by the parlement of Paris, and two days previously Madame de Luxembourg and the Prince de Conti gave the author information that he would be arrested if he did not fly. They also furnished him with means of flight, and he made for Yverdon in the territory of Bern, whence he transferred himself to Motiers in Neuchâtel, which then belonged to Prussia. Frederick II. was not indisposed to protect the persecuted when it cost him nothing and might bring him fame, and in Marshal Keith, the governor of Neuchâtel, Rousseau found a true and firm friend. He was, however, unable to be quiet or to practise any of those more or less pious frauds which were customary at the time with the unorthodox. The archbishop of Paris had published a pastoral against him, and Rousseau did not let the year pass without a *Lettre à M. de Beaumont*. The council of Geneva had joined in the condemnation of *Emile*, and Rousseau first solemnly renounced his citizenship, and then, in the *Lettres de la Montagne* (1763), attacked the council and the Genevan constitution unsparingly. All this excited public opinion against him, and gradually he grew unpopular in his own neighbourhood. This unpopularity is said on very uncertain authority to have culminated in a nocturnal attack on his house, which reminds the reader remarkably of an incident in the life of the greatest French man of letters of the present century. At any rate he thought he was menaced if he was not, and migrated to the Ile St Pierre in the Lake of Bièvre, where he once more for a short, and the last, time enjoyed that idyllic existence

which he loved. But the Bernese Government ordered him to quit its territory. He was for some time uncertain where to go, and thought of Corsica (to join Paoli) and Berlin. But finally David Hume offered him, late in 1765, an asylum in England, and he accepted. He passed through Paris, where his presence was tolerated for a time, and landed in England on January 13, 1766. Thérèse travelled separately, and was entrusted to the charge of James Boswell, who had already made Rousseau's acquaintance. Here he had once more a chance of settling peaceably. Severe English moralists like Johnson thought but ill of him, but the public generally was not unwilling to testify against French intolerance, and regarded his sentimentalism with favour. He was lionized in London to his heart's content and discontent, for it may truly be said of Rousseau that he was equally indignant at neglect and intolerant of attention. When, after not a few displays of his strange humour, he professed himself tired of the capital, Hume procured him a country abode in the house of Mr Davenport at Wootton in Derbyshire. Here, though the place was bleak and lonely, he might have been happy enough, and he actually employed himself in writing the greater part of his *Confessions*. But his habit of self-tormenting and tormenting others never left him. His own caprices interposed some delay in the conferring of a pension which George III. was induced to grant him, and he took this as a crime of Hume's. The publication of a spiteful letter (really by Horace Walpole, one of whose worst deeds it was) in the name of the king of Prussia made Rousseau believe that plots of the most terrible kind were on foot against him. Finally he quarrelled with Hume because the latter would not acknowledge all his own friends and Rousseau's supposed enemies of the philosophe circle to be rascals. He remained, however, at Wootton during the year and through the winter. In May 1767 he fled to France, addressing letters to the lord chancellor and to General Conway, which can only be described as the letters of a lunatic. He was received in France by the Marquis de Mirabeau (father of the great Mirabeau), of whom he soon had enough, then by the Prince de Conti at Trye. From this place he again fled and wandered about for some time in a wretched fashion, still writing the *Confessions*, constantly receiving generous help, and always quarrelling with, or at least suspecting, the helpers. In the summer of 1770 he returned to Paris, resumed music copying, and was on the whole happier than he had been since he had to leave Montlouis. He had by this time married Thérèse le Vasseur, or had at least gone through some form of marriage with her.

Many of the best-known stories of Rousseau's life date from this last time, when he was tolerably accessible to visitors, though clearly half-insane. He finished his *Confessions*, wrote his *Dialogues* (the interest of which is not quite equal to the promise of their curious sub-title *Rousseau juge de Jean Jacques*), and began his *Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire*, intended as a sequel and complement to the *Confessions*, and one of the best of all his books. It should be said that besides these, which complete the list of his principal works, he has left a very large number of minor works and a considerable correspondence. During this time he lived in the Rue Platière, which is now named after him. But his suspicions of secret enemies grew stronger rather than weaker, and at the beginning of 1778 he was glad to accept the offer of M. de Girardin, a rich financier, and occupy a cottage at Ermenonville. The country was beautiful; but his old terrors revived, and his woes were complicated by the alleged inclination of Thérèse for one of M. de Girardin's stable boys. On July 2d he died in a manner which has been much discussed, sus-

picious of suicide having at the time and since been frequent. On the whole the theory of a natural death due to a fit of apoplexy and perhaps to injuries inflicted accidentally during that fit seems most probable. He had always suffered from internal and constitutional ailments not unlikely to bring about such an end.

Rousseau's character, the history of his reputation, and the intrinsic value of his literary work are all subjects of much interest. There is little doubt that for the last ten or fifteen years of his life, if not from the time of his quarrel with Diderot and Madame d'Épinay, he was not wholly sane—the combined influence of late and unexpected literary fame and of constant solitude and discomfort acting upon his excitable temperament so as to overthrow the balance, never very stable, of his fine and acute but unrobust intellect. He was by no means the only man of letters of his time who had to submit to something like persecution. Fréron on the orthodox side had his share of it, as well as Voltaire, Helvétius, Diderot, and Montesquieu on that of the innovators. But Rousseau had not, like Montesquieu, a position which guaranteed him from serious danger; he was not wealthy like Helvétius; he had not the wonderful suppleness and trickiness which even without his wealth would probably have defended Voltaire himself; and he lacked entirely the "bottom" of Fréron and Diderot. When he was molested he could only shriek at his enemies and suspect his friends, and being more given than any man whom history mentions to this latter weakness, he suffered intensely from it. His moral character was undoubtedly weak in other ways than this, but it is fair to remember that but for his astounding *Confessions* the more disgusting parts of it would not have been known, and that these *Confessions* were written, if not under hallucination, at any rate in circumstances entitling the self-condemned criminal to the benefit of very considerable doubt. If Rousseau had held his tongue, he might have stood lower as a man of letters; he would pretty certainly have stood higher as a man. He was, moreover, really sinned against, if still more sinning. The conduct of Grimm to him was certainly very bad; and, though Walpole was not his personal friend, a worse action than his famous letter, considering the well-known idiosyncrasy of the subject, would be difficult to find. It was his own fault that he saddled himself with the *Le Vasseur*, but their conduct was probably if not certainly ungrateful in the extreme. Only excuses can be made for him; but the excuses for a man born, as Hume after the quarrel said of him, "without a skin" are numerous and strong.

It was to be expected that his peculiar reputation would increase rather than diminish after his death; and it did so. During his life his personal peculiarities and the fact that his opinions were nearly as obnoxious to the one party as to the other worked against him, but it was not so after his death. The men of the Revolution regarded him with something like idolatry, and his literary merits conciliated many who were very far from idolizing him as a revolutionist. His style was taken up by Bernardin de Saint Pierre and by Chateaubriand. It was employed for purposes quite different from those to which he had himself applied it, and the reaction triumphed by the very arms which had been most powerful in the hands of the Revolution. Byron's fervid panegyric enlisted on his side all who admired Byron—that is to say, the majority of the younger men and women of Europe between 1820 and 1850—and thus different sides of his tradition were continued for a full century after the publication of his chief books. His religious unorthodoxy was condoned because he never scoffed; his political heresies, after their first effect was over, seemed harmless from the very want of logic and practical spirit in them, while part at least of his literary secret was the common property of almost everyone who attempted literature. At the present day persons as different as M. Renan and Mr Ruskin are children of Rousseau.

It is therefore important to characterize this influence which was and is so powerful, and there are three points of view—those of religion, politics, and literature—which it is necessary to take in doing this. In religion Rousseau was undoubtedly what he has been called above—a sentimental deist; but no one who reads him with the smallest attention can fail to see that sentimentalism was the essence, deism the accident of his creed. In his time orthodoxy at once generous and intelligent hardly existed in France. There were ignorant persons who were sincerely orthodox; there were intelligent persons who pretended to be so. But between the time of Massillon and D'Aguesseau and the time of Lamennais and Joseph de Maistre the class of men of whom in England Berkeley, Butler, and Johnson were representatives simply did not exist in France. Little inclined by nature to any but the emotional side of religion, and utterly undisciplined in any other by education, course of life, or the general tendency of public opinion, Rousseau naturally took refuge in the nebulous kind of natural religion which was at once fashionable and convenient. If his practice fell very far short even of his own very arbitrary standard of morality as much may be said of persons far more dogmatically orthodox.

In politics, on the other hand, there is no doubt that Rousseau was a sincere and, as far as in him lay, a convinced republican. He had no great tincture of learning, he was by no means a profound logician, and he was impulsive and emotional in the extreme—characteristics which in political matters undoubtedly predispose the subject to the preference of equality above all political requisites. He saw that under the French monarchy the actual result was the greatest misery of the greatest number, and he did not look much further. The *Contrat Social* is for the political student one of the most curious and interesting books existing. Historically it is null; logically it is full of gaping flaws; practically its manipulations of the *volonté de tous* and the *volonté générale* are clearly insufficient to obviate anarchy. But its mixture of real eloquence and apparent cogency is exactly such as always carries a multitude with it, if only for a time. Moreover, in some minor branches of politics and economics Rousseau was a real reformer. Visionary as his educational schemes (chiefly promulgated in *Emile*) are in parts, they are admirable in others, and his protest against mothers refusing to nurse their children hit a blot in French life which is not removed yet, and has always been a source of weakness to the nation.

But it is as a literary man pure and simple—that is to say, as an exponent rather than as an originator of ideas—that Rousseau is most noteworthy, and that he has exercised most influence. The first thing noticeable about him is that he defies all customary and mechanical classification. He is not a dramatist—his work as such is insignificant—nor a novelist, for, though his two chief works except the *Confessions* are called novels, *Emile* is one only in name, and *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is as a story diffuse, prosy, and awkward to a degree. He was perfectly without command of poetic form, and he could only be called a philosopher in an age when the term was used with such meaningless laxity as was customary in the 18th century. If he must be classed, he was before all things a describer—a describer of the passions of the human heart and of the beauties of nature. In the first part of his vocation the novelists of his own youth, such as Marivaux, Richardson, and Prévost, may be said to have shown him the way, though he improved greatly upon them; in the second he was almost a creator. In combining the two—and expressing the effect of nature on the feelings and of the feelings on the aspect of nature he was absolutely without a forerunner or a model. And, as literature since his time has been chiefly differentiated from literature before it by the colour and tone resulting from this combination, Rousseau may be said to hold, as an influence, a place almost unrivalled in literary history. The defects of all sentimental writing—occasional triviality and exaggeration of trivial things, diffuseness, overstrained emotion, false sentiment, disregard of the intellectual and the practical—are of course noticeable in him, but they are excused and palliated by his wonderful feeling, and by what may be called the passionate sincerity even of his insincere passages. Some cavils have been made against his French, but none of much weight or importance. And in such passages as the famous "Voilà de la pervénche" of the *Confessions*, as the description of the isle of St Pierre in the *Rêveries*, as some of the letters in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and others, he has achieved the greatest success possible—that of absolute perfection in doing what he intended to do. The reader, as it has been said, may think he might have done something else with advantage, but he can hardly think that he could have done this thing better.

The dates of most of Rousseau's works published during his lifetime have been given above. The *Confessions* and *Rêveries*, which, read in private, had given much umbrage to persons concerned, and which the author did not intend to be published until the end of the century, appeared at Geneva in 1782. In the same year and the following appeared a complete edition in forty-seven small volumes. There have been many since, the most important of them being that of Musset-Pathay (Paris, 1823). Some unpublished works, chiefly letters, were added by Bosscha (Paris, 1858) and Streckelsen Moulton (Paris, 1861). The most convenient edition is perhaps that of Didot in 4 vols. large 8vo, but a handsome and well-edited collection is still something of a desideratum. Works on Rousseau are innumerable. The chief are—in French that of Saint Marc Girardin (1874), in English the excellent book of Mr John Morley. (G. SA.)

ROUSSEAU, THÉODORE (1812–1867), a distinguished landscape painter, was born at Paris, and studied in the École des Beaux-Arts, after which he spent some time in travelling and making studies of landscape and sky effects. He first exhibited at the Salon in 1834, obtained gold medals in 1849 and 1854, and in 1852 received the Legion of Honour. His paintings became very popular in France, and Rousseau grew to be the acknowledged founder of the modern realistic school of landscape. He was largely influenced in style by Constable and Turner, the former of whom was perhaps more thoroughly appreciated in France than in England. The influence of Turner is clearly seen in some of Rousseau's pictures, with striking effects of cloud or storm,—as, for example, in his *Effet de Soleil* and *Après la Pluie* (1852), in the *Matinée*

Orageuse (1857), the Coucher de Soleil (1866), and one of his last works, the Soleil par un Temps Orageux, which appeared in the exhibition of 1867. Rousseau's study of Constable is more especially apparent in some of his fine forest scenes near Fontainebleau, and in some magnificently painted views on the banks of the Loire and other French rivers. His execution was of extraordinary brilliance, and he was a thorough master of atmospheric effect and glowing sunset colours. Though in some respects a realistic painter, he treated nature in a strongly dramatic way and showed great imaginative power. His style is broad and dashing, with rapid and at times apparently careless handling. His fame has increased rather than diminished since his death in 1867; and one of his paintings has recently received the high distinction of being transferred from the Luxembourg Palace to the Louvre, an honour which is but rarely conferred. It is not, however, one of the best specimens of his work. Most of Théodore Rousseau's pictures are in private collections in Paris and elsewhere in France.

ROUSSILLON, a province of France, which now forms the greater part of the department of PYRÉNÉES ORIENTALES (*q.v.*). It was bounded on the south by the Pyrenees, on the west by the county of Foix, on the north by Languedoc, and on the east by the Mediterranean. The province derived its name from a small bourg near Perpignan, the capital, called Ruscino (Rosceliona, Castel Rossello), where the Gallic chieftains met to consider Hannibal's request for a conference. The district formed part of the Roman province of Gallia Narbonensis from 121 B.C. to 462 A.D., when it was ceded with the rest of Septimania to Theodoric II, king of the Visigoths. His successor, Amalaric, on his defeat by Clovis in 531 retired to Spain, leaving a governor in Septimania. In 719 the Saracens crossed the Pyrenees, and Septimania was held by them until their defeat by Pippin in 756. On the invasion of Spain by Charlemagne in 778 he found the borderlands wasted by the Saracenic wars, and the inhabitants hiding among the mountains. He accordingly made grants of land to Visigothic refugees from Spain, and founded several monasteries, round which the people gathered for protection. In 792 the Saracens again invaded France, but were repulsed by Louis, king of Aquitaine, whose rule extended over all Catalonia as far as Barcelona. The different portions of his kingdom in time grew into allodial fiefs, and in 893 Suniaire II. became the first hereditary count of Roussillon. But his rule only extended over the eastern part of what became the later province. The western part, or Cerdagne, was ruled in 900 by Miron as first count, and one of his grandsons, Bernard, was the first hereditary count of the middle portion, or Bésalu. In 1111 Raymond-Bérenger III., count of Barcelona, inherited the fief of Bésalu, to which was added in 1117 that of Cerdagne; and in 1172 his grandson, Alphonso II., king of Aragon, united Roussillon to his other states on the death of the last count, Gerard II. The counts of Roussillon, Cerdagne, and Bésalu were not sufficiently powerful to indulge in any wars of ambition. Their energies had been accordingly devoted to furthering the welfare of their people, who enjoyed both peace and prosperity under their rule. Under the Aragonese monarchs the progress of the united province still continued, and Collioure, the port of Perpignan, became a centre of Mediterranean trade. But the country was in time destined to pay the penalty of its position on the frontiers of France and Spain in the long struggle for ascendancy between these two powers. James I. of Aragon had wrested the Balearic Isles from the Moors and left them with Roussillon to his son James (1276), with the title of king of Majorca. The consequent

disputes of this monarch with his brother Pedro III. of Aragon were not lost sight of by Philip III. of France in his quarrel with the latter about the crown of the Two Sicilies. Philip espoused James's cause and led his army into Spain, but retreating died at Perpignan in 1285. James then became reconciled to his brother, and in 1311 was succeeded by his son Sancho, who founded the cathedral of Perpignan shortly before his death in 1324. His successor James II. refused to do homage to Philip VI. of France for the seigniory of Montpellier, and applied to Pedro IV. of Aragon for aid. Pedro not only refused it, but on various pretexts declared war against him, and seized Majorca and Roussillon in 1344. The province was now again united to Aragon, and enjoyed peace until 1462. In this year the disputes between John II. and his son about the crown of Navarre gave Louis XI. of France an excuse to support John against his subjects, who had risen in revolt. Louis at the fitting time turned traitor, and the province having been pawned to him for 300,000 crowns was occupied by the French troops until 1493, when Charles VIII. restored it to Ferdinand and Isabella. During the war between France and Spain (1496-98) the people suffered equally from the Spanish garrisons and the French invaders. But dislike of the Spaniards was soon effaced in the pride of sharing in the glory of Charles V., and in 1542, when Perpignan was besieged by the dauphin, the Roussillonais remained true to their allegiance. Afterwards the decay of Spain was France's opportunity, and, on the revolt of the Catalans against the Castilians in 1641, Louis XIII. espoused the cause of the former, and by the treaty of 1659 secured Roussillon to the French crown.

ROVEREDO (in German sometimes *Rofreit*), one of the chief industrial cities in South Tyrol, and, after Trent, the chief seat of the Tyrolese silk industry, is situated on the left bank of the Adige (Etsch), in the fertile Val Lagarina, 35 miles north of Verona and 100 miles south of Innsbruck. Though there are several open places within the town, the streets, except in the newer quarters, are narrow, crooked, and uneven. Of the two parish churches, S. Marco dates from the 15th century and Sta Maria del Carmine from 1678. The only other interesting building is the quaint old castle known as Castell Junk. As an active trading town and administrative centre Roveredo is well equipped with commercial, judicial, educational, and benevolent institutions. Though the district between Trent and Verona yields about 120,000 lb of silk annually, the silk industry of Roveredo, introduced in the 16th century, has declined during the last fifty years. The establishments in which the cocoons are unwound (*filande*) are distinct from those in which the silk is spun (*filatoje*). The silk is not woven at Roveredo. Paper and leather are the other chief manufactures of the place; and a brisk trade in southern fruits and red wine is carried on. The population is 8864.

The origin of Roveredo is probably to be traced to the founding of the castle by William of Castelbarco-Lizzana about 1300. Later it passed to the emperor Frederick of the Empty Pockets, who sold it to Venice in 1413. The treaty of Cambray transferred it from Venice to the emperor Maximilian in 1510, since which time it has shared the fate of southern Tyrol, finally passing to Austria in 1814. In September 1709 the French under Masséna won a victory over the Austrians near Roveredo. Near the neighbouring village of St Marco are the traces of a destructive landslide in 883, described in the *Inferno* (xii. 4-9) by Dante, who spent part of his exile in 1302 in a castle near Lizzana.

ROVIGNO, a city of Austria, in the province of Istria, is picturesquely situated on the coast of the Adriatic, about 12 miles south of Parenzo, and 10 miles by rail from Canfanaro, a junction on the railway between Divazza (Trieste) and Pola. It has two harbours, with ship-building yards; and it carries on several industries and a

good export trade, especially in olive-oil and a cement manufactured in the little island of Sant' Andrea. The population was 9564 in 1869 and 9522 in 1880.

According to tradition Rovigno was originally built on an island, Cissa by name, which disappeared during the earthquakes about 737. In the 6th century, as the local legend has it, the body of St Euphemia of Chalcedon was miraculously conveyed to the island; and at a later date it was transported to the summit of the promontory, Monte di Sant' Eufemia, whither it was restored by the Venetians in 1410 after being in the possession of the Genoese from 1380. The diocese of Rovigno was merged in 1008 in the bishopric of Parenzo; but its church continued to have the title of cathedral. Rovigno passed definitively into the hands of the Venetians in 1380, and it remained true to the republic till the treaty of Campo Formio (1797).

ROVIGO, a city of Italy, the chief town of a province, and the seat of the bishop of Adria, lies between the Po and the Adige, and is traversed by the Adigetto, a navigable branch of the Adige. By rail it is 27 miles south-south-west of Padua. The architecture bears the stamp both of Venetian and Ferrarese influence. The cathedral church of Santo Stefano (1696) is of less interest than La Madonna del Soccorso, an octagon (with a fine campanile), begun in 1594. The town-hall contains a library of 80,000 volumes belonging to the Accademia de' Concordi, founded in 1580, and a picture gallery enriched with the spoils of the monasteries. Wool, silk, linen, and leather are among the local manufactures. The population of the city proper was 7452 in 1871 and 7272 in 1881; the commune in 1881 had 11,460 inhabitants.

Rovigo (Neo-Latin *Rhodigium*) appears to be mentioned as Rudigo in 838. It was selected as his residence by the bishop of Adria on the destruction of his city by the Huns. From the 11th to the 14th century the Este family was usually in authority; but the Venetians who obtained the town and castle in pledge between 1390 and 1400 took the place by siege in 1482, and, though the Este more than once recovered it, the Venetians, returning in 1514, retained possession till the French Revolution. In 1806 the city was made a duchy in favour of General Savary. The Austrians in 1815 created it a royal city.

ROVIGO, DUKE OF. See SAVARY.

ROWE, NICHOLAS (1674-1718), the descendant of a family long resident at Lamerton in Devon, was born at Little Barford in Bedfordshire, June 30, 1674. The house in which he was born is close to the Great North Road, and a small stone to his memory has been erected in the centre of the garden. His father, John Rowe, took to the law as his profession, and at his death in 1692 (by which time he had attained to the dignity of being a serjeant at law) had amassed sufficient property to leave to his son an income of £300 a year. Nicholas Rowe passed some time in a private school at Highgate, and then proceeded to Westminster School, at that time under the charge of the celebrated master Dr Busby. In 1688 he became a king's scholar in this foundation, but three years later he was called away from school and entered as a student at the Middle Temple. The study of the law had little attraction for a young man of good person and lively manners, and at his father's death in the following year he devoted himself to society and to literature. His first play, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, was produced when he was twenty-five years old. It was followed by *Tamerlane*, a patriotic composition in which the virtues of William III. were lauded under the disguise of Tamerlane and the vices of the French king, Louis XIV., were denounced in the person of Bajazet. The popularity of this production soon declined, but for many years it was acted once every year, on the anniversary of the landing at Torbay of the Dutch prince. His next play, *The Fair Penitent*, long retained the favourable reception which marked its first appearance, and was pronounced by the great critic of the 18th century one of the most pleasing tragedies which had ever been written. Through its suc-

cess the name of the principal male character Lothario became identified in popular language as the embodiment of the manners and habits of a fashionable rake. After the production of two more tragedies, *Ulysses* and *The Royal Convert*, of slight account at the time and long since forgotten, Rowe tried his hand on a comedy, *The Biter*. Much to the author's surprise his attempt in this new direction proved a failure, but Rowe recognized the justice of the verdict of the audience sufficiently to abstain from risking a second disappointment. His two last dramatic works were entitled *Jane Shore* and *Lady Jane Grey*, and the former of them, from the popularity of its subject and the elegance of its language, kept its position on the stage longer than any other of his works.

Rowe excelled most of his contemporaries in the knowledge of languages. He was acquainted more or less thoroughly with Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. The latter tongue he is said to have acquired on the recommendation of Harley and with the expectation that he would afterwards be rewarded by some high office. When, however, he reported his new acquisition to the new minister he was met with the dry remark from Harley—"How I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original!" Notwithstanding this disappointment, Rowe enjoyed many lucrative posts during his short life. When the duke of Queensberry was principal secretary of state for Scotland (1708-10), Rowe acted as his under-secretary. On the accession of George I. he was made a surveyor of customs, and on the death of Tate he became poet laureate. He was also appointed clerk of the council to the prince of Wales, and the list of preferments was closed by his nomination by Lord-Chancellor Parker (5th May 1718) as secretary of presentations in Chancery. He died 6th December 1718, and was buried in the south cross of Westminster Abbey. By his first wife, a daughter of Mr Parsons, one of the auditors of the revenue, he left a son John; and by his second wife, Anne, the daughter of Joseph Devenish of a Dorsetshire family, he had an only daughter, Charlotte, born in 1718, who married Henry Fane, a younger brother of Thomas, eighth earl of Westmoreland. The burials of mother and daughter are recorded in Colonel Chester's *Registers of Westminster Abbey*.

Rowe's tragedies were marked by passionate feeling set off by a graceful diction, and were well adapted for stage effect. If *The Fair Penitent* and *Jane Shore* have been expelled from the stage, their historic reputation and their style will repay perusal.

Among Rowe's other literary efforts may be mentioned an edition of the works of Shakespeare (1709), for which he received from Lintot the bookseller the sum of £36, 10s., a rate of pay not out of proportion to the labour which was bestowed upon the task. At the time of his death he had also finished a translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, a work then much praised and not yet superseded by any competitor. Rowe's minor poems were beneath the level of his age. An edition of his works was published in 1720 under the care of Mr (afterwards Bishop) Newton. His translation of Lucan was edited by Dr Welwood.

ROWING is the act of driving forward or propelling a boat along the surface of the water by means of oars. It is remarkable how scanty, until quite recent times, are the records of this art, which at certain epochs has played no insignificant part in the world's history. It was the oar that brought Phœnician letters and civilization to Greece; it was the oar that propelled the Hellenic fleet to Troy; it was the oar that saved Europe from Persian despotism; it was the skilful use of the oar by free citizens which was the glory of Athens in her prime. It is to be regretted that so little is known of the details connected with it, or of the disposal of the rowers on board the splendid fleet which started in its pride for Sicily, when 17,000 oars at a given signal smote the brine, and 100 long ships raced as far as Ægina. The vessels of the ancient Greeks and